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## FRANCE FROM THE INSIDE

*A Report by the "Last Man Out"*

C. J. FERNAND-LAURENT

*The author of this article was introduced to us in New York at the beginning of April as "the last man out of France to reach America." By the time the article appears this may no longer be strictly true—hence the quotation marks in the subtitle above. Yet M. Fernand-Laurent's report is unique in that he is both a recent arrival and a man of position in France. He did not escape till December, when he managed to make his way out over the Pyrenees into Portugal; and for many years he has been a member of the Chamber of Deputies, representing a Paris constituency.—The Editors*

FRANCE was assassinated by Germany in 1940. She was buried by Vichy. She descended into the hell of slavery. And now in the third year she is rising again from the dead. When on the day of liberation she stands once more facing the world, who will recognize her? Those who left her at the time of the Armistice and who still think of her in terms of their memories can hardly realize what she has become in these three years. For them she is already *terra incognita*.

Because I remained in that hell of captivity until last December and watched

the whole process of transformation that went on during those years, I should like to explain to American readers as best I can what has been happening and what France is like to-day. For it is important, in this year 1943, that Americans should understand her.

First let me say something about Pétain. For Pétain in a sense explains everything. The curve of French fortunes has been determined by the curve of Pétain's fortunes.

I speak of the Marshal with reserve;



for as a soldier he was once one of the glories of the nation, and it is fitting for Frenchmen who remember that glory to think of him with a heavy heart, as a man in mourning recalls a dear friend who is gone.

Many Americans, I understand, have not been able to avoid being impressed by two facts. One is that when the American forces landed in North Africa they found Marshal Pétain's proclamations posted all over the walls of Casablanca and Algiers, as ubiquitously as the baby in the Cadum Soap advertisement. The other fact is that Americans have found photographs of Pétain in the officers' quarters of the *Richelieu*. From these two facts it is only a step to the conclusion that Pétainism is still alive.

The truth is that these phenomena represent two sorts of Pétainists. First there are the business men, the traders of Casablanca and Dakar, who have been Pétainists for business reasons—both because it has been the fashion in those colonies during these years and because it was necessary to be a Pétainist in order to obtain the protection of the Legion (the Vichy-created political organization whose unsavory history I shall have occasion to discuss later in this article) and the favors of the administration. (Here I might remark, as to those posters, that Pétain's publicity was from the beginning organized commercially by unscrupulous agents whose percentage was in direct proportion to the number and dimensions of the posters.) Second, there are the officers who have been Pétainists because they took an oath of fidelity to Pétain. I respect their scruples, but I should like to remind them of the terms of their oath. Here it is: "I swear fidelity and obedience to the Marshal of France, Chief of State, in all that he will order me to do for the good of the country and the success of the arms of France." When last October the *gauleiter* Laval proclaimed cynically over the Vichy radio, "I hope for a German victory," and a few days later, from the same station, Pétain declared, "I walk hand in hand with Monsieur Pierre Laval," the French were freed from their oath, and by Pétain himself. For in declaring himself for Laval, who

had declared himself for a German victory, Pétain took a stand against the good of the country and the success of the arms of France.

That is the way it looked to the colonel, the captain, and the four lieutenants who crossed the Spanish frontier with me last December. That is the way it looks to the hundreds of young men who every day, at the risk of their lives, are escaping from France to serve under the tricolor. That is the way it looks to the French people to-day. Those who are impressed by the pictures of Pétain in the officers' quarters should know that every morning there arrive in Vichy hundreds of envelopes which, when opened, are found to contain nothing but a mutilated photograph of the Marshal. These are sent back to Vichy by humble people who bought them at the height of their faith in Pétain and who, by this gesture, try to relieve their dismay and sorrow. For they know that the prestige of the Marshal was built upon the victory of Verdun and the sacrifice of the heroes who fell there; and they cannot forgive the use of this symbol to glorify what has been done since the surrender of 1940.

## II

ONE may summarize the changes in France since the Armistice roughly as follows: 1940, stupor; 1941, uncertainty and resignation; 1942, disillusionment; 1943, revolt.

In the months that immediately followed the Armistice the French idolized Pétain. Most idolatry is the result of ignorance; in this case it was the result of despair. The French were still stunned by misfortune. Their faith in Pétain was increased when Washington promptly and unconditionally recognized his government. (The United States acted so quickly that the French people, believing that Washington must be fully informed as to Pétain's plans, were strengthened in their belief that it was hopeless to continue the struggle.) The period which immediately followed the Armistice and this recognition—from June to October, 1940—was the darkest time for my country. Those were the days when all Vichy repeated the words of General Weygand:



"In three months England will have its neck wrung like a chicken." In those days the men of Vichy sought only to gain the favor of the victor, while the people of France waited in silence, bitterness, and despair, unconscious still that in transferring their loyalty to Vichy they were being made the victims of the greatest piece of political trickery of all time. That is why I call 1940 the year of stupor.

About the beginning of November, 1940, the climate of French opinion began to change. England had not been invaded; the bombardments had shaken London but had not shaken the English people. In Vichy, where they had been sure of the immediate defeat of Great Britain, men began to realize that the war might be a long one, and as a result there were internal struggles in the Pétain government. The French general staff, feeling that the only excuse for their failure lay in the invincibility of the Germans, were hoping for a German victory; and those who were most to blame were doing all they could to facilitate it. Others were playing both ends against the middle in the vain hope that some day Germany and Britain, exhausted, would ask France to arbitrate between them. On the 13th of December, 1940, a sudden wave of hope swept the country. Laval had been arrested. The Marshal, then, had not played traitor. . . . He was only seeking to gain time. . . . There were reports that he was going to leave for Africa with the fleet and join the Allies.

In February, 1941, however, this premature hope was swept away. Flandin came into power, then Darlan. Once again the French people did not know where to turn for help.

Thus began 1941, which I have called the year of uncertainty and resignation. Most people kept their confidence in the Marshal, in the "old fox" who would outwit the Germans. They were becoming accustomed to their misfortune; they were getting into contact with one another across the line of demarcation; they were learning to adjust themselves to want, cold, privation of every sort.

On June 22, 1941, the news of the German invasion of Russia burst like a bombshell. And as during the months

that followed the Soviet troops resisted, the French people began to understand that Germany was no longer a sure winner. The hope of the patriots was inflamed by the example of General de Gaulle, who, for most people, became the symbol of the salvation of the country. The spirit of resistance was reborn. At first it was timid, cautious. Fervent patriots began to organize quasi-military committees. In the streets, passers-by began to exchange secret smiles expressing the common hope. In the humblest dwelling, from this time on, people would gather at 9:15 in the evening, to listen in silence to the Free French broadcast. The radio offered their only means of getting real news, since the press, controlled by Berlin and Vichy and in the pay of Vichy, published only the D.N.B. communiqués. But the radio was enough; for there was hardly a family which did not possess a set and did not listen religiously to the evening broadcast, despite the fact that listening was punishable by death, and many owners of radios were already in prison. By 1942 the unity of France was being reforged.

The change was rapid; but superficial observers did not realize this at first because the movement had to be clandestine. Absolute secrecy was necessary—more necessary in France than in any other occupied country—because France had not one enemy but two, Germany and Vichy. Hitler knew perfectly well that he could not possibly win over France with a German *gauleiter* in charge of the country. He had to have a Frenchman. It was only the venerable Marshal Pétain's presence in the government which prolonged the misunderstanding.

### III

THERE were three principal reasons for the disillusionment of French opinion concerning Vichy—that disillusionment which had become intense by 1942. They were the abandonment of Alsace-Lorraine, the persecutions of the Jews, and the abuses of the Legion. Let us take them up in turn.

When King Francis I, having lost at the battle of Pavia "everything but honor," was in prison at Madrid he was visited by



certain envoys—the Lavals and Brinons of their time—who coolly proposed to him that he recover his liberty in return for handing over to Charles V the two provinces of Gascony and Guyenne. King Francis looked them up and down and said simply, “I am not worth that.” Less modest, the men of Vichy think that they are worth Alsace-Lorraine and our two departments of the Nord and the Pas-de-Calais. Without a scruple or regret they have handed over French soil to the enemy.

Laval himself, during my last conversation with him in his office in the Hôtel du Parc in Vichy at the end of September, 1940, likened Alsace and Lorraine to “children of divorce, eternally torn between their parents, going constantly from one to the other,” and added, rapidly and brutally, “That is their fate; we can do nothing about it.” He said that the Nord and the Pas-de-Calais would probably have to be given up too, and that the Germans might demand still other departments. “If I succeed in saving one or two of those that they demand, that won’t be so bad,” he said. “That is what I am working for.” (It was that day, incidentally, that Laval, exasperated by my certainty of a German defeat, spat at me his reptile-like Anglophobia. “At Chateldon,” he said, “I sleep on English bones that have been there since the Hundred Years’ War.”)

Beginning in October, 1940, Laval’s censorship forbade the printing of the words Alsace and Lorraine; I have proof of this. In their haste to abdicate, the men of Vichy abandoned them, cut them off from the community of France, even before they were seized by the enemy.

Knowing that the only way in which the military can help being held responsible for the defeat of France is to present what has happened as a divine punishment, the men of Vichy have been industriously preaching to the French people during these years—moralizing to them through all manner of supposedly edifying spectacles, tableaux, reconstructions of historic scenes, and fancy-dress parades of children—degrading Tartufferies which insult the national intelligence. One of these shows was held one spring day at the municipal stadium of Vichy. It was

called a *Fête des Provinces Françaises*. All the authorities of Vichy were there; and if the audience was rather small, there were plenty of Gardes Mobiles with drums and trumpets. Arlésiens, Périgourdins, Savoyards, and of course Auvergnats, and also refugee Bretons and Normans had been invited to take part in this symbolic demonstration in their regional costumes. But when a quarter of an hour before the beginning of the fête six young girl-refugees from Strasbourg naïvely appeared at the main gate of the stadium in their great black Alsatian coifs with tricolored cocardes, they were refused admittance and sent away. For Vichy wanted no mention of Alsace and Lorraine in its Sunday-school stories.

Another of these childish celebrations took place on August 24, 1942, at Clermont-Ferrand—the celebration of the second anniversary of the founding of the Legion. On the summit of a hill, in the presence of the Chief of State and all his authorities, little girls dressed in white mixed samples of the earth of all the French provinces, to be buried there in an urn. For days the newspapers had been telling us of the relays of Legion runners who were carrying to Clermont-Ferrand the little urns whose contents were to be mixed in the big one; but there was not one word about the earth of Alsace-Lorraine, where lay so many pitiful victims of the German firing squads.

The indignation caused by such episodes was sharpened by the shame of the French people at the persecutions of the Jews, which reached their height in 1942. It was then that in the Stade Buffalo in Paris more than five thousand Jewish men, women, and children were held for twenty-four hours, covered by machine guns, guarded by Gardes Mobiles and German Schuppos, with strict orders not to leave the benches where they were sitting—unable to sleep or to wash themselves, forced to eat where they sat in this shameful promiscuity, with all the odious details that it implies. On another day a whole trainload of Jewish children, boys and girls, were locked into railway carriages—without anyone to look after them—and sent off to a destination which to this day is unknown. Jewish property was



being seized, and a strict census of the Jews was being taken—which caused the writer Tristan Bernard, himself a Jew, to remark with bitter wit, “Strange times—they are blocking accounts and counting Blochs.” In those days no Jew in Paris dared to sleep in his own house because Jews were being rounded up by the thousands for deportation to Germany.

From the pulpit courageous priests reminded their congregations of the persecution of Herod. In every Catholic household, rich or poor, it became a point of honor to take in Jewish orphans. A Jesuit priest was imprisoned for refusing to give up to the Germans the children to whom he had given refuge. In Paris and other large cities, one saw priests or Little Sisters of the Poor, Catholic in religion but Jewish by race, who had been forced to wear on their chests the Star of David prescribed by Nazi law, being saluted respectfully by all the passers-by. From the Vatican and from the bishops of all the occupied zone rose the solemn, indignant protest of the whole Christian world. And French public opinion generally joined in condemning the fact that the torch of liberty, which France in the past had raised to the stars, had been lowered by the men of Vichy to light the faggots of this new Inquisition.

It condemned too the exploitation by Vichy of the spirit of the veterans of the First World War.

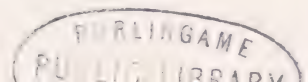
In the years before the present war the veterans' associations had been torn by politics. At the time of the Front Populaire, reserve officers of the Republican Veterans' Association had paraded in uniform on the Place de la Bastille giving the Soviet salute with clenched fists; reserve officers belonging to de la Rocque's groups had paraded in the Champs Elysées with their arms raised in the Roman—or fascist—manner. When it was proposed that all these associations should be combined in a single fraternal society, completely divorced from politics, the idea met with such favor that great numbers of veterans joined the new group spontaneously and in good faith. But they soon saw that they had been deceived.

The nominal chief of this new Legion of Veterans was Marshal Pétain, but its

real moving spirit, its leader, its Führer, in a word, was Joseph Darnand. Before the war Darnand had been in the transportation business in Nice and his affairs (which now are prosperous) had been in sorry plight. In 1939 he had been arrested by the Daladier government as one of the principal instigators of the fascist Cagouillard plot. But immediately after the Armistice he became one of the great men of the new regime. He made Nice into one of the two big centers of German propaganda; the other center was Marseilles, where for a long time there had been numerous followers of Doriot working under the direction of the notorious gangsters Sabiani, Carbone, and Spirito. Under the influence of Darnand the Legion (its full name was now Legion of Veterans and Volunteers of the National Revolution) opened its membership to all—men, women, and young people—who intended to support Vichy; it became, in effect, a pro-Hitler phalange, an attempt to form a single party, on the German model, upon which the dictatorship could count for support.

Thereupon the real veterans left it. Its badge, which at first had been much sought after, lost all prestige; aside from a few fanatics like Darnand, the only people who continued to wear it were wretches who hoped it would help them get a government job, or merchants and bistro proprietors who hoped thus to get into the good graces of the officials and the police, or such creatures as the ragged porters at the Marseilles railway station who wore it in the hope of attracting customers' attention.

But this did not stop Darnand. He wove into the Legion a wide web of espionage. Legionnaires became informers, even went so far as to send for the police and instigate arrests. As the membership melted away under the pressure of public scorn, Darnand recruited from inside it a corps of desperate men known as the S.O.L. (Serviced'Ordre Légionnaire), copied exactly, as to recruiting, discipline, uniforms, and equipment, after the Hitler S.S. And by the beginning of 1943, dropping all pretense, he had built out of the S.O.L. the Legion of French Volunteers, dedicated to defending the Führer's policy





in France and to fighting beside the Germans in Russia. Not more than three thousand men at the outside went to Russia, though the pay for this service was very high; and they did not stay long. (There are now no Vichy troops on the Russian front.) But they were much publicized because of their propaganda value to the Germans. With a great deal of fanfare Doriot enlisted in this Legion, had his picture taken in the uniform of the Reichswehr, and set out for Russia—on what appear to have been some three short visits, none of them lasting over a fortnight.

These ugly developments, like everything else under Vichy, had to be dramatized spectacularly; and so it happened that when the S.O.L. was created, the taking of the oath was made into a show in which the Hitler influence and the new anti-Semitism were both conspicuous. It took place in the arena of Cimiez in Nice, a few hundred yards from the Hôtel Regina, which had once been the residence of Queen Victoria (whose statue was decapitated one night by the Legionnaires). Standing on a platform, Joseph Darnand, in high boots, a revolver in his belt, intoned the formula of the oath; and at the end of each sentence the Legionnaires, kneeling, arms stretched upward in the Hitler salute, answered in a single voice: "I swear it."

"You swear to fight the Jewish leprosy?"

"I swear it."

It should be added that while France was virtually in a state of famine, restaurants exclusively reserved for Legionnaires were opened in every town; wearers of the badge found in them better food than anywhere else, and at very moderate prices; they also received special facilities for travel and other privileges and discounts.

By the time I left France last December, the Legion and everything connected with it had become really loathsome to the great mass of the people. Spying and informing are peculiarly contrary to the French character, and everywhere the excesses of the Legionnaires have caused deep-seated resentments which form one of the most serious reasons we have for anxiety about the future.

#### IV

Now for a few words on the traditional political institutions and political parties of France, and what has become of them.

Immediately after the Armistice the Parliament was scorned and detested. Public resentment made no distinction between those who obviously had tried to do their duty and those whom a cleverly devised propaganda pointed out as responsible for the downfall of the country. But after the Riom trials the responsibility of the military became so evident and their attempts to transfer responsibility elsewhere became so patent that the members of Parliament quickly gained in public favor. The fine letter addressed by Jules Jeanneney, President of the Senate, and Edouard Herriot, President of the Chamber of Deputies, at the time of the dissolution of the Bureaux of the two Houses, did much to hasten this rehabilitation. But if the prestige of Parliament grew rapidly, its material power had departed.

It had been relegated to the little watering-place of Chatel-Guyon, where it occupied a few sordid rooms in a third-rate hotel, the Richelieu. At the opposite ends of a little street running along the edge of the park, two modest villas housed the President of the Senate and the President of the Chamber. So long as the Bureaux remained—those executive committees which take care of the routine business of running the Houses, from seeing that the members themselves get their pay checks to hiring janitors, and which act for the Parliament when the Houses are not in session—the Parliament had not really disappeared; but the dissolution of the Bureaux cut the thread. Thus dwindled away that Parliament in which once had been heard the great voices of Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Gambetta, Clemenceau, and from which had gone forth so many messages of liberty, social progress, and justice.

As for the political parties, they may reappear after the peace but in the France of to-day they no longer exist. Or to be more exact, aside from a small minority of collaborators and traitors there is to-day



but one party, the anti-German party. The immense majority of the French simply assume that after the war, and with the necessary reforms, the Republic will continue. This seems so evident to all that the question is not even discussed.

This should be clearly understood: Resistance is not the privilege of any particular section of the population. It is certainly not a communist monopoly, as the broadcasts from Vichy and Berlin would have us believe. It represents the effort of the whole population, from what was yesterday the extreme Right to what was the extreme Left. In the quasi-military or sabotage groups, artisans and teachers and priests and students and labor-union men work together without regard to their political or religious opinions. Melted in the fire of the common suffering, the former political parties are no longer distinguishable in the mass.

I believe that history will pay homage to the resignation, dignity, and courage of the French people in this terrible ordeal.

Since 1941 they have lived in frightful distress. For the Germans have systematically and pitilessly pillaged France.

They began by demanding an enormous sum for "occupation costs"—five hundred million francs a day—three times the amount of one of the heaviest peacetime budgets. At the time of the Armistice this sum was supposed to pay the expenses of an army of occupation of four million men; to-day this army is a mere skeleton but the tribute has not been reduced.

The Germans arbitrarily fixed the rate of currency exchange at twenty francs to the mark, thus enabling themselves to buy without regard to price whatever was left to sell—and to enrich the few thousands of wretched collaborators who acted as agents and fences for them.

They cut down our forests—beginning with some of the finest trees of Boulogne, Vincennes, and Fontainebleau. They exhausted our soil by forcing us to convert our fields to the most intensive production possible of food crops, whatever had been their previous use. Nine-tenths of our livestock were prematurely slaughtered. They got their hands on our banks, mines,

and industrial enterprises through a methodical series of operations facilitated by the reorganization of corporations by decrees from Vichy. The Germans to-day are majority stockholders, holding fifty-one per cent of the shares, in all the great industrial enterprises—electricity, chemical products, mines—and in the banks. And this is also true—Americans should bear this in mind—in the North African branches of these firms.

The result of all this pillaging is that to-day in France it is impossible to buy at any price whatsoever such common objects of daily use as a toothbrush, a hairpin, a ball of string. For a long time purchases have not been wrapped—there is no paper. Soap has completely disappeared. Numerous shop windows stand empty: in some others the proprietors have placed bottles and jars and crates of imitation preserves and foodstuffs.

As for the bookstores, the Germans have made a clean sweep of all rare editions and other valuable volumes; nothing is to be found for sale but worn volumes of third-rate authors—and shelf after shelf of books of fascist doctrine—for which, incidentally, there are few takers.

As to the food situation, I can say that it can get no worse, for it has already reached the edge of famine. What cannot fail to become rapidly worse is the general health of the population. A scientist who specializes in these matters has estimated that the life of the aged has been shortened by an average of five years; and we must await the end of the war to know what shocking number of tuberculous children and young people we shall find in France.

Yet despite these frightful conditions the French people, sure of final victory, resist. Nineteen forty-three is the year of open revolt. Everyone who has read of the recent tragic events in the Haute Savoie knows that this revolt has already led, here and there, to real armed conflicts with the occupying forces.

For obvious reasons of prudence and security I cannot tell anything about the military side of this resistance. But at least I can bear witness to the stubborn, ingenious, and intrepid resistance that, day in and day out, is offered by the whole population.



## V

LET me give you a glimpse of Paris in summer. Busses and taxis have disappeared. Horse-drawn vehicles are rarely seen. All Parisians ride bicycles—or walk. An elderly couple, very correct, pedal by on an ancient tandem.

From the great lady to the midinette, every woman goes bareheaded and barelegged. In the great dressmaking houses of the Place Vendôme and the Avenue Matignon the simplest ensemble costs from fifteen to twenty thousand francs; only the wives of the Germans, the profiteers, and the collaborators patronize these places.

There is a great vogue for print dresses—made out of scarves dug out of bottom drawers and ingeniously assembled. Thus it happens that Parisiennes run around the town showing on their backs the most unexpected designs: the coats of arms of our provinces, the map of Europe, boats, airplanes, the coronation procession of King George VI. Miraculously, they succeed in remaining attractive. There is no more leather of course, and so they all wear wooden-soled sandals. For a long time our ears will recall the double sound of footsteps in Paris under the occupation—the dull thud of the Germans' boots and the light, brisk patter of the Parisiennes' wooden sandals on the sidewalks.

And a glimpse of Paris in winter: Since the Nazis have put the country on Berlin time—which is two hours ahead of sun time—it is still dark at nine in the morning. Men and women slip rapidly, like shadows, through the dark and the cold. Many are wearing their old winter-sports costumes: they go to work in ski clothes. All hasten toward the warmth of the metro. In the corridors they pause, stricken-faced, before little white posters which they scan with a rapid glance. These posters, bearing the signature of von Stuepnagel, announce to the population, by way of warning, lists of hostages shot the previous day.

The houses are glacial. The whole family lives in a single room, which there is no longer any means of heating. There has been no coal for a long time, and

hardly any wood. During the winter of 1940-41 electric or gas heaters could still be used, but since then rationing has been so severe that it is practically impossible to run them. So as often as they can people seek the collective warmth of the movie houses.

In November, 1940, when a picture of Pétain shaking hands with Hitler at Montoire appeared on the screen there was an uproar of catcalls in most of the movie houses. After that the showing of newsreels usually set off demonstrations which to the Parisians became the most important part of the show. To prevent these demonstrations the Germans ordered the lights to be kept on in the theaters while the newsreels were being shown. With one accord the Parisians, as soon as the newsreels began, hid their faces behind opened newspapers. A new order prohibited the reading of newspapers in movie houses. Whereupon what appeared to be an extraordinary epidemic of grippe began to rage all over Paris. As soon as the newsreels appeared there began a great coughing and sneezing. In the end newsreels were forbidden except in the theaters reserved for German troops.

Right after the Armistice Paris swarmed with Germans. They were authorized to travel first class in the metro—whereupon all the Parisians, even the richest, took to traveling exclusively in second. The attitude of the population toward the Germans has remained one of complete and scornful indifference. They never speak to them, and literally rub elbows with them without appearing to see them.

There are infinitely fewer Germans in uniform to be seen in Paris now than in 1940. On the other hand, there are many German civilians, refugees from bombed cities and men sent to relieve the military of all possible administrative duties in France. And while the first soldiers sent in after the Armistice were smart, freshly shaven young men with punctilious manners and excellent morale, those who remain would obviously no longer be of any use on a fighting front. Like the German civilians, they are a pathetic lot; if they were not Germans one would feel sorry for them. After a



German has been in France for a while, especially if he is one of a small group stationed in some out-of-the-way place, he is likely to become lonely and begin to make overtures to the sympathy of the French, perhaps pulling out a photograph of his wife and children; and when they tease him by suggesting that he will never see Germany again it becomes evident that he believes his side has lost the war.

I have often been asked about the black market in France. There is no black market in basic necessities, first because there are almost literally none, and second because even the vilest thief would be ashamed to deal in such things under present circumstances and would dread the terrible consequences if he were caught. But in goods of the luxury class there are two black markets. On both of them furs, leather, and jewels are dealt in as well as rare foods and wines. When I left France the price of a turkey on the black market was about 5,000 francs; of a ham, 7,000 or 8,000; of a goose, 3,000 or 4,000. One of these black markets is run by the Germans, the other in competition with it. If the French know that a German official is getting luxuries on the black market, they will often try to outbid him. For instance, in one town it was common knowledge that a huge *pâté de foie gras* was being held for a local German *gauleiter* who was going to give a Christmas party; whereupon a group of Frenchmen pooled their resources to outbid the German, and on Christmas day the dealer simply said to the German, "Something happened. It didn't come after all." The German knew perfectly well what had happened, but what could he do?

I am also asked often about travel in France. Transportation has become very difficult because the Germans have taken at least two-thirds of our rolling stock. Trains are extremely infrequent and are incredibly crowded—corridors so jammed with people that they cannot move and sometimes it is impossible to open the doors when a station is reached. One must buy one's ticket several days ahead of time and make known one's identity and reason for traveling in order to get an *Ausweis*, or permit. As for Jews, they are simply not allowed to travel.

Many Americans ask me about the present status of the French universities. The answer is that the Germans have not carried out against the French intellectuals the kind of campaign of complete suffocation they have been guilty of in some other countries; though some members of the university faculties have been imprisoned—usually not so much because of what they have done as because of what they have refused to do—the Germans have not had the teaching personnel to replace the French ones, and so the universities have remained comparatively untouched. They are valuable strongholds of the spirit of freedom.

The passive resistance of the French people takes unexpected and picturesque forms. Numerous stories of the jokes they have played on the Germans have reached America, but you may not have heard of the gala concert of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra at Lyon in the winter of 1941–42. All the principal German and Vichy authorities were to be present at this concert, and apparently it was an assured success, for there was a great rush to buy tickets. But when the great night came, though all the officials in uniform were in the boxes the theater was three-quarters empty; patriots and students had bought all the tickets and stayed away.

That same year all the teachers in the primary and secondary schools received an order from M. Abel Bonnard, the Nazi Academician, who has become Minister of Education in the new regime, to address their pupils for twenty minutes, a certain Thursday morning, on the subject of the Marshal. In the town where I happened to be at the time, the teacher announced: "My children, I have been ordered to speak to you about the Marshal. I am going to obey the order." He began: "The Marshal was a great soldier. . . . The Marshal was as intelligent as he was courageous. . . . The Marshal was a great Christian. . . . The Marshal was as modest in victory as valiant in battle . . ." and so on for twenty minutes. The twenty minutes over, the teacher concluded, "Children, I thank you for your attention. I have just told you about Marshal Foch."

In the summer of 1942 a battalion of



Chasseurs Alpins was crossing the public square of a little town in Auvergne. When the commanding officer came to the monument to the dead he ordered his men to form a square, present arms, and sound the bugle; and in the midst of a breathless, expectant crowd he raised his voice: "Chasseurs, we bow before our dead. All our dead—those of the Great War, those of 1939-40, and those who to-morrow will fall in their country's fight for freedom." In the afternoon the mayor of the town, who of course was a man of Vichy, asked for a public concert. The Chasseurs gave him one. Standing in front of the bandstand in the civic park, the commanding officer announced, "You are going to hear one of our traditional refrains"—and the troops struck up an old popular song, "*Non, vous n'aurez pas l'Alsace et la Lorraine.*"

## VI

IF IN 1942 resistance—founded on disillusionment—was organized, in 1943 the storm of revolt is breaking. It is breaking because Laval has recently committed the most odious of sacrileges. Promising the exchange of one prisoner of war for every two volunteer workmen, he has called this arrangement "*la relève.*" This word is sacred to the soldiers of Verdun, for "*la relève*" was the arrival on the firing line of fresh troops coming to relieve their exhausted comrades who for days and nights had held fast in the mud of the trenches under merciless fire and were now able to go back to a hot meal and sleep. The shamelessness of Laval's daring to use this word shocked the French people beyond measure.

The great mass of the French had expected that the first result of the Armistice in 1940 would be the liberation of the prisoners. But in actual fact an infinitesimal number were returned to us; the Germans never sent back any, even under the "relief," except those whom they would have had to send back in any case on account of their health. For instance, in a little town in the southwest it was announced that two prisoners, freed by the relief, would return home. The wife of the first arrived in Lyon just as her

husband was dying; the second died two weeks after he got home.

More than thirteen hundred thousand French soldiers are still prisoners in Germany—in addition to the civilians who have been taken there by force in the course of the past few months.

Why were there so many prisoners in the beginning? The explanation is simple. The order to cease firing was given on the night of June 16, 1940, when the negotiations for an armistice had not even begun; the Armistice was signed the evening of the 21st and was not actually put in force until the 23rd. For seven days, therefore, the Germans were able to take their time surrounding and capturing hundreds of thousands of men who, against their will but in obedience to orders, had laid down their arms.

The relief did not bring back these prisoners, but it did mark the beginning of a sinister manhunt.

In the beginning—officially, at least—enlistment for work in Germany had been purely voluntary, and volunteers had been so rare that the government had to hire people to act the part of volunteers. In Nice Darnand rounded up a gang of unemployed whom he paid to do nothing but this special kind of work. Every time a trainload of "volunteers" left Nice—after a great deal of advance publicity in the press—these wretches were collected in the station, put in special cars on which were scrawled in chalk, "Vive Laval! Vive la collaboration!" and sent as far as a way station just beyond Toulon, where they got out of the train and went back to Nice to play the scene over again when the next train left.

But since October, and more especially since the occupation of the whole country by the enemy, the manhunt has become serious—and tragic. There is no longer any thought of getting volunteers. All men under thirty are systematically trapped by the administration and the police and, through the use of threats, blackmail, and often physical force, made to leave for Germany. It is a real slave hunt.

Many prefer to run every conceivable risk rather than go. They abandon their families and their homes and take to the woods, where they find officers and non-



coms who are hiding from the Gestapo—remnants of that Army of the Armistice, limited to forty-five thousand men, which was demobilized at Hitler's order toward the end of 1942. At that time all the officers of one cavalry regiment, from the colonel to the last second lieutenant, crossed the frontier and took refuge in Spain. Other members of that army are in hiding within France itself; they form a part of the underground army who await with anguished impatience an Allied landing so that they can enter the struggle again and give the signal for a general uprising.

If these insurgents are able to stay hidden month after month without dying of hunger it is because of the magnificent solidarity of the peasants. In the course of this account I have often spoken of the workmen in the cities, but the attitude of the men of the countryside is no less admirable. It is true that farm workers are in theory exempt from the relief and that Vichy has done everything possible to gain their support. The return to the land and the exaltation of the peasantry have been two of Pétain's favorite themes. Nevertheless he has not been able to win

them over. When—on a day that is not far off—we see the uprising of revolt, the terrible, desperate army of the oppressed and the hungry will find in the French peasantry its firmest supporters.

To the superficial observer the France of 1943 might seem out of the war. But not only are the French fighting overseas with the magnificent armies of General Köning, General Leclerc, and General Giraud; there is also the immense, pitiable, and magnificent army of suffering and rebellious France herself.

Toward the end of the First World War, I arrived in the Somme with the British troops, in a village that had been bombarded and pillaged, only a few days after its evacuation by the Germans. And I saw an old peasant standing at the door of what had been his house. The poor old man, his head bent low, was brooding on his sorrow. But as he saw us coming he straightened himself proudly, looked us in the eye, and said, "*Allons!* The walls are still good. I can rebuild it."

In the house of France—devastated, pillaged, enslaved though it is—the walls are still good. We will rebuild it.





# WHAT IT'S LIKE IN THE ARMY

DALE KRAMER



FROM ten to fifteen million men—perhaps more—will serve in the armed forces of the United States during this war. If not the largest body of fighting men ever mustered by a single nation, it will have been the most swiftly mobilized. Englishmen were trained for the sea; conscription in France was traditional; and every Russian youth had been taught to revere a place in the Red Army. As for the Axis powers, deification of the warrior—from Mussolini's inane "live dangerously" advice to Japanese hara-kiri after defeat—is of course a leading doctrine. Not only were Americans physically untrained for combat, but the thought of ever participating in war was foreign to the two generations fighting or preparing to fight.

Consequently the shift from civilian existence to life in barracks, on ship, and in bivouac tents was ten times more difficult than for the soldiers of any other nation. Many doubted that it could be accomplished, and no one has been more amazed than civilians-become-soldiers that it has been accomplished. Army regulations do not require that a soldier enjoy Army life; high officers who during tours of inspection inquire of a man how he likes Army life do not appear displeased at forthright negative responses. In the pressing need for forging a powerful fighting instrument in the shadow of the enemy the recruit's body is battered, his soul tried, his ego

crushed; and he realizes that his powers of physical and mental recuperation are beyond his wildest expectations.

It is doubtful if the civilian, no matter how many war novels he has read or how careful his digestion of newspapers and magazines, ever gets much of an idea of life in the Army. The soldier writing home to his parents, his wife, his girl, or his children makes a few attempts at placing the whole complex situation—his feelings, the new and strange things about him—down on paper, and then he gives it up and confines himself to a few routine details before getting to intimate things. It will probably always be so; a man can bridge the gap from civilian to the soldier's life, but he will never be able to explain adequately what he sees and feels after he gets there. Soldiers are well aware of the fact. We had read everything, yet from the day of induction we were in a foreign climate. I do not entertain any hope of suddenly clearing the atmosphere. It is only that the national experience—the men going, their close ones seeing them go—is so tremendous that every soldier, in a letter, in a moment to a friend, or in print, feels the necessity for making his small attempt.

## II

EACH day at induction stations for more than two years now the nation has been cut down the middle and its cross



sections exposed. In the rural areas the county-seat lawyer, his office closed for the duration, lines up with the farmhand, the college boy with the lad who left high school to go to work in the garage. At Governor's Island, where New York men were inducted prior to the opening of Grand Central Palace, I saw a Wall Street man, resplendent in carnation and Hornburg, sharing a bench with a Bowery bum who was sleeping off a jag. Zoot-suited youths mingled with muscular, open-shirted longshoremen. At that time men up to forty-five years were being called, and the two generations of the recruits were more discernible than ever. A solid, conservatively dressed man stood near a bareheaded Princeton student—shift the scene, and the picture might be that of a father visiting his son on the campus. The dividing line between these generations falls at about twenty-nine or thirty years. Above this are the men who have some memory of the last war, who were jolted by the depression as they came of age, and who at last were becoming to some degree settled in their way of life. Below the line are the younger men—the large majority—who have greater stamina, are gayer, and on the whole are more adaptable.

At the induction center there begins a lesson in the prime essential of Army life—patience. The prospective soldier is made acquainted with the waiting line. A corporal or a sergeant tries to put him into it, and he moves reluctantly, as in the civilian world. Naturally infuriated, the non-commissioned officer gives a sort of preview of what may be expected should tardiness be shown in the future. For the soldier will stand in line when he wants to eat, to be paid, to board a bus from camp—in short, whenever he wants to do anything that more than a dozen others are intent upon doing. In time he will lie motionless for hours in his foxhole or other concealment or cover. Now he waits for his turn to be measured, weighed, tapped, questioned, and judged. In the mind of all is one question: "Shall I be accepted?" In a room at the end of the line total strangers inquire of each other: "Did they take you?" Men stuff red-stamped "rejection" papers into their pockets and stand aside, dressing slowly, their thoughts their

own. Some cannot hide a feeling of satisfaction; others are clearly depressed. (A frail lawyer who was placed in charge of my group from the draft board was turned down. Two weeks later at Camp Upton, the reception center, he bobbed up in uniform; he had demanded re-examination and this time had gained entrance.) Final touches are put to papers, and those accepted raise their right hands and become soldiers of the United States. We poured off the dark ferryboat into lower Manhattan's streets, notices of time and place to report in our pockets, to swallow a last concentrated capsule of civilian life.

In this war the passage of men into the Army is without much public fanfare. "The Rotary Club gives each man a candy bar and he gets on the bus and that's the end of it," a small-town veteran of Belleau Wood told me. Probably the fact that the men are taking a bus has something to do with it—somehow it would be more fitting to take a brass band to the railway station. In more worldly New York City an American Legion post gave each of us a pack of cigarettes and a booklet containing hints on how to get along in the Army. We shuffled down the subway steps, and to the homebound commuters rushing into Pennsylvania Station we were another of the endless lines of men waiting for troop trains. Once we were aboard, the wooden benches replacing cushioned seats reminded us of the Legion's humorous offshoot, "Forty and Eight," so named for French railway cars' capacity of forty men and eight horses. At dusk the train rolled through Yaphank, and again there stirred in us vague recollections—this time of Irving Berlin's "Yip, Yip, Yaphank," and another generation of soldiers who sang it.

The swiftness with which America has mobilized its vast manpower became clear to us for the first time at the reception center. In the innocence of our civilian pasts we had believed that we should be put to bed until, fresh and clear-minded, we were aroused for aptitude tests, and, in good time, fitted for uniforms. "You will be pushed around here," a lieutenant told several hundred of us gathered in a long warehouse. We were split up according to initials of our last names; I have since seen not a single one of six acquaintances



who were with me, and of the four I have heard from no two are in the same branch of service. We K's set our traveling bags and our overnight cases and our brown-paper bundles in the barracks streets assigned to us, marched into our first mess hall, and marched out again to the testing buildings. After some hours of forcing brains fatigued by sending-away celebrations to cope with strange aptitude problems, we retrieved our civilian relics and crept to bunks assigned us—to be up a couple of hours before dawn.

The general details of a soldier's classification by the Army are now pretty well known. He is interviewed and his employment record, his schooling, his grades on aptitude tests, and other more or less intimate facts of his life are noted down on a card which accompanies him wherever he goes; from this information he is classified for the best niche he can fill in the Army. Confusing himself slightly with Sergeant Quirt, he is taken to a movie on sex hygiene—where ushers are stationed about to carry him out in case he faints. In due time he stuffs a barracks bag with shoes, hats, half a dozen assorted uniforms, overcoat, raincoat, leggings, etc., which, due to an intricate system of sizings, fit him remarkably well. (Few soldiers keep their civilian shapes for very long.) As the line approaches the inoculation section, veterans of half a day's longer service call out in frightening tones, "Watch the hook, watch out for the hook." (This phrase appears to be a colloquialism peculiar to the East, but everywhere there are men who double with laughter upon warning recruits of the supposed terrors of the needle.)

Less than twenty-four hours after entering the reception center we had boxed our civilian clothes and sent them home. We caught such glimpses of our uniformed figures as we could in the latrine mirrors; and if we did not look to ourselves much like soldiers, the Army thought that we came close enough; for since reception centers depend largely on recruits for roustabout labor we were wanted at once for duty. Thus on the second day of their Army careers men found themselves on kitchen police. For my part, after being interviewed, uniformed, and inoculated,

I was induced to plod to a warehouse for an eight-hour hitch unpacking boxes and counting barracks bags. None of us doubted that we had entered upon a new life.

A soldier never speaks of himself, unless he is an officer or has been in the service long enough to be given special missions, as being "sent" anywhere. He is shipped. When non-commissioned officers came through barracks calling out names of men wanted for shipment I assumed that they were to go to the warehouse, as I had, to load or unload equipment or foodstuffs. It developed that once a man has been classified and outfitted he waits until his name appears on the typed shipping list, a copy of which is posted on the bulletin board in the barracks in which he has been sleeping. At 4 A.M. he is asked by a non-commissioned officer—who, unless he has a powerful and penetrating voice, has just blown a whistle—to arise and look at the list. If his name is on it—usually it is there within one to three days—he distributes his new belongings between his two barracks bags, and, hanging them in balance over his shoulders, he joins a new line. Because some men fail to see their names on the lists, causing non-commissioned officers to go through the barracks and the streets shouting for them, and because of the time taken in checking equipment, it is usually evening before the station is reached.

When the soldier rides back into Pennsylvania Station two, three, perhaps four days after his departure, a unit in the endless line of men with barracks bags and awkward in new uniforms, he already feels himself a long way from the civilian world. For a million men those moments in Penn Station will remain vivid and poignant no matter what their later experiences. All about are the hurrying figures of men in mufti going home, the flashing silk stockings and the clicking high heels of women. He shifts scenes in his mind: his memory of himself in the civilian throng noting the duffel-bag-laden soldiers; himself now in that line gazing upon the civilians. Lonely, unaware of his destination or even the branch of service to which he is going, he grips the iron handholds of the train and swings himself and his barracks bags silently aboard.



Strangers destined to live side by side are not long in beginning to feel one another out in preparation for adjustment one to the other. The task among new soldiers is complicated by the fact that the conventional knobs by which to get hold of a man's personality are lacking. Men cannot be judged by clothing, since it is new and strange to them, nor by the manner in which they wear it, since for a while they will certainly wear it badly. Even facial expressions are not the normal ones. The chances are that tired men will curl up on the seats or—if slated for a very long trip—in their berths and sleep while the train speeds out across the country, direction unknown.

The first meal helps more than anything else to break down the barriers. In an express or freight car the cooks have set up a long low range, banked earth about it, and stoked it with lengths of firewood. The stovepipe hung from the roof and passed out the door is only fairly adequate, and the cooks and the KP's work half-naked in the smoke and steam. But the food, washed down with hot coffee, works miracles. Names, occupations, home towns, streets, and hundreds of other bits of information are exchanged. Men who a few hours before were heartily sick of one another's faces have started friendships which will blossom in the months—perhaps years—ahead. A few poker games are started. But the major pastime is that of guessing the destination. Terrain is analyzed, and the names of a few towns and cities are noted. Some men draw maps of the nation and attempt, from their sketchy information, to establish their position on it. Pools are organized, each man choosing a camp according to his best judgment. At last the outskirts of the actual camp are reached and the men adjust themselves to the knowledge that they are to be in the Air Corps, the Engineers, Infantry, the MP's, Signal Corps, Chemical Warfare, mechanized outfits. Barracks bags riding their shoulders, they climb down from the train under the scrutiny of officers and non-commissioned officers assigned to train them—officers and non-coms anxious to see what manner of potential soldiers they have drawn. After a hot meal in the mess hall and assign-

ment to barracks each man seizes pencil and paper to spread news of his whereabouts.

### III

THE standard barracks is a roomy, two-storey structure, usually painted white, with two small rooms at either end but with the majority of the floor space devoted to single or double-decker iron cots. In the rooms dwell sergeants and sometimes cooks whose early rising would disturb the greater room. A wide stairway enters the building at the side near one end and ascends to the second storey. At this end, and a few feet lower than the first floor, is the soldier's combination drawing-room, meeting hall, and information center—the latrine. Here originate the latrine rumors, which account for about one-half the soldier's conversation, and here the recruit is taught the magic results of Government Issue (GI) brushes and soap applied vigorously to white porcelain. Here, and on the familiar boards of the barrack rooms floors, he masters the Army's valuable precision tool, the mop. He rails at scoundrels from other barracks who steal his mops; and finally utterly unscrupulous himself, he crawls out in dead of night to steal others. On a mopless morning, the breath of the inspecting officer hot on their necks, sergeants themselves go wheedling to sergeant friends in other barracks, and find those friends false.

The sanctity of a man's home is well established in jurisprudence, and likewise by Army law and tradition is the soldier's bunk his castle. It must of course be made correctly, the floor about it swept and mopped every day, and clothes and personal belongings arranged on shelves and in the trunklike foot lockers according to regulations. But round his bunk the soldier raises substantial if invisible walls inside which he retires as the king to his intimate chambers. With the men about him he eventually establishes the neighborly relations of a farmer. When he rises early for KP a neighbor makes his bed; should he fall ill someone steals extra oranges from the mess hall or carries ice cream from the Post Exchange. Having established his home to his liking, the humblest private becomes a lion before a



sergeant trying to move him to another barracks or even to a point a few bunks distant.

But the settling of strangers, of widely varying temperaments, of different backgrounds, into anything like a peaceful communal life is not easy. Men of my own outfit came about equally from New York and from the South, and in the early days there was some tendency toward clannishness. The Southerners, more homesick than the others, stayed close together, in leisure hours leaning moodily on their breast-high, double-decker bunks. Occasionally there would come a snatch or two of a hill ballad.

"I stayed awake last night,  
and walked the floor,"

one man sang dolefully and repeatedly. He expected to confine himself to a single line, he said, until letters arrived from home. Subsequent lines, it turned out, had more cheer in them. For a while officers and non-coms referred to "the Southerners" and "the New York men," but this became less common as personalities and abilities began to emerge.

Nor do differences in ages cause much difficulty. It is true that younger men, particularly if of gregarious nature, find adjustment easier—perhaps little harder than at college or a summer camp. Older men have had a considerably more difficult time of it and, particularly in basic training, where men of forty-five have undergone the same rigorous training as youths of twenty, many have suffered greatly. For lawyers, teachers, business men, and the like it has been, psychologically, as if everything had gone to smash and they were reduced to the honorable but unfamiliar occupation of digging ditches. They do however have the advantage of a generally larger perspective, which helps them to overcome physical handicaps. Since heroics are rare and unpopular—men like to joke about the "board of friends and neighbors," who according to draft notices, "selected" them for service—younger men have concluded that their elders are not well suited for the hard life of soldiers and consequently no stigma is attached to over-age men who seek to be discharged.

The rough edges which have to be worn off result, in the main, from the wide variance in men's temperaments. The great cleavage is over the matter of noise in barracks. Some men indubitably like noise; take it away and they suffer. Their opponents, members of the quiet camp, are at a disadvantage for the obvious reason that quiet disturbs the noisemaker for only the time it takes to shout, scream, sing, whistle, or turn on his radio. Unfortunately the American custom of allowing the radio to go full blast, no matter what the program, is carried into the barracks. The noise lover has another advantage in that, lacking sensitivity to what goes on about him, he may disturb a score of men without even knowing it; while each of the others hesitates to complain for fear of getting a reputation as a grouch.

Some men do not care much about the noise either way, preferring at first to withdraw within themselves, living as far as possible in the past. They are the letter writers. They sit obscurely on foot lockers during the daytime, when they must keep off their bunks, and they sit or lie on their bunks before lights-out. In their laps, serving as desks, are stationery boxes or writing folders, and they scribble endlessly. Sometimes they achieve an almost terrifying efficiency. One man who lived near the top of the stairs worked out a system which permitted him to write letters even during the morning barracks-cleaning periods. By his bunk stood a gallon tin can which served as a receptacle for cigarette butts. When he heard the approach of the sergeant from downstairs (which was easy, for the sergeant was always shouting orders behind him) he would seize the butt can and patter down to the latrine, ostensibly to empty the can. This procedure was repeated several times each morning. The sergeant never caught on, and the man's neighbors, somehow recognizing that he had a problem to work out with himself, did not complain.

In time a sort of armistice is worked out between the noise lovers and the quiet men. Gradually the noise lovers come to realize that they are not alone in the barracks; and of course the step from theft of mops to sabotage of radios is relatively short. One soldier, disturbed by two men



who conversed long after lights-out, grew tired of asking them to be quiet. He awakened them an hour before reveille one morning—their favorite hour of rest—and insisted on chatting until the bugle sounded. The cold logic of his action impressed them; they had not been able to realize that others wanted to sleep when they did not.

Magazines fill up their pages with what has been palmed off on editors as picturesque Army slang. It is a waste of paper. A few common expressions are used—for example, a loafer is sometimes referred to, mostly by recruits, as a gold-bricker; soldiers who draw menial details are occasionally referred to as yardbirds; meals are commonly called chow; a bad report or a mild bawling out is a gig. Officers have originated a term for other officers who at unexpected moments appear to check their work. They call them submarines, and criticism on some point or another is torpedoing. "I was submarined three times to-day and torpedoed twice," one officer will report half dejectedly, half jokingly to another. But the real Army language will never be known to good folks. It is unprintable and unrepeatable in polite circles, though wondrously rich and varied. Much of it comes from the old Army, while regional terms are constantly being woven into the pattern. The tone of the average soldier's language goes down about thirty per cent during his early days in the service, and then it mounts toward the normal, without ever quite reaching it. Only a limited number have the memory, the imagination, and the desire really to master the Army vocabulary.

The point at which a man ceases to think of himself as a recruit cannot be placed exactly, but in most cases it comes with the firing of the small weapons toward the end of his basic training. By that time the original aches and pains have vanished. His muscles are hard and he has spring in his step. He has gained a little weight or lost a great deal. He feels right, even jaunty, in his uniform. He knows his duties and, if he performs them adequately, his fear of non-coms and officers has evaporated. It is the firing of the actual weapons of war however that per-

mits him to feel that he is at last on the way to becoming a soldier. Only a few have fired heavy-caliber rifles and side-arms in civilian life, and the percentage who have never even had a gun in their hands is high. It is found that the kick of the gun is not so overwhelming as had been expected; bull's-eyes are hit at surprising distances. Mastery of machine guns, artillery, planes, and other weapons or tools of whatever branch they are assigned to lies ahead. Farther away is the greatest experience of all—going into battle. But each is well aware that he is not the same man who reported to the induction station on the day which seems to him a long time ago.

#### IV

IN EVERY war, and afterward, civilians and soldiers have some trouble understanding one another. Not long ago a debate was started by Sergeant Jimmy Cannon, not a particularly profound writer, when he declared in his column for *PM* that "Soldiers are only civilians in uniform." He was roundly denounced—chiefly by civilians. One of his sterner critics, a *New Yorker* magazine staff member named Stanley Edgar Hyman, undertook, in a general review of pieces written by soldiers and printed in the *New Republic*, to set him straight. "The civilian," Hyman stated, "is a man devoted to being happy, holding a job, getting ahead, reproducing his kind, and so on. The soldier, like the tank, is a machine devoted solely to killing, and there is no other point to his life, at least while he is a soldier." Rather grumpily, he went on to say that, while soldiers were not civilians in uniform, various men who had written about the Army—E. J. Kahn, Jr., Marion Hargrove, Cannon, etc.—were civilians in uniform because they had merely gone through adjustment to military life, had not yet seen battle.

Hyman's comments are not entirely lacking in truth, but I quote them chiefly because they express an attitude, generally unconscious, of a great many civilians. There is a tendency to think of the soldier as a man who has checked his civilian self at the induction station, to be picked up



after the war is over. "After all," the soldier is told a thousand times over, "your day is all planned out for you; you don't have to *think*." There are other clichés which, unless something is done about them, may well result in a general massacre of parents, sweethearts, wives, and bosom friends of soldiers. Worst of all is the inane, "Well, how do you like the Army?"—a comment admittedly as difficult to avoid as mention of the weather. Probably the soldier doesn't like Army life at all, and yet he would not be out of it—anyhow, the way he feels is a long story which he does not want to tell and which, in most cases, the questioner doesn't want to hear. Another favorite is to remark that, with food rationing and all, a man is better off these days in the Army than out. Army food is of good quality, plentiful, and, in direct ratio to the cooks' abilities, palatable; but it is a rare soldier who would not sacrifice quantity for choice, timing, and serving conditions. The list of clichés could be continued indefinitely.

The soldier is not impressed by the Arrow Collar drawings of his supposed self in the advertisements, nor by the glory-writing of the hacks—material which seems to be aimed at the civilian market. He has little patience, for that matter, with glory-writing about civilians. One extreme example of this sort of thing was the great rumpus raised about movie and radio stars who remained "heroically" at microphones for some fourteen or more hours a day pleading with listeners to buy war bonds, even going so far as to allow the patriotic laity to speak personally with them over the telephone. An ecstatic radio reporter for the New York *World-Telegram* compared the efforts of Charles Laughton favorably with those of Stalin-grad's defenders. Fourteen hours is a relatively short shift for KP duty. The soldier would prefer that high-pressure advertising writers did not speak of him stickily in the first person. Given even fighting conditions, American soldiers feel they will conduct themselves as well as others, perhaps a little better, but there is no sign of the old "one Yank can handle ten" attitude. Consequently Hollywood movies are often jeered, though on this point I would not want to speak from the

point of view of the general morale. I recall one movie in which John Wayne, portraying a swashbuckling American hero, took on a belligerent simper, called a Gestapo officer "bub," and knocked him down. (In the movies a Hollywood star is always worth a division.) The men who cheer Gene Autry, Buck Jones, and Errol Flynn cheered; others laughed.

On the other hand, it may very well appear to civilians that soldiers and sailors on excursions back into civilian life are demanding and even a little overbearing. If so it is because the man away from his camp or his ship is in a hurry. For days, weeks, months he has fitted himself to military discipline; he has looked forward to his hours away. When he finds that he cannot secure a hotel room, board a train, buy liquor, get into a show, or do numerous other things he has planned he is naturally upset. I have noticed however that, probably owing to practice, the patience of soldiers as a rule surpasses that of civilians. On one train traveling far across country I counted one hundred soldiers and sailors in a coach which was without washing facilities of any kind; the next car was a Pullman, containing eighteen comfortable chairs. The conductor complained that he had a hard time keeping the soldiers and sailors out of the Pullman washroom; and no wonder.

This may sound as if men in military service were preoccupied with criticism of the civilian population or at least some of its manifestations—which is not true. It is only that Sergeant Cannon is to a considerable extent right. No one would prefer more than the soldier that he become a sort of tank for the duration—it would be so much simpler—but unfortunately it does not work out that way.

The civilian-soldier early had a profound effect on the Army, as indicated by the wide currency of the terms "old Army," and "new Army." The American Army never was cut on the Prussian pattern, but certain castes did exist. The first three grades of sergeants—master, tech, and staff—held themselves aloof from other enlisted men, while "buck" sergeants and corporals fraternized little with privates. In the small force several years were required to rise from private to corporal. Men



came to attention when the first sergeant walked into the barracks, and it was necessary while talking with him in the orderly room to stand at attention, while the appendage of "sir" to the sentence was only good judgment. To rise from the ranks was next to impossible.

The change was gradual at first, but the flood of new men beat at the bulwarks of the "old Army" traditions and, with the implicit and sometimes explicit assistance of the Army's leaders, succeeded in altering them. The top-kick is a man to respect, but his pedestal is gone. Perhaps two-thirds of the members of the armed forces have never had a harsh word spoken to them, except in general warnings to groups. "Army regulations," a saying goes, "are for men who cannot live without them"—by which it is meant that some men need constant pressure to ensure that they accomplish their tasks. Emphasis is placed on leadership. The non-com who constantly hands out extra duty or other punishment is more likely to get a reputation for incompetency than for efficiency. Men who try to play the movie version of the hard-boiled non-com often find themselves broken or refused a rise in rank. It is not uncommon for unfair non-coms to be ostracized socially by other non-coms as well as by their own men.

The general disrespect for the lower ranks of commissioned officers, particularly second lieutenants, which was often observed in the last war is not likely to be a feature of this one. Even small groups of men are trained and led by officers. They

march the same distances, eat the same food, and are subjected to even harder duties. In combat they face equal, or greater, dangers. In officer-candidate schools greater emphasis is placed on leadership and ability to get along with others than on high scholastic marks. Students are called on to grade one another in character and judgment in human relations. (It is well to remark that old Army officers and non-coms-become-officers found no difficulty in adjusting themselves to the new scheme.) Everything published about the Army by the gurgle writers is not accurate, but it is true that the spirit of camaraderie is encouragingly strong.

This is not to say that discipline is lacking or that soldierly conduct is not required. The difference is that the American fighting man is permitted to remain an individual. That is good, and the more efficient way. The civilian-soldier could not, even if he wanted to, put aside his past. He will remember the world he left, and in his mind will always be the world, perhaps a better one, to which he wants to return. Toughening of the mind is no less important than strengthening of the body. The soldier needs the issues of the war constantly placed before him; he needs to see films and read factual, realistic, and well-prepared literature; he knows that he must accustom himself to the possibility of death. But it is no good to expect him to become a cold, emotionless fighting machine. Americans will have to fight as they are.



# WHEN WAR SPENDING STOPS

STUART CHASE



WHAT are the prospects for achieving stability and then genuine prosperity in the United States after the end of the war?

Most economists to-day are predicting a great boom when peace arrives. (That peace may arrive, incidentally, in two stages: peace in Europe, then with Japan.) The economists reason that citizens will have plenty of money and war bonds which they can cash, combined with a huge shopping list of postponed purchases. Citizens, they say, will descend upon the market to bid up prices for cars, washing machines, coffee, and silk stockings. Unemployment will develop later, when the buying spree has subsided. These economists point to the inflationary boom after the last war, followed by a slump to six million unemployed in 1921.

This prediction sounds logical, but I do not believe that it covers all the pertinent factors. It is dangerous to draw conclusions based on the last war, where we got in only up to our knees, with 25 per cent of national effort involved. This time we shall be up to our necks, with some 70 per cent of the national effort devoted to battle. Again, deferred demand for consumers' goods does not guarantee a boom. No matter how much loose change citizens can lay their hands on, if they are *afraid of the future* they will hesitate to spend it. They will save their money as a cushion for hard times. Business men will not

branch out if they are afraid. Fear of depression can help bring depression by slowing down the spending rate. If people are alarmed at the prospects for the long swing they will not throw their money around much in the demobilization period.

The rosy picture of 1919 as a painless demobilization and swift removal of government controls does not quite square with history. The demobilization of the armed forces, including a sixty-dollar bonus for every soldier, required large government expenditures. Many war projects were completed after the war ended. Fifteen hundred ships were delivered *after* the Armistice, against five hundred before it. Many contracts for munitions could not be canceled, and heavy cash damages were paid by the government for a number of those that were canceled.

After November 11, 1918, we loaned two billion dollars to our Allies, practically all of which was spent inside this country. Treasury spending in 1919 was actually greater than in 1917; in the early months of 1919 it was still running as high as in 1918. Our excess of exports over imports reached its high point in 1919—largely food and cotton going to cold and hungry Europe. A large flow of private investment went at once into new mass-production industries, and this, combined with large government expenditures, cushioned the demobilization period. Then, as European fields and factories began to



come back into production in 1920, our exports were hit a terrific blow. The farmers' boom collapsed—and stayed collapsed for twenty years.

Production of automobiles for civilians was not cut by government order until March, 1918, and then only by thirty per cent. Other industrial cuts went into effect in September, 1918, two months before Armistice Day. They were thus too late to cause any material diversion of output to munitions. The industries affected included bicycles, heating appliances, boilers, refrigerators, sewing machines, stoves, tires, pianos. Reduced staffs were held, ready to swing back as soon as peace came, and they had not long to wait.

To-day, on the contrary, many great industries have been almost wholly converted to war—automobiles, refrigerators, washing machines, metal furniture, vacuum cleaners, phonographs, lighting fixtures, oil burners, typewriters, radios. A friend of mine who produces radio equipment cannot get materials to make even replacement parts for civilian sets. It will require a complete retooling job to reconvert most of these industries. Retooling is a time-consuming process and calls for only a few skilled mechanics while it is going on. Remember the minor depression while Ford retooled for Model A in 1927. That job took him the better part of a year. Some estimates for new automobile models after this war have allowed for a conversion period of eighteen months. Redvers Opie, economic adviser to the British Embassy, reports that certain British industries now estimate that it may take them three years to reconvert.

Selling organizations are being ruthlessly broken up. Staffs for quick peacetime production are not being maintained as in 1918. Meanwhile the normal markets of 1940 have been torn to pieces by government price-fixing, rationing, and standardization, and above all by selling a converted output to a single buyer, the government. Vast areas of business relationships will have to be re-established from the ground up, including the thorny question of what to do with the fifteen hundred war plants built by the government and leased to private concerns.

The last war took place in an environment which was still tuned to expansion from natural causes. Population was increasing rapidly; there was confidence in investment outlets; many of the great monopolies of to-day were only in embryo; progress was believed to be inevitable. Progress was not inevitable, as we have since learned, but the *belief* was there. Manufacturers were not much worried about excess capacity, and nobody ever mentioned a "mature economy."

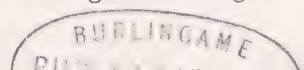
The present environment, on the contrary, follows a decade of depression and stagnation—a decade to which only the disaster of war was able to bring full employment. Business men fought bitterly against expanding their plants in 1941 because of fear of too much capacity after the war. They issued one solemn report after another saying that we had enough steel capacity, railroad capacity, aluminum capacity, power capacity for every need. They have patriotically expanded since then, but it would be premature to say that they have stopped worrying.

While there may be a great new market in the field of light metals and plastics, much of it will be *at the expense of older materials*. Aluminum, magnesium, and plywood will replace steel and copper in many articles. Such replacement is not expansion but competition, and thus not all velvet by any means.

Indeed, with perhaps \$20 billions of new plant and equipment added by war, it is hard to see the need for plant expansion in many lines beyond the necessary outlays for conversion. If we end the war with a national income of \$150 billions, that may mean at least \$20 billions of annual savings. How will private industry be able immediately to absorb any such investment? It seems impossible.

Undoubtedly there will be a large post-war demand for durable consumers' goods, especially automobiles. But what if there are no such goods to be had until retooling is complete? The demand alone cannot create much employment until there are goods to buy. We may have an interval of totally empty shelves for many products.

It is often assumed that the demand for goods is cumulative; that we shall want all the stuff we have forgone during the





war. This assumption is untrue. Demand does not keep, any more than fish. Unsatisfied demand for "soft" goods—food and the like—is gone forever, while the effect of reduced consumption of durable goods is *not* cumulative. Take your own experience. You used to buy a new car every year, let us say. Suppose the war lasts four years. Will you replace your old car with four new ones? Hardly. The other three are gone forever, together with the second cups of coffee you would have liked but never got.

As in 1919, we shall be called on for enormous exports to the rest of the world, and this will provide a market for the food industries and for various kinds of equipment and drugs. These shipments will hardly be privately financed, but will be a continuation of lend-lease. No hasty retreat to "normalcy" is indicated here.

If we are making \$100 billions of war goods on Armistice Day, and \$50 billions of civilian goods, and aim to hold the national income at around \$150 billions, the shift will obviously be gigantic. It will not be a shift of \$100 billions, because much war production will continue, together with lend-lease, while public works and services will fill some of the gulf. We might however reverse the figures during the demobilization period—ending with \$100 billions of civilian goods at a rough guess, and \$50 billions for military, lend-lease, and public works outlays.

In the light of these more or less brutal considerations, I find it difficult to anticipate a roaring boom at Armistice Day, especially if all government controls are severed. It did not happen that way even in 1919. We might indeed get some roaring prices for those goods still on the shelves, but with all controls abandoned we should certainly get wholesale unemployment at the same time. The situation in war-boom areas, like Detroit, Seattle, and Bridgeport, might become revolutionary.

## II

THE American people seem to sense this critical situation. The National Association of Manufacturers employed the Psychological Corporation to conduct a survey on the question. The results

were emphatic. "Ninety-two per cent of persons representing all wage groups were in favor of immediate planning for the postwar era rather than waiting until the war is won. Six per cent were opposed, 2 per cent undecided; 61 per cent were in favor of the immediate preparation of a vast public works program; 24 per cent were opposed, the balance undecided. But 80 per cent were opposed to government operation of private business."

The people want plans developed now for full employment. They want the government to fill any gaps but not to take over private industry. There are bound to be gaps which business men cannot fill. Such fissures have been open indeed since the last war. Highway and school building accounted for millions of jobs in the prosperous twenties, as we have seen. Throughout the thirties private business came nowhere near employing all our people. Only by the most strenuous wishful thinking can one believe that the record of a generation will be suddenly set aside on Armistice Day—particularly when we remember the great increase in labor-saving methods which the war is developing.

I talked recently to a worker in one of our great industrial companies, now converted 100 per cent to war. He is a member of the enterprising labor-management committee which the WPB has helped to establish in the plant. He is doing everything he can to stimulate production and win the war, but being something of a philosopher, he cannot help wondering where it is all going to end.

"Why, we're making improvements around this shop that would knock your eye out! Thirty per cent increase in output per man-hour on that bunch of lathes, 20 per cent in this whole department. A brand new method for repairing dies, invented by a worker—that red-headed guy over in the corner. It's swell for winning the war. What is it going to do to employment around here when the war is over?"

"You tell me," I said.

His lips closed in a grim line. "It's going to raise hell, that's what it's going to do. It may put half of us on the street as compared with the same output before



the war. But I'm telling you, we're not going to stay on the street. We're not going to stand for another ten, twenty years of depression. If the country can go all out for war and hire everybody, it can go all out for peace. If industry can't do the job, the answer is public works, and I don't mean raking leaves."

Colonel Lewis Sanders, testifying before a Congressional committee in February, 1943, said that industrial engineers have cut the production time on a medium bomber from 70,000 man-hours to 13,000, and on a 10,000-ton Liberty cargo ship from 1,100,000 man-hours to 680,000. This gives a hint of the industrial revolution now under way.

### III

CITIZENS will have plenty of money available when the war ends. But they will not spend it if they are afraid. They will spend it if they are assured of a margin of security, and a peacetime job coming along in due course. This calls for timing as carefully prepared as the program for landing our troops in French Africa. The details will require exhaustive research, but the timing might follow some such order as this:

1. *Begin planning now, in 1943, for both the short-swing and long-swing periods.* Government men, business men, labor leaders should work together on the programs. Arrange the terms for canceling war contracts, for stock piles, for ships and aircraft for future use.

2. Give these plans reasonable publicity. Do not promise too much, but start building up our confidence.

#### *For the Short Swing*

3. When the fighting stops taper off war spending. At the same time initiate public works and a program of social security which guarantees all Americans a minimum living standard. Provide a six months' dismissal wage for war workers.

4. Hold the war controls against inflation, and hold tax rates at a high level.

5. Help business men, technically and financially, to reconvert their plants. Encourage them to take as much responsibility for employment as they can. Tax

allowances may be in order. Offer smaller firms a chance to buy some of the new government plants now operated by large corporations.

6. Aim at full employment. As it is approached, taper off public works but hold social security. Taper off whatever war controls have been retained for the emergency.

#### *For the Long Swing*

7. Extend social security. Inaugurate automatic controls for full employment on the principles of a "compensatory economy"—in which private businesses carry the maximum possible load of production and distribution but the Federal government, in co-operation with local governments and local groups, undertakes to fill any gaps in employment left by ordinary business activity. (The automatic controls should be operated according to the volume of employment and the rate of spending for consumers' goods, the purpose being to keep money circulating at an even rate.) Seek an international balance of exports and imports to supplant lend-lease. The Santa Claus role has its limits.

8. When stability seems assured, pay off some of the dead-weight war debt.

### IV

WHEN the war ends we shall be tied up in more controls than a jumper tangled in a parachute. If we cut the entire network we shall be quite free—to crash. Are there any controls which can be safely cut or loosened to let us down easier?

I think that we could soon get rid of gas rationing, unless tires were still unobtainable. That would give us a few deep breaths and help the roadside industries. There should be plenty of oil when the war machine has ceased to devour it, and plenty of pipelines and tankers. Coffee and sugar rationing will be eased as the Caribbean opens to peacetime traffic.

House construction can begin, with controls relaxed on metals, lumber, hardware, coal, power; but plumbing and heating fixtures may be delayed. Dim-outs and blackouts will end, and the long vigils of airplane spotters. Colleges and



schools can go back to normal semesters—though one wonders if the curriculum will ever be the same again. (How about offering men discharged from the armed services a technical furlough, with full pay, until they finish college, if they desire to accept it? This would not cover their college expenses but would provide a helpful scholarship. How much better than a cash bonus!) Taxes on luxuries can soon come down, and other nuisance taxes. Manpower controls can be greatly eased. No more forced savings. No more censorship. Sports can open up, and we shall need them. Installment credit restrictions can be loosened.

What controls must stay? Primarily the financial ones. Price fixing and rationing must be continued to guard against inflation, to insure equality in the distribution of scarce essential goods, and to help war victims abroad. Rent controls should stay until the housing program really begins to open up.

Contracts for war materials should be eased off, not severed sharply. If they are for things which have peacetime uses—such as ships or foods or medicines—it might be sound policy to complete the contracts. Government orders underwrite the war economy, and for a time they must help underwrite the peace.

Above all, the armed services must not be demobilized faster than the community has the power to absorb them. Under Secretary of War Robert P. Patterson has suggested a way in which this might be done. In a speech at Northwestern University on January 24th he said:

"The War Department will help develop a method of *reversing* the action of Selective Service. Through Selective Service the men were brought to this job. When peace comes it should bring the job to them. That's the way to keep a firm social and economic system. That's the way to discharge the obligation this nation is under."





# WE TRAIN OUR ARMORED FORCE

C. LESTER WALKER



IN about four minutes now a class of twenty-seven officer candidates of the Armored Force School will go through the Fort Knox infiltration course for the first time under live ammunition. The men stand in a little group in the rain, wearing their old blue denim salvage clothes and their battle helmets; their feet in the thick-soled Army shoes are working a little in the brown Kentucky clay. Otherwise they are motionless, faces all one way, chins lifted a little, because the instructor-lieutenant stands on a dugout slightly above them. They are listening intently to his final words.

"When that whistle blows you will come out of that trench. You will *hit* the ground." The lieutenant smacks his fist down on his palm. "You will *crawl*. On your belly. *Low!* Eighteen inches! The machine-gun fire will be thirty inches from the ground. Twelve to spare—if you keep down. When you come to wire you will lift the wire with *one* hand. You will roll toward *that* elbow. You will go through and under *on your back*. You will not go *over* any log or any other obstacle. *Because* it might be a trap. You will go around—*around*. . . . Now—any questions?"

From just behind the lieutenant comes the click of metal as a machine gunner begins to ready his piece. "OK!" The lieutenant's thumb punches the air. "Double to that trench. Come on."

The trench is where the course begins. Behind it stands a knoll of maples, the gray trunks blazed where the machine-gun bullets have slashed off bark as they ricocheted. In front stretches the course—a tangle of barbed wire, crisscrossed logs, mud, planted land mines. The mines are live, numbered with placards, and controlled electrically from a tower on the sidelines. All over the course you can see the craters from their previous explosions. The technical sergeant now calls down from the tower, "Land mines all ready to go, sir."

A whistle and the machine-gun tracer bullets (carving out paths like a stream of Roman candles) start things. The men swarm from the trench and flatten to the ground—flatter than I have ever seen men before! They inch forward, stiff-kneed, clawing with their hands, pushing with their toes. It is a squirm and a slither—lizardlike, but snail-slow. "Keep them goddam helmets *down!*" the instructors roar. "Slow—slow! *Rest*—goddam it!" Land mines Number Seven, Twelve, and Twenty-three go off as one, splattering the crawling figures with a shower of soil. "Down, *down!*" rage the instructors. "You're like a bunch of Waacs out there!" It is one hundred and fifty yards for the course and almost half an hour before the last panting, clay-plastered man is in.

"We start them in," said the officer by my side, "by having them lie on the



ground, feet together in a four-foot circle. Then we detonate a half-pound charge of dynamite in the middle. 'Because you did exactly right,' we tell them, 'not a one of you is scratched. Nearer, or in a different position, and you'd have got it bad.' We want them to learn that if they know how to handle themselves near mines there is a minimum of danger."

I asked how this assault course compared to battle conditions.

"Well, I have been in eight battles. In action these boys will never run into anything like this. Not so much noise and not so much stuff going off so close to them as right here. We want these Armored Force men to be so thoroughly trained that the first time they contact Rommel's tanks absolutely nothing will faze them. That's why we recently started"—he waved at the infiltration course—"all this stuff, and the Blitz Village over in the next valley. We intend this Armored Force School to be the toughest and the most complete tank training center in existence."

Whether it is that or not, for Americans this is the only Armored Force School. In the entire country there is no other. This means that the job this school has to do is of supreme importance. If there are any inadequacies in the pre-combat training of our tank forces they originate here. If we ask, as many did after the first action at Faïd Pass, "Well, can we expect our men to handle the panzers the first time? Well, do our men get adequate training and equipment before they go over?" this is about the best place there is to look for the answers—at this Blitz College, so-called, on the gold hoard at Fort Knox, thirty miles south of Louisville.

## II

THE school is new—only a little over two years old. It grew out of the creation of our Armored Force (from the bones of our old Tank Corps and our Mechanized Cavalry), which was activated in July, 1940. The Armored Force is now, for all practical purposes, a separate branch of the Army—like the Infantry—and tremendous in size. In 1939 however we had only one armored brigade in

the whole Army! To-day the Armored Force's totals in men and mechanized equipment are a closely guarded secret, but we do know that our Blitz College at Knox graduates more than 38,000 officers and enlisted specialists a year. *Graduates*—not merely has them enrolled! There are more than 500 buildings in the school; its ground area—the Fort Knox reservation of hills and valleys, forests, plains, rivers, and what were once illimitable blackberry patches—seems to the transient visitor about the size of Wyoming; and its teaching faculty runs to 2,200-odd officers and men. It is, any way you want to measure it, the largest technical school of any kind in the world to-day.

To put this school together the Army picked young Brigadier General Stephen G. Henry. Henry (now Major General commanding combat troops—the 20th Armored Division) was forty-four and a Louisianian. He had always been one of the most mechanically minded officers in the Army, had taken special courses at M.I.T., and for years been a close student of production and organization methods in the big Detroit automotive plants. The General took over the new job on August 4, 1940, and on November 7th opened the Blitz-College-to-be with a total student body smaller than the present faculty. "In buildings with no windows," the General will tell you, "and with open braziers for heat."

The task ahead of Henry and the Armored Force School on that day was, to put it conservatively, a staggering one. Remember that in this war an armored division is a *great many vehicles*. If strung out along a highway, it will cover eighty-eight miles. It has jeeps, motor-cycles, trucks, antitank guns, assault guns, self-propelled artillery, ambulances, wreckers, scout cars, reconnaissance cars, half-tracks, staff cars, light and medium tanks. There are 3,595 vehicles in all. Each one needs operation and maintenance from the hands of a trained technician. The tanks especially are difficult. Infinitely more trouble than "horse cavalry," the Army will tell you. "A sick tank," General Henry has a habit of saying, "does not take care of itself." The men who handle them must have an exact know-how. To turn out



these men not by the hundreds but by the thousands, to have them the best-trained armored force men in the world, and to do the whole job in record-breaking time was the new Armored Force School's little problem.

The General organized his school into eight departments and went to work. He had a Tank Department; a Communications Department—radio and telephone mainly, and now grown so tremendously that it ranks with the Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, Signal Corps center; then the Wheeled Vehicle Department—for the pieces that don't run on tank tracks; then Gunnery; Clerical; Tactics; Officer Training; and Motor-cycle. Almost overnight the Clerical Department equaled the size of six or seven of our largest civilian business colleges and the Motor-cycle Department had become the largest motor-cycle mechanics' school in the world.

Then suddenly the Army armored divisions began calling for more men—more than the school was graduating. The new tanks were coming off the production lines faster than the military could man them. The Armored Force School would have to step up its output. The problem was now how to turn out the men not by the thousands but by the tens of thousands, to train them just as well, and in an even shorter time. To do the job the school adopted some of the most advanced methods of education and industry, and in some cases initiated unique training methods of its own.

One of the devices was what the boys call "the MacArthur shifts." The General calls it the multi-shift plan. It was impracticable to double or triple the size of the school's teaching plant and equipment, so the school was put on two and three shifts daily. One set of trainees therefore starts classes before dawn at the witching hour of six. The next set begins at one in the afternoon. A third shift will run from eight in the evening till 3 A.M. Double and triple shifts are of course no novelty in industry, but the way the Armored Force School licked the problem of lowered night-shift efficiency is what made these multiple shifts unique. Industrial leaders warned the General: "It's impossible to get good work out of a night shift."

"That is because your men work on a coke and a smoke and sleep at a night club. Our men aren't going to do that."

The General had the night-shift men barracked apart, their shades kept drawn during the day. The streets round about were kept absolutely quiet. No service trucks—for garbage or to make deliveries—were allowed. The men were made to eat regularly and in the correct amount and variety. An officer stood at the disposal pail where every soldier has to come and throw away his leftovers. If there *were* leftovers, the officer wanted an explanation. "Not eating your lettuce today, Jones! Why?" And the men were *forced* to sleep. An officer saw to it that they got into bed by a specified time.

What were the results? Everything that the school had hoped for. The men however consider the regimen a rather tough one. Indicative of this was a classroom episode which occurred one day. The Wheeled Vehicle Department decided to use a whistle to designate class breaks—the ten-minute rest periods which the Army favors for every hour. One soldier hearing the whistle for the first time asked another: "What's that?"

"Oh," the other replied, "that's nothing. Probably just a student escaped."

Another device used to speed up training is called "phase instruction." This is a method originated at the school, and is in a way an application of the conveyor-belt idea to teaching. General Henry explains it by saying: "If you want to eat an elephant you first cut it up into pieces." Or, like the American manufacturer, you break down each operation into simple steps. So at our Blitz College the future tank mechanic is not turned loose on a whole tank, nor even on a whole motor. Instead he is led into a building. One part of the tank is there. He learns it, what it is, and what it does, and what to do with it. When he knows, he is advanced to another building and another tank part, or phase. In the Tank Department there are eight phases, of six days, or fifty-six hours, each.

By this system of instruction (really a sort of educational piecework) the trainees in all departments are kept constantly going through. There are no "organi-



zational waits." New men can be started at any time, and equipment and teaching personnel are never idle. An instructor teaches one phase only; so he can be trained for his job in one-tenth the normal time. If he gets stale on teaching Phase Three (*Tank Power Train*, in the case of tanks) he can learn Phase Five (*Tank Electrical System*) in practically no time and instruct in that. A student who has been out sick or gone home on emergency furlough can immediately pick up again without waiting for a new course to begin, since new phases are starting every six days. And if Private Johnson is slow to learn because his previous education has been a little sketchy, he can be put through a phase a second time, with no disruption in the smooth, conveyor-like flow of instruction.

The men in each phase work in teams of four; and even in the make-up of these teams the Armored Force School has its eye on the clock and the calendar. Speed is the thing. So the four men working on the engine bearings, pin rings, pistons, and rods of that truck motor are all equally quick to learn—or all equally slow. The day before they went to work they were given tests to sort them out. "Because," as the General will tell you, "if the slow soldier is grouped with the bright soldier you've always lost the slow one. He gets discouraged and thinks he's dumb." The Armored Force School has licked that problem with its four-man teams all geared to go ahead at their own optimum learning speed.

And, curiously enough, the school has found that these sorting tests do more than merely sift out the quick from the slow. With uncanny precision they group the men (in either slow teams or fast) according to city or country background. The school has found that this is highly important, since personality difficulties are always a problem. These tests, by their unintended segregation, see to it that no country boy, perhaps a little homesick at first, finds himself working beside a city boy who dotes on baiting him about having had to spend most of his days shoveling manure.

When the dean of the Harvard Law School visited the Blitz College one day

he was invited to check on this city-country sift-out by querying any of the groups in one of the shops. He approached four of the boys. "What did you do before you were in the Army?" he asked one.

"I worked on a farm, sir."

So had the other three. The dean repeated the process on another group, at random. The four had all worked as cashiers, tellers, or hotel clerks in New York City.

### III

ON top of these organizational methods our Blitz College has developed an elaborate system of what the educators call visual aids. Go through the classrooms and shops and you will find that they abound in mammoth charts, diagrams, movie strip films. Cutaway models, full-size, are used everywhere to demonstrate the minutest working part of every armored force vehicle. These training aids not only speed up the learning process but—as the Armored Force School uses them here—in their most highly developed forms they also go a long way toward making sure that when the American tank soldier first gets into a battle he will know his business. Outstanding among these devices, and probably the most effective, are the school's Haskard Map and its Tank Identification Table.

In the last war it was a common saying, "We put three tanks out of action to-day—one of them the enemy's." But not in this war! At least not from officers or men who have been trained on this Armored Force School Tank Table. This fascinating device came into being when the school one day discovered that it had in its midst a sergeant from Pittsburgh who was a graduate of Carnegie Tech and in civilian life had been a professional model-maker. He had at one time even constructed a model "landslide" which won a big lawsuit for the Pennsylvania Railroad. This man was pounced on and turned loose in the Tactics Department with a hand-picked crew of modelmakers. Toiling for weeks, they turned out beautiful replicas of American, British, German, and Jap tanks. A landscape was then constructed, with farmhouse, barn, haymow, meadow, and plowed fields, all exactly to



tank-model scale. Officers and men of the Blitz College now take their tank identification tests on this table. You can watch them—standing in the dark, waiting for the dawn over the battlefield.

It comes, a rosy lighting effect. The only thing lacking is the twitter of birds. The tanks crawl into view and traverse the landscape. The light grows, it is noon, it is afternoon, sunset, twilight. Standing 30 feet away, the trainees see their own and enemy armor exactly as they will see it at 300 yards on battle terrain. By using field glasses they learn to stand back and identify the tank models at a distance much too far away for the naked eye even to detect the weapons.

Some of them will get additional recognition training on the indoor gunnery range. Here again are models: white tank silhouettes rolling forward against a slaty black background, not unsuggestive of the ducks of a Coney Island shooting gallery. The tank gun is mounted on a steel wobble plate which jogs and jounces to reproduce the shaking-up the gunner will get in a real tank. Range scale is one inch to one thousand. The trainee must foil the bucking platform under him, blast the moving targets, and be damn sure that he picks enemy ones.

In the Haskard Map the school uses one of the best and one of the rarest training aids in modern warfare. The map, invented by a British Army major, was built in England and shipped to Kentucky in sections. It is so large that the Blitz College had to put up a special building to house it. Gaze down on it from above, and you will see a perfect reproduction of the Salisbury Plain region of Wiltshire, everything in three dimensions. Tree and house models are so accurate that a visiting British officer one day exclaimed, "My lord! that's *my* house!" Walk under the map and you find a complicated arrangement of prop rods, guy wires, and weights (most of them knobs of plumbing fixtures) slung on strings. The prop rods poke up the fabric into the proper-sized hills, while the plumbing fixtures sink it down into what seen from above are the valleys. Weaving in and out amongst the prop rods is a crew of five or six soldiers, the "animators" who operate the map.

The Armored Force School Advanced Tactics Class—one hundred and twenty-five future tank-battle tacticians—crowds the balcony above. Parallel white tapes indicating the area of the problem under study wind over the face of the map; and the men scowl down at them, concentrating, as the problem-reader recites the situation:

"Our tanks are reaching Hill 764 when they are stopped by artillery fire from the woods at our immediate front."

Under the map the animators manipulate small hand magnets which maneuver the tiny tank models on the top surface up and down the countryside. One of the operators inserts a lighted cigarette in a small syringe, holds it close under the map and squeezes the bulb. Above, from "the woods at our immediate front," rises a cloud of smoke. Artillery fire!

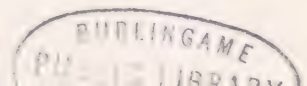
"Lieutenant Smith," calls the instructor, "give the actual orders you would give in this tactical situation in the field."

The envy of armored-force tactical-training experts everywhere, this map at our Blitz College is the only one of its type in existence. It helps to make more certain that our tank-force tactics men will know their business when they get to the front.

#### IV

CLOSELY associated with our Blitz College is the only scientific research laboratory built exclusively for the study of man and his relation to the tank. Officially called The Armored Force Medical Research Laboratory, it is a two-storeyed, modern, glass-brick-windowed, five-hundred-thousand-dollar building, with apparatus and equipment to make any researcher's eyes gleam. In this scientific wonderland the medical researchers, headed by Lt. Colonel Willard Machle, who was formerly director of the Kettering Laboratory of Applied Physiology in Cincinnati, supply the proper finishing touch for a tank training center that claims to be the best in existence. Here tanks are practically put into test tubes.

They are trundled into huge insulated chambers where the climate and weather of any part of the world can be readily duplicated. If it is the Russian front in





winter you want, the Cold Room can be lowered to seventy below. If you prefer a session with the Sahara, the Hot Room will bake a tank and all in it at Fahrenheit 150°.

Most of the problems that this research laboratory works on are matters that the tank men of the last war never dreamed of. It may be the question of how to gas-proof a tank, how to insulate it against heat with metal foil or with infra-red reflecting paint, how to ventilate it so that carbon monoxide from the motor or nitrous fumes from the explosive do not asphyxiate the crew. One series of experiments discovered that ammonia gas from the bow and turret machine guns and the 75 millimeter gun of our M-4-series medium tanks caused eye irritations so severe that frequently the gunners were unable to see their target. Other experiments have gone into the problem of fatigue, investigating its relation to the adequacy of the food ration supplied for long campaigns, the amount of headroom over the driver's seat, the proper location of telescopic and periscopic sighting devices.

Some of the research is on problems that the average person would not think exist. Take the matter of lighting in a tank. Whoever imagined that a tank *had* a lighting problem? But for the boys inside proper lighting is terribly important. Over-illuminate a tank's interior and you disturb the dark-adaptation of every pair of eyes inside. The gunner may have to strain into the dark for a full half-minute before he can make out the enemy. On the other hand, cut down the light too much and the men are unable to read their instrument panels or their map boards. Again, improper lighting at night reveals a tank's whereabouts to the enemy. The laboratory has now recommended dual lighting: white for the daytime and red at night. Bulbs dipped in a special polaroid solution are to be used to cut down glare. Maps for tank work are to be printed henceforth entirely in black and white. No red—because it couldn't be seen in light of that color.

A typical experiment at the laboratory, say in the Hot Room, is conducted by rolling in the tank, shutting tight the heavily insulated doors, and turning on the heat.

The tank crew, regular complement, is operating the tank—shifting the heavy steering levers, traversing the turret, loading and unloading the guns. The wind begins to rise. It soon drowns out the sound of the motor, slapping the tank with blasts of sand at fifty miles an hour. The laboratory plans eventually to import sands for its dust storms from all over the world. Doing things up a little too fine? No. Different sands produce different effects. Some ruin the engine filters, others the masks of the men. Some bring dust pneumonia, others silicosis.

The tank crew is now sweating like coolies. The researchers come in and out, taking blood samples and blood pressure, pulse and temperatures. If too much lactic acid is found in the blood it will show that that man was overfatigued. Vacuum-bottle samples of air are taken inside the tank; a man is given a nose clamp and a mouth tube, and the carbon dioxide he exhales is caught in a container, to show how fast he is burning up his Ration K-2 food.

Now and again someone faints in these Hot Room tests. Then the researchers like to put him on the tilt table. They swing his head down and he comes to. They tilt his feet down and out he goes again. They can swoon him or unswoon him any number of times. This trick is part of a long-range experiment which the laboratory calls "the chase of the blood." Men in tanks, or anywhere else, faint because the blood leaves the brain. Where does it go to? Until the Armored Force Laboratory's research this was one of the mysteries of medicine. Now, through the tilt table and a device that the laboratory calls a blood cuff, they think they have the answer.

The blood cuff is like a black leather tourniquet applied high up on the thighs. When it is tightened, fainting is checked. The blood has been unable to pool in the legs. Possibly this discovery will lead to a knowledge of how to check faintings in tanks, whether their cause be nerves, fumes, or just the heat.

Other Hot Room experiments have probed into the length of time it takes to acclimatize a soldier to high temperatures (only two weeks, surprisingly enough!)



and how long before the acclimatization wears off. The findings will ensure that our Armored Force men will be prepared to take the heat the very first day they hit the tropics or Africa.

In one of the Cold Room experiments a tank crew lived in their tank for five days, doing everything they would do in the field. Sometimes they got out and marched around, and sawed wood, and pitched a tent. The temperatures in such experiments usually range down to Fahrenheit thirty below; and now and then, by turning the wind on and letting in moist air, the researchers blow up a blizzard. In conditions like these one experiment tested the adequacy of Armored Force winter clothing—with surprising results. The tank crew wore the regulation Armored Force Winter Combat Uniform, officially described as: combat jacket; trousers; combat helmet, winter; overshoes, 4-buckle, arctic; gloves, flying; two woolen underwear; three pairs wool socks. During the experiment the researchers took periodical body and skin temperatures, made blood-pressure and other tests. The findings disclosed that for life in a tank our standard Armored Force winter clothing was not so hot. It kept a man warm, if he was at rest, for only an hour in an even temperature of five degrees. His knees, his hands, and his feet got cold too soon. At minus ten degrees frost actually formed inside his arctics. It was impossible to adjust the strap on his combat helmet with numbed fingers. And once his feet got thoroughly cold what should a tanker do—warm them by exercise? Contrary to common opinion—no! The experiment showed that after the exercise they cooled more promptly and severely than before.

Such experiments have led the laboratory into many allied problems. Can a whole tank be heated—just like a house? Or is it best to heat only certain parts of it—near the men? Will thongs on zipper tabs help gloved hands handle clothing? How can a uniform be ventilated properly so as to prevent moisture formation? If our tank men wear arctics had they better wear wool socks and inner soles and dispense entirely with shoes? Or is the

ultimate answer to cold feet in a tank electrically heated socks?

Perhaps as important as any of the laboratory's findings are the revelations on the exact effect of cold on morale. These make our peep and jeep cars, open to all the weathers in order to "toughen" the men, seem just a little adolescent. Cold, it was found, is about the worst of all depressants. Inevitably it drains a soldier of all competitive spirit and all sense of duty. It will leave the toughest of tough top sergeants with only one idea: "I w-w-wanna g-get w-w-warm!"

These laboratory researchers are seeing to it that our Armored Force men will go into battle with the best possible equipment and under the most favorable physical and physiological conditions. How effectively the men utilize these advantages depends of course on their pre-combat schooling. The Armored Force School likes to point out that the proof of its training system is in the performance of its graduates, and its statistical department will cite you the records: the Minnesota man who received the first D.S.C. given by General MacArthur; the Marine tank lieutenant who accounted for seven hundred Japanese; and many more. For anyone who still worries over the possible lapses of a training method that turns out blitz specialists in weeks rather than in months it will offer, in addition, some of the experts' opinions to think over. General C. L. Scott, our senior armored-force observer in Egypt and Libya during part of 1942, came back to declare:

"We have overlooked no means or methods for training the individual soldier. We are giving him a far better preparation than any other soldier has received in past wars—better than it was *possible* for the British to receive in the Middle East."

Or, as another general has put it: "We used to assume that it took nine months to make a well-trained soldier into a tank technician. Now we do it in nine weeks. I have been with tanks over twenty years, and I know the nine-week men can do a better job than the nine-month men. We give it to them in a better way."



# THE VICTORY AND DEFEAT OF MODERNISM

*Art in a New World*

GEORGE BIDDLE



MUCH has been written in recent years—more specifically since the depression of 1929—about the main currents of contemporary American art; about its distinguishing characteristics, its style and content; and about the intellectual thinking and social background of which these art currents have been the expression. Such a national art movement, however, would have only a limited or local importance unless it were part of a larger pattern, of a world movement. I shall try briefly to outline the general direction of just this world tendency in art, the conditions which created it, its possible scope and possible importance in the lives of all of us.

I believe that this movement is perhaps the most momentous event in the world of art since the Italian Renaissance. It was faintly discernible during and immediately after the last war. It took shape in the years of the depression. We can see its outline in Mexico, in Russia, in Italy, in Germany, in the United States—most clearly perhaps in these five countries.

If the world depression marked the beginning of a movement, it marked also the end of another art period, and the last great phase of that great period. I speak of course of Modernism, of the Ecole de

Paris; for although this was a world movement, it had its origin and centered largely in the French capital. I speak of a movement with which I am well acquainted. I saw the first great exhibition of Cubism in Paris in 1911. I subsequently exhibited with and knew personally many of these artists: Fernand Léger, Jules Pascin, Max Ernst, Albert Gleizes, Marc Chagall, Lipchitz, Soutine, Zadkin, Maillol, Despiau, Brancusi, and the others. I had been a friend and pupil of Mary Cassatt; I had met Rodin; and for two years I had watched the aged, white-bearded Claude Monet painting among his water lilies in his garden at Giverny-près-Vernon. In other words, my student influences stemmed from French Impressionism; and as a student I studied, admired, and grew up with contemporary Modernism.

To understand the world of art in which we are living to-day we must first understand that last period through which we have lived. Never has a great movement produced as many manifestoes and as much turgid, muddy, muddleheaded thinking. The Modernist painters themselves, and the French financial art market which controlled, propagandized, and edited them were the worst apologists for Modernism. That is why now it is often so



hopelessly misunderstood by the public.

The Ecole de Paris was two distinct movements, often fighting the same savage battle against the same reactionaries, yet æsthetically having nothing to do with each other. I believe that this has never been clearly understood and never before been said. First: a reaction against the degenerate Baroque design which in various forms had dominated Europe since the Renaissance. For want of a better word I am using Baroque to include roughly all the prevalent European styles between the late Renaissance and Modernism—Louis XIII, XIV, XV, XVI, Victorian, Art Nouveau, etc. Second: a new æsthetic philosophy—reflecting most assuredly the chaos of the period, the decline of capitalism, and the defeatism of the generation of Marcel Proust and James Joyce—the philosophy asserting that intellectual content, spiritual meaning is not essential to art; that art need not, should not tell a story or express an idea; that therefore form, design, and color are all that have importance; that art can be and should be an abstraction.

Now as to the first of these movements—the revolt against the Baroque—a few words by way of historical analysis of the elements of design. Broadly speaking, there seem to have been two great, opposed, and interchanging impulses in design since the earliest art expressions of primitive man. The one in a general way would seem based on an observation of plant forms: the acanthus leaf of the Greeks, the lotus leaf of the Chinese, the grape leaf of late Gothic, the fig leaf of the Renaissance, the lily pattern of Art Nouveau. The reverse curve—the so-called line of beauty—is recurrent. These periods of design are often accompanied by realism in other art forms. Note the late Greek and Roman, the Baroque and Impressionism. This general trend occurs in late Egyptian art, in Greece after the fifth century B.C., in late Chinese; and—what I wish to emphasize—it has dominated Europe and the Christian Mediterranean since the fifth century B.C., with certain exceptions. What are these exceptions? The Coptic art of the fourth and fifth centuries in North Africa; Byzantine art of the ninth to the twelfth centu-

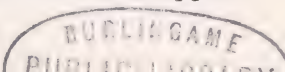
ries; Romanesque, early Gothic, and—Modernism.

What are the characteristic elements of design of this other world impulse or trend during the exceptional periods? The absence of the reverse curve and elements based on the realistic observation of plant form; the free use of geometric elements and emphasis on the dot, the dash, the straight line, angles, and the frequent parallelism or repetition of these symbols; occasional asymmetry of pattern; a tendency toward symbolism and away from realism in other art forms. Apart from the European periods mentioned—that is the sixth and seventh centuries B.C. in Greece, Coptic, Byzantine, early Gothic and Modernistic—where do we find this general trend in design? In most of the great so-called primitive schools: African, Polynesian, Eskimo, American Indian, Mayan, and Peruvian; and in the drawings of any twelve-year-old child.

Paris Modernism in its revolt against the debased Renaissance and Baroque—late Victorian, third Empire, Art Nouveau, etc.—consciously studied, absorbed, imitated the elements of these primitive schools of which I speak. Modigliani, Zadkin, and Epstein are largely based on African art; Gleizes and Léger absorbed the designs of North American Indians; Max Ernst and Klee must have taken much from the Polynesian and Eskimo; Diego Rivera boasts of his debt to Mayan art. The asymmetric patterns of the Peruvian Indians and of the Hopi of New Mexico are evident in Picasso's *Guernica* mural. Matisse consciously borrowed from children's drawings.

Paris Modernism was victorious in its revolt against the prevailing Baroque and Art Nouveau. As a school of design, based on the elements of the Primitives, Modernism is with us to-day.

Proof is so abundant that the fact will be generally acknowledged. One need but indicate random examples of its prevalence—witness the ceramic designs of Henry Varnum Poor, or for that matter of any Fifth Avenue window; or contemporary textile designs. One calls to mind the drawing, style, and compositions of our best artists, William Zorach, Maurice Sterne, Max Weber, William Gropper,





Ernest Fiene, John Marin, for example—I mention a few haphazard names. But we need not confine ourselves to painting and the arts and crafts. The buildings of Frank Lloyd Wright, of George Howe, of Harwell Harris, of Richard Neutra, are characterized by this same asymmetry on the ground plan. Note the repetition of straight lines and horizontals in the fenestration of Howe and Lescaze's Philadelphia Saving Fund Building. Study the chassis of a Plymouth car, or the whole swing of contemporary industrial design. Compare them with the scallops, acanthus leaves, and reverse sinuosities universally characteristic in Europe or America up to the impact of Modernism.

The second revolt of the Ecole de Paris was against the realism of Impressionism. Although this revolt continually emphasized design—as opposed to realism—it had nothing to do with a stylistic approach. It was in brief the proposition that the content or meaning of art is immaterial; that æsthetic beauty concerns itself only with form; that, therefore, a meaning in a work of art detracts from its beauty and that the purest art is abstract. In many painters of this period the two tendencies were present. In others you will notice a preoccupation with modern design, but not with abstraction, as for instance in the work of Pascin, Matisse, de Segonzac, Chagall, Lehmbruck, Modigliani, or Diego Rivera's murals.

Now the disastrous weakness in the philosophy of the abstractionists was their failure to distinguish the difference between pictorial and formal (craft) art—a difference both historical and functional, as the great anthropologist Boas points out. This is, briefly, his thesis: the origin of craft art among the earliest savages is the rhythmic economy of movement in the use of a given tool, which in itself becomes a rhythmic pattern and the simplest primitive design. The function of craft art, then, is to enhance the innate form or meaning of a useful object. Now the origin of pictorial art among primitive peoples was very different. By reproducing the likeness of an object the primitive savage believed that he could control a sequence of events in nature. He drew an animal and that drawing helped him to

kill. He drew rain clouds and the drawing caused it to rain. Picture-making, then, from the dawn of history, had its origin in fetishism and involved the observation and literal reproduction of the phenomena of the natural world. For thousands of years picture-making has meant to us the recreation, the translation of life into various media: painting, drawing, sculpture. If the art of painting eliminates life it eliminates the very subject matter with which it deals.

To the extent, then, that abstract art concerned itself with craft design it was valid. Indeed, craft design has always been—or largely been—abstract. But to the extent that the philosophy of abstraction dealt with picture-making it avoided the subject matter with which by definition and historical precedent it was concerned. It escaped from life to the ivory tower. Its appeal was to a narrower and narrower audience. It had in it the germs of its own decay. And the crisis through which the world is now passing illustrates the frustration of abstract art when it attempts to face realities. Picasso did just that in his *Guernica* mural. In semi-abstract symbols he attempted to describe his horror of the Nazi brutality in Spain. I venture to say that these symbols would have a hundred different meanings to a hundred different people. If one speaks to be understood one must speak in a common language.

The great movement of Paris Modernism was dying, then, of the sterility of its own philosophy—an escape from life—when other tendencies in other countries began to assume a definite trend.

## II

SINCE the Renaissance—indeed, to a great extent since the religious church art of the thirteenth century—art has come to have a narrower and narrower audience. Instead of being a universal language, equally appealing to and equally understood by soldier, priest, scholar, peasant, and king, it has become more and more the privilege of the court, the aristocracy, and latterly of the small, intellectual bourgeoisie of the metropolitan cities of Europe and the New World.



But of late, during the past ten or twenty years, there has been a different trend. This trend is toward the social integration of art in the lives of the people, of the nation. The Russian government would use the expression communistic integration; the Fascists and Nazis would prefer to say social democratic integration. In the United States I think of it as a democratic process. But what I want to make clear is that for the first time since the Renaissance the tendency of art more and more is toward its integration in the lives of the people and for the people, not for the aristocracy or the bourgeoisie or the intellectually élite.

This social integration is, I believe, the most important and fruitful phenomenon in the realm of art in our times. As I have pointed out, it is happening in the Soviet Republic, in Nazi Germany, in Fascist Italy, in Mexico, and in the United States. Chiefly, I think, in these countries. It is well, then, briefly to trace the origin of this tendency.

History until very recently has seemed to indicate that vital art movements followed a rising curve of economic expansion. Art from the dawn of history has been a superfluity, depending on wealth and leisure. Indeed, toward the end of the Renaissance art was no longer commissioned as in the past merely as a useful service; but it began also to be sold among Dutch and Venetian dealers as merchandise having a speculative value on the open market. The past twenty years, however, have seen a change in the relation of art to—or rather its dependence on—economic prosperity and in the conception of art as a speculative commodity. Leisure in the new economic order of the countries of which I am speaking is no longer a by-product of wealth; and although art must be financed, it is increasingly financed, not as a luxury, but as a social necessity contributing to the wealth of the nation.

The Mexican mural renaissance in the early twenties was the first notable example of an important art expression which did not accompany or follow a rising economic cycle. It was not financed as a luxury. The government offered to employ painters at a living wage to per-

form a useful purpose. The nature of this purpose was to educate the people, to spread the symbols of Mexican nationalism and ideology through mural paintings on government buildings. Propaganda, if you will. All art is propaganda in the sense that it is a direct appeal to the emotions. It can be nothing else. The whole force of art is this direct, complete, emotional appeal.

But this was not the first recent example of the use of art for mass education or mass propaganda. During the First World War every nation in Europe, for the first time in history, had mobilized its artists and hired them at an established wage for an educational purpose, realizing the tremendous emotional power of art to convert the masses to an idea.

These, then, are the factors which from now on may cause art the world over to play a somewhat more integrated role in the social life of the community. First, there is rapidly growing up a new or a very old conception of art—not merely as a speculative luxury, designed for the palate and purse of the few, the aristocracy, the very rich; but as a social service paid on a cost basis, which can in certain instances be the most powerful instrument in educating the masses to an idea.

In certain great epochs of the world's history art entertained as well as educated the people: Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, Aristophanes' comedies, the plays of Shakespeare. To-day in this hemisphere Walt Disney's films are enjoyed by two hundred million people. Walt Disney's art may not be the greatest art, but it is not second-rate. And I prophesy this: that unless highbrow art takes into consideration this potential audience of two hundred millions—if highbrow art is content, as it sometimes has been, with twenty or a hundred patrons—then highbrow art will tailspin in a world of millions that have an appetite and that can be fed.

Second, and even more important, there exist in the world to-day conditions of mass leisure and mass production which make this new conception of a people's art possible. In those countries where the machine plays ever a more important role in production there will probably never again be a long-range scarcity of labor;



and we shall therefore always have leisure on a large scale. It will no longer be the prerogative of wealth. And in such countries—potentially in all countries—we have mass-production media with which to appeal to this large audience.

These mass-production media for the marketing of art have been increasingly used of late in Russia, in Germany, and in the United States. The only reason that I mention examples in this country in more detail is that I am more familiar with what is happening here. But what we must keep in mind is that this new conception of the marketing of art is a world trend. It can be used, as it is used in totalitarian states, to regiment thought and stifle liberty of expression; but it can also be a wholesome and energizing force in a democracy. Recent surveys would seem to establish this hope. In the field of the graphic and plastic arts there is a greater audience to-day for classic art and for the best liberal contemporary art than there has been anywhere in the world for hundreds of years. The tastes of this audience are carefully gaged by frequent surveys made by the hard-headed editors of various magazines. These establish the amazing fact that the people prefer the best. I do not for a moment attribute this growing audience to a higher intellectual perception in America than elsewhere; I attribute it to the mass media of reproduction and presentation to which I have alluded. It is estimated that *Life* magazine has fifteen million readers a week and *Esquire* about five millions a month (figuring several readers per copy). If we include *Coronet* and other semi-quality magazines, and the Sunday rotogravure section of many of our leading newspapers, it is safe to estimate that expensive colored or black-and-white reproductions of classic and the best current American art are enjoyed by a weekly audience of over twenty million people. I repeat again that our magazines do not furnish the public with art of this quality for educational or philanthropic reasons. They do it to increase the circulation of their magazines because twenty million readers apparently want it. Ten years ago this would have been inconceivable. There was no attempt then to step up mass cir-

culation by expensive reproductions of serious art. When we turn to the growing museum and exhibition attendance, we find the same unprecedented figures. Over twenty million persons visit our museums annually; there were over seven million visitors to the community art centers under the administration of our government art program.

In a former article in *Harper's* ("Can Artists Make a Living?" September, 1940), I mentioned various instances in which art, more and more, was being integrated with business on the one hand and with Federal or State government on the other. International Business Machines, N. W. Ayer & Son, and Abbott Laboratories have spent well over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in the past few years on commissioning or buying paintings from our leading American artists to advertise their commodities. Associated American Artists have made probably the outstanding successful attempt (there have been many sporadic attempts) to mass-sell colored reproductions or original signed lithographs through full-spread advertisements and mail-order catalogues. The program has resulted in building a mailing list of one hundred thousand people interested in art all over the country—in fact all over the world. Department-store technique is being used to sell the fine arts to the masses. *Life*, *Fortune*, and other semi-quality magazines are employing, not professional illustrators, but museum circuit artists on a scale unprecedented in history to report current events. Whereas the purpose of the Art Projects was to subsidize art, that of "Art Week" was the exact opposite: to integrate art with the buying public, with industry.

I do not cite these facts in any attempt to suggest a high American cultural intelligence. I cite them as phenomena consequent on the use of mass-production media in art. I am convinced—at any rate my whole philosophy would lead me to hope—that we should find the same cultural phenomena to the extent that mass-production media operate in any country—in France, in Germany, in Russia, in England. What few data there are would seem to establish the general law that when good art and less good art



are indiscriminately offered in large quantity to a large audience there is an ever-increasing demand for the best. If true, this law in itself is a sufficient justification for freedom of thought and expression; nor can one easily imagine a more glowing tribute to democracy.

### III

THE war crisis has of course thrown into bold relief the whole question of the integration of art with the welfare of the nation; indeed, with the nation's will to survive—with the winning of the war and the education of the people in our war aims and in our peace proposals. War has put American art on trial. It has been given a golden opportunity by our government.

On November 13, 1942, Lieutenant General Somervell, of the Services of Supply, directed Major General Reybold, Chief of Engineers, to "form a select group of artists and dispatch them to the active theaters to paint war scenes," in the hope that they would be inspired to express in their paintings the "significant and dramatic phases of the conflict, to the end that the results may have a deep meaning for generations to come." This original directive from one who for two years had wrestled with artists' problems as director of the WPA relief project in New York goes far beyond the narrow scope of factual reportage and pictorial news-gathering. It points toward the broader and nobler aim of recording for the historian of the future the essence and spirit of war in all its phases and its impact on the artist as a human being.

Under the intelligent guidance of General Reybold and with the co-operation of the Secretary of War, a War Department Art Advisory Committee has been set up, whose function it is to select and recommend artists for the active theaters of war; to build up a permanent file of the best

artists in our Army; and to gather from all sources—Army personnel, private industry, illustrated magazines, etc.—as complete a pictorial record of the conflict as is possible. In this war there will be a greater amount than ever before of written, photographic, and pictorial data. It is recognized, however, for the first time that artists are more than news-gatherers. The Office of Special Services, under Brigadier General Frederick Osborn, makes use of art for purposes of Army morale. The War Department's Bureau of Public Relations and the Office of War Information make use of art for civilian morale. So much for to-day's immediacy. Such art as survives in imperishable mold will interpret in prophetic utterance the horror of to-day's conflict and the nobility which is tapped and drained in achieving a lasting peace.

Is the distinction I made between the social role of art in a democratic state and in the totalitarian states of Europe—Russia, Germany, Italy—a somewhat legalistic one? Indeed not, for it cuts to the very taproot of the possibilities of a popular art—an art for the masses. Among the totalitarian states art serves well the purpose of the masters, converting the masses to sadism and fear; but the expression itself, since it is censored and regimented, is as sterile of ideas, as lifeless and stillborn, as the order which it represents is vacuous, cruel, insensitive, and blatant. The artist in a democracy, whether he addresses the few or the multitude, has the uncensored privilege of expressing a social faith.

Indeed, if art, in this new world of mass-production media addressed to an unlimited audience, is to survive the threats of regimented propaganda on the one hand and on the other the sterile escape from life into the ivory tower of the past generation, it must rise to this privilege, this challenge of uncensored, militant, democratic faith.



# AIR AGE GEOGRAPHY

GEORGE T. RENNER



THE airplane has created a new geography of the world. Axis leaders knew this several years ago and have been taking advantage of it, but few Americans are yet really aware of it.

The portrait of this new geography is the World Map for the Air Age. It is a strange new map but it is the one we are going to do our thinking from in the years to come.

The reason for making this map is that although everyone knows that the earth is a globe we don't usually do our thinking from globes because they won't go into books and they can't be folded up and put into our pockets. To make the map we might imagine the earth to be a globe-shaped umbrella covered with an elastic fabric; then we put up the umbrella. If it were the flat Japanese variety, its top would then show a map like the one on the opposite page. Inside the equator of this parasol map the land and water outlines look very much like those on the globe itself. Outside that circle the lands and seas are badly stretched sidewise; but since most of the outer part of the map represents water, the stretching there is not serious.

At the center is the North Pole. About it lies the Arctic Ocean. Grouped about this little ocean are the great land masses of Europe, Asia, and North America. Away from these stretch Africa, Australasia, and South America like the arms

of an irregular three-pointed star. The North Pole is the hub of a giant wheel, the meridians radiate outward like spokes, and the parallels are concentric circles becoming larger and larger away from the center. On the outer edge the South Pole is stretched from a point into a large circle, in order to provide the rim for the map.

Now what ideas can we get from such a map? The first thing which strikes us is that there is no Eastern or Western Hemisphere; the world is in one piece. Our Hemisphere Defense program and our Hemispheric Solidarity policy look rather short-sighted if in the Air Age there will be no hemispheres. Where did we get that hemisphere idea anyway? We got it in the days of ship geography, and we have gone on thinking ship-thoughts as we began to enter the age of aeronautics. Before the airplane the fact that the world's continents were grouped about the North Pole was of no importance, because ships could not sail across the polar regions. They could sail only east and west around the earth. Hence, in the age of ships, we made world maps by wrapping a cylinder of paper round the earth parallel to the equator, projecting the outlines of the continents and seas onto the cylinder, and then unrolling it. This spreads the earth out in an east-west direction with the polar areas forming the north and south edges of the world. These edges were so stretched that the continents were pulled





apart, giving the false impression that there really are two separate hemispheres.

Although no such separation really exists, the idea worked all right when world geography was dictated by steamships and naval vessels, but when the airplane came on the scene such a map of the world became actually misleading.

When our Pan American Good Neighbor Policy is examined against this map as a background it appears to have been based upon reasons which will be outdated when long-range flying becomes practical. Washington, D. C., is closer to every capital of Europe than it is to Buenos Aires; closer to Berlin than it is to Rio de Janeiro. Chicago is nearer to Russia than to several Latin-American republics. Boston is nearer to Moscow than to half a dozen Latin-American capitals. On the basis of nearness (which is what neighbor means), why not a good neighbor policy for Russia? We should of course be good friends with Latin America, but not for the commonly accepted false reason of nearness.

The average Middle Westerner feels that he is farther from the war than his brothers on the east or west coast. Is he? Not if bombers of very long range can be

built. If three bombers were to take off from Nazi-held North Cape in Norway they would arrive over Washington, D. C., Des Moines, Iowa, and Seattle, Washington, at about the same moment. The shipyard at Bremerton on Puget Sound is about the same distance from Moscow as is the training station at Wilmington, North Carolina.

The airport in Japan nearest to us is on Shumshir Island. Two bombers setting out from Shumshir at the same time would reach the naval base in San Diego, California, and the wheat elevators in North Dakota or Manitoba at approximately the same instant.

Before this war we heard a lot of oratory in the Congress about defending "our hemisphere." We built a huge fortress at Pearl Harbor in Hawaii and began building defenses on Bermuda, Trinidad, Antigua, and other islands. Then we began the construction of a two-ocean navy and considered that we had taken care of the matter. A glance at the new map however shows that Kodiak, Afognak, the Alaskan Peninsula, and the Aleutian Islands lie between us and Japan. Hawaii lies two thousand miles out of the way, off to one side. (Indeed, if one of those







long-range airplanes followed a direct route from Tokio to the Panama Canal it would cross southern Alaska and pass near Seattle, Denver, and Galveston!) On the Atlantic side it is Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, Greenland, Iceland, and Scotland which lie between us and the Germans—not Bermuda, Trinidad, or Antigua. Despite these facts we were a long time seizing control of Greenland and putting troops in Iceland and the British Isles. Moreover, many Americans raised a hullabaloo when we did put troops in Iceland—they felt it was off to one side. On the Pacific side we built an enormous fortress at Pearl Harbor, but put only a few guns at Dutch Harbor, and none at all on Kiska, Attu, and Kodiak. These unfortified spots are the places however which lie between us and Japan—and the Japanese knew it, even if we didn't.

Our slowness in learning the new geography opened the way to the Axis powers. If you will examine an ordinary Mercator map of the world, you will see that a ship cannot go from one ocean to another without passing one of twelve points—Gibraltar, Suez, Falkland Islands, Singapore, Panama, and so forth. The British Empire controlled and fortified all of these except our own Panama. From these points the British Navy enforced peace for the whole world. We Americans were so ignorant of that world that even many of our leaders thought our peace and security were created by the width of our two oceans.

The Germans and Japanese however looked at the new map and saw that if they had sufficient air power, they could march and fly around the edges of the oceans and take these naval fortresses from the rear. Their whole strategy in this war has been a plan to do just that. It is a perfectly workable plan too. If it fails it will not be because the plan is not

sound; it will be because the Axis has not enough air power. If America and Britain had had sufficient might in the air neither Japan nor Germany would have dared to start such a war.

At first Britain and the United States tried to meet aerial war with naval strategy alone and it didn't work. Now our program includes outbuilding the Axis air strength, and we are beginning to be successful. We are not yet as successful as we might be however because we are still fighting the war from the psychology of the old map instead of the new.

The new Air Age map (like the map on the opposite page) will be the diagram of our postwar world—assuming the inevitable development of long-range aviation. If you will look at the old map you will see that some countries have huge seaports. Other countries lie inland without good access to the ocean trade routes. There is no shoreline in the air. Any town can become an aerial seaport. Chicago is closer to most parts of Asia than is New York or San Francisco. There is no reason why its customs house may not some day do a bigger business than that of New York.

In air control some fifteen points are beginning to emerge as strategic spots: Greenland, Newfoundland, Alaska, Natal (at the "bulge" of Brazil), Dakar (at the elbow of West Africa), Miami (Florida), Bangkok (Siam), Bagdad (Iraq), Marseilles (France), Nagasaki (Japan), North Cape (Norway), Russkoe Uste (Siberian Russia), Karachi (India), Fort Lamy (on Lake Chad in Africa), and Darwin (Australia). A few other points may eventually prove to be strategic.

One thing is certain. If you want to figure out the commercial and political world pattern of the future you had better use the new Air Age map. We are not going back to the old one.



# THE GREAT CROPS MOVE

CHARLES MORROW WILSON



ONE of the most exciting developments in this war is the sensational growth of "seed flying"—carrying seed by airplane from country to country and even from continent to continent. The seed flyers are not only contributing to the winning of the war but also making an exceptional contribution to world history by enabling the native crops of one land to move to other lands and take up residence there.

For example, one group of flyers have flown the rhizomes of the abacá, or Manila hemp plant, out of British Malaya from under the noses of the Japs and have relayed the planting stock to Central America and other American tropics where abacá is being successfully established as a strategic crop—for use in making ship's rope. (About twenty thousand acres are already planted in Costa Rica, Panama, and Honduras, and our government has contracted for the planting of double that amount.)

They have flown selected Hevea or rubber-tree seed from Jap holdings in Sumatra to points in India and other tropical areas. To Madagascar, south China, Burma, and Egypt they have delivered high-yielding hybrid corn, the seed of long-staple cottons, and disease-resistant wheat and rye from the United States. In a few instances they have flown live ewes and rams into wool-short Africa to replenish the African wool and meat sup-

plies. Many times they have carried live predators of various crop-destroying beetles from one hemisphere to the next.

The work of these flyers is merely one of hundreds of instances of the unprecedented and in many cases the almost instantly successful worldwide migration of great crops. In the fourth year of the Second World War this migration of crops has touched an all-time high.

It is definitely a two-way traffic—not simply an export of crop seed and planting stock from the United States, but a corresponding import of crops to the United States from all continents and from scores of islands. The acorns of cork oak have been flown from Spain to southern California; the seed of staple drug crops, from southern Europe to the Carolinas and Tennessee; of *Cryptostegia*, or vine rubber, from Madagascar to Florida, Arizona, Haiti, Mexico, and other areas south of the Rio Grande. The seed of kok-saghyz, the rubber-bearing "Russian dandelion," have been flown from various areas of the U.S.S.R., particularly the Republic of Kazakstan, for experimental planting throughout the United States.

Though Japan has seized the principal sources of many valuable crops which we sorely need, the seeds of these crops can be readily smuggled out—and now are traveling halfway round the world to go to work for us. The seed of cinchona, or quinine, trees are reaching us from the



formerly Dutch Pacific islands, and proceeding via Washington to Puerto Rico and many republics of the American tropics. Teak seed (which will eventually produce that strategic shipbuilding timber) have recently been brought from Siam and Burma for planting in experiment farms in Central America. The seed of Derris and other plants which produce rotenone (one of the most important insecticide materials) are being brought in from the Dutch Indies to the U. S. Department of Agriculture's brilliantly run Tropical Experiment Station at Mayaguez, Puerto Rico, whence they are being reshipped to select Latin-American areas at fifty thousand cuttings per planeload. And the essential-oil grasses, such as lemon grass, citronella, and vetiver (source of soap, perfume, and spray ingredients), are being flown or otherwise carried out of the Dutch Indies and Malaya, where the Japanese would like to be able to monopolize them.

It is not by any means a new discovery that crops can migrate by plane. For the past seven years Pan American Airways, co-operating with our principal domestic airlines and more recently with the air-express division of the Railway Express Agency, has been making two-way airplane shipments of important seeds and planting stocks. These include outbound shipments of hybrid corn seed, rust-resistant wheat, high-yielding queen bees, long-staple cotton seed, and other planting stocks from the United States to most of Latin America, much of Africa, and some of the Far East. Air traffic in practically any kind of planting material promotes the successful migration of that material. Corn, for example, which is the greatest domestic crop of the United States, is also the number-one crop in most of Latin America. Successful plane shipments of seed of high-yielding hybrid corns developed in our Midwest are improving the ever-important South American yields and making a sound contribution to Inter-American agriculture and nutrition.

During the latter 1930's Pan American Airways began to carry live chicks from hatcheries in Florida and Texas to poultry growers in the Caribbean countries. The American tropics, like most other hot

countries, are deplorably short of good poultry. Eggs do not incubate well in the tropics, and therefore imported chicks are in tremendous demand. The Pan American Airways chick traffic climbed promptly into the millions, and even before the war suitable hatch space in most southbound "Panam" liners was crowded to capacity with live chicks. Since newly hatched chicks do not require feed for at least seventy-two hours, Pan American urged its hatchery clients to crate and load their downy cargoes within twelve hours of hatching time, thus permitting delivery to any point that could be reached within sixty hours, counting not only flying time but time taken at the terminals. That meant that they could be sent distances that would have seemed incredible a decade or two ago.

In any country good poultry is a major nutritional blessing. But many other kinds of livestock also migrate by plane. In northern South America the Pan American-Grace Airways have developed a remarkable traffic in live animals, particularly breeding animals, to and from otherwise isolated ranches. Taca Airlines have developed and exploited similar traffic in many remote areas of Central America, and Canadian commercial flyers have hauled a lot of animals in western Canada. Where cargo space permits, air transport of breeding animals helps greatly to improve the quality of livestock and thus to make the soil more fertile and the farm establishments more prosperous.

During the past decade Soviet Russia has offered the most ambitious demonstration of this. Soviet planes have hauled tens of thousands of tons of breeding animals, probably twenty-five thousand tons or more yearly during 1937, 1938, and 1939, principally sheep and cattle, to remote Soviet republics—an accomplishment which no doubt has had a great deal to do with the success of the Russians in feeding and supplying the magnificent Soviet army and its equally magnificent civilians.

## II

THE transport of breeding animals by air is supplemented by the rapid development of the techniques of artificial



insemination. Here again major credit is due the Russians. Artificial or mechanical insemination began to be used during the last Tzar's reign (about 1912) with stallions and mares on the government stud farms where cavalry horses were developed. The experiments were sufficiently promising to cause Soviet veterinarians to reinstate the project in 1923 and thereafter. During the past decade the use of artificial insemination has been standard and successful husbandry procedure in many areas of Russia, greatly increasing the values, usefulness, and "service range" of superior stallions, bulls, and rams. The semen of highly valuable sires can be packed, insulated, flown thousands of miles by plane, and used to impregnate dams in another country or even on another continent.

In the United States too artificial insemination is succeeding. Introduced by progressive horse ranches, principally in the Far West, it is already of substantial importance to our domestic dairy industries. Several hundred dairymen's associations or clubs in various sections are now taking advantage of this important technique whereby the breed value of a given sire can be increased tenfold and its superior offspring can be established practically anywhere that better livestock is needed—which is practically everywhere. During 1939 veterinarians of the American Jersey Cattle Club used plane-transported semen taken from a champion bull exhibited at the New York fair to breed a prize cow on exhibit at the fair in San Francisco. In due course the cow delivered a healthy calf in Arizona.

It is now undeniable that strategic semen as well as strategic seed can be distributed effectively by plane to most or all habitable places on earth.

Another important phase of crop migration is the dispatch of "insect commandos," the natural enemies or predators of the insects and fungi which have been destroying important food sources. This strategy began half a century ago with the importation of the *Vedalia* beetle from Australia to combat the cushion scale in California. The venture proved successful and to date similar feats in "biological control" have wiped out or

helped to control at least twenty-five major insect pests and have proved to be the cheapest and most rational defense against at least some of the ever-increasing hordes of insect enemies.

Practically all plant diseases and insect enemies came into the Americas as stow-aways on imported nursery stocks or other plant materials. Having once given their natural enemies the slip, the pests frequently thrive and multiply in great virulence. Since 1921 our Department of Agriculture has exported breeding stocks of fifty-three species of insect parasites and predators to Latin America for defense against major insect pests which prey upon important crops grown by our southern neighbors. These exportations have established effective natural predators to combat such crop-ruiners as the citrus black fly, citrus mealybug, cushion scale, Mediterranean fruit fly, apple aphid, San Jose scale, pink bollworm, horn fly, and sugar-cane borer.

Until the continents became linked by airlines the strategic use of insect commandos was severely limited by the fact that only a comparatively few insect predators can survive more than a week of travel. But by plane they can be flown practically anywhere in the world in less than a week, which indicates that the comparatively new strategy of protecting or saving crops by means of biological control also shows great promise for the immediate future. It is at least a partial safeguard against the migration of destructive pests which is likely to follow the increasing migration of crops.

Incidentally, a few of the important "new" crops are not immigrants at all, but neglected natives. A good example is allspice, harvested from a common and hardy tropical myrtle tree. Allspice, so named because it tastes like a mixture of its three principal rivals—nutmeg, cinnamon, and cloves—grows wild in most of the Caribbean countries. Now that Japan has seized most of our principal spice sources, some of our near southern neighbors, particularly Jamaica, are reinstating allspice simply by clearing brushlands and giving the myrtle seedlings a chance to develop. With such consideration the tree comes to bearing within seven to ten



years and at maturity produces as much as one hundred pounds of dried spice per year.

This item is mentioned because, owing to the now desperate scarcity of can metals and refrigeration equipment, spices may have a chance to resume their earlier roles as preservatives of meats. The more important spices are tropical crops, and because of Japan's seizure of the Far East supply many are again migrating to this hemisphere. For example, Mexico, Guatemala, Costa Rica, Haiti, and the Dominican Republic are again beginning to do well with pimento trees, which thrive in their shallow limestone soils. At last Mexico's famous vanilla plant is being brought back to Mexico. Black pepper and white pepper, harvested from the same perennial tropical vine (which yields as much as a ton or even two tons of dry spice per acre) are also coming back to the American tropics. So is cinnamon, made from the inner bark of big and hardy cassia trees. Clove trees, heretofore a virtual monopoly of east-coast Africa, are growing splendidly in several Caribbean countries; and nutmeg trees, though natives of the Moluccas, now thrive after emigration to Brazil and the West Indies.

### III

THE plane which now speeds so casually, sometimes so ruinously, over nations, oceans, seas, and continents is the foremost activator of the current migration of crops, and in the instance of a great many highly perishable seed (which include Hevea rubber trees and many other tropical crops) long-range plane transport is virtually essential to successful herbaceous migration, just as it is beneficial to migration of live semen and insect predators. As the war brings aeronautical progress to its all-time high, to-day in terms of proved and practical aeronautics there are no more really isolated people, plants, or animals anywhere on earth.

But important as aviation is to the contemporary migration of crops, the general proposition stands that many staple crops have been migrating approximately as long as men have (although, like men, they have not invariably migrated wisely

or sufficiently). Here in the United States, except for tobacco and a limited list of fruits and berries, none of our great domestic crops is indigenous. Our livestock comes to us principally via Spain, Britain, Scandinavia, and the Channel Islands; corn, beans, peas, white potatoes, peanuts, and the common melon have come to us from the American tropics; citrus fruits from the Iberian Peninsula; our common cereals and root vegetables from the British Isles and Europe. For generation after generation the migration of plants has created and perpetuated American wealth. Repeatedly it has helped to save domestic crops from annihilation by natural enemies. For example, rust-resistant types of wheat, without which much or all of our hugely important wheat industry might have perished, have been produced and perpetuated by assembling and interbreeding selected varieties of wheat from many countries—Russia, Poland, Germany, Switzerland, France, etc. More recently our sugar-cane crop was saved from destruction by mosaic disease by the importation—via the superb *proofstaats* of Java—of various rust-resistant canes, which in turn had been developed by cross-breeding sugar grasses taken from the valleys of India, the mountains of Afghanistan, the dry plateaus of Turkey, the hillsides of East India, and other widely separated places. Crops such as long-staple cottons, raisin grapes, wine grapes, market pears, oranges and lemons, dates, figs, avocados, and a hundred other of our important food crops are here only because plants and plant materials can be and have been moved here from many parts of the earth.

The usual prerequisite for the selective breeding of plants is to assemble diverse species, strains, or clones of a given crop from the greatest possible variety of environments, and from these to develop new and virile strains which amplify the advantages and minimize the faults of the diverse parent strains. Obviously, this constructive feat can never be accomplished on a really adequate scale unless and until capably directed plant migration is attained. Our Department of Agriculture has known this for the past third of a century or longer.



B. Y. Morrison, head of the Department's Division of Plant Exploration and Introduction, describes his division's procedure in tracking down a desirable alien plant and bringing it back alive somewhat as follows:

While traveling abroad the Department's experienced plant-hunters begin by collecting that portion or stage of a given plant which will bear transport with minimum risk, *i.e.*, the dormant seed, bulb, or shoot. When the plant material is received in the United States qualified inspectors examine it for diseases and pests and assign the planting stock to specialists in the Plant Introduction Section, whose job it is to set out the herbaceous immigrant in an "introduction garden," which is usually equipped with quarantine greenhouses, propagation greenhouses, nursery greenhouses, refrigeration and cold storage, and whatever other facilities are needed for nursing it along. The current introduction of the cinchona or quinine tree is a timely example of this procedure. Recently Plant Introduction received a shipment of the seed by air mail from a point in the far Pacific. The envelope was opened at the Inspection House and examined by disease experts of the Bureau of Entomology and Plant Quarantine, who gave the seed a serial number and passed them on to the Plant Introduction men, who planted the seed in a Division greenhouse within taxi distance of the White House. In about three weeks the seed germinated and for six months thereafter the puny seedlings were nursed along with exquisite care. Then the infant trees were taken out of the soil, fumigated, tagged, assigned certificates, and transported by plane to carefully selected experiment gardens in the tropics, within a few miles or a few hundred miles of the original home of quinine.

Practical gardeners were waiting at the tropical nurseries, men with "warm hands" or "green fingers"—the practical and intuitive talent for putting plant materials into soil and making them grow, come hell, high water, drought, or hurricane. Thanks to the Latin-American and *Norteamericano* gardeners who received the feeble hothouse trees and nursed them

along as immediate local conditions of soil, rain, elevation, shelter, prevailing winds, subsoil drainage, and a hundred other more subtle factors require, the seed from the Pacific are prospering on Pan-American earth. Thus they reinforce the virtual certainty that eventually the Americas will again produce and process quinine to safeguard Americans from the types of malaria which quinine can best arrest or cure.

#### IV

LIKE human migration, crop migration brings about many melting-pot problems—problems which result in many individual failures. But the present year appears to be establishing new records in successful introduction of crops, thanks to improved supervision and clearance of plant materials, to plane transport, and most of all to the urgent or crucial needs begot by the global war and the prospects of grim and hungry years ahead. But even as the tempo and range of plant migration increase, one wonders why the interchange of essential crops should not have been more actively encouraged or sponsored in the past. Throughout the centuries the great majority of all farm populations have stubbornly and futilely planted degenerate seed of a severely restricted range of crops in weary and impoverished soils. Then to escape starvation or intolerable poverty men have moved themselves to other lands where too frequently, as in so much of our own country, they have reinstated similar routines of bad seed, poor livestock, and insufficient variety of crops.

The sower of seed is still a shaper and provider of nations, and it is now all too evident that no nation can continue to perpetuate a really solvent agriculture or to feed its people adequately unless the quality and variety of its seed and the breed standards of its livestock approach a practical maximum. Otherwise intensive agriculture, however desirable in theory, is virtually impossible.

In the past people migrated by millions and hundreds of millions in the hope of profiting from richer and more abundant lands. In most cases ill-planned and even disastrous human migrations have been



substituted for what might have been the inexpensive and well-studied migration of the staple crops by which people live.

Such fantastic defiance of economy and logic is no longer tolerable. In view of our crucial war needs and our even more crucial postwar needs for the valid foods and materials which soils must produce, our failure—or any other country's failure—to permit the free migration of crops or the effective circulation of seed supplies which other nations need so desperately is suicidal. For in to-morrow's world, plant populations—not human populations—must of sheer economic necessity do most of the migrating.

While surveying the huge task of administering relief to starving Europe, hungry Africa, and a disrupted and widely destitute Orient, Governor Lehman has already pointed out that it is infinitely better for the United States to supply desirable seeds and breeding animals than to try to supply millions of tons of harvested foods—particularly when there are not enough ships or facilities for food storage anywhere in the world to make such gigantic handouts even remotely possible.

We do not need to look into the future or to look ahead, however, to gage the importance and the promise of this new stream of crop migration. The fact is that we urgently need new crops and more kinds of crops right here in the United States if we are ever to succeed in feeding our own people satisfactorily.

The principal subsistence of this nation is taken from about 30 crops. All told, our farmers grow about 300 different crops—more than most temperate-zone nations and far more than most tropical countries. But these are not enough. China produces and harvests about 6,000 different plants of nutritional value, which is an important reason why China has been able to survive the withering Japanese onslaught and to increase its population by an estimated 100 million during the dark and bitter years of Jap invasion.

It is hardly likely that the United States needs as many as 6,000 different field and garden crops. But it seems definitely probable that we should fare better if we could establish, say, 600 valid crops instead

of 300, and if we could employ still more advantageous foreign plants to "breed up" and otherwise improve the planting stocks of our ready-set bread-meat-milk-and-vegetable standbys. If food is the staff of life, the United States of America is still leaning upon a rather willowy reed.

It is true that about 80 per cent of mankind eat starches preponderantly and that we are among the fortunate fifth who are able to escape some of the loathsome diseases, the impaired livers, the rotting teeth and fouled muscles which usually result from the preponderant starch diet. Yet some of our wisest medical men keep right on insisting that better varied and better balanced protein-vegetable-fruit diets could eventually succeed in obliterating about half of the sickness which is still current in the United States. Unquestionably, the methodical and selective migration of crops can do a great deal to improve our United States standards of health and nutrition as well as our farm income.

But even if we elect to continue a let-well-enough-be attitude toward American agriculture (and through no particular virtue of our own it is easily the best in the world to-day) we can be certain that the feat of improving and expanding the migration of useful crops can help in protecting other nations against degrading and war-breeding want.

The determined introduction of more and better crops can certainly help people in such desperately and permanently impoverished hells as India, Borneo, North Africa, and (getting closer to home) Puerto Rico. It can help to erase such tragic paradoxes as the plight of one South American country which despite its immense treasures of fine soils has remained one of the worst fed and most unhealthy nations in the world, in substantial part because its crop range is ridiculously small. Almost certainly many of the rural slums of Europe, particularly of the Balkans, Spain, Italy, and Poland, could be lastingly benefited by the relatively inexpensive introduction of better seed and more varied crops.

Wherever the place or whatever the major agrarian problems, the continuing migration of crops tends broadly to restore



and increase the active reservoirs of human nutrition. The real goal of reciprocal crop migrations is to make better use of a given soil by establishing those crops or species of crops which best fit the local conditions of soils, climate, and human needs; to improve the vitality of a given farm product and increase its value to both grower and consumer; and thus to improve the chances for the successful intensive cultivation of crops so that the maximum amounts of valuable foods and materials can be produced at minimum cost and in minimum time; and finally to avoid the excessive cost of moving peoples and of having to use millions of tons of fertilizers or soil concentrates instead of a comparatively few pounds or ounces of seeds, cuttings, or sperms.

The goal of wisely encouraged crop migration is certainly not to filch the indigenous agrarian resources of one nation or hemisphere and establish them in another to the lasting injury of the first. Nor is it to throw one particular farming area into bitter or demoralizing competition with another—as, for example, to enable the American tropics to smash the eastern tropics, or vice versa. For it so happens that both the eastern and western tropics are permanent parts of our little world and both are far too important to their respective peoples, and to us, to be indiscriminately knocked down or pushed up.

As a matter of proved history, the most bitter and destructive competition between areas or nations producing the same crops usually occurs when the crop range of each is so rigidly limited that the competitive farmers are deprived of reasonable flexibility of marketable plantings. In general the greater the variety of crops that can be produced the smaller the chances of head-on crashes between producing areas.

In any case the time is long gone when any important tillable crop can be considered the vested property or monopoly of any one individual, corporation, or nation. After the collapse of cartel-ridden Malaya and the Netherlands Indies; after we have seen the end-results of the so-called Stevenson plan (sponsored, alas, by Mr. Winston Churchill himself in the

nineteen-twenties) for keeping the production of Hevea rubber in the hands of a close-knit coterie of London investment trusts and out of the hands of some quarter-billion of tropical peoples whose lands and energies are well suited to rubber production; after we have learned the lesson of the succeeding Dutch-British Rubber Control Committee (which was holding world rubber production at 51 per cent of proved capacity even after the fall of Holland and the subjection of Britain to mortal danger)—or of the malodorous Dutch quinine monopoly maintained by the Kina Bureau of Amsterdam—there is no sense in defending the insidious and perilous power politics of crop monopoly.

It is noteworthy that in modern times crop monopolies can be maintained for the benefit of the few and the degradation of the many only when and if the export of seed and planting stock can be prohibited. The rubber cartel became rich, powerful, and menacing only when it succeeded in blockading the migration of high-yield Hevea planting stock. The Kina Bureau acquired one of the lushest of crop monopolies when it succeeded in tightly blockading the export of cinchona seed and planting material. The same held for the less-noticed Dutch near-monopolies of other crops in the Netherlands Indies—abacá, essential oils, rotenone, and many others. More than two centuries ago Dutch planters in the East Indies began soaking their spice harvests in lime so that the seed could not possibly germinate after export. A Department of Agriculture plant-hunter, recently returned from Central America, told me of watching an Indian peon happily occupied with pouring lime plaster over a basket of nutmeg seed. When asked why he did it the peon explained, "I do it like those smart Dutchmen did it."

The free migration of crops means the end of crop monopolies, and it can very well mean the end of the audacious cartels which would "freeze" a given crop to a given locale in order to augment the profits and prestige of any self-seeking collusive group. From now on, if free men and free nations are to survive, crops,



like air and water, must be for all men of good will who can use them well. The free migration of crops offers the one reliable assurance that this can happen.

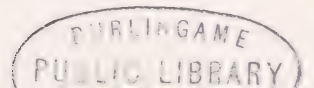
The seeds of beneficial crops and livestock are also seeds of democracy. The valid and selective migration of crops can very well become one of the foremost benefits derived from this war, which, like the peace that follows it, is going to be won with food. There is therefore poetic justice as well as enlightened strategy in the fact that British, American, and Rus-

sian planes and ships are now being used to speed the seed and planting stocks of valid crops to suitable fields and gardens throughout the freedom-seeking world. It is inspiring to see at least some of our strategists, both military and civilian, shaping plans to use well-selected and well-distributed seed to help in remaking Europe into a productive community of gardens, instead of monopolizing our precious ships and further imperiling our overworked railroads to make Europe a perennial breadline or soup kitchen.

## SOMEWHERE AN ISLAND

GILBERT MAXWELL

SOMEWHERE exists an island, though not here,  
 Where stars alone light summer's night, where fall  
 Sweeter than Strauss upon the tranquil ear,  
 The notes of the night bird's call. . . .  
*What is that island, where is it now?*  
 You ask, and I reply:  
 It is a place where mortals wear no mask  
 Nor hide in the ground nor die  
 In sea or sky.  
 It is a place where hate, cold treachery, and fear  
 Sever no friends apart.  
 In it endures no date of careless treaties left to celebrate  
 With a remorseful tear. . . .  
*But where, oh, where is it now?* you ask, who wait,  
 And I reply: alas, not there, not here,  
 Nor ever in any place save in a state  
 Called future in the country of man's heart.





# HOW WE BLEW UP THE MOVIE HOUSE

LOO PIN-FEI



This is the second of two articles by a former leader of a Chinese students' organization which engaged in sabotage against the Japanese occupying forces in Tientsin and other Chinese cities. The students were boys and girls of university and school age.—*The Editors*

ONE Saturday afternoon I was reading some stories in bed in Ting's room when Ting came in and, after working at his desk for ten minutes, suddenly said to me:

"Loo, you're invited to go to a movie."

"What?" I was quite surprised as I had no friends or relatives in Tientsin.

"I said you're invited to a show," Ting repeated.

"By whom?" I asked. Since we had shot Dao, the traitorous chief of police, we had kept ourselves indoors as much as we could, and after this long time in hiding I was certainly glad to hear that someone had invited me to a show.

"Me." Ting held two tickets in his hand and waved them in front of me.

"I can't imagine why you are so good to me."

"Nonsense, I always treat you well, don't I? Come on now, you need a change."

"I won't object if you insist." I jumped out of bed and got myself dressed.

"By the way, have you any objection if I buy some tea and crackers?" Ting asked me.

"No, not at all."

"Good, but you don't mind if I want you to carry one of the boxes—or do you?"

"If those things are for us I certainly shall carry one of them."

Ting sat there and watched me put on my shirt. But I noticed there was something strange in his eyes, although he was smiling at me. Curiosity made me ask him again, "Do we have any special purpose?"

"No, just a change."

"Where is the theater?"

"You wouldn't know anyway."

I was not very familiar with Tientsin so I kept my mouth shut. When we went out a strange feeling bothered me. I thought that everyone on the street was staring at me as if they said, "Here comes the murderer." Each time I passed a policeman I lowered my head to my chest. A certain kind of unnaturalness occupied my whole body.

We walked about twenty minutes and reached a point near the Japanese concession. We then entered a store. There we bought a two-ounce can of tea and a square box of crackers. From there Ting led me to a theater. When we reached the entrance I was quite surprised because the theater was showing a Japanese movie, and I could not understand a bit of Japanese. I had an impulse to refuse to go in.

"Scared?" said Ting, pulling my sleeve.



"Not a bit."

"Then come in."

I had lost my will power and followed him. Those who went there were mostly Jap soldiers; there were almost no Chinese. As we went in the doorman—or rather the policeman—stared at us but did not refuse to let us in. We had to take off our shoes and rent a pair of Japanese slippers as we entered. The theater was a large building which would seat about eighteen hundred people and was considered very aristocratic.

A Jap girl led us to a corner. There was almost no light. We managed to sit on the floor, because there were no chairs but only some small low tables. It is a typical Japanese custom to sit on straw mats instead of chairs. The movie had just begun. I saw Ting look at his watch. My guess was that the picture was some heroic story because I did not understand it at all. It lasted about two hours and I spent most of my time looking round the theater, and so did Ting.

When we were on our way home I was very angry at Ting. "What's the big idea of taking me to such a place?"

"Do you remember Liu and the timers for bombs and fire-setting machines that he made before his death?" answered Ting.

"Yes."

"I got an idea this morning that we should find out a way to use his invention." He paused then and turned to me. "That's why we went there. Can't you understand now?"

"Are you thinking of setting the theater on fire?"

"Quite right."

"I see."

Then we were silent again. I began to think about the theater and how to carry out the idea. Ting already had a general plan in his mind but he did not want to talk about it on the street. So he just kept his mouth shut. We walked back in silence.

## II

WHEN we entered the small lane where we lived we found Shih was waiting there.

"Did you pick out the members to help

us?" Ting asked Shih after we settled ourselves on chairs and the bed in Ting's room.

"Yes, sixteen of them."

"Good. You lead them to the park at two-thirty sharp. Some may put on their best clothes. We'll need some fellows who look rich." Ting was speaking to Shih in a commanding tone.

"All right."

"Then," Ting continued, "tell Lee's department to buy eight of these cracker boxes and eight of these tea cans."

He handed both the box and the can to Shih to let him see the sizes of them. The cracker box was about eight inches long, two inches wide, and five inches in height.

"And make eight bombs out of the tea cans, eight fire machines out of the cracker boxes, and use Liu's timer in them. I think they can work them out before Saturday.

"I'll tell them. But do you plan to use them all in one place?" asked Shih.

By that time I had some slight idea of what they were discussing, but I was not quite sure until Ting added the following sentence:

"I have been to the theater, and I think it would be better to divide the sixteen members into two groups and go to two theaters, because there were not many Chinese in the theater we went to. As far as we could see there were only about a dozen Chinese including both Loo and me."

"That's the same thing I was thinking about. I was afraid that if too many Chinese went into one theater it might make them suspicious," Shih explained to Ting; then he turned round to say to me, "See you Saturday then. I'd better run along now."

"Just a minute," I stopped him. "Have some tea before you go."

I poured a cupful for him; he drank it in a hurry and rushed out. He had so many things to do that evening. After Shih had gone I turned to Ting.

"What's the idea of hiding the plan from me? If you want to keep it secret it's all right, but then why did you want me to go to the movie with you?"

"Because I want you to share the job with me." He did not answer the first



part of my question, but the answer was sufficient.

"I think I'd rather stay home and you'd better find somebody else," I said. "I really don't feel like doing anything again after Dao's death."

"Don't place yourself too high," Ting said. "You know I need you as a partner." He kept on talking and talking until I was persuaded. Then we turned our minds to our plan for the coming Saturday.

"As you have seen, I have already decided to have two groups and go to two different places. Do you agree with that?" He did not wait for my answer but went on, "You'll be the leader of one group and I'll be the leader of the other."

"So far it sounds all right to me."

"Then we must go to another theater to-morrow."

"That kind of place makes me uncomfortable." I could not find any reason stronger than that. We started a debate but Ting soon became the winner.

"Now what do you think would be the best place to place those fire machines and bombs?"

"As a matter of fact," I said, "the long curtains of the windows would be our best place. They're made of wool, and they are so long that they almost reach from the ceiling to the floor. Then . . ."

"And the bombs would be put under those small tables." Ting did not wait for me to finish.

"Yes."

"We have to give a few instructions to our members before we leave the park. So if we leave the park at about two forty-five we'll be in the theaters about the time the show starts." Ting looked at his watch and continued, "The show ends at about a quarter of five. Therefore we have to set our timing machines to go off at four-thirty and we must leave the theaters by four-twenty."

The next day we went to another Japanese theater. It was much like the one we had gone to the day before. There were big windows covered with long dark-green woolen curtains and separate small tables, also crowded with Japanese soldiers and officers. The show started and ended at about the same time as the other one. In general there was no difference

between these two theaters, only the first one was larger.

That night, if I remember correctly, was Thursday. Ting and I discussed our plan again and added a few points to it. In the first place, we noticed there were at least two exits in each theater. If we put two bombs near the two exits the audience would be afraid to run through the main entrance. As a matter of fact, when everybody first tried to leave, the main entrance would surely be overcrowded, so that if we put a bomb there and let it explode one or two minutes later a great amount of injury would occur. In that case we should have to have three more bombs for each theater and we must notify Lee's department very soon.

We were satisfied with our plan after a long discussion. Then we went down to see Lee, who showed us the bombs that he and four other members had turned out. He explained them to us plainly. The bombs were cute little things, but they would blow up an area twenty-five feet in diameter at least. Lee's department had filled the tea cans with explosive compounds and encircled them with nails from Chinese rain shoes. The nails were not ordinary nails; they were like spearheads and as big as half of one's thumb. If one of them penetrated into a person's body he would have little chance to survive. The fire machines were filled with chemical compounds too, but we were told they would last two minutes and give a heat of 3000° F., which would burn anything.

It looked like an easy job, but as we were using a timing machine everything must be accurate.

Since everything looked satisfactory to Ting and me, we left after asking them to make six more bombs. We also called on Shih that night and told him we needed four more members.

### III

BY SATURDAY morning everything was ready, and by two-thirty that afternoon we were gathered in the public park. There we divided into two groups. Ting and I gave them instructions separately as we were not going to the same place.



I led my group aside and told them my plan:

"Do you all know the Yoji theater in the Japanese concession?"

Most of them nodded. There was only one who did not know. So I planned for him to go with me.

"Now set your timing machine," I said, and they all held the bombs or fire boxes in their hands. "Set it for four-thirty." They all did as I said. "Put two bombs near the exits, and one near the main entrance. Put the fire machines where you consider it would be best to hide them and easiest to start a fire that would cause the greatest damage. If you can't find a good place I should advise you to put them under the long curtains."

They all nodded. But I was afraid they would put two bombs near one door and none near the other one, so I pointed out three of them specially for that job. Then I instructed them again.

"We shall go separately, and after entering the theater don't talk to one another, just pretend not to know one another. After you have put your bomb or fire machine in a certain place you may withdraw, but not too early. If you go out too early they would be suspicious of you. But you must be out of the theater before four-twenty." As I said this I noticed some of our members were beginning to feel a little excited and some were even breathing abnormally, so I added, "There is nothing to be afraid about; all you have to do is to put the thing there, for the timer has already been set." They nodded again.

I was about to tell them to go when suddenly I remembered something more. "By the way, we meet here again at five; don't go home or stay near the theater to watch. It might not be dangerous for you, but I would like to see all of you again after the show. No one missing, understand?" They said nothing but nodded again.

Ting and his group were all set by that time, so I went over and slapped his shoulder. "Wish you luck, pal." He smiled and stuck up his thumb. So we began to depart. It was really funny to see our members dressed to represent different classes, although we all belong to

the same rank. Some of them were dressed as sons of millionaires, some as middle-class merchants, others like Japanese secret police. The one who did not know the way to the theater went along with me.

It was ten minutes of three when we arrived at the theater, and we went right in without any hesitation after we had bought our tickets. The show had started five minutes earlier. The waitress led us to a table quite near to the screen. We were quiet for half an hour, then I told my companion to start to find a place for his fire machine. He left me for five minutes and came back with empty hands. Then we began to notice what was being shown on the screen. To my surprise the picture had changed. Instead of fiction this second picture was about the Sino-Japanese War. After watching it for a few moments I felt that even a six-year-old could tell it was not true but entirely propaganda.

The picture began by showing a surrendered Chinese city. One could see the city wall, then the Emperor's army went into action, and after a few minutes of roaring cannon and noisy machine guns, the Emperor's army appeared on the city wall and put up their flag. It ended with cheering. The whole show was of the same sort.

Although I was quite interested in it I did not forget the time to go. We left the theater at quarter after four. From there we went back to the park. By the time we reached the park two of my group were already there sitting under a tree and talking about their success. When they saw us one rushed over and grabbed my arm.

"You know where I put my fire machine?" he said.

"No."

"I climbed up on the stage and put it under the screen." His voice was shaking with excitement.

"I don't believe it! How could you go up there?" my companion asked.

"Yes, I swear I did do that. You will find out afterward."

"Very good! That screen is worth hundreds of dollars. I hope the machine works." I tried to encourage this young boy.



We waited for about five more minutes. My group all came back. I counted the boys and girls. All ten of them were there with no one missing. Then I asked them one by one where they had put their bombs and machines. Most of them had put their bombs under the small tables and the fire machines behind the long woolen curtains. One fire machine had been put under the screen, and another in the rest room. Everyone had done his share and some of them had displayed both ingenuity and daring. I began to send them home.

"Good work, my friends, you may go home now. We may have a celebration next week, but don't go over . . ."

My words were interrupted by the noise of the whistles of the police and the bells of the fire engines. We turned to face northeast, the direction of the theater we had just left. A big billowing cloud of smoke was ascending to the sky. Then I turned quickly to the north, the direction of the theater where Ting and his group had gone. A fire had started there also. I judged by the smoke that it was just starting, but in a few minutes we saw flames blow out from the roof of the top floor. I thought we should congratulate ourselves.

But suddenly I noticed that Ting and his group were not back. I was so frightened that I decided to look for them and let my group go home.

I rushed through the streets and arrived at the theater where Ting and his group had gone. The entire building was burning. At first the firemen had tried their best to stop the fire, but when they found that would be impossible they turned their hose on the buildings that were close to the theater. The street was full of spectators, policemen, firemen, and ambulances. All the spectators had been driven to the two ends of the street by the policemen. I went through the crowd twice and could not find Ting, so I turned back to the theater that I had attended. There also the street was crowded. The theater had burned down or been torn down by the firemen. The flames were still strong. I was too disturbed to notice details or to remember them. My one aim was to find Ting.

Ten minutes later I went home with a heavy heart because I had not found him.

On my way home I discovered that the news of the fire had already spread over the whole district. Everybody knew that two Japanese theaters were on fire and were bombed simultaneously. I was sure all the Chinese were glad to hear this because when they spoke of it to one another they smiled. They did not say, "That's the revenge for us!" or "Thank God! Burn up more Jap properties and those apes!" But when they heard or told the news to others I felt that they all had a deep understanding in their hearts, as if they were saying, "Our government will never let us down!"

At about six o'clock I was back at the door of my home. I heard Ting singing. My heart felt suddenly lighter, but I became angry.

"Where have you been all the time?" I asked angrily when I went inside.

"I was at home." He did not know what made me unhappy. "Is there something wrong?"

"No, but why didn't you come back to that park? I thought you were caught because not one of you showed up in the park."

"Was there any reason for me to go back to the park? I thought you were back here too. And did you tell me your plans before we left?" Then I remembered that it had not been part of the plan for Ting's group to go back to the park. I had been so worried that I had not realized this. Ting was not to blame for my anxiety.

"Then how do you know all of your group are safe if you didn't have them meet at a certain place after the show?" I tried to change the subject.

"I was the first one to leave the theater and I waited on the opposite side of the street and counted them as they came out. There is no one in trouble, I assure you."

"I am sorry. I was just worried about you."

"It isn't anyone's fault. Next time we shall have to plan more carefully."

"I shouldn't say this time was bad. It worked out all right, and besides both theaters are on fire."

By eight o'clock we got a copy of the



latest evening paper. The news of the fires occupied the whole page of the local news section. If I condensed the report of the newspaper, it would read as follows:

At four-thirty this afternoon two theaters in the Japanese concession were bombed and set on fire. The picture was still on in the Yoji theater, when suddenly the screen was ablaze, then there were several bombs exploded in the most crowded places among the audience. The audience, alarmed by those explosions and the flames, tried to get out of the theater. They rushed to the two exits. Two bombs already placed near the exits exploded and sixteen were killed and many were injured. Then the audience rushed to the main entrance. There another bomb exploded causing twenty deaths and many injuries. Meanwhile a fire started in the rest room, and all the woolen curtains were burning. In only a few seconds the whole theater was in flames. At the Kaotoi theater the whole building was burned down and there were forty-five killed and a large number injured. A total of sixty-one deaths,

forty-three serious injuries, and more than one hundred fifty slight injuries were reported. The losses to the owner of each theater were estimated at two million to two and a half million. The police caught eight suspects on the street. They may be the ones who carried in the bombs. The main cause of the fire was still unknown, and the police believe that the bombs were thrown from upstairs.

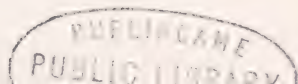
The paper failed to say that among those killed were a Japanese major and three captains. Only one Chinese died in the fire and two were injured. The other casualties were all Japanese and most of them were soldiers. We were sorry about the dead Chinese, but felt that he would not have been there if he had been a good Chinese citizen. Perhaps he was a member of the Jap secret agency or a member of the puppet government. Anyway we were sorry he was Chinese.

### *Not Materialistic Enough*

NOT ONE of thirty Denver high school boys favored liberal arts and each preferred scientific or engineering training when interviewed recently by a representative of Yale University. Commenting on the adjustment of the university to the war program, the representative quoted the President of Yale to the effect that emphasis on materialistic accomplishment must not obscure the responsibility of American universities to maintain and perpetuate cultural and spiritual values of American life.

This did not make sense to us. In our opinion, the harder people work on material activities the higher the spirit soars. The hard life of the Pilgrim Fathers is directly associated with the cultural illumination of New England.

The so-called materialistic period we've been through, exemplified by Sinclair Lewis' *Babbitt*, has not been materialistic enough. We did not respect material things as Thoreau did, or the Mormons, or young Lincoln on the Sangamon. We wasted them. We used them as symbols of prestige. Not materialistic in the best sense, it was an era of low spirituality. Your successful American could buy a radio but couldn't repair a doorbell; he could flaunt a smug twelve-cylinder Cadillac but couldn't start a one-cylinder cement-mixer. Not interested in the nature of material things, he was interested only in control over them. — *Thomas Hornsby Ferril in the Rocky Mountain Herald.*





# OUR AMERICAN SLUM, PUERTO RICO

S. BURTON HEATH



PUERTO RICO is the poorhouse of the United States. Nowhere else under the American flag is there such a concentration of squalor, disease, and chronic starvation as exists on this island. The misery of the typical Puerto Rican is easy to overlook because of the tropical beauty in which he is privileged to dwell; it is condoned by some because his Caribbean neighbors in Martinique, Jamaica, and the Bahamas are even more unfortunate than he. But no sensitive American who has seen how the jibaro (a generic name for Puerto Rican laborers) exists can escape a deep sense of shame at the failure of our administration.

We have not been callous or indifferent. During the forty-five years of American occupation we have created a school system almost from the ground up. We have built roads, sewage systems, hospitals, and a small amount of excellent low-cost housing as a substitute for slums and rabbit warrens. We have poured hundreds of millions of dollars into the island for these purposes and for relief. During the past ten years alone, the Federal treasury has spent about three hundred and fifty million dollars in Puerto Rico.

But the net result of our efforts thus far has been little better than zero. Beginning with Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., during the first three years of President Hoover's Administration, a succession of

governors has recognized the plight of Puerto Rico. They have realized our national responsibility and have tried to improve the jibaro's lot. They have failed.

There is some argument that the jibaro is better off now than his parents were before 1898. But it appears to many that everything we have done has only slowed the momentum of economic and social degeneration. To-day the typical jibaro's diet, his clothing, his health, his morals, and his morale are probably as low as they were before General Miles chased the Spaniards from the fortress of El Morro and told the people of Puerto Rico: "From now on, you are Americans."

The longer one delves into the tragedy of Puerto Rico, the more paradoxes one finds.

In a land so benign that any rain-proof roof would give ample shelter for year-round comfort, a majority of the inhabitants suffer for lack of proper housing.

In a land of unsurpassed fertility, three persons out of every four spend their lives in a state of chronic starvation.

In a land where a penniless immigrant laborer accumulated a fortune of thirty million dollars, one worker out of every three cannot find a job of any sort, and most of the others cannot lift themselves above obscene poverty.

In a land where absentee-owned corporations control a quarter of the national



income and exploit the workers who produce it, employees of those corporations are the least destitute of all peasant families—and corporate exploitation is a minor factor in the country's degradation.

The typical jibaro lives in a shack about twelve feet square, usually made from old boards and roofed with tin, set up on four spindly corner legs to keep its floor out of the mud. It may be shaded by stately palms and surrounded, the year round, by beautiful flowers; but inside as a rule there is only one room, in which as many as ten or a dozen men, women, and children may eat and sleep. There is no kitchen and no running water. Less than half of the jibaro families have so much as an earthen latrine dug outside their dwellings.

The urban worker is likely to have one bed, a crude table, and a couple of rickety chairs. He is more fortunate than his country cousin, who has to sleep in a hammock or on a flimsy cot, or more probably on the floor, and to sit on a salvaged wooden box or gasoline tin or a piece of log.

With an average of five persons sleeping in each room, mostly on the floor, there is no pretense of privacy. Generations of such crowding have resulted in the virtual disappearance of sexual morality among the poorer jibaros. They are given to a matter-of-fact promiscuity that includes casual incest and helps to account for the excessive birth rate which is a major cause of the prevalent misery.

The jibaro's clothing is sketchy, nondescript, and usually ragged. He is likely to be wearing no shoes because he cannot afford them. His family live on rice and dried beans, plus a minimum of green vegetables, some of the fruits that grow in profusion almost everywhere, and little or nothing in the way of meat, eggs, fish, milk, and fats. Their standard breakfast consists of black coffee, usually without even sugar. One family out of twelve has bread also. For the other two meals almost everybody eats either rice or dried beans. One out of ten also gets meat or dried fish at noon, and one out of eight at night. Our Southern Negro, whose condition often is used as a yardstick by which to measure poverty and want, has sixteen

times as much butter as the Puerto Rican jibaro, three times the quantities of eggs and fats, and at least twice as much meat, fish, and green vegetables.

Helen V. Tooker, columnist for the Puerto Rico *World-Journal*, tells about a traveler who arrived at a back-country shack just as two girls, aged seven and five, were watching their mother prepare the noon meal.

Into a tin of water heating on a twig fire the woman sliced one unripened tomato. When the water began to boil she took from a shelf a tail of dried codfish, put it into the water for a few minutes, then returned it to the shelf. That made soup, which was all there was for lunch.

"How long have you been using that piece of fish?" asked the traveler.

"Five days," the woman told him.

At a rural school this man listened while the teacher discussed the nutritional features of a balanced breakfast. The children literally drooled, he reported, as Teacher explained to them an attractively colored picture showing half a grapefruit, a bowl of oatmeal, buttered toast, a glass of creamy milk, coffee, and sugar. Afterward he polled the pupils to learn what each had eaten that morning. Three said black coffee; three had had sugar and milk in their coffee. The other twenty-eight said they had had no breakfast at all.

The foods that the jibaro eats are good so far as they go. Usually they provide sufficient bulk to fill his stomach and probably, on the whole, they yield enough calories. But they do not give the proper assortment of vitamins.

Chronic undernourishment, the congestion in which they live and sleep, their economic inability to obtain medical care, their ignorance of fundamental principles of sanitation make the Puerto Ricans very susceptible to certain types of disease. The tuberculosis death rate is more than six times that in New York, and that from pneumonia more than twice as high. Mortality from diarrhea and enteritis is frightful, particularly among babies. That from nephritis (Bright's disease) is about double the New York rate. There is much malaria.

If you have been in Puerto Rico you may have noticed boy children up to five



or six years old playing in city gutters and beside country roads, stark naked and completely unaware. Their little bellies were distended to the size and somewhat the shape of footballs. "Those babies were victims of hookworm disease, contracted when they walked barefooted over soil contaminated by human excrement.

Every substantial community in Puerto Rico has its slums. These are as much viler than what I have been describing as the Old Bowery is worse than the middle-class suburbs of a normal American community. Even to peer from the outside at those slums known sardonically as La Perla (The Pearl) and Dulce Labio (Sweet Lip) is nauseating. In Puerto Rican slums live 50,000 families—250,000 individuals—one out of every eight of the island's inhabitants. Some remain there by choice, resisting every effort to lure them into low-cost government housing. They are so ignorant, so besotted that they do not recognize their own misfortune when it is pointed out to them. If our failure to Americanize Puerto Rico has not already become apparent the preference of thousands of jibaros for remaining in their unspeakable pestholes completes the proof.

No community should be judged by its slums. But when one person out of eight inhabits an indescribable pigsty, when three out of four live in what would be denounced as slums in New York, San Francisco, or Birmingham, when one out of two is diseased because of inferior diet, housing, and clothing, then it must be conceded that the economic and social status of that people is approaching close to rock bottom.

Such are conditions in Puerto Rico after forty-five years under the American flag, during an era of unparalleled economic, social, and cultural progress for the rest of the nation.

## II

**W**HY did Puerto Rico get left out of our chicken-in-every-pot prosperity? Why did she go right through the bottom of the depression and never come back up?

Two million persons are trying to live on two million acres in what resembles an economic vacuum.

Just to feed those two millions adequately, disregarding any of their other needs, would require five million acres.

The essentials which cannot be raised, for lack of space, must be purchased from the States.

The island possesses no important natural resources on which to base industries which could earn the money to pay for what has to be imported.

So there is neither sufficient food nor money with which to buy it.

The only asset of the island, aside from climate and scenery, has been its ability to produce sugar cane, coffee, tobacco, citrus fruits, and minor crops. There is no good export market for any of these except sugar and rum, products of the cane. An acre of cane will pay for five times as much food as the same acre would produce if it were planted to subsistence crops. Therefore most of the best land is given over to cane. But the market for sugar is limited by our quota system. This has cut the ceiling on the island's export income below even the unsatisfactory level that otherwise it might have attained.

So it appears that Mother Nature herself, so generous to the jibaro in some ways, has exploited him economically. She produced tragic overpopulation on an island to which she neglected to give compensating natural resources for industrialization. And she located that island too far from the mainland. Even if ingenuity were to overcome the absence of raw materials, high freight charges would absorb any theoretical profits, and insular industry could compete only on the basis of grossly substandard wages.

Two aspects of this last difficulty can be illustrated by specific episodes. Cigar-making at one time was an important source of employment and revenue. A strike raised wages to a not unreasonable level. But mainland communities, which had no transportation problem, were able to pay equal or higher wages and still undersell Puerto Rico. The industry virtually disappeared.

A thriving needlework industry was created. The mainland concerns sent cut cloth to be sewed and embroidered by hand into dresses, lingerie, handkerchiefs, and other items which were sent back to



New York for marketing. At one time 90,000 women were employed, and needlework was second only to sugar as a source of employment. Then the Fair Labor Standards Act established a wage minimum of 25 to 30 cents an hour. The industry was founded upon hourly earnings of about 5 cents. Its sponsors could not pay two-way freight charges, on top of standard wages, and still compete with low-wage goods from Madeira, China, and the Philippines, and low-freight goods from the States. This industry likewise disintegrated.

Of the \$350,000,000 spent recently by the Federal government in Puerto Rico a substantial portion went for Army and Navy installations designed to make that island the Pearl Harbor of the Atlantic, the Gibraltar of the Caribbean. While this was a national purpose in no way inspired by insular needs, it did provide jobs for a long time to tens of thousands who otherwise might have required emergency relief. Much of the \$350,000,000 was used for direct relief of various kinds—food, clothing, slum clearance, sewage disposal, and other methods of relieving the worst pressure of distress.

But the only real effort to build up some semblance of a self-dependent local economy was made by the Puerto Rico Reconstruction Administration, which had ambitious resettlement plans with co-operative trimmings. The general idea was to buy up marginal land and even plantations, build modest but decent homes to be sold on extremely easy terms along with subsistence plots of land, and then train the jibaros to raise cane, tobacco, coffee, and minor crops co-operatively. The resettlement idea has worked out well socially and charitably, if not financially. The co-operative projects generally have been flat failures. The best-argued explanation given me by disappointed protagonists may be summarized in the words of one:

"When the jibaro became a co-operator he became a boss. Bosses don't work. It will take years and perhaps generations of intensive education and upbuilding to make the jibaro capable of participating successfully in any co-operative enterprise." PRRA now is in process of virtual liquida-

tion. Deprived of new appropriations, it has turned most of its properties over to other agencies and is limping along on small revenues from prior investments.

### III

TODAY the rehabilitation of Puerto Rico depends upon what is known popularly as the Tugwell Program, but more aptly as the Little New Deal. The popular name derives from the fact that Rexford Guy Tugwell, erstwhile Brain Truster Number Two, signed the program laws, approves of most of them, is godfather to the most controversial, and, as Governor, administers the program, which conforms closely to the unorthodox philosophy that characterized his activities while he was an important cog in the mainland's New Deal. The name which is the more apt rests upon the nature of the program itself and has the virtue of not diverting credit or blame from the real author of the experiment. For the Little New Deal's proud father is not Governor Tugwell at all but Luis Muñoz-Marín, president of the insular senate and in many respects a Puerto Rican counterpart of Franklin Roosevelt.

Muñoz is the son of the late Luis Muñoz-Rivera, Puerto Rico's national hero, in whose honor every sizable community has erected a statue and named a street. In 1938 the son began forming the Popular Democratic party out of political odds and ends, of which the largest probably was a separatist movement that had been agitating, rioting, and bombing for complete independence from the United States. In 1940, taking advantage of a breakup in the established party system, he spent the summer touring the island. Wherever a few jibaros could be gathered under a palm tree or a flaming poinciana, there was Muñoz-Marín entrancing them with promises and telling about a program to give them "Bread, Land, Liberty" at the expense of the rich.

Muñoz won. He won because he is his father's son, and because he has a genius for making complicated problems seem simple, for impressing voters with the sincerity of his sympathy for their distress, for making his opponents appear



to be selfish reactionaries. When Muñoz talked about his Bread, Land, Liberty program it was as though a kindergarten teacher asked her pupils if they wanted her to put baskets of candy, fruit, and cookies on her desk, from which they could help themselves. Of course the jibaros wanted Bread, Land, Liberty. So they elected Muñoz and enough of his followers to make him virtual political dictator over the island.

The Muñoz-Tugwell Little New Deal, enacted into law as a result of that election, is a program of state socialization which consists principally of a series of government corporations known as authorities. These authorities now own every important public utility on the island except the Puerto Rico Telephone Company—which has been notified to expect expropriation—the radio stations, and the lone railroad, a down-at-the-heels narrow-gage system whose owners would be glad to have it taken off their hands.

The Land Authority is the really controversial feature. That agency is directed to acquire all land on the island in excess of five hundred acres owned by any corporation, trust, partnership, or other legal entity except natural persons. Small subsistence plots are to be given outright to needy jibaros, some larger plots are to be sold on easy terms, and the remainder of the land is to be operated as "proportional benefit farms."

The proportional benefit farm appears to represent the latest attempt to find some workable modification of co-operative agriculture—to circumvent those human factors which contributed to failure of Farm Security Administration projects in the States and of the PRRA in Puerto Rico.

The State, through its Land Authority, is to retain ownership of the land. From 100 to 500 acres will be leased to each qualified farmer or agronomist who is selected. These are expected to come principally from the ranks of managers now working for sugar companies on salaries. The lessee is to manage the farm just as though it were his own. He can hire and fire at will, pay the going wage scale, and boss operations as unrestrictedly as ever.

The workers will have none of the customary perquisites of co-operators—no titular interest in the land, no preferred right to employment, no voice in management. Until the year's profits have been computed the jibaros might just as well be working for an absentee corporation. But at that time "proportional benefit" will enter. After paying all expenses, including "installments" and taxes to the State, the lessee will retain as his own wage or profit a predetermined percentage of the year's profit, ranging from five to fifteen according to the acreage he has leased. The remainder of the profit will be divided among the workers according to their year's payroll earnings. The more each jibaro earned the greater will be his "proportional benefit."

Neither Muñoz nor Tugwell makes any bones about the purpose of the land program. It is designed frankly to end the reign of the big sugar companies, each of which owns and leases thousands of acres of land, a mill, and sometimes a refinery.

Over the past two decades four big absentee-owned sugar corporations have averaged \$5,000,000 a year in profits, according to John Lear, Governor Tugwell's publicity representative. They have paid an average of \$2,800,000 a year in dividends, most of which have gone back to the States. Muñoz and Tugwell want to keep these profits at home for the benefit of the workers. They are permitting the companies to retain ownership of the sugar mills, but these have been made public utilities and placed under rigid control as to fees, services, and even the territories from which they can draw patronage. The dividends available for export will not be as large under this system.

Legally each company can retain up to five hundred acres of cane land. But five hundred acres interests them about as much as a Vermont farm would interest a Texas cattle rancher. So now they are preparing to move out. As soon as the current crop can be harvested the Authority will take over its first acquisition, a 9,000-acre property at Arecibo. When that has been digested the South Puerto Rico Sugar Company at Guanica, largest of all, is hoping that its land will be pur-



chased next. Some of the companies already have bought sugar land in Florida, and others, including the South Puerto Rico, have been negotiating in Florida and in Santo Domingo.

Tugwell and Muñoz are well on the way to their goal of ending exploitation of the jibaro by the sugar barons and nationalizing public utilities. What, in cold fact, will they and their followers have accomplished when they get through?

They will have redistributed most of the concentrations of wealth on the island. They will have done nothing to add to that wealth. On the contrary, many among them concede that they may actually have reduced an insular income that already was tragically inadequate.

No objective observer should quarrel with the Little New Dealers' desire to protect the jibaro from exploitation. But in appraising the situation objectively there are other sides to be considered.

The big sugar companies were efficient operators. They could have been more efficient if they had not chosen to spread employment by utilizing a maximum of manpower and a minimum of machinery. They could have made greater profits, and paid higher wages, by replacing human muscle and ox-power with labor-saving devices. That would have benefited the jibaros who retained jobs, but it would have added thousands to the present army of 300,000 who are completely unemployed.

The companies could have paid higher wages anyway, and probably should. But already they were paying almost twice as much by the hour and by the year as any comparable type of employer. Their hourly scale was better than farm wages in most of our Southern States, and higher than those of their direct competitors in Cuba, Jamaica, Trinidad, and Santo Domingo.

The annual profits of the entire sugar industry—absentee and home-owned, big companies and small independents—amounted at most to \$10,000,000. That is the absolute theoretical maximum which the land law can keep at home for distribution among 125,000 workers who are employed by the industry at the peak of operations.

Divided equally among all workers, this

would give each an annual bonus of \$80. But some men work throughout the year, some for perhaps six months, and others for only a brief period at the height of the season. Each will share in the savings according to the amount of his normal salary. The more fortunate may get as much as \$150 or \$200—assuming \$10,000,000 to be distributed—while others will have to be content with \$5 or \$10.

This helps to emphasize what probably is the worst practical flaw in the program of nationalization. To him that hath most, the Little New Deal will give most; to him that hath least, it will give almost nothing. It does not help those who are most in need.

To begin with, it offers hope only to the sugar jibaro, who already is the best-paid laborer on the island. His annual family income averages \$277, while the coffee family gets only \$185 and the tobacco family only \$180 a year. On top of that, as among sugar jibaros, the Little New Deal offers most to him who has the most permanent job and already is least needy, and it offers least to him who gets only a few weeks' work a year and who is close to acute starvation. Of some 400,000 families on the island, less than 125,000 will share in this redistribution of wealth, which leaves more than twice as many on the outside looking wistfully in.

The great need of Puerto Rico is new agencies of employment, new sources of wealth. The Little New Deal does not provide these. It does not increase by one penny the income from commodities sold.

Muñoz's goal, he told me, is to provide for each family a minimum income of \$500 a year. To do this, he estimates, the present insular income of \$200,000,000 must be increased to \$460,000,000 a year. The Little New Deal does not provide any of this new income—it merely redistributes that which existed already, which was created by the very sugar companies who are being put out of business.

#### IV

WHERE, then, do Muñoz and Tugwell hope to find \$260,000,000 a year with which to more than double the island's annual income?



There are some minor resources which might be developed to limited purpose—a little iron and manganese; clay suitable for making china, earthenware and tile; sand from which glass can be produced. From *bagasse*, the crushed pulp of the sugar cane, a variety of cellulose products could be made. There are fruits to be canned and made into syrup, flowers from which perfumes can be extracted.

Except for local use, each of these would have to compete with equally good products made elsewhere, which do not have to pay freight charges on a thousand-mile water haul and which often have the benefit of very low wage scales.

Agricultural experimenters have developed two plants which are supposed to be unique. One is a termite-proof bamboo suitable for making furniture, which might have possibilities for domestic use. The other is a long-staple cotton of the Sea Island type, described by experts as superior to anything grown elsewhere. The government is eagerly grabbing all it can get for war use. But when peace returns this new cotton might well permit the development of a large and profitable new industry. It can be grown on land now wasted on unprofitable crops, including surplus sugar, which would give work to thousands of jibaros. But that is only the beginning. The cotton could be ginned, spun, woven, fabricated into consumer goods. The industrial processes might become many times as important as the agricultural.

Muñoz and Tugwell have established a Development Company to exploit island resources and a Development Bank to finance such ventures. Their enemies charge that the company and the bank are just two more weapons in the arsenal for nationalization of everything on the island. Tugwell and Muñoz insist that the new agencies will be used, preferably, to encourage and assist private enterprisers. But they say that if private capital cannot or will not undertake desirable projects the development agencies will be in position to do so. The new cotton would seem to offer a challenge to both parties in this controversy—to private capital to demonstrate its willingness and capacity to create new agricultural and industrial resources;

to the insular government to prove that it wants to help rather than to destroy private enterprise.

The only other important insular resource not yet tapped is the climate, the scenery, the history of Puerto Rico—in a word, Tourism. There is no apparent reason why the island should not become a tourist paradise if either private capital or the insular government will do some intelligent, intensive preparatory work.

The climate is almost ideal. The sun shines three hundred and sixty days out of each year. The winter temperature is higher than in any of the popular resorts. On the hottest summer days cooling trade winds make the coastal lowlands bearable and the mountainous interior pleasant. Winter and summer, grass and shrubs and trees are always green; fruit bedecks the trees; and the whole island is gorgeous with bougainvilleas and hibiscus and acacias, flamboyant royal poincianas, roses and orchids and almost any bloom you care to name.

Puerto Rico is as Latin in its atmosphere as though it were located in South America or on the Mediterranean. Beautiful three- and four-century-old Spanish buildings, in almost perfect preservation, are entrancing equally to the antiquarian, the historian, the architect, the photographer, and the mere admirer of that which is quaint and lovely.

Why, then, has Puerto Rico never become popular with the tens of thousands of Americans who like to get away from familiar scenes occasionally for a few days or a few weeks, to lounge, drink daiquiris, golf, ride, take color pictures, enjoy sunshine and flowers and picturesque atmosphere—preferably with a short sea trip thrown in? Principally for lack of enough attractive hostelryes and restaurants, recreational facilities and transportation. But those are superficial lacks, easily supplied if somebody will take the initiative.

Birth control would put a brake upon the speed with which the island has been retrogressing. At present the excess of births over deaths is adding 40,000 new mouths to be fed every year. This is so serious that a legislature more than ninety per cent Roman Catholic has legalized birth-control information and practice,



over the protest of the Church. Perhaps the jibaros haven't learned about the new law; perhaps they can't afford contraceptives; perhaps they just aren't interested. At any rate, no particular effects have become noticeable.

## V

WE COULD take the easy way out of our foster-parent role, hold a plebiscite, and set Puerto Rico adrift. It would be a simple matter to present the issue so that the jibaros would vote for independence, though, in spite of the clamor of some politicians, the people are not interested in that subject and some of the better informed estimate that the island's preferred position as a territory is worth \$100,000,000 a year to it. But such a shirking of responsibility seems hardly worthy of us. And we could expect a loud protest from the Army and the Navy. They realize, if civilians do not, that so long as the Panama Canal remains vital to our national defense so long will Puerto Rico be worth more to the United States than we shall ever be called upon to pay.

With so pressing a social problem on our national doorstep, which we cannot ignore in good conscience or in military discretion, we have been sidetracked by bitter controversy over Governor Tugwell as an individual and over his reputed objectives.

Unquestionably a majority of Puerto Ricans are heartily in favor of what Tugwell stands for, whether or not they would recognize his name. Why not? He is working with Muñoz, their Bread, Land, Liberty, share-the-wealth leader. But in

the responsible business community, whether justly or for selfish reasons, Tugwell is hated as bitterly as any man I ever have known in public life. That hatred, in milder form perhaps, is shared by the more conservative elements in Washington, who are doing everything in their power to curb him or even to legislate him out of office.

One reason is his record as an experimenter along unorthodox lines. Another is his manner, which ordinarily is affable, suave, sincere, and unexceptionable, but which can and often does turn to a schoolmasterish superciliousness that many persons find highly offensive. His friends attribute it to innate shyness.

But there is an even more damning mark against him. Soon after he went to San Juan as Governor, in a report on the land law to his superior, Secretary Ickes, Tugwell explained why certain Southern senators dislike the land-redistribution program.

"It has obvious implications for the South," he said.

His Puerto Rican enemies contend that their economy is being made a guinea pig in a radical experiment which Tugwell and his associates want eventually to transfer to the American South.

And behind the bitterness in Washington, it seems safe to say, is worry among Southerners (and perhaps others) whether if Tugwell's wings are not clipped we may see the whole nation upset by an attempt to limit land holdings in this country.

This gives all of us a double reason for watching with acute interest the progress of the Little New Deal in Puerto Rico.



# WHAT TO DO WITH THE HUMANITIES

GEORGE A. LUNDBERG



**S**CHOLARS Confess They Are Confused," *The New York Times* announced in headlines last September. A hundred scholars at the third annual Conference on Science, Philosophy, and Religion had adjourned with a declaration that next year they would bring "men of affairs" into consultation to help clear up the confusion. That the headline was no exaggeration of the facts can be seen readily from a perusal of the report of the conference, including its formal statement.

Other groups are less aware of their confusion, or less frank about it, and declare that they not only have a diagnosis but, in part at least, the remedy. Thus historians recently have contended that more and "better" history is a partial solution. Other groups, representing one or more of the humanities, have expressed their concern at the neglect of their subjects in the Army and Navy training programs. In addition to these special cases there is the permanent din of the educators lamenting the lack of coherence, unity, and direction in the educational curriculum.

This confusion is merely a symptom of an underlying tension in our social structure; like totalitarianism, and the war itself, it is evidence of the lack of a generally accredited method of approach to the adjustments which must from time to time be made in the lives of nations as in the lives of individuals. As Hutchins of Chicago

has frequently pointed out, theology once constituted such a method, and priests were recognized as competent authorities on the application of this method to the ever-changing social scene. We need not review here the course of events which has resulted in a decline of the priestly authority. On questions involving our adjustments to the physical universe, it is true, a new priesthood has arisen which has been conspicuously successful in reaching unified and demonstrably valid conclusions. These are the physical scientists. But we have signally failed to develop a similarly unified method of attack upon social problems.

Instead of turning either to science or to theology under these circumstances, we have relied on an amorphous body of lore, the chief ingredients of which are philosophy, history, and literature, broadly defined. Taken together, these materials generally are called "the humanities." I submit that we can no longer rely upon the humanities to serve in their historic roles, but must in our social as in our physical adjustments turn to science as our principal rod and staff.

As will appear later, I do not contemplate the abandonment of the humanities or even necessarily any retrenchment in man's pursuit of these fields of knowledge. On the contrary I shall defend them for what they are and for the functions which they unquestionably fulfill. I merely con-



tend that we must cease to rely upon the humanities for guidance of a type which they cannot possibly provide. That guidance must be supplied by a positive social science—a kind of science which must not for a moment be confused with the semi-philosophical, journalistic social “sciences” that to-day are classified among the humanities.

It is not necessary in this connection to defend or exalt science and scientific methods to the disparagement of other approaches. I simply take the position of Comte, who—when speaking of the theological, the metaphysical, and the positive approaches—said: “Any one of these might alone secure some sort of social order; but while the three co-exist, it is impossible for us to understand one another upon any essential point whatever.” Of course there are many who find in our present predicament merely further evidence of the futility of the scientific approach in human affairs and who consequently advocate a return to theology, either in one of its historic forms or in a new version in which they personally can play the role of major prophets. If I could see any chance of bringing about such a return to theology I would give it serious consideration. But I see no such possibility in the long run. The commitments we have already made to science, chiefly in our material culture, are of such character that we can neither go back nor stand still.

The commitments we have made in our technological developments and our methods of communication, and the resulting interdependence which governs our lives require that we bring our social arrangements into line with this basic pattern of our material culture, rather than *vice versa*. This basic technological pattern unquestionably rests upon natural science. On this ground, rather than on any assumption of absolute or intrinsic superiority of science as such, I think the following conclusion is inescapable: In our time and for some centuries to come, for better or for worse, the sciences, physical and social, must be to an increasing degree the accepted point of reference with respect to which the validity (Truth) of all knowledge is gaged. If we accept this conclu-

sion, then it follows that *a certain minimum of training in the scientific point of view, in the orientation, language, and methods of science, is a primary requirement of all liberal education, and must be given especially in homes and in the lower schools, as well as in the colleges, very much more widely and more effectively than it is being given at present.*

## II

THAT the scientific approach has not permeated our ways of thinking very far, and in any case not to the degree required by the situation in which we find ourselves, probably requires no argument. It is true that scientific information about many subjects, particularly about the physical world, is more widely diffused than ever before. It is true that the term “scientific” carries with it a prestige which makes it a much desired and a much misused label. But *the scientific habit of thought*, especially about social problems, has not penetrated very far. We still prefer to deal with these problems in the “good” old manner of our primitive ancestors. That is, we like to ascribe social problems to the malevolence of some persons and the solution of difficulties to the benignity of others. Political conflicts, including wars, are thought of almost entirely in this primitive framework.

The uncongeniality of scientific ways of thinking doubtless springs from our long habituation to thinking about human affairs in terms of devils, gods, evil, sin, and other such concepts. This mode of thought unquestionably has given through the ages a certain solace to man by imposing a kind of order upon the universe and the promise of the ultimate achievement of our desires. The course of events by which this type of orientation toward the physical world has been superseded gradually by the scientific type of thinking is familiar to everyone. Regarding the social world, however, our emancipation from our remote ancestors’ ways of thinking is quite superficial. Having divested ourselves of a few *individual examples* of our Sunday-school superstitions, many of us, including some social scientists, feel very much liberated, sophisticated, and “scientific.” The superficiality of our emanci-



pation from the *fundamental ways of thinking*, of which belief in ghosts, belief in hell-fire, etc., are merely *illustrations*, becomes painfully evident, however, even among the scientifically trained, in any period of social crisis.

The best index of how slightly scientific habits of thought, as distinguished from a lot of facts *about* science, have penetrated is the gullibility of vast numbers of otherwise apparently intelligent people when exposed to the propaganda, quackery, and improbabilities of the day. The most striking illustrations of this are the pronouncements of distinguished physical scientists, especially at a time like the present. These men are fully conversant with the coldly unbiased attitudes of mind and the rigorous adherence to fact and to objective reasoning which have achieved results in their approach to physical problems. But they frequently find that social problems are "too complex" and that here we had better rely on "common sense," "judgment," "experience," "intuition," "morality," and "decency." No one contemplates dispensing with these guides in any science. It is a gross oversight, however, not to recognize that it is only as science has subjected these elementary modes of adjustment to its own rigorous discipline that modern medicine and technology, for instance, have supplanted the practices and the advice of wise old women, sages, and seers, heavily fortified by morality and decency.

Copious illustrations of the failure of a scientific attitude of mind to penetrate into social matters are furnished by the large and popular field of "debunking" literature. The professional practitioners of this art are the journalists, including a considerable number mistakenly classified as social scientists. They are on the bandwagon during the parade. They are the first to condemn the show after it is over. Contrast the journalistic evaluation of Russia before, during, and after the Russo-German pact. We can expect more somersaults when the current honeymoon (or is it the courtship period?) is over. The debunkers made a virtue of this instability, supporting it with clichés to the effect that "wise men change their minds, fools never." Actually the phenomenon be-

trays only intellectual immaturity and a lack of that scientific perspective which would compel the recognition of nonsense and contradictions although they occur in slightly novel forms.

This state of mind is unfortunately not confined to journalists. Statesmen and "men of affairs" provide even more disturbing examples. Consider, for example, current proposals to defend the right of every people to live under whatever form of government they prefer, but at the same time to destroy those forms which we do not like; to defend the right of self-determination and national autonomy, but to supervise the school systems of nations whose type of education we deplore; and to establish in our own country a middle-class society, but at the same time preserve the opportunities of the Horatio Alger stories. These are suggestions from "men of affairs," from whom some scholars have decided to seek guidance. Perhaps the blind will lead the confused out of the ditch, but I doubt it.

To correct these contradictory ways of thinking about men and social events, rather than merely to diffuse information, is undoubtedly the principal task of scientific education. At present enormous energy reserves, in the form of undisciplined emotions of hate and love, are generated and dissipated through primitive instruments of social organization. Brotherly love, on the one hand, and hatred of "evil" on the other are invoked in the face of problems that will yield, if at all, only to instruments of precision like "those of the surgeon and the engineer in hands that do not shake with fear, with anger, or with love." The reluctance to discipline these satisfying and "virtuous" emotions in our dealing with social questions is undoubtedly one reason for the slow permeation of the scientific method into the field of social relations.

### III

MY REASONING thus far has been as follows: (1) The course of events has forced upon us a situation which can be understood and controlled, if at all, only through that particular set of assumptions, reasonings, and methods of procedure



which is called the scientific method. (2) We have been slow and reluctant, even in the universities, to adopt this point of view as regards our social life. (3) The result is not only considerable chaos in our social adjustments but a schizoid cleavage in the outlook and point of view of our people which threatens internal unity and effectiveness in our adjustments toward both outside nations and our own national problems.

In the long run we expect our schools to mold people's points of view. We like to believe also that the schools, especially in the higher ranges, do somewhat more than merely reflect folk beliefs. We like to believe that our high schools and colleges provide youth with guides for the future as well as acquaintance with the past. Whether the confusion which now exists among scholars and men of affairs is merely a reflection of the chaos which exists in our educational system, or *vice versa*, is sometimes a subject for debate. Actually these disorders interact. Since the school system is a relatively well-defined entity as compared with the multitude of non-school influences that make up the bulk of our "education," and since the school is therefore perhaps relatively susceptible to change if we want change, I shall here take the view that if we modify the curriculum of our schools we are making the most hopeful approach to correcting the schizoid character of our culture.

This is a subject which has recently received much public attention in *Harper's* and elsewhere on account of the battle waged on the one hand by President Hutchins and his disciples, representing the New Order as advocated at Chicago and, more purely, at St. John's College. Against them are ranged a large assortment of dissenters who, like the gentlemen of the Supreme Court, frequently agree in their disagreement with the majority opinion, but arrive at their conclusion in different ways. I find myself in full agreement with Mr. Hutchins' *diagnosis* of the situation and differ with him only about the *remedy*. I agree with him that modern education suffers from the lack of a unifying discipline, such as theology provided in the Middle Ages. I contend, however, that this unifying discipline to-day cannot be,

as some feel, an amorphous mass of one hundred or any other stated number of books, called classics, dealing primarily with the ancient and medieval gropings of mankind to find its way about. The unifying discipline of modern education lies in modern science, which is simply the distilled essence of the classics of all time. It is the positive residue of the sifting and winnowing of all the ages, and its methods are the generally recognized and acknowledged instruments of reaching valid conclusions. In this respect, and in the fields where it has been tried, science has superseded theology as the acknowledged authority. Our reluctance to accept a similar transition of ways of thinking regarding social phenomena is at the root of the confusions, the conflicts, and the disunity which we find even among the highly educated. What are the implications of this state of affairs for our educational system?

#### IV

PERHAPS most people would agree that the purpose of a general education is to develop a general ability to cope with the world to the maximum satisfaction of the student himself and of his community. (We are dealing in this paper with the lower schools, the high schools, and perhaps the first two years of college, rather than with higher, specialized education for the few.) It still remains a question what part of this assignment should be undertaken by the schools and what part should be left to other institutions such as the home, industry, and the various recreational institutions. Here I agree again with Hutchins that teaching vocational subjects is not the primary function of the liberal arts college, although these are admittedly most vital in a person's adjustment in the social order. What is to be taught in school and what is to be taught through other community agencies should be decided on the basis of what yields the most satisfactory results. Here we may use as a guide the relative consensus with which certain subject matter is most generally included in the curriculum of the lower schools.

Curricula vary greatly in their detailed offerings, but there is very wide consensus



regarding such elements as reading, writing, arithmetic, and the rudiments of physical and social science in the curricula of elementary schools. From this I conclude that we are warranted in establishing a curriculum requiring proficiency in the arts of verbal communication (including mathematics) and in science (for which additional reasons were stated above). Further, I think there would be wide agreement that an education should include some familiarity with those subjects and behaviors to which men have always looked for refreshment and pleasure, namely, the arts. A general educational curriculum in our culture, then, should have at least two broad divisions, science and art.

On logical grounds I think it would be easier to classify the present subject matter of most college instruction into these two categories than into the more detailed and conventional classes such as art, science, literature, humanities, etc. For administrative purposes, however, and in order to avoid shock in the educational world, I think it would be expedient, although fundamentally absurd, to maintain a division of "humanities" in addition to science and art. There are at least three reasons for this practical concession: (1) The word "humanities" has a warm and pleasant sound to which large numbers of people are deeply attached. (2) The overwhelming majority of people, academic and educated as well as others, are still in the pre-Darwinian age as regards the doctrine that man and all his works are a part of the natural world, and can be adequately studied, without residue, within the framework of natural science. (3) It is convenient to have a blanket category to which odds and ends, fads, and the boondoggling demanded by local conditions and temporary pressure groups can be allocated. Why not deposit on a heap labeled "humanities" everything that does not fit (according to present speech conventions) into the categories of science or art?

At first glance this suggestion may create a dreadful furor, because it will appear that I have relegated to a sort of junk heap some enormously important things, including perhaps history, philosophy, and

that part of literature which is not at present primarily regarded as art. While I have no desire to avoid either the practical or the theoretical implications of the above-mentioned sinister-sounding proposal, I hasten to make some explanations which should mollify all honest dependents on those fig trees which I seem to have cursed. In the first place, the finest fragments of everything are sometimes to be found in the relatively unclassified kitchen middens of human achievements. In the second place, history, philosophy, and literature in their recognized forms are amply provided for in the categories of science and art. Traditional philosophy, for example, consists primarily of the history of ideas, including metaphysics, and is therefore classifiable as history. Logic belongs with mathematics, grammar, semantics, etc., some of which are already well recognized as essential scientific tools, and as such are logically a part of science, if not sciences in their own right, just as mathematics is everywhere recognized as a tool of science. A new science of semiosis, dealing with the nature of symbolic behavior, is in process of emerging and will be as important, I think, to the social sciences as mathematics has been in the evolution of the physical sciences. All of these tool subjects represent no problem of classification in the curriculum of a general education, because they should be learned like reading—*i.e.*, as required in mastering either science or art.

History represents a peculiar monstrosity in the academic museum. Its principal subject matter is already largely included in, and is in any event logically part of, cultural anthropology, which is indistinguishable from sociology (both of which perform more adequately the "synthesizing" function which is sometimes alleged to be the unique contribution of history). It is taught by everyone, since all scientific and artistic data are necessarily historical. The history of music, of art, of physics, of culture, of ideas, of politics, of institutions, are all taught by the people in these respective fields. There is no residue of "History," as such.

History will doubtless continue as a separate discipline for a long time, as a



valuable adjunct to, and finally as a necessary part of, the respective social sciences. In the long-overdue separation of these sciences from journalism, literature, propagandist oratory, and drama, substantial parts of history will of course be classified as literature. Objective historical fact, being the raw material of all science, will continue as a major part of the curriculum. The collection and interpretation of this material is the concern of all the sciences. The present discussion, therefore, casts no aspersion upon historical data. I am discussing here only the logic of the present organization of history as a special subject in the curriculum.

Those types of historical writing in which mythology and literary style are the dominant considerations clearly belong with literature, which, in turn, will increasingly accept its role as an art. This will be to its own great advantage. Music and other arts have prospered much and are on a securer foundation for abandoning all pretense at rain-making, producing fertility of the soil, or depicting current events. Literature likewise will find it advisable, I think, to pose less and less as an authentic spokesman on psychology, sociology, economics, and foreign policy, and concern itself chiefly with the creation of and conformity to *artistic* standards.

As this type of sorting out of the heap of humanities takes place, that heap will tend to disappear to everybody's satisfaction and to the vast clarification of the academic scene. But this will not take place for a long time. For this reason and for the ones previously stated, humanities had better be maintained as an administrative and curricular division in even the most progressive colleges. Humanities will be for a long time one of the most popular divisions. Nowhere will comparatively shallow burrowing yield such a reward in curious fragments that can be used in "Information, Please" programs and other such intellectual scavenger hunts.

The humanities are the great repository of Lore. When treated in one way they become Art (literature). When subjected to a different process the humanities provide hypotheses and data and techniques for science. Until the humanities are processed one way or the other they re-

main a source of vast confusion, frustration, and misunderstanding. Yet familiarity with this unclassified lore comes nearer to being accepted as a sign of education than any other test. It is Culture with a capital C. It has an aura which identifies its bearer on Park Avenue and at the Harvard Club. Above all, this collection of esoteric fragments of knowledge, superstition, and quackery advertises that most of its possessors have not been disturbed by any wolf at or near their door. Clearly a division of humanities must be maintained.

## V

IF SCIENCE (including the non-artistic parts of such humanities as philosophy, history, mathematics, grammar, and semantics) should be the core of the curriculum in modern general education, some minimum attention should be paid to it by all students. What would be absolutely required under this view of education?

In the first place I would require a demonstrated knowledge of the nature of symbols and signs and the nature of the rules governing the use of symbols in human communication, including the ability to write coherently and unambiguously, especially in the forms of exposition and argument. This I take to be what Hutchins means by his emphasis on grammar, logic, rhetoric, and mathematics. I thoroughly agree with him, *provided* it is clearly understood that I mean not dead languages, primitive logic, or obsolete mathematics, but *modern linguistics, semantics, and the mathematics and logic of the past fifty years*. The *evolution* of all of these may be studied properly and profitably as history, mythology, magic, numerology, and superstition. But first, and as *necessary equipment* for the study of this background, the student must be familiar with contemporary tested knowledge on these subjects.

To contend that this is excessive preoccupation with the contemporary world, that we are "forgetting human culture has traditional roots," etc., is the height of absurdity. Contemporary science is simply the tested residue of the groping of all the ages. Its roots lie in remotest antiquity. But why lead the student into all



the fantastic blind alleys of man's history before he has achieved standards by which he can at least recognize a blind alley when he sees it? We recognize the absurdity of this in some fields. We do not teach the chemistry, physics, and biology of ancient Greece or the Middle Ages *before* students are acquainted with present knowledge of these subjects; anyone who seriously proceeds to talk and reason about these subjects in the manner of the Middle Ages simply gets laughed at. But in other fields the same obsolete type of discussion is seriously considered, and is even supposed to be somehow more respectable than contemporary positive knowledge. A widespread social psychopathology is the result. As Bell has said: "Only an exceptionally skeptical mind can maintain its judicial disbelief in what is demonstrably false when a subtly fallacious argument is developed with all the superb skill of the old masters, who did not know they were lying, but who nevertheless lied with incomparable genius."

I consider that a basic knowledge of linguistic tools is even more important than science, because language and logic are basic to an understanding of scientific methods in their broader meaning as contrasted with mere laboratory techniques and scientific information. Adequate instruction in the fields of linguistics and semantics would contribute much to the resolution of the thoroughly obsolete cleavage between the "mental" and the "physical," between the "material" and the so-called "non-material," "social," etc., which is to-day perhaps the chief obstacle to the unity of all the sciences, including the social.

The second requirement of the curriculum for general education is that it should provide a familiarity with the theory of the scientific method and with its applications to both physical and social problems. This would include the necessary mathematical and other technical and linguistic requirements, as well as the concrete contents of such physical and social sciences as may be decided upon. Among these contents would be a broad survey of the history of human culture and especially of the student's own culture from the anthropological point of view.

If this seems to leave out important areas of extremely useful knowledge it should be pointed out (a) that I am dealing here only with the common core of education that would be imparted to all, and (b) that perhaps not more than half the student's time would be devoted to fulfilling this requirement. I should certainly expect and hope that a substantial part of the other half would be devoted to art (in which I include literature). If so, I am apportioning equal parts of the student's time to art and to science, both of them broadly defined. This division of time probably represents in part my own bias in favor of the arts. Perhaps a more defensible division of time would be: one-third to science, one-third to the non-artistic aspects of the humanities, and one-third to art, including literature. There would be minimum requirements for all students in the first two groups.

If such a program were adopted, the trend would probably be in the direction of increasing emphasis on the first division, namely science, and its auxiliaries, logic, mathematics, and linguistics. I think John Dewey is right when he says, "Without ignoring in the least the consolation that has come to men from their literary education, I would even go so far as to say that only the gradual replacing of a literary by a scientific education can assure to man the progressive amelioration of his lot."

## VI

**T**O SUMMARIZE: In the modern world science, and especially social science, must be the core of the curriculum—the reference point for all approaches to the world. The reason why we have been reluctant to accept this view is that the social sciences are not yet thought of as disciplines which must gradually assume the same authority in the social world as the physical sciences already enjoy in their sphere. We cannot much longer rely for social guidance on the vague and amorphous bodies of lore variously called humanities, literature, etc. Hence the social sciences must develop those characteristics which it is claimed distinguish them from literature, journalism, and other arts.



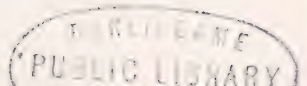
The line between this lore and social science must become increasingly clear as the social sciences attain their maturity. The recognition that there is a line, while temporarily disturbing to those who feel that it reduces literature and art to inferior status, will in the long run be to the advantage of these arts. Their role in life and their capacity to satisfy cravings quite as deep-seated as those to which science ministers have not been questioned. There is nothing in science which will prevent man from continuing to find solace in religion, in contemplation, in literature, poetry, and the other arts. Indeed these arts are likely to prosper as they divest themselves of functions which they cannot fulfill. Artists should cease pretending that they are reliable guides on economic, political, and social issues, and the public should cease to expect such guidance from the novelists and poets.

Finally, science cannot and should not attempt to tell people what they ought to want. What science can do and has done, in the fields where it dominates, is to acquaint people reliably with (1) the *possible* alternate courses of action, and (2) the costs and consequences of each course. Whatever people do under these circumstances will constitute their "valuing"—their Values. Values represent no special or unique problem in the social sciences, as is sometimes assumed. All behavior, human and sub-human, may be regarded as evaluative, and it is as regular and predictable as the behavior of the inanimate world.

It is not true therefore that science can-

not deal practically with human values. By providing reliable estimates of the near and remote consequences of alternative courses of action, science conditions the choices—the values—of men. Only by subjecting the artist's and the seer's visions to this evaluation can we avoid the frustration and neuroses which are to-day the result of vain hopes, unfounded beliefs, fantastic aspirations, and the pursuit of mutually exclusive goals.

It will still be the privilege of philosophers, poets, and seers to conjure up their own visions of the good life and to invite others to join them in quest of it. It is gratuitous to assume, however, that there is any such thing as *the* good life for all times, places, and conditions of men. Perhaps only the totalitarian-minded have the conceit necessary to so grandiose a presumption. These aspirations do not spring full-blown from the mind of seer or saint, nor are they deduced by sheer logic from divinely revealed premises. Visions of the good life spring from man's experience through the ages. Social science is the most effective instrument for determining reliably what that experience has been and what it means in terms of attainable present goals. Science not only frees, stimulates, and disciplines the imagination of men, but it provides the means of telling us what we most want to know regarding our visions: Which of our aspirations are achievable and at what cost? Which ones are mutually incompatible? It is the lack of a reliable method of answering such questions that results in the confusion which our scholars lament.





# A WAY TO HEAD OFF INFLATION

*Taxation, Bonds, and . . . Social Security Now!*

KURT SOLMSEN



**D**AY by day the papers report the threat and recite the dangers of devastating inflation. In the face of organized pressure by labor and the farm bloc, price control becomes increasingly hard to maintain, and as the cost of living rises that pressure increases. Yet the amount of available consumption goods is not only limited but may have to be limited even more before the war is over. There is too much spendable money around. What can be done?

When national income is at record height, but the supply of available goods shrinks from day to day, we have the perfect breeding ground for inflation. Look at these figures:

	(In billions of dollars)
In 1942 the national income was . . . . .	114
Out of this taxes took . . . . .	6.5
And we stowed away in savings . . . . .	26
A total of . . . . .	32.5
Leaving spendable . . . . .	81.5
With which to buy available goods and services worth . .	73
So that there was an excess of money over goods of . . . .	8.5

This 8.5 billion dollars of excess money was inflation pure and simple. So far

no method has been invented for buying more than there is. All we could do with the money, and did, was to bid up prices by trying to buy things that were not there. We can see the effects of these extra dollars all about us. The cost of living has gone up steadily in spite of price control, and many things are rationed or have disappeared altogether. But that was only the beginning:

	(In billions of dollars)
In 1943 the national income will be about . . . . .	135
Less taxes increased to . . . . .	16
And savings of, say . . . . .	25
A total of . . . . .	41
Leaving spendable . . . . .	94
Available goods and services will shrink to . . . . .	70
So that the "inflationary gap" will rise from 8.5 billion to . . . . .	24

Rationing will not do the trick. Rationing is a device for spreading the available supply of goods. By itself it will not prevent inflation. If we have enough money to buy five pounds of meat but are rationed to two pounds we still have the money for the other three, and we are going to spend it on something else. To make this extra money harmless it must



be removed from our pockets, either by taxes or by selling us something other than goods.

What is there to take up our money? Taxes may be increased further, but there is a limit to what can be done. Also, the machinery of collecting taxes is very expensive when we get to the lower incomes. Therefore, the use of taxation to fight inflation has its limits.

What else is there? As John Dos Passos indicated in his story of the Maine shipyards in the March *Harper's*, some people are using their money to buy "dead horses"—pay off old debts. This will suck up some of the money, but individual debts have already shrunk considerably, and their further reduction cannot possibly be enough of a factor in the total picture. Most of the money remains at large.

As things stand to-day, then, the sale of war bonds would have to take up the bulk of the excess money, but there again we run into difficulties. Bond sales are voluntary, and if we increase taxes this will counteract bond sales to some extent. During the weeks preceding the March 15th income-tax deadline the redemption of war bonds rose to a record figure, and when the money in the transaction is simply passed from the right hand to the left, all effect as a prevention of inflation is lost.

If the money must be cornered—and it must—why not sell the people something else for their money, something that will protect them for life? The answer is social insurance. This is something tangible. Everyone can see how it will affect him personally, whether he is conscious of the effect on the economy or not. The larger wage deductions under a broader Social Security program would diminish the supply of spendable money just where it is greatest, and where at the same time it is the hardest to tap by other means. Expanded Social Security now would not only help to head off inflation; it would also provide people with protection for the postwar future which is so uncertain. Better still, it is a government obligation which is different from bonds in many important respects: It does not cost interest. It will not become due all

at once as bonds will. Nor can it be redeemed at any time as bonds can be redeemed. Payments have to be made only when the beneficiaries are old or sick or unemployed—and that's exactly when they're needed. Better fifty million individual nest eggs than a "master plan" to put fifty million people on a new and fancy WPA.

## II

THE chances are that most people would be tempted to sign on the dotted line if such a proposition were presented to them. But before they signed they might ask some questions about how this Social Security would be run. These questions would not be about a vacuum; we have already a partial system of social insurances. Supposing such an anti-inflation program were successfully sold to the people, how would it hitch on to what is already in operation?

It may be recalled that our social security legislation was not adopted altogether as a result of painstaking thought and action. It was directly caused by political expediency—to head off the Townsend Old Age Pension movement and Huey Long's Share-the-Wealth campaign. Legislation of some sort was needed in a hurry and the result was the great omnibus bill passed in 1935, which could not be made to work and which—in respect to old-age pensions—was overhauled in 1939.

Social Security is still an ineffective institution. The sad fact is that its present scope can be pretty well described by what it does not cover: About 5 million agricultural employees, 2½ million persons normally in domestic employment, 1 million people working for religious, charitable, educational, and similar organizations, 11 million self-employed persons, roughly 7 million Federal, State, and local government employees, or a total of about 26 million workers, are entirely outside of our present Social Security law. They pay no contributions and they get no benefits. The reasons for excluding all these people were manifold, and often of doubtful value. They will not stand up to-day. In some cases the present state of



affairs is ridiculous. A typist working in an office building is protected by Social Security if she works for a lawyer. When she changes her job and works for the educational organization across the hall she is not. A furnace man is covered if he stokes coal in a factory but not if he does the same thing in a college dormitory. Other cases are more serious, for there are hundreds of thousands of agricultural workers who occasionally work at "covered" jobs. A deduction is then made from their wages for Social Security, but they never earn enough to become fully insured before they return to farm work. They never get anything for their money.

Perhaps the worst shortcoming at the present time is that a man is considered a Federal employee, and therefore not covered, if he enters the armed services. As time goes on even the benefits which he earned in previous occupations are lost. As an example, the Social Security Board cites the case of a married man of twenty-six who entered the Army on January 1, 1942, after having worked five years in a covered employment for a wage of \$150 a month. At that time his "primary benefit," on which his or his survivors' claims are based, would have been \$31.50 per month. Since he is not now in covered employment, the benefit would drop to \$27 after two years of service, to \$23.62 after five years, and if he should die while in the service after July 1, 1947, his wife and children would have no claims whatsoever.

The present system of unemployment insurance is operated under fifty-one different State laws. A man with a given income may get \$17 per week or \$11 depending on the State. Our system of public assistance to-day depends on State contributions matched by the Federal government. The result is that the poorest State gets the least assistance.

### III

**T**O TRANSFORM this system from one protecting only a section of the population in a limited way to one of real social

security for all workers requires reforms all along the line. There should be no exempt occupation and, most important of all, the men and women in the services must be included. Also there may have to be a direct contribution by the government to the fund to give it better stability. Naturally the main income must come from increased contributions by employers and employees.

The program must go farther. Illness is one of the main causes of insecurity. It is one of the prime causes of absenteeism in war production. Provision should be made to make a minimum of medical care available to everyone and to recognize illness as a legitimate cause for the payment of unemployment benefits or retirement pensions. Furthermore, the conditions and payments for unemployment insurance should be uniform throughout the country. With these revisions in hand—an expanded Social Security program has been urgently advocated by the Social Security Board—the government can turn to the people with something to sell, something at least as attractive as a war bond. For a man saving five per cent of a hundred-dollar monthly salary has saved only \$120 after two years—very little for a wife and child to live on; but under Social Security they would get \$32 a month if he died.

It should be clearly understood that the adoption *now* of an expanded social insurance program is not just a matter of postwar planning. Circumstances following the war cannot be predicted with precision; many plans may have to be discarded. But social insurance is an immensely flexible instrument. The payments will go, when the time comes, to millions of citizens who will make their own plans and who will determine for themselves how the money shall be spent.

Social Security is no panacea. It is not going to solve all the economic problems of our future, it will promise no brave new world; but it will be a step toward it, and most of all it will put a powerful brake on inflation now.



# THE JAPANESE-AMERICANS IN HAWAII

CECIL HENGY COGGINS



WHILE Americans are absorbed by exciting communiqués from the theaters of war there is being enacted in the Hawaiian Islands and in our own Western States a thrilling and significant drama. Before the bar of public opinion stand a quarter of a million American citizens—citizens with yellow skin, dark almond eyes, and a loyalty that has been finally and publicly challenged. These descendants of Japan anxiously await the verdict of their fellow-Americans.

Before Pearl Harbor, when the Hawaiian Islands were known to the average American as the loveliest holiday spot on earth, they were a huge and quietly efficient melting pot for nearly half a million people.

Blue-blood Island wives consulted Korean dentists, Japanese physicians; gossiped or shopped with Chinese druggists, argued with Hawaiian police, had their market baskets filled by smiling Portuguese, Filipinos, or Puerto Ricans. The kimono, the hula skirt, and the latest fashion were all commonplace. Rubbing shoulders in the schoolrooms in an atmosphere of perfect equality, the children of a dozen races studied or giggled together. Through those long years of peace the loyalty of the Japanese-descended Americans was frequently discussed, but it was one of those topics of conversation that get nowhere, beginning in idle speculation, ending in argument. All hands

would join the debate. The boy from San Francisco, the Hawaiian plantation manager, the old China hand, each felt qualified to give an opinion. In the end they would solemnly agree upon one point: that the loyalty of the Japanese born in this country (called Nisei) was a mysterious, elusive, unfathomable quality, destined to remain forever in the realm of conjecture.

This was the state of public opinion up to December 7, 1941. Then war, with all its attendant horrors, exploded full in the face of the peaceful Islanders. What had once been idle speculation now became a matter of gravest concern. Among the smoking ruins of Hawaii and along the alarmed West Coast of the mainland military authorities faced the need of immediate decision. While feeling was running high there was little time for cool consideration. Bloody race riots were a distinct possibility.

While the flames of Pearl Harbor still flickered on the horizon, the Army and Navy Intelligence Services and the FBI went into action. They scooped up in their net a score of known enemy agents, more than a hundred alien officials of the oversize Japanese consulate, and two hundred more deemed potentially dangerous.

Martial law was declared, a strict curfew established, total blackout enforced. In Honolulu each setting sun found a few tardy automobiles and breathless pedes-



trians scurrying for cover before darkness fell on deserted streets. Volunteer Police and the Hawaii Territorial Guard had been hurriedly organized; their nervous trigger fingers punctured the night with shots at moving shadows and reflected moonlight while the people sat in darkened rooms and waited for invasion.

As the full extent of the catastrophe became known, and the conviction grew that Hawaii was helpless and invasion was imminent, people sharply recalled the fifth columns of conquered Europe—and recalled also many previously forgotten details of the Sunday attack. Each story grew with retelling. Soon all sorts of wild rumors ran about. Some said that on the bodies of the enemy fliers had been found McKinley High School rings. People muttered behind their hands that the little Jap tailor had been shot in the uniform of Hirohito's navy, that the water supply had been poisoned, that a local truck driver had barred the road to Pearl Harbor but had been killed while trying to escape. The air became filled with such stories; a full breath of truth was scarcely possible.

Plantation overseers who for years had called their workmen friends suddenly recalled that they never had "trusted those damned Japs." Many a nervous mother for the first time dressed and fed her own children, and locked up the carving knives before going to bed. Long-trusted servants, humiliated, gave their employers face-saving stories explaining why they must return to their homes.

Young Japanese-Americans meanwhile gravely discussed the wisdom of wearing American flag buttons and of buying defense bonds. Would such acts, they wondered, be interpreted as an effort to deceive or as loyalty to the United States? A hundred and sixty thousand Japanese-Americans wanted to know the answer. How should they behave?

## II

IN THE midst of this confusion the new military commander, Lieutenant General Delos C. Emmons, arrived. He was promptly subjected to terrific pressure. Self-appointed advisers invited him to

lunch, buttonholed him in the street, formed lines outside his office door. Some were for caution; many demanded a mammoth concentration camp for all with Japanese blood in their veins; a few hinted darkly of the need for more extreme measures. With their radios blaring reports from Manila, thousands of Filipino plantation workers had ideas of their own and quietly whetted their machetes.

But General Emmons refused to be stampeded. Additional emergency measures were placed in effect. Alien homes were searched, certain strategic areas were evacuated, others were placed under guard. Reassurances were given the Japanese population that they had nothing to fear so long as they observed the laws. Two Japanese-language newspapers were allowed to resume publication under military supervision. This had a good effect upon the older Japanese, though it riled the more belligerent whites.

Alarmed civilians began to take steps. A few well-meaning ones organized the Emergency Service Committee, later to become euphemistically known as the "Morale Committee." Before this group were haled Japanese-Americans reported by amateur sleuths as suspicious characters. The quaking "suspects" were told that they had to be "one hundred and fifty per cent Americans" and were advised to donate a pint of blood to wash away suspicion.

The most serious problem of all was what to do about the armed and uniformed citizens of Japanese ancestry in the Army and in the Hawaii Territorial Guard. Long before the war, and until mid-1942, men of all races had been inducted into the Army. The selectees from Japanese homes had been given banquets with patriotic speeches, congratulations, and farewell gifts before they marched away. Eventually they had come to number nearly 1,900 men, divided between the 297th and 298th Battalions. After training, they had been assigned to defense sectors where they served with distinction on December 7th and for months afterward.

Their fine record availed little, however, against the rising tide of suspicion. To officers newly arrived from the mainland



they were an unknown quantity. The new leaders took one look and decided not to face the sea with those troops behind them. They felt that certain rifles in the rear might wisely be exchanged for picks and shovels. This was done, and thereafter the Nisei obediently dug miles of trenches, piled up mountains of sandbag emplacements for guns in other hands. After a period of indecision, Selective Service reversed its former policy and classified all Japanese, whether citizens or not, as 4-C, thus closing the door to further inductions.

Even less fortunate were the Japanese-Americans of the Hawaii Territorial Guard. Authorized on December 7th, by proclamation of Governor Poindexter, the Guard was formed largely of the ROTC units of the University of Hawaii and local high schools. The call to arms found hundreds of Nisei struggling into their ROTC uniforms and racing to the armory to be handed rifles and ammunition. With young men of many other races they guarded public utilities and important buildings, releasing an equal number of regular soldiers for combat duty. Some came from the schoolroom, others from highly paid jobs in the city, but all from a common sense of duty.

For two months they served, exercising their constitutional right to bear arms in defense of their country. Then the storm struck, even more fiercely than it was later to strike their older brothers in the Army. Orders were given that all the members of the Hawaii Territorial Guard whose parents were Japanese should assemble in one place. The officer who looked down upon the rows of attentive faces spoke with noticeable difficulty. He informed them that they were no longer needed, that they were being "inactivated." As they stacked their rifles and turned back their uniforms the faces of the outcasts showed few traces of the dishonor they felt. Later, however, when their chaplain bade them good-by, many of them could no longer suppress tears of humiliation.

Yet all of them were more determined than ever to take part in active war service. A meeting was held at the University of Hawaii. A request was sent to the Military Governor asking that they be

permitted to do any kind of work to assist the armed forces. Their request was granted. Calling themselves the Varsity Victory Volunteers, nearly two hundred strong, they were again sworn in and sent to Schofield Barracks. Here they were assigned as laborers for the armed forces. Thus the VVV became the first organized labor battalion of its kind. Attached to the 37th Engineers, they made an enviable record. From his slender pay every man bought a war bond. Nearly half of them pledged themselves to buy a bond a month. Three-quarters of them contributed their blood to the blood bank. This was their answer to "inactivation."

Nevertheless the storm continued unabated. Many people felt that violent and radical measures were imperative. It was seriously suggested that all of the 160,000 with Japanese blood in their veins be returned to Japan, removed to some outlying Island, or concentrated on a mountaintop. Excited citizens wrote to people on the mainland, to Congressmen and newspaper editors. The gist of these letters was the same: "We know that the Japanese here have behaved up until now, but we also know that the Japanese are a cunning and treacherous people. How do we know that they are not biding their time? How do we know that all of their lives they have not been craftily waiting for a chance to strike a blow for the Emperor? Is it sensible to take a chance?" Some of these letters were signed, some anonymous, some marked "Vigilante." The melting pot now boiled in earnest. In April, 1942, the situation grew most serious. Everyone knew that a solution was urgently necessary. Few people knew that one was on the way.

### III

THE solution was to come, not from the white leaders who had voiced the greatest apprehension, nor from the Islands' political leaders, nor even from the military. It was to come from the Japanese-Americans themselves.

In the heart of Honolulu was an organization called the Honolulu Civic Association. Largest and most influential of all Japanese-American societies in the Islands,



it had long been devoted to the advancement of community interests. It had been the leader in removing from many a Nisei the stigma of Japanese citizenship imposed by parents in his infancy. It had taken part in all community projects, established a home for the aged, and maintained a scholarship at the University. Since the war began it had done gasrationing for the local Japanese, provided volunteers to make gas masks for children, helped mightily in the rubber and scrap drives, and sold thousands of tickets for the Army and Navy Relief benefits. When American ships were lost at sea, or troops deprived of supplies, Association members had dug deep into their pockets; and at a cost of over \$40,000 had provided more than 20,000 comfort kits—with razor, soap, toothbrush, and stationery—for American fighting men.

Now the Executive Committee of this Association gathered round their council table—a lawyer, a merchant, a salesman, an editor, other businessmen. They represented only a few professions but the leadership of thousands. Their faces were Oriental; their ideas and language were pure American. Some had fought for their country before and belonged to the American Legion. They went to work.

Their problem was simply stated: "To find a way to convince the people of this country that we are loyal Americans in heart and mind, and thus remove forever the fear, distrust, and discrimination which prevents our being fully accepted as Americans." They discussed at length what had taken place on the West Coast. When war struck and the people of California, Oregon, and Washington had been flooded with fear and hatred, Lieutenant General John L. DeWitt, of the Western Defense Command, had been forced to act promptly, and had made what from the military point of view was the only possible decision—to remove from the coastal areas all those about whose loyalty there was any doubt. To the people of the Western States, and to the military as well, this had meant *all* with Japanese blood in their veins. So thousands of families had been uprooted from their homes and removed to ten great Reloca-

tion Centers scattered through the Western States.

Remembering all this, the Committee drafted a petition:

To the Military Authorities of the United States  
Greetings:

With full realization of the crisis which threatens the democracies of the world, and with the deep sense of responsibility common to all free men, we American citizens of Japanese ancestry sincerely and humbly present this petition.

WHEREAS, there are, in the Territory of Hawaii, many thousands of American citizens of Japanese ancestry, who are daily doing their best to carry on as loyal Americans, and,

WHEREAS, our education has been in all ways under the American system, and our associations and customs of living have followed the course of loyal Americans, and,

WHEREAS, Hawaii is our homeland, and will be the homeland of our children, and,

WHEREAS, we have participated in the advancement of community life, and exercised our American right of franchise for the promotion of a democratic government, and,

WHEREAS, war now threatens all these sacred, inherent, American privileges, as well as our national welfare and freedom, and arouses and inspires us, individually and collectively, to action and sacrifice for their preservation, and,

WHEREAS, American citizens of Japanese extraction have already been, and will continue to be, inducted into the armed services of the United States, and inasmuch as their continued presence in this vital outpost has caused a sense of insecurity among other Americans, which sense of insecurity should be removed, for the common good, and,

WHEREAS, to deprive us of the sacred birth-right to bear arms in defense of our country, is contrary to the principles upon which American democracy is founded, now,

THEREFORE, we American citizens of Japanese ancestry ask and petition the military authorities of the United States, to grant us the opportunity to fight for our country, and to give our lives in its defense.

Realizing that it may be thought inadvisable for us to serve in the Pacific theater of war, we, therefore, respectfully request the privilege not only of being inducted into the military forces of the United States, but also of forming combat units to fight on other fronts, where we may demonstrate for all time what American citizenship means to us.

Please give us a chance.

After the petition was drafted, they discussed how it might best be presented to the military authorities. As an intermediary they selected one of the most prominent men of the Hawaiian Islands, Walter Dillingham, President of the Oahu Railway Company and director of many other enterprises.



Mr. Dillingham invited the highest military commanders of the Islands to a luncheon at his home. The group included Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, Commander in Chief, Pacific Fleet; Lieutenant General Delos C. Emmons; Rear Admiral Milo F. Draemel, Chief of Staff to the Commander in Chief; Rear Admiral David W. Bagley, Commandant of the Fourteenth Naval District; and Brigadier General Joseph L. Collins, Chief of Staff, Hawaiian Department. The petition was read to them. They listened, applauded, and approved. As Commander of the Hawaiian Department, General Emmons agreed to forward the petition to the War Department in Washington for the approval of still higher authority. He expressed the hope that the petition could be granted and promised his wholehearted assistance.

While waiting for an answer from Washington General Emmons insisted upon establishing the truth as to the loyalty of the population; and the Intelligence Services searchingly re-examined their files covering more than a hundred thousand individuals.

What did the records show?

1. That the alien Japanese included many who were dangerous to the security of the United States; that some of them were so dangerous that they should be arrested and placed in detention camps for the duration of the war, and that others required constant surveillance and restriction.

2. That there was some pro-Japanese sympathy in the Islands. This was found to be concentrated among the older aliens and in the small isolated colonies of Japanese scattered in the outlying Islands. Nowhere was this sympathy expressed in action and in Honolulu it was felt by only a minority of aliens.

3. That by their actions an overwhelming majority of Japanese-Americans had shown hatred of the enemy and had made brilliant records in all of the war effort in which they had been allowed to participate.

4. That not one act of sabotage had been committed in the Islands, either by alien Japanese or by Nisei. Consequently every one of the hundreds of rumors that

had circulated in the Islands and on the mainland to that effect was proven definitely false. Furthermore, while it could be shown that dozens of aliens had engaged in espionage, there was no evidence to prove that Japanese-Americans had done so.

Many Nisei had lost their lives at Pearl Harbor. Two young men of Japanese extraction were near a heavy machine gun when the attack came. They rushed to assist, loading ammunition belts and burning their hands in the process. When the slugs of an attacking plane ripped the ground about them they stuck to their post, helping to shoot down the attacker. Rushing to the fallen plane, they cut the insignia from the uniforms of the dead enemy and proudly presented them at Naval Intelligence Headquarters. When questioned as to where they had got their trophies they replied, "Off the damned Japs."

The intensive survey showed also many important facts that would have surprised the proponents of wholesale deportation. One of these was that, unlike California, the Hawaiian Islands could not continue to eat if this third of their population was sent away: the work of the Japanese feeds most of the Island population.

If you were one of four white people on a raft in the middle of the ocean, and two Nisei were also seated there—scared and glad to be alive—would you push them off? Perhaps you might be so inclined. But if you knew that they could supply ninety-one per cent of the food, eight per cent of the milk and butter, and sixty per cent of the drugs which might sustain the six of you until you were rescued you would allow them to remain. You would eat the food and use the drugs they supplied because you would prefer that to starving alone. That is what happened in Hawaii.

Then appeared the first small break in the stormy sky. Toward the end of May, 1942, word was received from Washington, not that the plan had been fully approved, but that the first step was to be taken. The selectees who were working as labor troops in the Army—the men of the 297th and 298th Battalions—were at last to have their chance to fight. Throw-



ing down their shovels, they hastily made their farewells and marched up the gang-plank of the ship that was to take them away.

Landing on the mainland, which most of them had never seen, these Hawaiian-Japanese entrained for Camp McCoy, Wisconsin, where they were reorganized as the 100th Infantry Battalion. Their officers were both white and American-Japanese; their Commander, Lieut. Col. Farrant L. Turner, had been born in Honolulu. They were promptly equipped for combat. The grinning Nisei lovingly slapped the butts of their new rifles and machine guns with their calloused hands.

Over the one hundred thousand acres of woods and fields of Camp McCoy the men from Hawaii hiked, maneuvered, and fought sham battles. The people of the State of Wisconsin found them to be intelligent, quiet, and courteous. The other units of the Army called them "J-A's" and regarded them with respect and liking.

All in Hawaii followed the news of the 100th Battalion with eager interest. In December, a Christmas gift fund of \$1,500 was started for the lads in Wisconsin—and was quickly oversubscribed many times. When the Japanese of Hawaii learned that the people of Wisconsin were friendly to their sons, invitations were issued to many a son of Wisconsin in the regular Army for Christmas dinner, to Hawaiian *luaus* (feasts), and to other entertainments.

Colonel Turner, Commander of the 100th Battalion, wrote to General Emmons: "It is my belief that there is not a single Japanese family in Hawaii, whether alien or citizen, that does not have one or more relatives, friends, or acquaintances in my battalion. Consequently I feel that the well-demonstrated good will and general co-operation of the civilian population of Japanese descent in the Islands are to a considerable extent part and parcel with the continued success of this battalion." Here was recognition of the fact that loyalties are things that can be made or broken—and an indication of the means by which the loyalty of large populations may be assured. Just as we recognize the Japanese enemy within, and deal with him effectively, so must we recognize

those Americans of Japanese ancestry who have given definite and convincing proof of their loyalty.

#### IV

**B**UT in the months following the Battle of Midway, with invasion becoming more remote, the people of Hawaii grew more restless. Wartime restrictions, which had been scarcely annoying while danger was near, became the source of constant complaint. For the first time since the beginning of the war there was leisure for argument. Demands were renewed that the Army deal summarily with the Japanese population.

One critic of the military, more vocal than the rest, advocated mass deportation. In a pamphlet entitled "Shall the Japanese Be Allowed to Dominate Hawaii?" he wrote: "As soon as conditions warrant, at least 100,000 Japanese should be moved to inland mainland farming States. . . . If the Germans can move 3,000,000 men from occupied Europe within a short period, surely our great Government can move 100,000 from Hawaii to the mainland without grave difficulties."

This plan was much discussed. While it was criticized as illegal, unconstitutional, unjust, and un-American, it was nevertheless favored by some. Appeals for support were made to organizations on the mainland: to the California branch of the American Legion, the California Federation of Labor, the Native Sons of the Golden West. Under the plan an effort would be made to deprive Japanese born in the United States of their American citizenship rights which are now guaranteed to them under the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution.

The Nisei in Hawaii were becoming discouraged. If such proposals were seriously considered, how could they continue to have faith in democracy? What, they wondered, was happening in Washington?

There was plenty happening in Washington. Several government departments were seriously debating the problem of the Nisei and his loyalty, and searching for a satisfactory solution. The War Relocation Authority, whose able director, Dillon Myer, had been borrowed from the



Department of Agriculture last summer to take over the thankless task of administering Relocation Centers, was finding that they contained many a problem. The chief one was to maintain the morale of Japanese-Americans herded into the camps with their alien elders. The task of finding places where these citizens could make their homes and earn a living had been complicated by the distinctly hostile attitude of Midwestern white Americans. With no other place for the Nisei to go, the Relocation Centers had become what they were never intended to be—concentration camps, where alien Japanese with pro-Axis sympathies stirred up feelings of persecution and discrimination. With barbed wire about them, and armed soldiers outside, they had become centers of growing discontent. Without the means, the proper personnel, or the authority to separate the loyal from the disloyal, Mr. Myer was faced with a situation which was becoming daily more difficult.

Meanwhile the War Department had already embarked upon an investigation of its own. When the petition from Hawaii had first arrived in Washington it had been referred to a board, which however had failed to approve it. Assistant Secretary of War John J. McCloy had not been satisfied with this decision. Together with Lieutenant General McNarney, Deputy Chief of Staff, and other general officers, he had reopened the case for further consideration. These men were determined to have the facts. What were the facts?

Special questionnaires were prepared to be executed by American citizens of Japanese ancestry. Teams were made up for the distribution of the questionnaires. These teams were composed of an Army officer and three enlisted men, including one Japanese-American soldier of the Nisei class. After a short period of intensive training by the Provost Marshal General these teams were dispatched to the Relocation Centers to begin their task of separating the loyal from the possibly disloyal.

Once filled out, the questionnaires were referred to the Provost Marshal General, where they were checked with the records of Military Intelligence, the Federal Bu-

reau of Investigation, and the Office of Naval Intelligence. Doubtful cases were referred to a special board composed of representatives of the Department of Justice, the Navy Department, the War Relocation Authority, the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the Assistant Chief of Staff, G-2, and the Provost Marshal General. This investigation was fully co-ordinated by the office of the Assistant Secretary of War.

## V

ONCE the evidence was all in and the facts established, the War Department acted with promptness and decision. On January 28, 1943, Secretary Stimson announced: "It is the inherent right of every faithful citizen, regardless of ancestry, to bear arms in the nation's battle. When obstacles to the free expression of that right are imposed by emergency considerations, those barriers should be removed as soon as humanly possible. Loyalty to country is a voice that must be heard, and I am glad that I am now able to give active proof that this basic American belief is not a casualty of the war."

The policy thus expressed by the Secretary of War was fully approved by President Roosevelt in a letter written only three days later; and in Hawaii, early in February, Lieutenant General Delos C. Emmons announced that he had been directed by the War Department to induct 1,500 citizens of Japanese ancestry into the army as volunteers. "This call for volunteers affords an excellent opportunity," he said, "to demonstrate the faith the Army has in their loyalty and fighting qualities."

American citizens of Japanese ancestry between the ages of 18 and 37 now became eligible for combat service by applying to their Draft Boards. They were to be trained for service in an active theater. Company officers were to be of Japanese ancestry, to the extent that men with requisite military experience could be found. Opportunity for attendance at service schools and for promotion to higher grades would be open to all enlisted and commissioned personnel on the same basis as for the rest of the Army.

"The manner of their response," General Emmons said, "and the record these



men will establish as fighting soldiers will be one of the best answers to those who question the loyalty of citizens of Japanese ancestry in Hawaii."

Within 48 hours of General Emmons' announcement the Honolulu *Advertiser* hit the street with banner headlines: ENLISTMENT CALL MEETS WITH EAGER RESPONSE. As soon as the Draft Boards opened they were swamped by eager volunteers.

Wilfred C. Tsukiyama, for twelve years city-county attorney and a member of the American Legion, jumped the gun by sending in his application three days before the announcement of the formation of the combat team was made public by General Emmons.

At the Kaimuki Board, more than 30 American-born Japanese had applied for enlistment before 11 A.M. Included were two prominent physicians and a dentist.

Word came from Kauai in a cable message that 172 young men of the "Garden Island" had petitioned Major Rapp Brush, Commanding Officer for the Kauai District, to enroll them at once as volunteers for the Army.

The Honolulu Chamber of Commerce called upon its membership for the fullest co-operation in assuring American-born Japanese that their jobs would be waiting for them at the end of the war.

Forty members of Honolulu's Police Department, headed by Lieutenant Yoshio Hasegawa, volunteered for immediate enlistment.

Acting Governor Ernest K. Kai promptly issued this statement: "In connection with the plan of the War Department to accept voluntary enlistment in the United States Army from American citizens of Japanese ancestry, you are advised that this program has my unqualified approval and that every assistance shall be rendered to any territorial employee who desires to enlist."

The Varsity Victory Volunteers, that band of Japanese-Americans who had remained active workers for the Army despite their "inactivation" from the Hawaii Territorial Guard, lost no time in joining up. At their request they were mustered out of civil service by Brigadier General Hans Kramer, Hawaiian Department Engineer, their commander.

Standing on the steps of Iolani Palace, General Kramer bade them farewell: "As department engineer under whose direction your work as VVV's has been carried out, I can attest to your loyalty and can deservedly commend you for that work. With this sincere commendation go my congratulations and good wishes—confidence in your performance in a new and greater role as fighting members of the United States Army."

Within two weeks of the announcement the number of volunteers in Hawaii had reached 7,500—five times the number that had been asked for. And they are still coming. The eagerness of this response is gratifying to the Army. It serves notice to our enemies that, while we fight for human rights abroad, we do not intend to surrender them at home.

The feelings of the Americans of Japanese descent have been eloquently expressed by "Mike" Masaoka of the Japanese-American Citizens League in what he calls their Creed:

"I am proud that I am an American citizen of Japanese ancestry, for my very background makes me appreciate more fully the wonderful advantages of this nation. I believe in her institutions, ideals, and traditions; I glory in her heritage; I boast of her history; I trust in her future. She has granted me liberties and opportunities such as no individual enjoys in this world to-day. She has given me an education befitting kings. She has entrusted me with the responsibilities of the franchise. She has permitted me to build a home, to earn a livelihood, to worship, think, speak, and act as I please—as a free man equal to every other man.

"Although some individuals may discriminate against me, I shall never become bitter or lose faith, for I know that such persons are not representative of the majority of the American people. True, I shall do all in my power to discourage such practices, but I shall do it in the American way; aboveboard, in the open, through courts of law, by education, by proving myself to be worthy of equal treatment and consideration. I am firm in my belief that American sportsmanship and attitude of fair play will judge citizenship and patriotism on the basis of action



and achievement, and not on the basis of physical characteristics.

"Because I believe in America, and I trust she believes in me, and because I have received innumerable benefits from her, I pledge myself to do honor to her at all times, and in all places; to support her

constitution; to obey her laws; to respect her flag; to defend her against all enemies, foreign or domestic; to actively assume duties and obligations as a citizen, cheerfully and without any reservations whatsoever, in the hope that I may become a better American in a greater America."

## D. H. L.

KARL SHAPIRO

THE secret of Lawrence lay in the hate of himself and his kind;  
Lions and leopards and flowers and clouds came first in his mind.  
Spiders and snakes and bugs on the wall he could come to and find,  
But to women and children and men and his beauty itself he was blind.

Soft-nosed and bearded and little, bright and twitching with rage,  
He believed that the lovers were gorged with the touch of themselves in our age.  
How he haggled for manners and hissed at the world from the bars of his cage  
Till he shrank like a monkey and spat and grew thoughtful and wizened and sage!

He was tortured like Christ, though he died for the hate of the Christian soul;  
He stared like a duke who had taken a peek down a miner's hole;  
He was English through; he was bought for the price of the writer's role;  
In his heart was grit, in his mind was death, in his throat was coal.

Turn away, friend, from a man who fled from himself in a year  
When the nations were turning like giants in slumber, O far and near  
For the mythological war of the world, and this one with a sneer  
Sailed away to a Mexican death which was all that his genius held dear.



# THE PEOPLE AT WAR

## *IV. Grassroots in the South Are Changing*

JOHN DOS PASSOS



BEHIND the scrawny trees that had put forth a fuzz of green into the shrill spring wind, the yellow-brick courthouse had a dustbitten look in the middle of the square of blank low storefronts. A few cars marked red with splashes of dried mud were parked round it. The sidewalks were empty. Only at the corner by the drugstore where the bus stopped was there any sign of life.

There two skinny old men and a red-faced sailor were sitting on a bench in the sun. A colored girl in a bright new blue outfit, standing out in the street with a new cardboard suitcase in her hand, was talking back over her shoulder to the old men on the bench, asking if sure enough the bus for Little River near Baltimore stopped there. They assured her that the northbound bus would be along directly. The whites of her eyes rolled anxiously. Already the bluegray bus with the white stripe was coming blundering round the courthouse. The rest of the prospective passengers, who had been sitting in a row at the soda fountain drinking cokes, filed out of the drugstore and crowded to the curb. When the door of the bus opened nobody got out but the driver. The passengers climbed in, the colored girl last. The bus rumbled on.

The old men got up from their bench, stretched a little, and hobbled stiffly away

past the empty lunchroom across the street. JOE'S COUNTRY LUNCH—THE HOME OF GOOD EATS was closed and vacant. Through smeary plate-glass windows you could see the chairs upended on the tables. In the glass door a flyspecked sign, hastily hand-lettered in blue, read:

Maybe you don't know there's a War on.  
Have gone to see what it's all about.  
Meanwhile good luck and best wishes  
until we all come home,  
signed,

JOE

Down in the county agent's office in the basement of the post office a sandy-haired young man in his shirtsleeves threw himself back in his swivel chair and stared for a moment at his feet thoughtfully crossed on the corner of his desk. To be sure the county was losing right much population. What the Army was taking wasn't a drop in the bucket to the drain into war industry. Labor was the worst problem. Not a tractor driver to be had in the county. Prices and the scarcity of seed potatoes were other worries. The cash crop in this section was early potatoes. Well, last year the farmers had got stung. They had lost money. The prices hadn't been right and there had been no labor to pick the potatoes up. A lot of unskilled labor was needed to pick them up and put them in the sacks after the me-



chanical digger had gone through, and for sorting and grading in the sheds. This particular county had a small Negro population, and some extra hands usually came in to help get the crops in. These were the people who picked the potatoes up. Now they were making so much money they wouldn't do that kind of work. Well, this year there had been about two-thirds of a normal crop planted.

"Isn't the ceiling price all right?"

"What the farmer wants is floors." He laughed and swung his feet round and sat bolt upright.

Price was all right, he went on, but it was set too late to affect the early crop. If a farmer'd been stung once on a crop you didn't find him burning his fingers again right away. A lot of them couldn't get labor even to get the crop planted. This was a region of small holdings, with many families of Swedish, German, and Czech origin who had come down here and built up truck farms during the last twenty-five years. Well, most of these families had one or two members working in war industries; patriotism—a way of making quick money to pay off mortgages and store bills—follow the crowd—all sorts of reasons. That meant less hands to work the small farms. Then there was a thing about the Negro that people in the North didn't understand. He wasn't used to much money, so if one member of a family was making enough to buy the groceries the rest of 'em just sat around. There was lots of 'em in the county that could work if they wanted to but why should they? They were sitting pretty. Down here, people, black and white, were going to be fairly prosperous, but that didn't mean we were going to get extra production.

The young man had picked up a pencil and was leaning over his desk making doodles on a pad of yellow paper. Government agencies were working on the problem of getting in labor all right, he said. Here the first trouble was housing. This county was so near a string of ship-building centers that every available house was filled by workers who commuted into the coastal towns. Farm Security was going to help beat that situation by bringing in a movable camp.

After all potatoes weren't the only crop. There would be sweet potatoes, green corn, okra, cucumbers, tomatoes coming along; strawberries, they wouldn't be much help this year. He made a sour face. "But you can't get around the fact that there are going to be hundreds of acres idle when we're going to need surplus food more than any other time in our history."

"Do you suppose it would help if farm labor got better wages?"

"Might help some, but what worries the farmer is if his hired labor gets used to making industrial wages they won't want to work for less when this is all over."

In the office of the Farm Security administrator a six-foot lantern-jawed backwoodsman with a quid of tobacco in his cheek and a big Adam's apple in his lanky neck was leaning over the desk counting out ten-dollar bills while the administrator made out a receipt. "Wall, that jest about clars me up," he said, and slapped a wad of bills down on the desk. He reached out a long arm and lifted the window a little and spat carefully out into the sunny spring morning. "There was times I thought the gov'rment ud git ma hide." He passed the time of day for a minute and stalked out of the office.

"Well, according to the papers, I've just seen something that never happens," I said, "—a Farm Security client paying off his loan."

"Don't you kid yourself," said the administrator gravely. "A very high percentage of them pay off their loans. Higher all the time."

He was a quiet, studious-looking man with a long closely cropped head. He wore a leather jacket and boots. I told him I'd heard about the large farmers. I'd come to him to hear how the little fellows were making out.

"Fifty per cent of this potato planting you've been hearing about has been done on small farms," he answered. "Our people are just about doubling the number of fowls for egg production, they are raising a certain amount of stock, beef cattle. We're trying to get each family right up to capacity production. We'll make a showing if they'll let us."



## II

THIS small pursefaced man in an alpaca suit, with graying hair and untidy eyebrows, was a farmer from the black muck country. We sat in rocking chairs with a spittoon between us in the lobby of the small hotel. Through unwashed windows against which buzzed a few early flies we could see the courthouse and the parked cars and the empty square of the county seat.

"You want to know why we aren't producin' more food for 1943? Well, all I know is what happened to me. I have a boy in the service an' a girl who's enlisted as an army nurse an' even if we hadn't, the old woman an' I would have wanted to do the best we could for the country . . . in a time like this. Well, I figured that I raised thirty acres of beans last year an' I could raise a hundred this year with my tractor an' one extry hand. Well, I got my land plowed up all right but my new hand was so no account—he stripped me a gear on the tractor, an' I was drivin' all over the country like a crazy man tryin' to get me that extry part. Couldn't get no satisfaction nowhere.

"Got tired of waitin' for that part an' I went into town an' bought me six head o' mules at two hundred and twenty-five dollars a head. That's a pretty big outlay for a feller like me. It jumped my labor cost right up, too, but my old woman says I'm right stubborn when I get started. I was bound all hell an' high-water wasn't goin' to keep me from gettin' those beans planted. I got 'em planted all right an' had a right good stand. Be damned if this here late frost didn't come an' freeze 'em down.

"I was so worried about the expense an' not gettin' that part for my tractor an' all, I swear I took sick an' went to bed. I sent the old woman into town to buy some more seed to replant an' damn if some bureau in Washington hadn't frozen the seed. They unfroze it later on but it was too late for our season down here.

"Now about all that's left for me to plant is corn and I'll never get my money back, but that ain't the worst of it; we've lost a whole early season crop that might

have produced food folks could eat. I swear if they don't quit hogtyin' us with priorities an' restrictions an' regulations the only thing us truck-farmers 'll be able to do is close up an' go to work at somethin' else. How are we goin' to produce crops if we can't get spare parts for farm machinery?"

## III

UNDER level clouds of dust the bulldozers are at work. Towed behind yellow tractors, roadscrapers are leveling off pasture land. With a roar of motors, mechanical shovels are chewing down hills that a short time ago held up woodlots of tall longleaf pines. From cement mixers, lines of trucks move slowly across the rutted clay. When they want to wreck a farmhouse or an old barn of hewn logs they drive a tractor through it. Then they set a match to the pile of splintered boards and lath and shingle. As the work goes on, embers and fallen chimney bricks and scorched plaster and bent pieces of blackened beds and old tin cups and doorknobs and bits of china and rags from old crazyquilts are ground into the clay under the treads of the tractors. . . . In two weeks a back-country settlement with its shacks and barns and out-houses and cowsheds and fences and horse troughs, and all the frail machinery of production built up over the years by the plans and hopes and failures of generations of country people, will have vanished utterly, and instead, among the fresh-cut pine stakes of the surveyors, you will see in the making the outlines of the long runways of an airfield, or the low far-scattered sheds of a powder plant, or the white concrete and glass-tile oblongs of a new war factory.

Some families have had to move on two weeks' notice—off land they had worked from grandfather to father to son. Some have seen their crops destroyed in the field before they had a chance to harvest them. There has been no resistance, not even much complaint. People have felt that the defense of the nation came first, that the complete uprooting of their lives was a small price to pay for winning the war. Only a few of them have gone to court to contest the price offered in condemnation.



Surprising numbers of them have seemed almost willing to leave their farms and to make a stab at some other way of life.

People who live in the back counties in this part of the country still have the old frontier tradition. They are a people who fell into a trance in their cranky shacks and hastily knocked-together cabins a century ago, and who somehow forgot which way they were headed somewhere along the trail in the great trek westward toward richer land and greener valleys. So they have sat there in the back counties chewing and dipping and stagnating and starving. They own so little—a few old iron beds, lamps with broken shades, dented stewpans from the dime store, some wornout chairs and tables, an old trunk full of threadbare clothes. They pile the stuff on a truck or a wagon, shake the cornshucks out of the bedticking, pile in a crate of fowls and a brood of flaxen-haired children with smeared mouths and puffy eyes, and they are off to take a job in a war plant or to try working on shares on some other owner's land.

If you run into the lanky father of one of these families squatting on his heels outside an employment agency, perhaps he'll tell you with a feeling of chagrin and hurt pride, as if he'd been swindled by a near relative, how little Uncle Sam paid him for his farm and how long the folks in Washington are taking to pay him what they owe him; perhaps he'll ask how do they suppose a poor man who has a family to support is going to live in the meantime, but he won't give you the feeling that there is anything very strange or terrible in his destiny. His kin may have been there for a hundred years but they were only settlers resting up. He's almost glad to have a change, to be on the move again.

The whitehaired man with a round pink face full of radiating creases who is rocking gently in the little space with a desk in it behind the counter in the back of his brother's country store used to own a thousand acres of land. Well, he guessed he'd had a hundred niggers on it, most of 'em from families that had been there since old slavery days. His great grandfather had moved west into this country

in the early eighteen hundreds from South Carolina, bringing his stock and his Negroes and his household goods with him. As far as he was concerned, he said, he was all right. The government hadn't paid him for his land that had been taken for a powder plant, but he reckoned they would get around to it in time. He was an old man and the place had been too big for him to handle anyway. He'd be a whole lot better off with a couple of hundred acres he was going to buy off one of his kinsfolks. Seeing those niggers have to leave when he broke up the place had been the worst thing about it. Most of them had never been farther than the county seat Saturday afternoons in their lives. It would be hard on them being turned loose like that. They'd always been so dependent. Right now most of the men were making four dollars a day as laborers on construction jobs. "But what in the world are they goin' to do when they get turned off? I'm not goin' to be in a position to look after 'em."

In the dusty hall at the foot of the narrow stairs that lead up to the Relocation office a small spry-looking yellow man was standing. His leathery cheeks were covered with white stubble. His white head was bent and the yellow hand, gnarled as a cypress root, that held his stained old wide-brimmed gray hat against his knees was shaking. He had a rather cultivated old-time Southern voice. He said he'd lived alone forty-seven years out in a shack in the piney woods. He'd boxed trees and dipped gum a little, but mostly he'd hunted and fished. No, he didn't want to give his name. He was part Indian, he said. No, he didn't want to give his age. He was getting along but he wasn't too old to work. The government man had come and told him he'd have to move out. The Army was taking the area over for maneuvers. The government man had said he could get his expenses paid. He'd come to get twenty dollars from the Relocation office to move his things. He didn't like to ask for the money. He'd never asked anybody for anything in his life, but he guessed that now his huntin' and fishin' days were over and he'd have to settle down and get him steady work.



## IV

THE Relocation agent was driving me out past the steaming gray buildings of the chemical factories,\* over the hill that gave us, as the road looped, a backward view of the whole busy little industrial town, with its trainyards and warehouses and the great pile of the steel mill and the long corrugated-iron sheds of the iron-pipe works lying in the bowl-shaped valley under a ceiling of soft coal smoke. We passed a few tourist cabins turned into permanent residences and a last row of temporary shacks for chemical industry workers and turned on to a country road through a bleak shabby valley between scrubby pinewoods. Counting all the war dislocations in together, the agent was telling me, six hundred and ninety-nine families had had to move off farms in this area alone. Farm Security had helped five hundred and twenty-three. Of these only a hundred and fifty-seven had gone back on farms. So far as he knew these figures were about average for the whole southeastern part of the country, that was, for the dislocated areas.

Of the families FSA had helped, thirty-four had been set up in dairying (he hoped to raise that figure to thirty-six before long), twenty-seven in the chicken business, nine in hog-raising, fifteen in beef cattle, and the rest were raising cotton as they were accustomed to. Seemed a drop in the bucket, didn't it? But you had to begin slowly in a thing like this. If the experiment worked, it would be easy enough to multiply the numbers of farms.

The agent was a ruddy-faced young man immensely absorbed in what he was doing. He stopped the car on the side of the road and pointed proudly to a one-storey white house on a little knoll of red clay barely fuzzed with new green grass. "This is the first of our dairy farms. These places are already making cash money every six weeks selling milk to the Army camp through the cooling plant. Let's take a look."

Across the road beyond the new barbed-wire fence, oats were sprouting in even rows in the red land. "That'll be our permanent pasture."

The house was clean and new with screened windows and a screened porch. The milking shed with its concrete floor was clean and new. The small cows, by a Jersey bull out of local scrub stock, looked clean and new. Only the farmer and his wife, a lanky, weatherbeaten pair, had the old-time back-country look. Their clothes were clean, though patched like crazyquilts; they were keeping the place clean all right, but they still looked ill at ease as though they hadn't settled down to feel this was their home yet. The man kept talking about his water pump in a worried way, kept saying he was afraid it was going to break down. His wife was complaining about the faucet in the sink in the milking shed.

"It's not his pump that's worrying him," the agent said grinning, as we drove off. "It's the loan he had to make to buy his cows. He's accustomed to making a crop loan of a couple of hundred dollars and twelve hundred seems a terrible lot. . . . When I tell him that he's selling a hundred dollars' worth of milk every two weeks the figures don't sink in. He's doing fine but he can't believe it. . . . Of course the high price of feed isn't doing us any good, or any other dairy farms. About half of what we make on milk goes into feed. Even so we are making out. The project's making out and the dairymen are making out."

In another county there were colored people living in the small new low white houses. At the place where we stopped the mother and father had gone to town because it was Saturday afternoon. We looked at the young chicks and the hogs and the neat hills of earth the sweet potatoes were stored in. "This feller's going to be all right," the agent said. "There's one across the railroad track that isn't turning out so good, spends all his time working off his farm."

A little black girl in a clean pink dress had been following us around timidly. "How much preserving did your mother do last year?" the agent asked. "Let's see them. . . . Oh yes, canning is part of the program. Every client has a pressure kettle and is shown how to use it." The little girl was too scared to say anything but she ran on the tips of her toes to



the kitchen door and opened it and beckoned us in. The kitchen looked as if it had just been scrubbed that morning. With a look of reverence as if she were showing off some sacred object in a niche, the little girl pulled open the door of the closet opposite the back door. From floor to ceiling clear shining jars of corn and beans and tomatoes and okra packed every carefully scrubbed shelf. They looked like the vegetables you see winning prizes at country fairs.

"They look all right," said the agent. He couldn't help puffing out his chest, you could see, as he showed them off. "That means they've been eating something more than white meat and sweet potatoes this winter. That means a balanced diet."

As we drove back down the scrawny back road where Negro families lived in identically the same demountable white houses that were put up in other regions for the whites, you couldn't help seeing in the electric brooders for chicks, in the electric pumps, in the preserving kettles and the boilers for sterilizing the pails in the dairies, and the vegetable patches and the clean hog pens, the germ of a new way of life for the countryside.

"Is this sort of thing going to catch on?" I asked.

"Are they going to let us go ahead with it?" the agent asked me back.

## V

UP AND down the country districts of the South it's the same story: tenants, white and Negro, moving off the land, county seats either swollen with war industries or depopulated, farms abandoned to make way for munitions plants and Army camps and airfields, vast military reservations blocked off for maneuvers. All the forces that have been operating in agriculture during the past fifteen years have been enormously accelerated by the war effort. Farms are growing bigger, are more highly mechanized, demand fewer hands. The famous Black Belt of heavy prairie loam, where the cotton barons had been producing immense amounts of fiber and oil with peon labor ever since they first moved in

from the seaboard with their herds and their oxcarts piled with old English furniture and French crockery and their fine horses and their droves of slaves in the early years of the nineteenth century, is turning fast to stockraising and dairying. The heavy black land, that they used to say only Negroes could work, is going back into prairie. The boll weevil started the process and the war is completing it.

Some of the things that are happening are bad from the point of view of our some-day-to-be-attained practical democracy; some are good, or can be turned to good. So far very little has been done to direct events one way or another. One of the strangest aspects of the situation is that the one organized agency of the Federal government that has been trying to direct events toward conserving the family-type farm, the Farm Security Administration of the Department of Agriculture, has received less assistance than brickbats from either radical or reactionary. The communists will tell you, naturally, that the effort to re-establish the family on the land or anywhere else is hopeless. Collectivism is the future, they say. What's surprising is to find that the National Farm Bureau Federation, which is supposed to represent old-fashioned American tendencies in agriculture, agrees with them. In most of the southeastern States the Farm Bureau's leadership of the prosperous farmers, and of the politicians who depend on the prosperous farmers' vote and cash contributions, is complete and unchallenged. All these people can see in the effort to re-establish small independent farmers on the land is another New Deal racket, an organization which threatens their supremacy in the field, and which tends to put ideas about high wages into colored people's heads, and to take away the landowners' best tenants.

As the Department of Agriculture in Washington falls more and more under the influence of the Farm Bureau lobby, the whole program for getting farming back on its feet in this country, from the bottom up, is in danger of being scrapped. That will mean that there will be no further effort to put a floor under farm wages, that the food-for-war program will



be administered for the benefit of the larger operators, and that one of the last brakes on the complete disintegration of farming as an independent way of life will be removed. If the present trends continue unchecked, farming will become just another branch of industry, subject to the same autocratic control by finance and monopoly, and one more of the foundations of our peculiar type of popular government will have been washed out.

## VI

MEANWHILE in Farm Bureau offices and hotel rooms farm politicians throughout the South are tuning up the old war drums. As if the threat to white supremacy, real or imagined, in the work of the President's Fair Employment Practices Committee weren't enough to give them a war cry, they can point to high wages of industrial labor, waste in industrial war contracts, inefficiency and indecision in Washington, and interference by outsiders from the North in what people who live in the States with a high percentage of Negroes consider their own private problems. The only answer would be a thoroughgoing progressive program for agriculture that would aim to increase the productivity of the penniless tenant and the heavily mortgaged large operator. It would have to give agriculture the status of a war industry. That program the Administration has been unable or unwilling to sponsor. The result is that whatever the farmer gets from Washington in his struggle for recognition as an essential factor in winning the war will seem to come to him as a gift from the Farm Bureau lobby.

Sitting in the outer office waiting to have a talk with a Farm Bureau chieftain, I saw through the half-open door a man with a long black jaw under a dusty black felt hat moving back and forth and heard his voice rattling excitedly. From time to time he slapped his fist into his open hand as he told his story to the man behind the desk. He was explaining why he was through with farming. He'd sold out his plantation to the government and to hell with it. "One nigger'll get a job an' the whole crowd of 'em will live

off that one an' won't raise a hand. . . . All the men that's fit to work have gone to these defense jobs an' all you've got left is the old folks an' the children. . . . Government's payin' 'em four times what they're worth. Who ever heard of payin' a nigger more 'an a dollar a day? It's runnin' 'em plumb crazy. They'll sit back in them little shacks, five or six of 'em up together like pigs, an' that radio'll be burstin' out till they can't hear nothin', an' they wouldn't work for hell." He was disgusted, the man kept roaring, he was through. If the Government wanted food, somebody else was going to have to raise it.

As the visitor stalked out, a tall black-browed man got up and leaned over his desk and asked me to come in. He had the quiet forceful manner of a man who knows exactly what he wants. He was still grinning quietly to himself. Without referring to the other interview he began to explain the four-point program for immediate action the farm organizations are trying to put over in Washington. The first point is higher prices for food. He pointed out that in 1914 the average non-farm family had paid 33 per cent of its income for food and that in 1942 it had paid 22 per cent. Factory workers had paid 58 per cent in 1914 and 28 per cent in 1942. Meanwhile farm wages were at 234 per cent of the 1914 level. "In a nutshell," he said, "that's why we are not getting the food."

The second remedy, he said, is to give up the forty-hours-a-week principle; that is, to lower industrial wages. The third is to put an end to cost-plus contracts that encourage waste of manpower in industry. The fourth is deferment of agricultural workers from the draft.

I had gone there to argue with him. How can you argue with a man who holds all the cards? Even allowing a certain political discount on his statistics some of what he said made pretty good sense. Politically it made devastating sense. The only argument would be on the basis of the eventual public good. Nobody yet has ever discovered a way to get that sort of argument out onto the desk of a practical politician. So, meek as a lamb, I walked out of the office with an armful



of Farm Bureau literature and a copy of the latest scorcher that had been sent by Western Union to the President of the United States.

Later I dumped the whole subject in the lap of a man who looked like a college professor but who actually ran a cooling plant, and was a very successful dairy farmer. We had been visiting his cows and his milking sheds and had heard him, with some surprise, saying that he wasn't having much trouble getting labor to work for him; well, he always had paid a little more than the next man, felt he'd get better hands that way. A part was wearing out on the machine that washed his bottles. When we went back into his office, our nostrils full of the smell of cows and milk and fresh washed concrete, he excused himself for a moment and called up a dealer to order the spare part. His visitor seemed surprised. "Oh, you've been reading the papers," he said; "I'll get the part in a few days." Then we began to talk about dairy farming in this section of the country.

The question I wanted to put was whether anything could reverse the trend away from small ownership and toward great mechanized farms. We had agreed before that popular government had to have the small independent farmer as its balance wheel. "Sure," he said, "electrification can do it, plus sensible management." On his own place he had tenants working on a plan that differed a little from the Farm Security plan because after all, he smiled, he was running a farm to make money and not to set his tenants up in business. Well, the man who worked this particular farm right next to the cooling plant had come over from Georgia with a load of furniture and nothing in his jeans but an empty wallet five years ago and now he had five thousand dollars in the bank.

"Then why can't the small electrified farm with its preserving kettles and its sterilizing machinery and its electric brooders become a basic agricultural unit, a floor below which the standard of life in this country can't drop?"

"It probably could if people knew what was good for them."

"Is the only basis of opposition to Farm

Security that people don't know what's good for them, particularly if it's a novelty?"

"Well, any organization makes mistakes. . . . But I think it's a practical plan. The Farm Bureau boys feel a good deal of institutional jealousy. They've built up their organization on the theory that they are the only ones that know what's good for the farmer. . . . I guess it's mostly politics in and out of Washington."

"But how can they call a program to build up the family-size farm communistic?"

"Well, around here communism's anything you don't like."

"Why do you think there's so little support at least for the aims of the Farm Security program in the liberal press all over the country?"

"You answer that one."

## VII

WE WERE driving along a road in southern Texas. For a long time we had been going up and down over arid land full of flat rocks where cattle grazed in the dust between feathery bright green mesquite bushes and flat-leaved thorny desert plants. The road broke through a dense thicket of trees and crossed an irrigation ditch full of abundant muddy water. We were out on a broad irrigated plain of bright-colored fields. On a rise of land in the middle of it stood a white five-storey building that looked like a Florida hotel. A drive curved in toward it past a vivid green lawn that had a fine spray playing on it from a hose. There was no sign on the building so we went into the office to find out what it was.

In the office they told us the story. This had been a clubhouse run by a land company during the days of the great boom in irrigated valley land in this section. Investors from Chicago and Omaha and Kansas City would be brought down here by the real estate agents to visit citrus groves. The company would put them up in the clubhouse, fill them full of food and drink and illusions of retiring to spend their declining years among orange



groves and murmuring waters, and sell them citrus land at two thousand dollars an acre. There was a paradisiacal scheme by which the company operated the groves for a small commission and sold the product. So all the homeseeker had to do was to sit there in his twenty-five-thousand-dollar home, through an eternal balmy afternoon, and let the grapefruit drop into his lap and the dollars flow gently into his bank. The agents never let the prospective buyers get out of their sight. They were doctors, dentists, lawyers, and aging professional people mostly. Once they got them in the clubhouse they never had a chance. The local inhabitants, who were never allowed to speak to them, jeeringly called them homesuckers.

That boom collapsed in 1933. The homeseekers couldn't complete their payments and lost their equity, the land companies went broke, the banks went broke. What remained was the real wealth of the country: the roads, the land, the citrus groves, the irrigation ditches, and the frugal, amenable Mexican day-laborers. Since then this particular clubhouse had been in the hands of mortgage holders, bankers, and insurance companies, and now Farm Security had bought it with its attendant twenty thousand acres, to use as a resettlement center for small farmers driven off the land.

An elderly man six feet tall and more under his dusty broadbrimmed hat, who stood very straight in his ranchers' boots, showed us around the place. He came from the panhandle of Texas and had been ranching and farming all his life. "There are two things you can do," he

said; "you can sell land or you can build up the country. They used this place to sell land in the worst way . . . now we are tryin' to use it to build up the country."

He showed us his various varieties of papaya trees, his fields contour-plowed into strips where he was trying out rye and barley and hot-weather legumes. "The rows ain't straight, see?" he said. "The aim of contour plowin' is to make runnin' water walk. . . . I have a tough time gettin' some of these fellers to try it. It near breaks their hearts not to be able to make straight rows. . . . I never argue with 'em. I just tell 'em to go ahead and do it their own way. One feller I did ask if he was farmin' for straight rows or if he was farmin' for crops." We were standing in front of a magnificent stand of pale-blue flowering flax that stretched waving in the wind as far as you could see across the flat land. "I brought that seed down from the Dakotas. . . . I never argue with anybody," he said, "I just try things out an' let 'em see how they work. When we used to have all the room in the world in this country it didn't matter what any one man did. He could go off on the range an' get drunk an' do any fool thing an' be as free as he liked in his own way. There was still plenty of room. It was devil take the hindmost. Now what I try to tell people is that we can't be free that way any more in this country. We've got to learn to co-operate . . . in farmin' like in everythin' else. But don't never argue with 'em, I say. Just find a chance to try it out and let 'em see the results, in yield to the acre."



# THE Easy Chair Bernard DeVoto



IN A message to Congress on December 1, 1862, Abraham Lincoln spoke of "the Egypt of the West." He applied the phrase to "the great interior region bounded east by the Alleghenies, north by the British dominions, west by the Rocky Mountains, and south by the line along which the culture of corn and cotton meets." For ninety years now another name for this region has been the Middle West. Mr. Lincoln went on to say of it, "A glance at the map shows that, territorially speaking, it is the great body of the Republic. The other parts are but marginal borders to it . . . [it] being the deepest and also the richest in undeveloped resources. . . . And yet this region has no seacoast—touches no ocean anywhere . . . [its people] find their way to Europe by New York, to South America and Africa by New Orleans, and to Asia by San Francisco."

In Mr. Lincoln's geopolitics the Middle West was the great body of the Republic and the other parts were but marginal borders to it. Proof of his words lay in the fact that it was he and not Mr. Seward who thus addressed the Congress. There had been a twenty-year struggle between the agrarian South and the increasingly industrialized Northeast, a struggle to control, or failing that to bind in alliance, the Egypt of the West. Lincoln's election signified that the Northeast had won the struggle and established an alliance. The Civil War followed in the strictest logic and, as it was Lincoln who led the nation, so it was the Middle West that provided the decisive strength, won the war, and fixed the curve of the future. In the words I have quoted Lincoln was thinking

primarily of land and natural wealth, but they have held good politically as well. Making all necessary reservations, keeping in mind the manifold necessary qualifications, it is nevertheless a basic fact of history that, in the main, the Middle West has dominated national politics since 1860.

Long before Lincoln spoke, many students of our national life had foretold that the Egypt of the West would eventually become pre-eminent in American economics and finance. The decades since the Civil War have measurably confirmed them. In the turbulent history of those decades, in part a history of gigantic strains, enormous dislocations, and tremendous struggles along the cleavage lines of the sections, the Middle West has, comparatively to the other sections, steadily grown in power.

Many other prophets have predicted that the culture of the Middle West must eventually dominate the civilization of the United States. I think that for a century that prediction has been coming true, that it will be more completely fulfilled as time goes on. In a way it is foolish to talk about the culture of a section, for every section is merged in the national culture and the culture of every section is full of inharmonious, disparate, discrete, and contradictory energies which mock any general statement. The fact, however, makes no difference. The existence of the sections, and of separate cultures in the sections, is an obvious and primary condition of our national life. The Middle West, the South, the West—everyone knows that their cultures differ, everyone knows that different conditions have produced different ways of living, different



ways of looking at life, different congeries of sentiments, different structures and habits of thought. There is a separate Middle Western culture. And, I think, everyone who knows it, and who knows the nation, is profoundly aware that it is in process of becoming the dominant American culture.

I THINK too that, if one were to consider the United States only, this dominance would seem an absolute good. It implies the weakening, impairment, or frustration of much in the national life that I personally should prefer to see strengthened and increased, the evolution of many institutions and values which I personally should rather see develop otherwise. Nevertheless I profoundly believe that the Middle Western way is on the whole the most desirable way, the Middle Western institutions are the most vigorous and hopeful, the Middle Western society is the most truly democratic, most energetic, most to be trusted, most promising for the future. The nation is being shaped there in ways which realize its greatest possibilities. Whatever those possibilities are of comfort, kindness, fellowship, human sympathy, hope, the co-operation of friends and neighbors who are members one of another, who are citizens of a commonwealth of citizens, who try to be free men sharing the responsibilities of freedom—all these, I believe, reach their maximum in the Middle West. Their realization there would be the most favorable omen for the future of the world, I think . . . except for one thing only.

The Middle West "has no seacoast—touches no ocean anywhere." It must find its "way to Europe by New York, to South America and Africa by New Orleans, and to Asia by San Francisco."

Since September 1, 1939, I have visited one or another part of the Middle West at intervals never greater than six months and usually less than that. I have visited it as one who once lived in that section for a long stretch—but more particularly as one now coming from a seaboard society, from New England and New York. And since September, 1939, never have I reached the Middle West without experiencing a shock so central that its cause

has come to seem to me the most important fact in the United States to-day, and therefore the most important fact bearing on the future of the world. In May, 1940, two weeks after the invasion of the Low Countries, I stopped off in the Middle Western city which produces the best American newspaper outside New York and called on a friend of mine, who is its chief editorial writer. I wrote in the *Easy Chair* for the following August that he greeted me and my fellow traveler, visitors from a seaboard society, citizens of a society shaken to its base by the war, "as bearers of evil tidings." The evil tidings we bore were our convictions that the United States was in the war and must fight it through to victory. With that conviction my friend could by no means agree; he could see no necessary connection between the war and the United States, and he saw us partly as conspirators and partly as victims of a foreign conspiracy. So he wrote an editorial denouncing us, the East, and especially the Administration as warmongers. That editorial perfectly expressed the section's consciousness and was reprinted in dozens of Middle Western papers. Both my friend and his newspaper have changed their minds since May of 1940. But the connection between the war in Europe and the United States which he could not make then has not been made in the Middle West to this day. The war which the Middle West is fighting with its full strength remains to-day, at base, an unreal war. I think that the future of the world pivots on that fact.

The fact has nothing to do with "isolationism." It has nothing to do with patriotism. And what I say of it is said with full recognition of millions of Middle Westerners to whom it does not apply at all. I speak of the dominant mood only, ignoring the forces that work—unsuccessfully—against it. Of that dominant mood I have no more to say, it may be, than is contained in the lines I have quoted from Lincoln.

The Middle West is the great body of the Republic but it must find its way to Europe by New York, to South America and Africa by New Orleans, and to Asia by San Francisco. It is so deep in the



vastness of the American continent that it cannot believe in the existence of salt water. Still less does it believe that beyond the oceans there are other peoples or that what happens to such peoples in any way affects what happens to the Middle West. It knows the marginal borders of its own province, the States east of the Alleghenies and west of the Rockies; for they also belong to its political system. But its awareness stops there, somewhere inland from tidemark. In its own province it lives an intense local life, remarkably integrated, absorbing, so rich that it instinctively judges all other variants of American life to be less substantial. If the rest of America is insubstantial, Europe and Asia and Africa are phantoms or perhaps rumors. The Middle West is indifferent to them, even skeptical. Like blizzards and droughts, foreign nations and foreign wars are temporary and peripheral. When they require action we will take action—temporarily and on the periphery. We will take action as militia rising to repel a raid, minute men dropping the plow in ignorance of whence the raid came and why, and returning to the plow doggedly uninterested in any reasons or causes that have made us soldiers, killed our neighbors, and burned our crops.

EVERY few months I head into the Middle West from a section where half of every newspaper is direct war news, where the tension of war never abates, where all conversation quickly arrives at the war and stays there. Reaching it, I buy newspapers which, apart from syndicated feature writers, devote about three columns per edition to war news (as distinct, let me make clear, from stories about local boys who are in the services). The tension of war (as distinct from the tensions of rationing, fuel shortages, or taxation) is altogether absent. Conversation arrives at the war—at the issues of the war, the military campaigns, or international problems—only rarely and perfunctorily.

The countryside has been made over. Villages of five hundred have become cities of twenty-five thousand; whole populations have emigrated and immigrated. War industries have absorbed the unemployed, domestic servants, housewives and

adolescents, thousands of farm hands. Vast new factories work three shifts; war goods stream by in freight trains all day and all night long. Great training camps spill their thousands of soldiers on week-end leaves, the town sidewalks are bright with the uniforms of WAVES and WAACS and SPARS, the Shore Patrol and the MP's direct traffic at intersections never crowded until this year. One spends one's days working for civilian war agencies. One's son is in North Africa or New Guinea, one's husband is in Iceland or the Aleutians, one's father or one's cousin in Australia or India or the Middle East. George has been called to Washington, Pete has given up his practice, Bob's business has had to close.

But such things are not in circuit with the actions of half-mythical foreign nations which are rumored to exist beyond probably unreal oceans, nations which have to be reached by New York, New Orleans, and San Francisco. They are incidents, or developments, or accidents of purely domestic systems. They are not war phenomena really, but phenomena of the Department of Agriculture, of labor unions and factory management, of American activities or imbalances or productiveness or emotion. They are occurrences of domestic politics, of the New Deal or the Republican-Democratic maneuvering in which the New Deal is only a passing phase. Even when they imply fighting, it is purely American and even local fighting—this is seen to be a war of hometown boys, whose death will be a shadow over an individual family but is no part of anything outside the town.

Such things, that is, relate to nothing outside the local system. War comes every generation or so—and comes from outside. When it comes the Middle West will lead in volunteers, in the purchase of bonds, in the organization of defense agencies, in the performance of industrial miracles. It will freely go out to die, it will freely send its sons out to die, laying its personal sacrifice on the altar, the American altar, of freedom. But the essence is that this is a mere interruption. The essence is that war is an invasion without cause; or at least if it has causes, the Middle West feels itself no part of the system



in which they operate. War is a stone hurled through a window; hurl the stone out again, put in a new pane, make the house tight, and resume. Resume the interrupted local life, which has no connection with anything beyond tidemark. Resume it in the certainty that no forces operating outside the section can operate on us within it—that if war should come again it will come as always before, from outside and beyond, without our will and completely without our control. The Middle West is angry—though there is a terrifying quality of patience in its anger—because the pattern of its life has been temporarily interrupted, but it feels no need to find out why. It longs for peace to come but has no feeling that its coming will involve the relationships of nations. Wars are made by foreigners and when we have licked the foreigners they automatically retire into nonentity again, somewhere in blank space beyond the only half-credited salt water. The death of Americans in war is an evil but it is a meaningless evil, one that implies no study or thought or effort—at least no such study or thought or effort as would need projection beyond the margins of our invaded system. We will fight, we will die, but fighting and dying are enough, there is no need to find out why.

ONE looks for the right word to characterize all this and does not find it—does not find it, especially, in the word “provincialism.” It is not that the Middle West is provincial but, first, that it is the American heartland, and second that it has developed an organic local life. The heart of the continental nation, it is so deep in distance and feels so secure that an instinctive disbelief is central in its consciousness. No great danger, and particularly no lasting danger, can exist beyond those distances; in fact, nothing can exist beyond them with which the Middle West has any continuous relationship. And here in its own place is a society so superbly vital and self-sufficient that all other societies have an impaired reality and no other society has much interest or any power at all.

I happened to be staying in a Middle Western community when Mr. Wallace

asked his disturbing questions about the peace to come and when Mr. Churchill made his first attempt to answer them. It is as warmhearted and kindly a community as exists anywhere, its people are as intelligent and as cultivated as any people anywhere. I was repeating the experience I had had everywhere in the section since September, 1939: in a month, the war, apart from purely local aspects, had spontaneously appeared in any conversation I had heard, by actual count, twice, just twice. (In two additional weeks elsewhere in the Middle West I did not hear it arise spontaneously even once.) And no one, in my hearing, said anything at all about Mr. Wallace's speech or Mr. Churchill's. On the basis of what I have seen in the Middle West since 1939, it is easy to answer Mr. Wallace. Are we, he asked, going to double-cross Russia? Are we going to repeat the mistakes of 1919 and the ensuing twenty years? Are we going to drop out of the international order this time too? Yes, we are.

Since the Civil War the Middle West has usually decided national questions, and it will decide this one. Some day the fighting will stop, the war will, temporarily, be over. On that day, with a high and singing heart, with the relief of long-impeded energies coming back to their own at last, the Middle West will pick up its interrupted pattern. It will resume its way of life. It will turn toward the fundamental valley of the Mississippi, away from the oceans, earthward from the planes which its own sons fly on great circle courses across its own sky to all the continents of the globe. It will turn back to the only reality it recognizes and let the rest of the world fade out beyond the margins of consciousness.

It may be a heartbreaking paradox but it is a fundamental one: that the most vigorous American culture is the one least aware that the world has other peoples in it, that the way of life which promises most for America is certain to prepare another catastrophe for America and the world. But there it is. There it is and one sees no point in crying about it. But, I think, tears will be shed about it for centuries to come. And not tears only but blood as well.



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## U P T O N O W

*The First Year and a Half*

FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

WE HAVE reached a turning point in this war. We have pretty definitely come to what Mr. Churchill once called "the end of the beginning."

On the evening of Friday, May 7, 1943, when the superb news was flashed to us that British, American, and French troops had captured Tunis and Bizerte, thus guaranteeing the destruction of the last Axis forces left with a toehold in Africa, the United States had been in the war exactly seventeen months. By the time these pages appear in print we shall have been in the war about eighteen and a half months—a time very nearly as long as that of our entire participation in the First World War. And only now can we feel that the preliminary stage is past and we face the real struggle, the overwhelmingly difficult offensive against Germany and Japan. It has taken us all this time to get

ready—at first submitting to stinging defeats, then holding hard in a desperate stalemate, then achieving limited successes along the periphery of the enemies' strongholds. Perhaps it is a good time now, as we confront the great ordeal, to look back over the road we have followed and see where we have come to and how we have got there. For this has been a strange period, and it is stranger still—and possibly more instructive—in retrospect.

As we look back, the story of America's participation in the war seems to divide itself into three periods of approximately equal length, about six months each. The first one might be called the *Period of Uncomprehended Defeat*:

What will future historians say of the mood of this country after December 7, 1941, when Japanese planes, swinging in



from their carriers on the dozing military and naval base of Pearl Harbor, smashed a great part of our Pacific fleet into at least temporary helplessness? They will say we were angry. Yes, we were—angry, humiliated, sore. They will say that we knew there was now only one choice—to fight—and again they will be right. The votes cast in Congress the next day, unanimous for war in the Senate, unanimous in the House but for the vote of a single veteran pacifist who had a negligible number of counterparts in the country at large, are sufficient proof of this. Up to that moment there had been a fierce debate throughout the country over the way in which we were edging toward war; but the sudden news of the attack (it came so abruptly that it actually caught Senator Nye in the midst of an anti-war speech) cut this debate off like a knife. The leading organ of the isolationists, the *Chicago Tribune*, proclaimed that now our one task was to “strike with all our might to protect and preserve the American freedom that we all hold dear.” The leading interventionist organization, Fight for Freedom, returned the compliment in a full-page advertisement which shouted, “It’s America First—Now!” Even then one still might have wondered whether the country had the stomach for a declaration of war against Germany and Italy too; but when, four days after Pearl Harbor, Hitler and Mussolini obligingly declared war against us, even that chance for internal division was destroyed. Congress voted its counter-declarations with speed and unanimity—this time the lone pacifist merely voted “present”—and we were all of us unitedly across our Rubicon.

All this is true. Yet it is not the whole truth. It leaves out those imponderables which Congressional votes and newspaper editorials and public-opinion polls at such a time cannot reflect. Although in all the United States there was hardly a dissenter from the war policy, nevertheless within countless individuals there were emotional elements making for reluctance, half-heartedness, uncertainty.

In the first place the controversy of the preceding years and months had left its mark. Before December 7th a small minority of Americans had definitely

wanted a declaration of war against Germany. A much larger group—perhaps over half of the total voting population—had come to feel in varying degrees that the war in Europe and Africa was our war and that we must help Britain and Russia at the risk of direct involvement—but had hung back from a deliberate plunge into battle. And a rather large minority were more or less vehemently opposed to what they regarded as a “warmongering” or unduly interventionist Administration policy. When the blow fell on December 7th, though the argument ended abruptly, the emotional misgivings of this latter group—and of some of those who had been merely reluctant—remained to plague them, to make them move skeptically, grudgingly, or to condition them for strenuous future opposition to specific war policies that called for drastic government controls and sharp civilian sacrifices.

In the second place the country had been going through a long period of depression which had undermined the personal economic and political and social certainties of great quantities of people. For some ten years many of them had felt somewhat as if, like performing bears, they were trying to keep a foothold on a rolling barrel—they had been slipping, catching themselves, slipping again, and feeling all the while that the next turn might tumble them completely into disaster. These people included workers who had been through joblessness and bitter strikes for the right to organize; farmers who had known what it was to lose their farms and sink into precarious tenantry; business men who had suffered losses and felt that their careers were being ground to bits between the two millstones of government regulation and high taxes. When the country plunged into war it seemed to such people that everything ahead had become a huge and ominous question mark. Sure, they would fight—but where would they come out afterward? They knew what they were fighting *against*, but what were they fighting *for*? What positive thing was there that they could look forward to with genuine hope once the enemy had been smashed? They settled down to the inevitable task, but without the lift of high enthusiasm.



In the third place, the Pearl Harbor bombs fell upon a generation that had been nurtured in a half-disapproving attitude toward the American adventure of 1917-18 and a skeptical attitude toward war propaganda in general. Having heard again and again how men could be seduced by war slogans, they were inevitably on guard in their inner minds. The churches had added to the mood of skepticism, for most devoted churchmen had become ashamed of their patriotic excesses in 1917 and had resolved never again to sing chants of hate; many of these churchmen now withdrew into what might almost be called an embarrassed neutrality. This war crisis of 1941-42 was strikingly reminiscent of that of 1917-18, and despite the obvious differences something remained in the subconscious of millions of people to rise and accuse them whenever they heard a patriotic peroration. Yes, this war had to be waged. But they didn't want to be victims of "hysteria." They felt uncomfortable about flag-waving. They preferred to be matter-of-fact about the job ahead.

And so it happened that few bands played, few trumpets blew. People who became demonstrative about the war sensed a coolness in the air about them.

Not always of course, nor on all war subjects. The response to the valorous conduct of our men at Wake and Bataan was electric, and General Douglas MacArthur became the object of an adoring hero-worship, rising to its climax when he was flown to Australia late in March; the appearance of MacArthur buttons, pictures, and souvenirs, the epidemic of naming streets and babies for him, and the fervent applause whenever his image appeared in the newsreels suggested perhaps the depth of our need for exalted feelings. There was widespread real hatred of the Japanese, especially on the Pacific Coast, where the presence of large numbers of Japanese-Americans aroused such feeling that the Army moved the entire Japanese-American population into what were politely termed "relocation centers." But the attitude toward the Germans was of a different order. It was the sober conviction of the majority of people, as recorded in public-opinion polls, that Hitler was the

chief menace to this country. (On the Pacific Coast that belief was especially strong, oddly enough.) Yet the anti-German and even the anti-Nazi feeling—both in the Army camps and among the civilian population—remained intellectual rather than deeply emotional. In general the civilian mass of the American people, though they accepted the war, were not moved to single-minded, whole-hearted, complete devotion. The inescapable duty ahead of them remained for them a duty, not a crusade.

## II

**B**UT in one respect the popular faith was strong as a rock. The American people never dreamed that America could be beaten.

Nothing about that first period of our participation in the war is more remarkable than the fact that we kept this confidence undiminished—though somewhat sobered—in the face of an overwhelming series of defeats. During a few minutes on that calm Sunday morning at Pearl Harbor we had lost—or suffered damage to—8 battleships, 3 cruisers, 3 destroyers, and 4 other ships; we had lost 177 planes—and over 3,300 men. The very next day a Japanese air raid demolished our Philippine air force on Clark Field. A day later the great British warships *Prince of Wales* and *Repulse* went down off Malaya. Within a month the enemy had subdued Guam, Wake, Hong Kong, and Manila. On February 15th Singapore fell—a knockdown blow of terrific consequences both to our strategic position and to our prestige in the Orient. At the end of February our scant naval forces in the Java Sea were dispersed and partly annihilated. In April, after heroic resistance, our army on Bataan peninsula surrendered; on May 6th Corregidor capitulated. By the beginning of June the enemy were lords of a new empire which stretched all the way from the Indian frontier of Burma to the Marshall and Gilbert Islands in the mid-Pacific, and included not only the Philippines but the riches of the Dutch East Indies too.

India was menaced—and India was seething; the Cripps mission had failed. Australia was menaced. Our long life-



line to Australia was still insecure, despite the heartening victory in the Coral Sea in early May. The Burma road, our lifeline to China, had been cut. To some cool-headed observers it looked as if the Germans and Japanese might soon join hands across Asia; Australia and Alaska and Hawaii might go; and the Allies might be driven back upon a defensive area reaching from Britain on the east to California on the west. To add further cause for humiliation, German submarines operating off our East Coast had been sinking tankers and freighters almost at will.

Everywhere, to be sure, our men had demolished by their devil-may-care bravery the illusion that a skeptical generation must be a soft generation. We had pulled off a brilliant raid on the Marshall and Gilbert Islands and a single sensational bombing flight over Tokyo. There was one solid—though not fully conclusive—victory in the Coral Sea to our credit. We were dispatching soldiers to all corners of the earth as an earnest to our Allies of help to come, and through the ingenious mechanism of Lend-Lease we were dispatching munitions too in rising quantity. But in net effect it was a time of retreat and defeat, ugly and perilous.

Yet we could not comprehend it as such. We read the headlines, we winced, and we continued to talk cheerfully of victory to come. We even argued solemnly over the probable length of a war that we were still rapidly losing. When the headlines became too gloomy we bought papers that carried cheerful ones, and so the publishers gave us what we wanted: the banner headline would shout the glad tidings that we had damaged a Japanese destroyer, while an inconspicuous subhead would confess that we had given up an important base. The man-in-the-street realized that we had lost some islands and things but was sure we would win as soon as we got going. Weren't the statistics on our side? Hadn't President Roosevelt promised 60,000 planes and 45,000 tanks for 1942? Wasn't our \$59,000,000,000 budget a sign that we were going into this thing on an unconquerable scale? Altogether our assurance was so sublime that fighting men returning from a battering by the Japanese in the far Pacific jungles gnashed their

teeth in incredulous rage. Had we no idea at all, they wondered, of what we were up against?

Those returning soldiers and sailors saw us going about our accustomed ways almost as usual—the same gay dinner parties, cocktail parties, week-ends, the same everyday preoccupations, a minimum of talk about the war—and some of them felt that we didn't know there was a war going on. But changes were beginning, in confusion and disorganization.

Washington, the nerve-center of the country, had become more of a bedlam of discordant programs and fierce energies than ever, its hotel lobbies overflowing with savers-of-the-country, its long-distance wires jammed, its stately avenues glutted with traffic; once-proud New York seemed a backwater by contrast. The armed services were expanding with desperate speed: at the time of Pearl Harbor they had numbered about two million men, by the end of 1942 the figure was to reach seven million. The men of 28-and-over who had recently been discharged were called back; recruiting boomed; men of 20 and 21 and men from 37 to 44 were registered in February; the draft boards sent new hordes of men to be inducted; troop trains rumbled through the land, and by now it seemed as if half the passengers on every through passenger train were men in uniform. The industrial towns too were being transformed as production schedules were stepped up, incoming job-seekers poured in, new factory buildings rose in the back lots, new villages of workers' dwellings took shape in the fields, trailer-families parked by the wayside, and all night the sky above glowed and the machinery roared.

A revolution in production was taking place in those towns. After Pearl Harbor it had become evident that we could not permit our manufacturers to make peacetime luxuries with one hand while they made guns with the other; and so in January Mr. Knudsen, who could not accommodate himself to the organization of all-out conversion, became Lieutenant General Knudsen, and Donald Nelson took over the chairmanship of the new War Production Board. The huge job of conversion got under way. The auto-



mobile manufacturers of Detroit moved their automobile-making machinery out into the snow, installed machinery for the making of tanks and planes and trucks, and invited newspaper men to come and see the new work hum. And hum it did. Once given the single incentive of quantity, with only half an eye to cost, our executives and engineers and skilled workers cut loose astonishingly. Despite infuriating delays and mixups in their directions from Washington, despite agonizing sudden shortages of necessary materials, they produced so fast that by May the chief question was whether the national supplies of raw materials would hold out and whether there were enough trains and ships to haul the stuff away. Meanwhile every other industry, every business even, began to feel the pinch of war.

The rest of us, the non-military, non-manufacturing civilians, also found life different. Tire rationing began soon after Pearl Harbor—an obvious result of the reverses in the Orient. In May gas rationing began along the Eastern seaboard, introducing millions of people to the mysteries of the ration card, Class A (good, at first, for three gallons a week), reducing Sunday traffic on the highways, and making the suburbanite's five-mile drive to dine with a friend seem like a major sacrifice. Airplane-spotters learned to sit under the stars of a cold winter's night and listen for an improbable enemy. Air-raid wardens rehearsed for the dreadful moment when the word would go out, "Signal 50 received; post your wardens," and received terrifying instruction in the art of turning a thin spray of water from a stirrup-pump on an incendiary bomb. First-aiders took lessons in triangular bandages and talked sagely about pressure-points. Blood-donors told their friends that it didn't hurt at all and half an hour on a cot was nothing. Women treasured their remaining silk and nylon stockings, quaked at reports that rubber was to be eliminated from girdles, wondered if a raise in wages would deter the maid-of-all-work from going into the tractor factory, debated whether they themselves ought to go on the assembly line making airplanes, and vibrated between that prospect and the dream of joining the new

WAACS under the leader with the magic name of Oveta Culp Hobby.

Trial blackouts were held, subject at first to considerable difficulty—in some places the sirens were quite inaudible and in others the public were so interested to see what a lightless town would look like that they swarmed on the streets, to the dismay of the harassed wardens. Along the coasts, by spring, there were perpetual dimouts. New Yorkers, looking at their city from the harbor ferries, were amazed to find its celebrated skyline indistinguishable in the general nocturnal gloom. All of us everywhere, turning on our radios, received new reminders of the war aside from the news bulletins; for patriotic programs had multiplied, the writers of commercials had discovered that you could make an appeal to buy War Bonds sound almost exactly like an appeal to buy Modern Design in a cigarette, and some of them had found too that almost any advertisement could be given a suitable wartime slant: "So-and-so's shoes for women come in two types for wartime—the strong, serviceable type for defense workers and the stylish, graceful type for improving the morale of our armed forces."

Yes, some changes had been made. But few of us, yet, had any idea of what total war could mean to a completely devoted and completely organized people. And if the news from Bataan and Singapore and Java seemed like a nightmare we could always recover to the serene conviction that this was not defeat, but just a momentary setback.

We were getting licked and we didn't know it.

### III

IN THE early days of June came great news, the wonder of which we only half appreciated because we were so sure of ourselves already. The Japanese, having consolidated their control of a great area of the Pacific, made the bold decision to break out of it to the eastward—to smash our lines of Pacific communication by moving on the Hawaiian archipelago itself. It was a major move but our forces met it brilliantly. As Fletcher Pratt tells us in detail in this issue of *Harper's*, American planes leaped upon the Japanese



flotilla even while Japanese planes were bombing Midway; as he will tell us next month, the American forces then threw into the action other planes from carriers whose presence the Japanese had not suspected. Result: four Japanese carriers sunk, three Japanese destroyers sunk, grievous damage inflicted on many other enemy ships. The Japanese fled incontinently and the threat was broken.

Now even those Americans who had been sickened by the easy confidence of the preceding months could view the future with less dismay. At least the victory of Midway had shown what we could do when the odds were not insuperably against us.

But meanwhile on other fronts the Allies were to suffer new reverses. The six months that followed Midway—from June to November, 1942—might be called the *Period of Unfavorable Stalemate*.

First there were reverses in North Africa. Not long after Midway Marshal Rommel broke the British defenses in Libya, took Tobruk, and drove on to El Alamein in Egypt, menacing Alexandria, the Suez, all British use of the Mediterranean for shipping, and the entire Near East. To be sure, when Rommel gathered himself for a new attack at El Alamein two months later he was stopped; but the menace remained.

Then there were reverses in Russia. For the second year in succession the Germans broke away there. They fanned out into the Caucasus; then, throwing their major weight northward, by the beginning of September they were laying siege to the city of Stalingrad on the Volga. With the Volga cut, how long could Russia survive? Thereupon began the mighty battle of Stalingrad, which was to continue week after week after week, with the issue well-nigh of the entire war hanging in the balance. Again and again the Russians called anxiously for a second front in Europe. Their friends in England and America echoed their pleas. But the time was not yet—and if one doubted it, the bloody indecision of the raid on Dieppe in August did not dispel one's doubts. A second front there would be—Churchill and Roosevelt had discussed it in June in Washington and after some hesitation it had been definitely

mapped out in London in July—but it would not be in Europe: the hazards there were still too great. The best that could be done for the present was block-buster bombing of German cities.

In the Pacific during these anxious months it was still stalemate. Early in August we landed Marines on Guadalcanal island in the Solomons, where the Japanese had been building an airfield much too close to our Australian lifeline for comfort. Good news again—but two nights later our side lost four cruisers caught off guard near Savo Island just north of Guadalcanal, and in the next few weeks our hold on Henderson airfield was tenuous indeed; as September turned into October the Guadalcanal adventure seemed near disaster. Simultaneously other Japanese jungle troops were pushing through the New Guinea forests toward Port Moresby, outpost for Australia; and thousands of miles away in the fogs of the Aleutians, Japanese forces on Kiska remained a constant threat to Dutch Harbor and Alaska. No room for gloating in the Pacific war, certainly.

At home, during this Period of Unfavorable Stalemate, we were gradually shaking down to our job; but as we did so the conflicts and pressures and frictions multiplied. Our war effort was suffering from acute growing pains, the essential reason for which was that each program—Army, Navy, shipping, munitions, equipment—was expanding for dear life and that inevitably these programs, all grabbing for materials and facilities and men, collided. Besides, the men in charge of each program tended to forget that there were limits to the total supply of materials and facilities and manpower, and to reach for more than existed. Now that the crisis of converting industry to war uses was past, the crisis in materials became more and more acute. Each factory, terrified of running short of steel or aluminum or copper, was tempted to overbuy to be on the safe side; each official, ardent for the success of the program he had in charge, tended to give higher and higher priority ratings to the factories producing for him, till priority ratings became almost meaningless. And every time a new war need was noted and new factories began build-



ing to meet it the demand for key materials leaped. So alarming were the shortages by June, 1942, that all new construction of war plants was stopped—yet the crisis continued.

Naturally the growing pains of the war program were accompanied by growing pains in the government at Washington. Washington was full of conflicts—between departments and agencies for control of this program or that, between different programs for right of way over one another, between New Dealers and industrial dollar-a-year men, between the proponents of planes and the proponents of ships. In theory the problem which confronted the government was simple: there weren't going to be enough materials or men (or food, for that matter) to go round, and so there must be a general plan, and there must be officials with over-all power to enforce it. But in practice, with everybody's plans changing from day to day and disagreements acute, the thing was not so simple; and it was rendered no simpler by the President's preoccupation with military strategy, his notorious reluctance to dismiss second-rate officials, and his tendency to disregard intragovernmental conflicts for weeks and then to appoint a new official as co-ordinator (with uncertain powers) to referee the dispute.

So there were classic battles. One was the long-continuing battle between the Army men who actually placed the orders for munitions, led by General Somervell, and the War Production Board men who struggled to supervise them, led by Donald Nelson. Another was the free-for-all over synthetic rubber, which the President resolved—for a time—by naming William M. Jeffers as rubber chief. There was still another battle over manpower, for the Army was grabbing essential men from the farms and factories, the Navy was grabbing men from the Army through enlistment when they were on the brink of induction, manufacturers were grabbing men from one another and from the farms, and Paul McNutt, theoretically in charge of manpower, was helpless to straighten out the tangle.

Finally there was a battle over almost every aspect of price control and rationing. For clear as it was that purchasing power

must be held down to prevent inflation, and that scarce goods must in fairness be rationed, it was human nature for people to yell protests when their own businesses or accustomed rights were interfered with, and the result was a constant chorus of yelling far more audible to Congress and to officialdom than the patriotic cry of "Get on with the war and stop inflation!" In September the President called on Congress for quick legislation to freeze wages and salaries and to give real power to Leon Henderson to enforce price regulations; and when the legislation was passed he set up James F. Byrnes as director of a new co-ordinating organization, the Office of Economic Stabilization, which was to arbitrate all differences within the government on wages and prices. But, as always, the action came late and only half solved the problem. The sum total of delays, indecisions, and frustrations in Washington was disheartening.

And yet, somehow, the job was being done. Production was still swelling and the Army was growing swiftly and well.

Yes, the job was being done—and the war pressures were only beginning to reach the bulk of the civilian population. Sugar was rationed, then coffee, then (in thirty States) fuel oil; things made of metal or rubber or other key materials were scarce in the shops. Yet compared with what civilians in Britain and Russia were enduring, the sacrifices demanded of most American civilians were still tiny.

Many a business however was very hard hit—indispensable employees called up by the draft, goods or materials unobtainable, delivery services crippled—and one by one the little businesses went to the wall, unrecognized casualties of war; while the proprietors of those that remained tried furiously to puzzle their way through mountains of government forms and government questionnaires. Picture, as a typical scene, a village hardware merchant sitting up half the night trying to fill out, in quintuplicate, a complicated form asking exactly how much metal of various types he had sold the preceding year and exactly how much he now had on hand—the form having obviously been made up by someone fortunate enough to have escaped contact with the hardware business.



That sort of thing made people grouse. They groused too at other government absurdities. People who had carried three dusty inner tubes to the nearest garage for the save-rubber drive, and had answered a WPB questionnaire about the old stovepipes in their cellars for the scrap-metal drive, and had put their aluminum pots and pans on the pile on the village green, were furious when the stovepipes were never called for and the piled-up aluminum pans stood waiting in the rain for weeks. Others were furious at the confusing and contradictory statements that emanated from Washington. To their grouses were added those of still others whose subconscious doubts and resentments, dating from before Pearl Harbor, readily were translated into vehement opposition to this measure and that.

What was easier than for former isolationists to complain that we were neglecting MacArthur and our own battlefront in the Pacific to pull the British Empire's chestnuts out of the fire? Or for habitual Roosevelt-haters to complain that the anti-inflation program was just socialism in war clothing and that these OPA rules were sheer bureaucratic meddling? What was more natural than for a workman who had supported the Administration because it had tried to increase purchasing power to be angered when he saw his wage frozen while prices kept on rising? How could he adjust himself to the basic paradox of the whole anti-inflation program—the fact that the Administration was now forced to reverse its former aim and try to *reduce* purchasing power? What more natural too than for farmers to grouse when they saw farm prices being held down by a government that let the Army and the war industries take their hands away?

Sure, they were all for the war, every one of them. But the particular measure that hit *them* was something special. This was socialism, or gross discrimination, or revolutionary nonsense, or rank injustice. Their small, immediate quarrels obscured for them the great quarrel with the enemy. America was loyal, but as the Office of War Information said on August 7th, it was still only ankle deep in the war—while the war itself was going badly.

## IV

THEN suddenly, in October and November, came a profound change. Within less than a month the tide turned swiftly in our favor.

Toward the end of October the Japanese made their dreaded big attempt to throw us out of Guadalcanal; they attacked by land, sea, and air—and were thrown back with heavy losses. In mid-November they came on again, and this time the result was even more decisive. Driving at night boldly between lines of oncoming Japanese ships, an American naval task force inflicted stunning damage upon them; and what had been begun by sea power was continued the next day by air power and the next night by sea power again. Many American civilians had been badly worried over the situation in the Solomons during the preceding weeks—all the more worried because the whole truth had not been told them about Pearl Harbor, certain subsequent naval losses had been long concealed, and therefore they did not fully trust the communiqués—but on the evening of November 16th the news that came over the air was not only heartening but beautifully explicit: the Japanese had lost 23 ships, had had 7 damaged; we had lost only 8 ships; the Japanese attackers had withdrawn. Guadalcanal was safe, at least for the time being.

Even before the announcement of that last action there had been great news from Africa. General Montgomery had broken the German line at El Alamein, and by November 4th Rommel's men were in "full retreat." A few days later, the most electric news of all reached us: American and British forces had landed on the coast of French North Africa. The breathtaking announcement reached the Eastern seaboard of the United States late in the evening of Saturday, November 7th; the landings were being made in what was then the early morning of November 8th. A second front at last!

Nor did the good news stop there. Presently the long siege of Stalingrad came to an end; the Germans were hurled back in a bloody retreat that was to continue half the winter. And just to make the score complete, our forces in New Guinea



had stopped the threat to Port Moresby and were pushing the Japs over the Owen Stanley mountains.

Yes, the tide had turned. If you want a statistical measure of what that turn did to American confidence, here it is: in July, according to a poll taken by the National Opinion Research Center, 51 per cent of the American people had expected the war would last at least two years more; by Thanksgiving the percentage had dropped from 51 to 26. But perhaps what happened in our minds—even in the minds of the most skeptical—can be best summed up by saying this: until November, 1942, we had always been wondering where the enemy would strike next; thereafter we spent more time wondering where *we* would strike next. Or by saying, as Walter Lippmann did, that whereas previously the pessimists had nearly always turned out to be right, now the optimist was having his day; things were actually happening which were better than one would have dared to prophesy.

## V

WITH that magnificent change in the aspect of the world began the third six-month phase of our participation in the war, a phase which might be called the *Period of Favorable Stalemate*.

Not that the scene continued to become brighter during the months between November, 1942, and May, 1943. On the contrary, it became overcast. In the southwest Pacific and the Aleutians the deadlock continued. In North Africa Montgomery drove Rommel to Tripoli and to the Mareth Line; but our own forces, after an unsuccessful attempt to reach Tunis, were bogged down month after month in perpetual rain and mud and supply troubles, while our political relations with Darlan and Giraud and the Vichy officials of North Africa became so confused, and put our democratic pretensions in so sorry a light, that a chorus of bewildered indignation rose round the world. In Russia Stalin's forces drove the Germans back and back—and then lost part of the ground they had won. President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill met dramatically at Casablanca, agreed

that we would fight until our enemies surrendered unconditionally, and announced that plans had been laid for the invasion of Europe; but the months dragged by, submarines continued to take an ugly toll in the Atlantic, our troops made scant headway in Tunisia, and hope deferred made many a heart sick.

Meanwhile at home the frictions became more outspoken if not more intense. A stranger, visiting the United States for the first time, might almost have imagined that the country had forgotten the war, so sharp were the angry voices.

First, there was the rising party conflict as 1944 loomed nearer, with both sides playing politics for dear life, in and out of the war program. Second, there was the rising conflict between Congress and the Executive; with an enlarged Republican contingent to lead the offensive, aided by anti-New-Deal Southern Democrats, Congress began to assert itself. Congressmen brought such pressure on Roosevelt that he dropped the pilot of the OPA, the belligerent Leon Henderson. Former isolationists and anti-Administration nationalists, suspecting that New Dealers like Henry Wallace yearned to present American milk to Hottentots or to build "a TVA on the Danube," were sharpening their knives for the Administration's postwar plans, and meanwhile took delight in hazing any government agency—such as the Office of War Information—which could be accused of making promises abroad or spreading Fourth-Term propaganda at home. By late spring, while Congress was still locked in indecision on the vital matter of taxes, with Beardsley Ruml's skip-a-year plan as the chief bone of contention, the running battle between the Executive and Congress had reached such proportions that some harassed officials were spending half their time meeting investigating committees' demands for information, and one official was quoted as saying that he could have got on with his job faster during the preceding week if he hadn't had to make several trips to the Hill to face Congressional committees.

A third source of national friction was over the status of the Negro population. Ever since before Pearl Harbor many Negroes had been angry at the discrimina-



tion against them in the Army and Navy, and above all in the war industries; to them their position as steerage passengers on a ship of state headed for democracy for all people seemed cruelly ironical. Feeling among them seethed, died down, seethed again. Their attitude galled and scared many Southern whites; and there were times when wild rumors of Negro uprisings swept through Southern towns—rumors some of which must have been deliberately invented—and threatened to explode into open race warfare.

And a fourth source of friction lay in the resentment of labor unions at the efforts of the government to freeze wages according to the "Little Steel" formula while not succeeding in holding down prices. Labor had been working hard—the average rate in the war industries at the beginning of 1943 (without subtracting time for illness or other absences) was over fifty hours a week. Despite the general hullabaloo about "absenteeism," most absences were to be explained by the pace of the job and the difficulties of meeting domestic problems such as finding a place to live. In most vital industries the wages had risen high, but in others they hadn't, and the men were easily roused to demand bigger pay. The Administration, never quite daring to sit firmly on the wage-lid, had compromised with the firmer labor demands; and so in the spring of 1943 John L. Lewis saw his chance to score a big victory for his mine workers and simultaneously to pay off an old score against Roosevelt. Boldly he threatened a coal strike.

To our hypothetical visitor from abroad the holdup that ensued would have seemed incomprehensible—miners threatening to stop war production at the very moment when American troops were fighting for their lives in the Tunisian hills. But the strike threat, grave as it was, did not represent an active disloyalty on the part of the miners but simply a grim preoccupation with their nearer battle—their old-time battle with want. Like many men of other groups, they were so intent on the matter before their eyes as to be oblivious that they were doing their country a grave injury.

During these months between November and May the pressures of the war ef-

fort really began to bear down hard on the ordinary civilian. In December gas rationing was extended from the East Coast to the entire country; a little later there were severe gas shortages in the East, the gas ration was cut, and pleasure driving was frowned upon. Now one could walk across hitherto crowded avenues with hardly a glance for oncoming traffic; major highways which had formerly been loud with the roar of passing cars stretched empty of traffic for hundreds of yards. Wherever the pattern of life had been set by the automobile, as in the spread-out Western cities and in suburbs and villages everywhere, the routine of living was revolutionized; families drew in upon themselves and their immediate neighbors. Sporting events were curtailed; the Kentucky Derby was dubbed the Streetcar Derby. And when, in the cold of winter, a shortage of fuel oil followed the shortage of gas in the East, school and college programs were disrupted, prosperous families (now servantless) found themselves living in two rooms with the rest of the house shut off, and the suffering in some communities was intense.

Food rationing had become a major preoccupation, for by spring it had been extended from sugar and coffee to canned goods, meats, and a variety of other items. Now the housewife could not go marketing without first consulting her ration book and the current point-rating of goods—and she was as likely as not to find when she reached the butcher's or the grocer's that his shelves were bare of what she wanted anyhow. Her life was bounded by coupons—of what use to yearn for those shoes in the shop window if she had already used up No. 17? With every rumor that rationing was to be extended to some new commodity, hoarders moved into action; in March, when reports ran round that clothing would come next, one department-store customer in New York was said to have bought eighteen pairs of pajamas, of assorted sizes, for a growing boy. During the autumn there had been voluntary meatless Tuesdays; during the winter and spring there were many involuntary meatless days when a whole city's supply ran short. By May the food crisis—accentuated by



the devious activities of black-market operators but attributable primarily to short-sighted government planning—promised to develop into Domestic Problem No. 1 of 1943, despite the backbreaking efforts of commuters to raise a vegetable or two in the Victory gardens or on what had once been the lawn.

Life was altering fast. The eighteen- and nineteen-year-olds were in the Army now. Colleges were shrinking; the Sunday streets were full of soldiers; Selective Service was taking the married men now. Wives were going in rising numbers into overalls; the newspapers reveled in stories of disputes over the suitability of sweaters for factory girls; and so plentiful had WAACS and WAVES become that Fred Allen drew a laugh from his radio audience by saying that a woman in civilian clothes had been cheered when she walked down Fifth Avenue in the Easter parade. Nearly all the girls' stockings were rayon now, and a man couldn't buy a pair of pants that wasn't cuffless. The office worker found the price of his or her lunch climbing: the 35-cent kind had become 45 or 50 cents within two years, and the 85-cent variety had become \$1.10 or \$1.20—with precious little meat on the restaurant menu. As for the price of liquor . . . But despite high prices and high taxes (several million neophytes were initiated in March, 1943, into the fearful rite of the Federal Income Tax, and for almost everyone the size of Item 33 came as a dismal shock), nevertheless the streets were full of lively crowds of a Saturday night. For the war brought its tensions, little though they might be apparent from day to day; most of these people were working harder than they had ever worked before in their lives, and they intended to enjoy the weekend come hell or high water.

## VI

WITH the advent of May the Period of Favorable Stalemate ended. Montgomery had broken the Mareth Line, Rommel's men had been crowded into their Tunisian corner, and the grim and deadly business of fighting them from hill to hill was proceeding at a rate which made the wiseacres shake their heads and mutter, "Maybe sometime in June,"

when suddenly it was all over. The British First Army broke through, the Americans and French broke through, Tunis and Bizerte were ours, the broken Axis armies surrendered, and all Africa too was ours.

So now we turn our eyes across the Mediterranean to the real ordeal—the attack upon Europe—and out into the Pacific to the long-deferred offensive against Japan.

Still the temper of the country follows the basic pattern of the days immediately after Pearl Harbor. The necessity for real sacrifices, the appearance of casualty lists, the tales of heroism in the field have not essentially altered it. We remain undemonstrative, less disposed to talk about the war than to talk about domestic and local issues, and hotly divided upon these. That total war includes everybody has not yet come home to all of us. It is doubtful if even the stupendous victory in Tunisia gripped the emotions of most of us as, let us say, the Cocoanut Grove fire in Boston on November 28th gripped the emotions of New England. With the grave economic dislocations which had existed before Pearl Harbor still unhealed—except temporarily—and in some places even aggravated by new dislocations caused by the war, the prospects for internal postwar prosperity and harmony seem dubious. But for the job immediately ahead the skies are far brighter.

For much as we have failed to learn about national teamwork, the morale of our armed forces is resilient, their performance has been admirable, and the lesson of both morale and performance is inescapable: whenever the job ahead becomes clearly visible and tangible we will do it. There is no failure of our national fiber. From our apparent indifference and our dissensions at home the Axis can take little comfort. If the population of the United States, taken as a whole, seems to be proceeding on its way at a relaxed pace with many side-glances, so does a two-miler proceed unhurriedly during his first mile, with plenty of breath left in his lungs. The ordeal ahead will be gravely demanding, but we will meet it.



# THOSE POSTWAR HOUSES?

BERNARD B. SMITH



FROM all sides come prophetic pictures of America's postwar houses. *Fortune* shows us the "engineered" house of to-morrow; *Look* gives us sketches of the home-owner's prefabricated dream. Certainly we need better dwellings than we have now. According to the 1940 census, almost exactly half of all American houses either had no bathrooms or needed major repairs, or both.

All the postwar planners—whether in government or in private industry—count on a huge volume of house construction as one of the largest single elements in their programs for full employment. People need the houses, and are being encouraged by the press to want good ones. The economic system needs the job of building them. If private enterprise can do the job, fine. If not, government will have to.

There are those who may well wonder why there should be any doubt about the construction industry's ability to handle the job. Certainly the estimated twelve billion, eight hundred million dollars' worth of barracks, factories, military bases, housing for war workers, and other vital war building which it completed during 1942 is a monument to its genius and zeal. But the monument may well prove to be a melancholy one; it may even be the industry's tombstone. For the prospects now are that, despite the profits which the general contractors have earned on the huge war-building program, few of the firms

will still be in business when the postwar building program gets under way.

The fact is that war construction in the United States—except for some additional industrial housing, a few airports, and some minor plant extensions—will soon practically cease. By the end of this year the industry will be operating at depression levels, and prospects for 1944 are black indeed.

Furthermore, profits on the small amount of building which remains to be done will be small; for the armed services have now abandoned their former practice of awarding contracts on a fixed-fee basis which guarantees the contractor a fixed profit. Such contracts are demonstrably the most effective when speed is the first requisite; but the emergency is over, and future contracts will be awarded on a competitive basis to the lowest bidder. Since there will be many firms bidding on this small volume of work it will be necessary to pare the profit margin to the vanishing point in order to land a contract at all.

Of course, even if the war continues for two or three years, a few firms will be able to hold their organizations together by living on their fat. But in general the industry has less fat to live on than that twelve-billion-dollar 1942 total would suggest. The fixed fees which were allowed by the Army, the Navy, and the Defense Plants Corporation as a rule averaged below 2 per cent; and huge single contracts were



actually negotiated on a fixed fee as low as three-fourths of one per cent. If all 1942 contracts—fixed fee and competitive, military and civilian—are taken into consideration, the overall average of gross profits for the entire industry did not exceed 4 per cent. Allowing a third of this for overhead, the contractors would have made less than \$350,000,000 on that \$12,-800,000,000 worth of business.

But even that figure gives a misleadingly rosy picture; for the construction industry is in a peculiarly tight spot as far as taxes are concerned. Excess profits taxes are figured either on the basis of invested capital or, alternatively, upon the basis of average earnings for the prewar period 1936 to 1939, and on either of these bases the industry is at a disadvantage compared with most others.

The invested capital basis is inappropriate because builders proverbially operate on comparatively little capital. So far as the (1936-1939) average earning basis is concerned, the fact is that the industry did not begin to climb back to normal until the country began to rearm in 1940. As a result something between 70 per cent and 80 per cent of the \$350,000,000 it made on 1942 construction will be paid out in taxes, reducing the actual net profits after taxes to little more than \$100,000,000, and some of that will be lopped off by the Price Adjustment Boards under the law which provides for renegotiation of contracts. To be sure, there is a provision in the 1942 Revenue Act which provides in effect that if (as is true in construction) capital is not an important contribution to earnings and if the 1936-1939 period did not properly reflect an industry's normal earning cycle, firms in that industry may apply for an adjustment of their excess profits taxes. So far however few individual construction firms have applied, and few are likely to do so in the future. The chances of success strike them as thin. And as a whole, unfortunately, the industry seems to be too individualistic to attempt any collective approach to the problem.

The result is that whereas the powerful, well-organized cement industry has won for itself exemption of its contracts from renegotiation, and organized big business

generally is storming Congress with demands for tax relief, the construction industry is apparently going to turn up its toes without a protest.

The trouble is simply that although the construction industry is the second largest in the country in terms of volume of business, it is nevertheless essentially *small* business in its makeup, and as such is in a poor position to make effective demands for legislative relief. It is composed in the main of a multiplicity of separate classes of firms. There are the architects and the engineers who plan and design structures; the general contractors who organize and direct the construction project; the subcontractors who handle the various parts of the job, such as plastering, masonry, plumbing, heating, electric wiring. In addition to all these, there are the manufacturers of building materials and of construction machinery, and the distributors who serve as jobbers in the sale of manufactured materials to the builders. All told, there are probably more than 200,000 firms engaged in the construction industry. Add to this list the craft unions, each of which performs a limited class of work which it proscribes others from performing.

It is obviously difficult for such an agglomeration to make itself felt as an organized force in Washington. But if the industry cannot, or will not, make a united stand for tax relief, all but a few large, well-capitalized firms will inevitably go under.

## II

**B**UT surviving the war is not the only problem which faces the industry. The postwar period will present problems of its own of an even more complex character. At first glance this may seem far-fetched, for it is certain that there will be plenty of construction work to do. The government itself is planning to build highways, hospitals, sewage-disposal plants, and low-cost workers' homes. (The National Resources Planning Board calls for a shelf of postwar public works costing seven billion, five hundred million dollars.) The conversion of war plants (including the seven billion dollars' worth owned by the Defense Plants Corporation)



will require a huge volume of construction. And most important of all, there will be the enormous demand for new dwellings. Irving W. Clark of the Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co. estimates that about one million four hundred thousand new dwelling units will be required *annually* for ten years after the war, seventy per cent of which will fall into the \$3,000-\$6,000 class. Similarly the NRPB report estimates that a minimum of somewhere between 900,000 and 1,200,000 homes per year will be needed. Taking the NRPB figure of \$3,400 per home as a "reasonably attainable" average cost, this will mean a total of more than thirty-five billion dollars' worth of home building during the decade. (And all of this leaves entirely out of consideration the demand for American construction genius abroad.)

But who is going to get this business? The federal government may well be the prime force, directly or indirectly, in domestic construction. The public works' program will of course be completely subject to government direction, and the reconstruction or alteration of government-owned or government-financed war plants is bound to be affected by government policy. Furthermore, by the war's end the government will own most of the nation's construction machinery, either as part of the equipment of the military construction battalions or by recapture from war contractors who, after payment of a fixed rental, turn their machines over to the government. The big construction firms which survive the lean years will certainly put up a fight for some share at the public trough, but it is worth remembering that during the thirties, when the construction industry was numerically stronger than it is likely to be after several years of war, the WPA virtually preempted the construction field. Even in New York, where the industry in 1934 was limping along on one-sixteenth of its normal volume of business, it had to sit by while LaGuardia Airport was built by government at three times what it would have cost had it been built by private firms.

Except for a small amount of industrial building to replace obsolete structures, the only part of postwar construction which private enterprise can even remotely hope

both to finance and to build is home construction. And even here it faces serious obstacles, many of which exist as a direct result of that same lack of unity within the industry which—as we have already noted—reduces its chances of survival. Specifically, a vigorous home-building program, financed and carried out by private enterprise, is impossible in the face of the technological, legal, and financial restrictions with which the industry has saddled itself.

Throughout the depression decade the members of the industry fought among themselves over the scraps of work which were available instead of uniting to solve basic problems. Contractors in many parts of the country induced State legislatures to enact licensing laws which made it difficult for out-of-State contractors to do business within the State's borders. Architectural and engineering firms sponsored legislation which prevented general contracting corporations from providing architectural and engineering services. Subcontractors made deals with various craft unions, the purpose of which was to prevent general contractors (or other subcontractors) from employing any members of those unions. Technological advances were consistently impeded. Plumbing contractors and plumbing unions united to block the use of preassembled bathrooms which could be installed in a few hours at vast savings in costs. Electrical unions combined with electrical contractors to proscribe the use of preassembled electrical equipment, and so on. Even in wartime, when there is a shortage of skilled labor, the old game continues. A painter's union in California recently refused to use spray guns to paint a government housing project, and was upheld by a California court.

In ways like these the members of the industry have gone round slamming doors in one another's faces. To be sure, they thereby succeeded in keeping competitors out, but it now becomes clear that at the same time they imprisoned themselves among obsolete techniques and inefficient procedures. If they want to take part in the postwar home building program they must break open the doors they slammed shut.

But that is only the first step. The



whole field of building construction is cluttered with municipal building codes which forbid the use of many of the new materials and building methods which the public will demand in postwar homes. Ever since the first known building regulations were written—those contained in the Code of Hammurabi, governing the construction of Babylonian dwellings four thousand years ago—such codes have been intended to assure the permanence of new construction. They still take no account of the fact that in modern communities permanence is not usually desirable.

For example, a study of building codes in a hundred urban areas revealed a few years ago that the requirements for exterior masonry wall thicknesses varied from 8 inches in some cities to 17 inches in others, though walls of similar construction only 4 inches thick have stood in England for more than a hundred years, and recent advances in construction have demonstrated that composite-material walls of less than 2 inches in thickness are sufficient. As a matter of fact, swiftly increasing knowledge of construction materials and techniques renders building codes obsolete almost as fast as they are adopted.

It seems obvious that if the construction industry and private enterprise want to get in on the postwar building program the members of the industry should immediately set about the job of clearing away all these various obstructions. If they do not the government will probably have to do the building, because people will not put up with the costly, inefficient, outmoded procedures to which the industry's old every-man-for-himself attitude has committed it.

An all-industry committee should immediately undertake a study of all classes of materials—whether prefabricated, pre-assembled, or otherwise—which can contribute to efficient low-cost homes. Further, the aid of local civil authorities should be enlisted to ensure that building codes are amended to permit the use of these materials. (This may offer difficulties at first. But if one municipality amends its codes those nearby will have to follow suit. For construction will flourish in those which amend their codes and stagnate in those which refuse to.)

Probably the most difficult obstructions to remove will be the labor-union restrictions on the use of technological improvements. One way might be for the industry to agree to allocate a part of the savings which accrue out of the use of labor-saving improvements to a fund for the vocational retraining of displaced workers. (This may not prove to be as costly or as difficult as would at first appear; for if it helps to usher in a period of active construction few workers would long be out of work, and if some form of national cradle-to-grave security program is finally enacted the unions will have lost some of their motive for resisting technological advances.) Further, the industry could, in exchange for union concessions, offer to co-operate to remove non-union conditions wherever they exist. As a matter of fact, the large construction firms are, and have long been, so thoroughly committed to the employment of union labor that in the past they have been quite unable to compete with non-union carpenter builders who—financed by the proceeds of FHA-insured mortgages—buy labor at bargain prices in non-union areas.

Completion of some such all-industry program as this before the end of the war is an absolute necessity if a vigorous and sound home-building program is to be launched by private enterprise.

### III

SUCH a program however is only a part of the job which must be done. It is aimed at removing restrictive laws and agreements so that a sound and vigorous program can be launched. But it does not in itself *launch* anything or provide stimulation for the postwar market. To accomplish that we are going to have to get rid of traditional house-marketing practices based on the twin assumptions (both false) that houses will increase or remain constant in value, and should therefore be built to last indefinitely.

The American people would never have known the low-cost automobile if similar assumptions had dominated the making and marketing of cars. When an individual buys an automobile he knows that it has depreciated 25 per cent in value the



moment it leaves the showroom. But a man who buys a \$5,000 home expects that five, ten, or even twenty years later it will still be worth \$5,000, if not more. It is true of course that the Treasury permits a home owner who rents his home to deduct 2 or 3 per cent per year for depreciation; but that is almost the only recognition, by anyone, that the value of a house declines with use.

The reason for this is largely that in the past communities either remained fairly static (as in the pre-industrial era, particularly) or else expanded rapidly under the early impetus of industrialism, thus creating speculative values for strategically located homes. But in recent years the opposite has been true. Nearly all houses, particularly low-cost homes, constantly depreciate in value; except in brief boom periods, a market for homes at anything like their original cost simply does not exist, and as long as there is no market for second-hand houses there can be no vigorous market for new ones.

The principle that houses should last indefinitely obviously will not serve to increase the level of housing in America. But if people are able to buy new homes to meet their changing needs the sum total of new houses in America is bound to increase and outmoded or subnormal houses can be abandoned at an accelerated rate.

In the past home marketing and financing practices have prevented home owners from availing themselves of the freedom of movement which improved methods of transportation should long since have brought them. Many people remain imprisoned in their homes long after it would be advantageous to leave them.

Those who have purchased their homes in the speculative belief that they would never depreciate in value have been loath to dispose of them at what they believed to be sharp losses. Moreover they have been tied to them by their obligations on bonds and mortgages. To-day this serves as a real deterrent to the war effort. In New York's Borough of Queens, for instance, there are tens of thousands of workers who—but for the fact that they own houses which they cannot sell, and on which they are liable on bonds and mortgages—would have moved west and south

to the areas of the country in which they could find employment in war industries.

Up to now the problem of creating a fluid market has been approached only from the angle of patching up a badly outmoded system. In an attempt, for instance, to create an artificial market the Federal Housing Administration set up a system whereby only a token down-payment is required from the buyer, the rest of the construction costs being covered by government-guaranteed mortgages. By making regular monthly payments the purchaser owns his home free and clear at the end of twenty years. Under this plan thousands of houses have been financed by FHA since 1934, but the basic fallacy of conventional house marketing remains. For the house which the buyer owns at the end of twenty years is worth only a small fraction of its original cost even if the neighborhood has not deteriorated.

Other attempts to refurbish the old system and put new life in it rely simply on mass production, usually involving some form of prefabricated or demountable house. Enthusiasts point to the nearly 100,000 prefabricated houses built as part of the government's Industrial Housing Program during the war. Impressed by such achievements, and encouraged by the advertisements of firms like the Homsote Company and the Texas Prefabricated House and Tent Co., many people are beginning to envision again—as they did a dozen years ago—an age of mass-produced homes.

In order to adapt these prefabricated homes to a mobile industrial society it is proposed to make them demountable. The idea is that when the owner wants to move to another community he will simply pick up his walls and dishes and go, leaving only a heap of rubble to remind the community of its migrant member. Of course the costs of demounting, transporting, and re-erecting such a house would be considerable, and no one has made it clear where the family would live while all this was going on. The same objection can be made to houses with movable walls. But the main point is that the notion of demountable or accordion houses incorporates the same old



assumption that a home should last indefinitely.

Prefabrication, preassembly, and—in special circumstances—dismountability, will unquestionably play important roles in postwar housing. But their full potential contribution will not be realized unless the construction industry and private enterprise can co-operate with local and federal authorities to create a flexible program of community planning and home financing which will insure that one generation will no longer leave to the next a heritage of blighted urban and suburban areas.

#### IV

MANY schemes for low-cost community planning have been advocated in recent years by civic and intellectual leaders. But whatever their æsthetic or humanitarian merits may have been, their appeal to house purchasers has been—to say the least—limited. The reaction to them has been: "That sounds fine, but do I get the house *I* want, or the house some planner wants me to have?" What is needed is a program that is not only economically and socially sound but also has box-office appeal to the purchaser.

First of all, the construction industry must disabuse itself and its clients of the idea that low-cost homes should be built to last indefinitely. We must all completely change our thinking about such homes. We must accustom ourselves to the idea that they should be built to last for a *finite* period, and should be built for *use*—not for speculation.

Suppose, by way of illustration, that we want to build a \$5,000 home. We will assume that \$800 of this amount would cover the cost of land, foundations, and utilities (roads, sewers, water mains, etc.). The remaining \$4,200 would cover the actual cost of the building itself.

Now suppose that by concerted all-industry action the restrictions on the building industry have been removed, and that instead of building this house to last indefinitely, we build it with an agreement that it will be torn down and completely rebuilt, or replaced, at the end of a finite period of say twenty years. Considerable saving in costs—at least 20 per

cent, computed on a conservative basis—can be made, not only through the use of technological advances, but because of the reduced building costs of a house not designed to last forever.

Suppose, further, that the completed house can be purchased on financial terms which will not merely pay off the entire mortgage in twenty years, leaving the owner with an outmoded and greatly depreciated dwelling on his hands (as under the present FHA set-up). Suppose, rather, that it can be bought on terms which will ensure that at the end of the house's finite twenty-year existence there will be, in addition to the paid-up mortgage, a sum equal to the original cost of building construction (in this instance, \$4,200 minus the 20 per cent saving, or \$3,360)—a sum which shall be used to replace the obsolete structure.

To accomplish this it would be necessary to add to the present FHA-type mortgage payments a monthly payment to be deposited in a Home Replacement Reserve account of \$10.28 per month. (This payment is computed upon a basis of 2.9 per cent interest compounded semi-annually, the rate employed in the Series E United States War Savings Bonds.)

But, since this reserve account would serve as additional security for the mortgage, there would be no need for the owner to pay the premium ( $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent) which FHA now has to charge to insure the mortgage against default; and the additional security should also bring a reduction in interest (say from FHA's customary  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent to 4 per cent, a rate already employed where sharp competition among banks exists for FHA mortgage loans). The result would be that for a finite house comparable to a present-day \$5,000 house, the reduced FHA type payments for interest and amortization plus the payments for the Home Replacement Reserve account would in an average community total only 82 cents more than the monthly payments under present FHA provisions (see table). For that the purchaser would not only own his land free and clear after twenty years, but would also have the funds to replace his house with a modern house suited to his present needs.



COMPARATIVE TABLE OF MONTHLY PAYMENTS OVER TWENTY-YEAR PERIOD FOR A PRESENT-DAY \$5,000 HOUSE AND ITS POSSIBLE POSTWAR EQUIVALENT, EACH BASED ON A \$500\*DOWN PAYMENT ON PURCHASE

	<i>Under Present FHA System</i>	<i>Under Proposed Finite System</i>
Monthly payment covering interest and amortization of mortgage.....	\$28.46	\$22.18
Mortgage insurance (averaged over twenty-year period)...	1.08	None
Real Estate Taxes (based on average tax rate of 3 per cent of cost of land and building).....	12.50	10.40
Home Replacement Reserve Account.....	<u>None</u>	<u>10.28</u>
Total monthly payments for equivalent houses.....	\$42.04	\$42.86

If, after the war, the members of the construction industry in a given locality would co-operate with one another and with local financial institutions to develop ever-regenerating communities of houses in the \$3,000 to \$6,000 class which are available on such terms as these, there is no reason why a vigorous, fluid market for home-building cannot be created.

Under such a plan the home-owner can leave to his children not an outmoded white elephant, but an up-to-date structure which they, like him, can look forward either to rebuilding to suit their changed circumstances at the end of the twenty-year cycle or to trading-in whenever they want to, without financial loss, for another house in the same—or a different—community. For under such a scheme the house is always worth what it originally cost; as the physical value of the building decreases year by year the Home Replacement Reserve account increases.

At the end of the first twenty-year cycle the new house which occupies the old site will be free of any mortgage. From then on the owner will make only the small monthly payment required to create the Replacement Reserve for the next twenty-year period. Whatever this payment amounts to it will be less than what it would cost to keep an obsolete, antiquated structure in repair.

Equally important, the purchaser of a house in a community built and financed under such a program can be certain that his neighborhood will never drastically deteriorate—an important consideration to those who have seen a well-built, well-tended home rendered almost valueless on the market by the decay of a typical speculative real-estate development.

For in this ever-regenerating community a fixed proportion of new houses will be built each year. At the end of twenty years the earliest-built houses will be replaced and annually thereafter the houses built in successive years will be demolished and new structures erected. (To assure that new houses will thus replace obsolete ones it will be necessary simply to include special provisions in the original deeds, or to have State legislatures enact necessary laws.)

To the construction industry such a program for the progressive replacement of low-cost homes offers relief from the feast-or-famine business cycle which has all but destroyed it. Broadly, it might mean that the industry as a cohesive unit would at last enter on a significant scale the home-building sphere which has heretofore been largely preempted by the speculative developer and the carpenter builder. And to society as a whole it might mean the end of the wasteful and heart-breaking system of building residential communities for one generation which degenerate into the next generation's blighted areas and suburban slums.

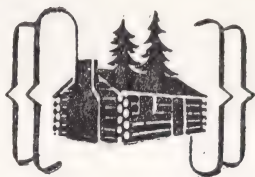
All that seems necessary here however is to indicate that if the construction industry, including construction workers, can unite to win the legislative tax relief which will ensure its survival into the postwar period, and can further unite to wipe out the restrictive laws and traditional procedures by which it is at present shackled, there is a broad, active field for private enterprise in low-cost home building, under a program which will do more than all the social service agencies and social planners can ever do to create ever-modern houses in always-livable American communities.



# WHAT HAPPENED TO PRICE CONTROL?

*The OPA vs. the Inflationary Tide*

MICHAEL DARROCK



EIGHT months ago OPA was the vigorous leader of the drive against inflation. It was thick in the midst of the contest against the various groups that were trying to loot the nation's treasure of war-swollen rents, wages, and profits. Now the future of price control is in doubt and the collapse of OPA is widely predicted.

And yet the recent trouble with Lewis and his miners has only re-emphasized the fact that the threatening floodwaters of disaster are held back by this single rubbery bulwark. Upon the successful control of the cost of living depends peace at home, perhaps continued success on the battlefield, and surely stability in the postwar period.

What has happened? What are the causes? Where do we stand? To be complete, any analysis of OPA—its strengths and weaknesses, its successes and failures—properly should wait until we have a greater perspective in time. Despite the extreme complexity of the problem however, its urgency requires that we seek the nearest approximation of the truth that we can make at this moment.

In a way the history of the agency is a chronicle in miniature of the effects of total war upon the American economy and of the changes which have occurred in the sentiments and attitudes of the Amer-

ican people during its span of life. Its position has been at the core of the nation's life; its every action has touched the whole nation directly and intimately. It has held the critical controls in the civilian economy, and the effects of its orders have rippled outward to the furthest reaches. It has been the focal point of every sort of pressure, political, social, economic. Actually, the problem is so complex that we can attempt only to throw light on some of the factors involved.

The story begins with the birth of OPA two years ago. Since then it has grown from a division of a hundred persons in the old Defense Commission to an organization of more than thirty thousand paid workers and countless volunteers, stationed in every section of the land.

The battle against inflation began even before this country was at war with the Axis. Germany invaded Poland in September, 1939, and two days later Great Britain and France declared war. Immediately a price boom began in this country. War materials spiraled upward in cost; employment swelled; payrolls reached a new high within three months. As time went on however it appeared that prices had jumped the gun; the "blitzkrieg" turned out to be a "sitzkrieg," and the boom abated. None the less the terrible latent threat of inflation had been



revealed. Though we were to be caught unprepared at Pearl Harbor two years later, the warning of inflation came in good time and we began then to map our defenses.

The "phony war" period came sharply to an end with the invasion of Denmark and Norway in April, 1940. France was conquered and the British had been at Dunkirk. The United States hastily launched an expanded defense program; gigantic sums of money were appropriated for war material; the President called for the swift mobilization of our productive plant for defense. To deal with the problems of expanding and re-directing industrial production a Defense Commission was appointed. Significantly it was also charged to check pressures on the price structure. Leon Henderson was appointed to head the Price Division; the appointment was not surprising.

Even though he was not a public figure at that time, Henderson was well known as an economist and was in high favor in the Administration. As early as 1937 he was called the most important fount of new doctrine in Washington, and even then he had a reputation as a crystal-gazer in matters of economics. A year before the great market crash of 1929 he was one of a handful of men who predicted exactly what would happen, and when. Six months in advance he called the slump of 1937; he summarized the figures and outlined his reasoning in a note to the President with the Hendersonian title—"Booms and Busts." "I'm the golfer who made a hole-in-one the first time out," he said afterward. "I had better quit now." But he didn't quit; it was Henderson who sat down with the President after the nervous boom in 1939 and laid out the course of war inflation in this country. He designed the strategy of defense.

Hence when he took charge of the Price Stabilization Division of the Defense Commission he was in his own back yard. The time was early, and pressures on prices were not then great. The Division consulted with industrialists in order to choke off speculative excesses and kept an eye on the general price situation. For several months these weak controls were sufficient and price rises were moderate.

However, as the defense program began to get up steam, shortages spread like a brush fire from one industry to another, and the curve of prices began ominously to creep upward. It became clear that mere advisory controls were not adequate. Early in 1941 the President split the Defense Commission into several major war agencies, and the OPACS emerged as an independent administration. The pressure was on, but several obstacles stood in the way of strong price control.

In the first place the whole price control setup existed only by grace of an executive order. It had no real penalties it could impose. It was not even clear what the powers under the executive order were. In the second place the threat of publicity had little sting because the public was not yet aware of the danger of inflation nor was it aroused against "business as usual" practices which war suddenly had made criminal. The job of price control at that time required, as one dear old Washington lady put it, "A good bluffer with a big bazoo."

Henderson and his "group of bright young men" rushed in where other administrators might have feared to tread. They chose the method of maximum price schedules, backed by consultation, publicity, and voluntary co-operation, as their tool for price control. The first schedule issued covered second-hand machine tools, which at the time were skyrocketing in price. A series of other schedules followed. On a dozen fronts at once they nipped inflationary bulges.

By their own actions they established the lines of their authority, and thereby they strengthened it. After OPACS got on its feet and its powers were clarified, Henderson took action to control the price of the most basic of all war materials—steel. On April 16, 1941, OPACS imposed a ceiling on all iron and steel products at the levels that prevailed on that date. To the average citizen the action might have seemed like just another tedious and technical pronunciamento, but that bold stroke has already saved the government and the people of this country hundreds of millions of dollars.

In the months that followed the steel order the agency brought under its control



a larger and larger part of the price structure and developed several formal and informal types of control. Yet it still had no real sanctions it could apply against violators. Toward the middle of 1941 it was again apparent that the inflationary pressures were getting stronger than the makeshift dikes erected to restrain them, and Congress began deliberations on a bill which would give statutory strength to the price-control apparatus. The fundamental cause of the increasing pressures on prices was of course the increasing volume of defense expenditures.

When the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor the reverberations cracked open the price-control machinery in Washington. Supplies of important raw materials—rubber, tin, chemicals—suddenly were cut off, and all hell was ready to tear loose on prices. What would happen when business opened on that Monday after the first news anybody could guess. All Sunday night Henderson worked with his staff planning the bold, decisive steps which had to be taken. When the sun came up on Monday long-distance calls went out over the country to stop speculative rushes in the important commodity markets. In the remainder of that week additional steps were taken to plug the biggest holes. And on the following Sunday came a sweeping action fixing maximum prices on fats and oils. As a result the back of the threat was broken. Basic commodity prices turned downward; red-eyed officials rubbed out their cigarettes and went to bed.

Within a month after the attack the President presented his "blueprint for victory" to the Congress. His message made it abundantly clear that we were in war up to our ears. One half of our entire national production was to be devoted to the war effort. Among other things, the program outlined meant the end of selective price control. The turning point had arrived; every part of the national economy would now feel the effects of overwhelming demand and scant supply.

Spurred by war, Congress passed the Emergency Price Control Act and the President signed it at the end of January. For the first time the Office of Price Administration, as the price-control agency

was named, had full powers to control prices and rents, and to punish violators. The very existence of price-control legislation was a major victory. In the First World War we had been suckers; in the Second World War we took the lesson of twenty-five years before and put it to work. We caught the danger early and kept our levees just a little higher than the floodwaters, at least during the opening stages. The question was, could we check the much greater pressures that actual all-out war would produce?

At the time, the President said of the Act: ". . . all in all it is workable. . . . Price-control legislation alone cannot successfully combat inflation. To do that, an adequate tax and fiscal program, a broad savings program, a sound production program, and an effective priorities and rationing program are all needed. Finally, all bulwarks against inflation must fail unless all of us—the business man, the worker, the farmer, and the consumer—are determined to make those bulwarks hold fast." Those remarks are the key to much of what has happened since.

## II

THE arithmetic of Henderson's job of price control was not too difficult to understand. As billions of dollars of war expenditures were poured into the nation's production plant during 1942, wages, farm prices, and profits would tumble over one another in their climb upward. At the same time the appetite of the military machine would gobble up a large part of all civilian goods. This wide disparity between the supply of money and the supply of goods would create terrific pressure for prices to rise.

During the time when defense expenditures were moderate, and when there was slack to be taken up in the national economy, persuasion and conciliation if used well could keep prices in line. But when the slack was gone and when unimagined quantities of money were pumped into the machinery, price control changed in its requirements; it no longer was a one-man or one-agency job. As the President explained in his seven-point program to stabilize the cost of living in April, 1942, a



team of elements had to work together in order to prevent disaster.

According to the seven-point paper program, Henderson's part of the job was to put a lid on prices and to sit on it. Congress was to establish a fiscal program which would suck away inflationary funds; the Treasury was to expand the war-savings program in order to divert money into bonds; the Federal Reserve System was to choke off credit; and Congress and the President together were to limit wages, profits, and farm prices. Without their help Henderson could not stand against the tide indefinitely, for he could control only the symptoms of inflation. It was up to the others to control the causes.

To speak in such exact terms however is somewhat artificial and misleading. If Henderson's only power had been to control symptoms, and if the economic system ran like a clock rather than like a Rube Goldberg invention, then his powers would have been nominal indeed. And if the other members of the team which the President named had taken their posts and done their jobs quickly and well, then Henderson would have needed only nominal powers. Inflation would have been stopped, and OPA could have spent its time in routine chores of scheduling and rationing rather than in brawling with every interest across the board.

In real terms however the limitation of wages, profits, and farm prices is not done with a wave of the cigarette holder. A thousand lobbyists and a million arguments must be listened to, and a hundred million Americans must be pinched before such settlements are made. Miles of paper must be typewritten, evidence must be piled up, and data on slow-forming public sentiment must be collected. Meanwhile the floodwaters of inflation continue to rise.

Henderson could either wait for the others or he could with adroitness and courage advance at every opportunity, slice into the fat on certain parts of the system, play one pressure off against another, frighten the timid into line, encourage the patriotic to hold back on profiteering. His record suggested that he would not play a waiting game. Similarly, he

could wait for Congress and the President to be pushed into taking action, or he could actively stir up pressure for action, call on the press for help, and use his agency for propagandizing the cause of inflation control. Here too his record suggested what he would do.

As soon as Congress had given him the power the OPA chief proceeded to prepare a general maximum-price regulation to cover all commodities and services. At the same time orders were prepared for controlling rents in all defense areas. Shortly thereafter the "General Max," as the over-all price order was called, was issued together with rent orders, and by these measures the OPA extended price control to the limit of its powers. OPA research men published figures on the effects of uncontrolled farm prices on the cost of living. They published figures on the rate at which corporation profits were zooming in comparison with the growth of wage incomes. Henderson held weekly "lessons in economics" for members of the Washington press to show them what was happening and the causes that lay beneath. He tramped the boards at numberless meetings, banquets, conventions, luncheons; he became the Billy Sunday of economics.

He did his job. What did the others do? The Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System gave a light jerk on the reins of consumer credit; the Treasury launched a gigantic and weak-kneed voluntary campaign to pull purchasing power into war bonds. The results of their actions were pitifully small compared with the magnitude of the task which had to be done. These combined programs dried up only two and one-half billion dollars of purchasing power, while individual incomes in the same period rose about seven billion dollars.

Congress from the beginning of the defense program has been entirely neurotic—insecure, anxious, frustrated, defensive. Despite the imminence of the danger of inflation and despite the plain simplicity of the action which was needed, petty provincial politics have prevailed. All through the summer of 1942 Congress dawdled over certain needed amendments to the price-control legislation. The ef-



fort made to stabilize wages was a flat failure. The tax bill was argued and squabbled over in an endless series of dreary debates. The Farm Bloc in the Senate blocked every attempt to control farm prices, and consequently the Congress was never able fairly to impose restrictions needed on wages. Corporation profits in defense industries swelled, but Congressmen could not muster the independence or the starch to do anything about them. By midsummer it was frighteningly apparent that because the critical elements would not fulfill their responsibilities the battle against inflation was being lost; like the Germans in Tunisia, we were "advancing to the rear" and conducting a series of "offensive retreats."

Henderson wrote in a letter to the Congress at this time: "It is an obvious point and one that has been labored, but I wish to make it again: The President's program against inflation will succeed only as its every element is made fully effective. . . . Hesitation on any of the major fronts imperils the entire campaign. It has been a difficult task to hold ceiling prices in the face of this hesitation of each group to take its battle station until assured that the other groups were taking theirs."

The situation continued to grow worse, but the people were waking up to what was wrong. More and more from all sections of the country came demands for the control of farm prices, the stabilization of wages, and the trimming of profits. Surprisingly, important groups were volunteering to accept restrictions. The national farm lobby, headed by voluble Ed O'Neal, began to see the gap widen between its pork-barrel policy and farmers' attitudes; State farm groups disclaimed adherence to the Lobby's program. Labor groups began to ask for a time-out from the referee in the pointless race of group against group for advantage.

On Labor Day, 1942, the President spoke to Congress and urged the passage of a new price bill, and Congress followed his lead. A month later the President established the Office of Economic Stabilization, headed by perhaps as tactful and effective a political warrior as there is in the country—Jimmy Byrnes, at that time an associate justice of the Supreme Court.

For OPA it seemed for a time that these developments were a beginning and an end—the beginning of a chance to work and the end of the necessity to fight. At the year's end it appeared that under the authority of the new price-control act our slipping grip on the cost of living had been made firm. Henderson was cocky about the prospects. There were still some weaknesses—particularly with regard to farm prices—but his powers appeared to be sufficient to handle the situation. Immediately before his ouster early this year he could honestly boast of having held the line. With gusto he wrote to Congress: "It is my profound pleasure to be able to report that the mandate of the Congress and the directive of the President to halt inflation have thus far been carried out. . . . I was directed to stabilize prices. That directive was obeyed. I was directed to establish prices fair alike to buyer and seller. That directive was obeyed. I was directed to stabilize rents. Rents have been reduced and stabilized."

He could point with pride to the fact that as a result of his efforts under the powers given him, he had saved the Federal Government up until that time nearly 26 billion dollars and he had saved American consumers nearly 6 billion dollars. He pointed out that if prices could continue to be held, by the end of the year the Government would have saved nearly 78½ billion dollars as a result of price control, and American consumers would have saved 23 billion dollars. In individual terms, Henderson's work by December, 1942, had saved every American family about \$140 and by the end of 1943 will have saved every family nearly \$500.

It might seem that a record so brilliant would not make a scoundrel out of the person responsible, but as time went on a "Get Henderson" drive began to snowball. Why?

### III

SOME opposition to OPA's program was only natural to expect. Hundreds of thousands of American business men had grown lean and gaunt during the long depression and slow recovery. Just at the time when business activity picked up and consumers' pockets were filled with spend-



able dollars, when demand was as large as their wildest dreams, OPA stepped in and snatched the bread right out of their mouths. Business men\*are human, and they felt thwarted and disappointed.

Since it was the business of OPA not only to squeeze certain kinds of business but also certain localities, such as the Northeast in the matter of fuel oil, a certain amount of political opposition could be expected. However the volume and intensity of the hostility of business men and politicians toward OPA was out of all normal proportions. What were the special catalytic factors in the case of OPA which heightened and sharpened the usual troubles which the large war agencies get into? We can put a finger on some of them at least.

Since 1932, Roosevelt has accumulated a not inconsiderable group of political enemies—purple-passionate Roosevelt-haters whose zeal in cursing everything New Dealish will some day be legendary. The OPA for these people was a made-to-order punching bag. Because its program was so vast there were inevitably mistakes which could be seized upon. By the very nature of the program, OPA was a meddling third party in every transaction, from the buying of a house to the buying of a button, and it was thus, from one point of view, socialistic, regimenting, boondoggling, impossible!

The evidence is quite clear that the anti-Roosevelt forces have used OPA as the scapegoat and the whipping-boy for their deep anger. Certain sections of the press have played a daily tune on the misdeeds of the agency, making it a symbol of badness. All business interests are not equally patriotic, and those with a greater urge to cash in on the war than to help win it have joined the bloodthirsty pack and taken up the cry. OPA by its vexing and numerous administrative failures made large numbers of average citizens side with the critics. The success of this political tactic of subjecting one part of the Administration line to extreme pressure is admitted by many observers; there are those who feel that the irritation which voters expressed at the polls in the last national election sprang largely from "the matter of OPA."

Of course OPA was not without sin. Of the various factors which made it a favorite target for attack, the personality of Leon Henderson is the first to come to mind, if it is not actually the most important. It was a major factor in causing his own ouster, and it was a major factor in the policy course of the whole agency during his time as Administrator.

Rotund, somewhat Falstaffian, Henderson is by now familiar in appearance to most Americans. He is rather short and muscular, his clothes usually are rumpled and baggy. A regular part of his physical apparatus is a thick cigar, which on occasion juts from his jaw like a cannon. He is nervous; in conference he pulls his ears, jingles coins in his vest pocket, pushes his hair back, and squirms in his seat.

Intellectually he has been much praised. He has been called a "self-made miracle," the "Paul Bunyan of Bureaucracy," and it has been said of him that "he is a human encyclopedia of the social sciences." Unquestionably he is clever; talk with him for five minutes and you will see that he knows his business; economics is his oyster; and he thinks of economic problems in global terms. Some people think he is too clever.

In action he is quick, impatient, positive. He acts tough and he is tough. He can be reckless because he feels he has nothing to lose. In an interview a few months ago he uncovered some of the roots of his ways. "I am a broker, a peddler of economics," he said. "Sometimes it is policy, sometimes administration, but whatever, there is very little that life could do to me that would overbalance the ledger. I have had all that a man is entitled to, and had the luck to be available when the good jobs were given out." With such a shield his battling powers are great. In political skirmishes he has been willing to take on anybody, any time, anywhere, and usually he has insisted on doing the job single-handed.

One trouble was that Henderson not only fought when the occasion demanded a fight. Too often he fought just for the pleasure of fighting, even when conciliation might have been more profitable. Consequently he made hundreds of humiliated enemies, and the nation came to



know him as a scuffling, singularly undignified public official. He never seemed to learn the lesson that in Washington, as in most places, a few good friends are worth more than a dozen good arguments.

It is not certain that his belligerent proclivities were bad, but it does appear that the same qualities which made him an ardent crusader made him also unnecessarily stiff-necked and arch-backed in the day-to-day decisions which had to be made in the operation of the agency. Whereas it was a good thing that he would not compromise on principle in major matters, it was perhaps not so good that he refused even to do the kinds of horse-trading and give-and-take that often are necessary in making friendly settlements.

In all matters he was cocky and confident, and he was sure he could run the whole show from Washington. Had OPA been operating *in vacuo* perhaps he could have. But to observers on the outside he looked like the worst brand of arrogant—though benevolent and capable—bureaucrat.

In many ways the whole organization in Henderson's time reflected the qualities of the boss. OPA officials from the first seemed to take great delight in tramping mud over the fine fabrics of business tradition. Some things can be said in their defense of course; in the days of "jawbone control" of prices, when OPACS had no real powers, the staff was green, the job was new and big, time was short, and it seemed proper to put the fear of God into non-co-operators. At every conference with industry sparks could readily be struck; on one side of the table sat a line of young government men, unfamiliar with the jargon of the industry, limited in their practical experience, and painfully picking at the pocketbook nerves of the old industry men on the other side of the table. That bitter words would be said and that bad blood would be spilled was almost inevitable.

On the other hand, it can justly be charged that OPACS and OPA men did not try speaking softly before using the big stick. They did not ask; they told. They did not invite; they ordered. The gibes they threw at troubled business men, the smart-aleck pranks they in-

dulged in, and the uninformed bulls they enunciated were hardly necessary. However right the objective they were seeking, their methods often could be condemned.

Trade associations frequently were not consulted, and their help was not courted. Two things resulted. The agency lost the benefit of experience that might have saved it from error, and it lost any co-operation that industry might have extended. The trade magazines, instead of working even half-heartedly to build understanding and support for the government program; came to devote themselves to scurrilous attacks on it and everyone running it. OPA has made a vine of disaffection grow where there might at least have been reluctant co-operation.

The fact that industry was angry seemed to bother everyone but those within OPA. Henderson himself was cavalier about the blood that he felt had to be spilled. In a letter to Congress, written in January of this year, which accompanied a report on his agency, he said: "In every aspect of war, victories cannot be won without casualties. This Office has made every effort to insure that individual hardships shall be held to a minimum. I am confident that the record bears out the success of those efforts, and that when viewed against the magnitude of the victory over inflation that is now surely within our grasp, these casualties will not be thought to have been too high a price to pay." Perhaps he was right in the case of business. But he sowed a breeze and reaped a whirlwind when he tried the same methods with Congress.

In matters of principle and politics Henderson is a purist. And especially in matters of politics. From the very beginning he steadfastly refused to clutter up his agency with patronage appointments. On the basis of some rationalization he was not above appointing his wife's cousin to a high position and keeping him there despite the fact that his competency was open to question. But he was not even polite in maintaining his general policy of "No Party Hacks." When Congressmen called to get someone a job he slammed down the telephone. When they went to his office he came as near to throwing them out as one can do



with Congressmen. Time and again he warned his staff against political entanglements. On one such occasion he publicly said: "No one in OPA is going to be permitted to play politics with the war effort. I have always said that OPA is going to run on non-partisan lines. My order today reaffirms that principle. As I have said in the past, if the Hatch Act doesn't get you, the Henderson axe will!"

As is well known, Congress in Henderson's time was on the defensive, perhaps because the war showed up crying weaknesses in both the personnel and organization of the body. It had been led round by the nose. It had been openly laughed at by the major news magazines. It was in a sullen and nasty mood, and in no temper to take such a tramping on its tenderest corn—patronage—from any upstart administrator.

At first its anger was manifested in more or less mild ways. Protests were sent to the President. Then various legislative measures intended to implement the price-control program were held up or sandbagged. Henderson held firm! Congressmen went back home and grumbled openly about the "lack of understanding" they were shown. Sometimes they tried to discredit the agency to their constituents. Even Sam Rayburn, Speaker of the House, went home and told a gigantic bond rally in Houston that "more sensible administration of wartime laws is due. There's nothing wrong with the laws Congress passed. They are just being foolishly administered."

By the end of 1942 Congressmen were ready to do radical things. Goaded by lobbyists of disgruntled interests, annoyed by the rebuff OPA had given them, many were ready to smash the whole price-control mechanism or anything that might be necessary to "get Henderson." To the enmity of certain business groups had been added the anger of the holder of the purse-strings of government.

#### IV

THE one thing upon which Henderson could rely for protection was the active support of those persons whom he was presumably protecting—namely, the con-

sumers, the American people as individual citizens. If they should understand and sympathize with the OPA program, and if they should back it intelligently on critical issues, he would be invulnerable. But if they should be even indifferent, then the forces of opposition would prevail. Henderson's failure to muster and organize public support can be pointed to as the mistake which cleared the way for his ouster.

The price-control program might seem at first glance to be an almost automatic goodwill builder with the general public, for its primary objective is to ensure a stable cost of living. But it must be remembered that a compulsory program of price control was necessary because a voluntary one had proven ineffective. That is, although there was widespread support for the idea of stabilizing prices, there was also widespread desire on the part of the public to buy things. After a decade of depression they needed iceboxes, new stoves, new cars, new dresses, new furniture, and with their fattest, if not their first, pay checks in a long time they were determined to buy them. From the point of view of OPA the two urges were contradictory and irreconcilable.

The strategy of winning and increasing public support in this situation obviously had to be to discredit the idea of buying as unpatriotic and unwise, on the one hand, and to emphasize the individual responsibilities and individual advantages of stable prices, on the other. Simply to say these things would not be enough; people would have to be built into the program, would have to participate in its administration, would have to be made to feel that it was theirs and that they were a part of it. Thus the job was partly one of information, but was also one of general policy and operation.

As will be more fully explained later, the Information Division of OPA has been guilty of much stupidity, and it muffed this job as it did most others. To this day people have only a general and fuzzy idea of what inflation is, what causes it, what groups of persons suffer most from it, in what ways they suffer, and what the individual citizen can do to help prevent it. Some define it as being "like in Ger-



many where it took a million marks to buy a loaf of bread," while others say it is "just a terrible thing because everything you own becomes worthless"; to most perhaps it is just a sinister word, a green-eyed bugaboo. Good price control must spring out of a sensible program at the top and an intelligent people at the bottom. Although the war has been a college education in economics and geography for the American people, they still are relatively uninformed on the subject of inflation, and OPA information in a measure is to blame.

Other matters helped to make people feel that the price-control program had by-passed them. The whole thing was run from Washington. For a long time price ceilings were not published in such a way that the public could help in the enforcement of them. Although OPA's enforcement activity was woefully weak, no vigorous program for the recruitment and training of volunteer price wardens was initiated. To the average man everything OPA did sounded gruff and legalistic. He did not object strenuously; he simply felt left out.

About rationing there was more serious complaint, and the complaint has tarred the whole agency. Despite the fact that rationing and price control are two separate programs within the OPA, the sins of either have been visited on both. In OPA it has been the habit to excuse public outbursts about the program by saying that "people have not accepted the necessity of rationing." But the persistence of antagonism suggests that there may be determinable reasons for it.

The idea of rationing is that when shortages of any commodity develop the fairest way to assure everyone a chance to get his proper share is to apportion the supply, regardless of the buying power of different individuals. This means of course that if a program of rationing is to gain acceptance people first have to stand behind the idea of equal sharing; second, they have to be convinced that shortages do actually exist; and third, they must feel that the red tape of the program is not excessive. There is probably a scattering of subversive discontent about the first, but in general it is strongly popular; the second and third are the sources of trouble.

Doubts about the fact of shortages, and therefore about the necessity of rationing certain commodities, derive from two sources. In some cases commodities have been rationed on a nationwide scale though there was a surplus supply in specific areas, and in those areas rationing has on the surface seemed uncalled-for; in other cases OPA either did not make clear that a general shortage existed or did not explain fully the necessity for the actions it took.

The attack on Pearl Harbor was explanation enough to justify tire rationing, and special informational activity was not needed. But the full necessity for sugar rationing was never clearly presented, nor was the logic of nationwide gasoline rationing. Gasoline rationing on the East Coast was readily related to submarine activity along the shipping lanes. However, the extension of rationing to the whole country was not sufficiently explained. Actually it was done to conserve civilian means of transportation so as to prevent the ultimate overloading of public transportation systems. But the smoke of confusion which has risen out of this issue has enveloped it. Many persons still believe that gasoline is rationed because OPA thinks supplies are short, because OPA thinks transportation is inadequate to supply Midwestern and Western motorists, or because the Government expects to confiscate tires and wants them in good shape. The foolishness of such explanations, especially for certain areas, gives rise to disagreement and resentment; a thousand stories about OPA's incompetence are fed and kept alive in the country by the confusion born of misunderstanding.

There are several causes for the difficulties of getting information. At times conflicting announcements were made by officials in various government agencies, some of which were surface indications of inter-agency wars. Off-the-cuff statements by Congressmen have frequently been incorrect and out of line with OPA releases. And the press has contributed to the confusion when correspondents have written reports based on conjecture. However the most serious difficulty was caused because OPA's informational activity did not succeed in reaching and impressing the mass of people with facts about why



each action was taken and what was expected of citizens who wanted to cooperate.

Some class-conscious OPA writers explained this by saying that the media for the distribution of information which they had to use were the press and the radio, both of which were so largely controlled by merchandisers and advertisers that they had to throw OPA into a bad light. Undoubtedly the antagonism of business toward OPA has muddied the water, and some of the press has been gunning for OPA's hide from the beginning. But there were ways in which OPA could have extricated itself from such a situation. The antagonism of business, where it existed, could have been lessened, though it could not have been eliminated because of the nature of the job which OPA was assigned to do. Means other than simple press releases were at hand for Henderson's information men to use if they had not been harnessed to the habit of thinking in outdated concepts. But because they were soap-sellers and hack journalists they were naïve enough to try to sell a basic national program with their usual tricks.

The public-relations job which needed doing required more than posters and the ever-present and ever-unreadable "releases." Regulations should have been simplified; vigorous programs to organize co-operators and participants in every neighborhood and to educate and mobilize housewives should have been launched; and direct means of disseminating information should have been more intelligently exploited.

Of course part of the blame should be placed on Henderson himself, for there was once the upsurge of a movement within the agency which presaged the kind of public-relations program needed, and he killed it. The occasion was a clash between the now-dead Consumers Division on the one hand and the Information Division and the lawyers on the other. Information and the lawyers won, with Henderson's backing. To some extent the Consumers Division had never been able to get its house in order, and heavy external pressures were against any general organization of consumers; but to a

considerable extent it appeared Henderson had no faith in the ability of average citizens to help him carry out his program. At least he failed to grasp the possibilities of the proposal.

Another thing which alienated support from OPA was its administrative errors. It is fashionable to make general charges of "mismanagement," "red tape," and "inefficiency" against all operations of government; too often such undocumented charges do not qualify as constructive criticism and serve only to discredit all governmental service. Therefore in fairness it should be emphasized that OPA has a tremendously complicated and laborious task; although all the questionnaires have been distasteful, they were necessary; and the bureaucrats who caused the worst troubles sit in Berlin and in Tokyo, not in Washington.

None the less, looking at it from the bottom, the OPA's organization seems unnecessarily lumbering and slow. To an unusual degree it has been unable to adapt itself easily and quickly to changes in circumstances and to variations between localities. It has acted in blanket orders, and belatedly. Why was the start of coffee rationing so long delayed? Why were severe and extended shortages of meat allowed to exist in a number of war centers prior to the start of meat rationing? What was the reason for the sluggish adjustment of the complex original system of retail-price ceilings? Could part of the cause be internal imbroglios of the agency? Walk through any of the long corridors of the flat, jerry-built Washington offices and you can always pick up wind of a dozen current squabbles. Could part of the reason be that the Washington office has kept hold of power and refused to decentralize operations? Regional and district officers have hammered on the idea that they should be allowed greater discretion. Obviously the delegation of certain powers might ruin the programs, but there seems to be a range of other powers which are held in Washington unreasonably.

All the kinks in OPA during Henderson's time are not yet discernible, nor is this analysis complete. For present purposes however the important fact is that



for want of *something* public support was lost, and for want of public support Henderson was lost.

## V

POLITICAL opposition to Henderson in Congress, always bitter, became sufficiently powerful after the elections in November, 1942, to present the President with a flat demand for his removal. The club with which they backed up their demand was a threat to hold up all OPA funds, and thus wreck the program. The President has a warm affection for Henderson, and he was ready to smoke the whole issue out for the public to see. But Henderson asked him not to; he said he was ready to quit. Among other things, an old back injury from his ball-playing days had been troublesome and his eyes were jumpy from strain. Early this year he left.

The removal was greeted with mixed feelings. Some groups, including the coterie of soreheads in Congress, were jubilant. Others were pleased because they felt a new chief in OPA would mean relaxed, less effective price control. On the other hand, high praise for him came from rather unexpected sources. The press, which often had dogged his heels, generally agreed that he was a "tub thrown to the Congressional whales"; some went so far as to say he had been "crucified to appease a group of Congressional critics." A large Eastern corporation on the day after his leaving ran a full-page advertisement in a number of metropolitan dailies which said, "Henderson did an able, two-fisted job for every man, woman, and child in America. . . . His was not just a job. It was the biggest business enterprise in the history of man—the business of controlling the purchasing power of the dollar for one hundred and thirty million people." A Republican senator from New England remarked publicly, "Within six months they will be praying to have Henderson back."

But even many of Henderson's admirers thought the senator from New England was wrong. Henderson, they said, was no longer essential, and probabilities were that he would not be needed in OPA

again. He had fought the first critical battles for the new agency, and had won. They said he had been a valiant, zealous worker in the people's cause, but his greatest service was as a planner and as a chanticleer to awaken the nation to the dangers of runaway prices. By the time he left the hard work was done, they felt; the country was on the alert, finally, and the line had been held meanwhile; the fundamental controls over the causes, not the symptoms, of inflation were in the building; the Byrnes office was in operation; the Administration seemed to have found a way to place Labor and the War Labor Board and the Farm Bloc in Congress at loggerheads so as to neutralize the threats of both groups; the Department of Agriculture, which had become the official auxiliary to the Farm Lobby, was to be smothered in a new Food Administration which would recognize national rather than only partisan responsibilities. If Congress could pass an adequate revenue bill the battle against inflation would be in hand, they said.

In this view OPA subtly and gradually had changed from the spearhead of the drive against inflation—which it had been under Henderson—to a routine service agency well back of the lines and out of danger. The occasion for belligerency was substantially past, they felt, and the time had come to emphasize smooth administrative efficiency. There were others, it was agreed, who could accomplish such efficiency as well as Henderson, who could guide the agency in still waters.

But still waters can also be treacherous; such optimism as this seems now to have been too much and too early.

## VI

LONG before Henderson left last January the dopesters had picked his logical successor. The man who piloted the two price-control measures through Congress, and who was Henderson's student in the problems of inflation control at that time, ex-senator Prentiss Brown of upper Michigan, was the natural choice. In due course he was named to head OPA, his appointment being accompanied by a gush of goodwill.



Many persons remembered Brown's courageous stand late in 1942 against the Farm Lobby's attempt to boost farm prices; they were a little disappointed when he was beaten in the November elections; and they had good feeling toward him when he took office as Price Administrator. Because he had been one of them, and because he had always been well-liked personally, Brown was quite acceptable to the Congress; as soon as he was appointed much of the tension between the agency and the Hill was discharged. Some felt that he would be more conciliatory, and they felt better.

But the great majority of people, non-committal, just watched with interest for what the first developments would be. A number of issues were on the fire at the time, and how Brown would handle them would be concrete evidence of the turn he would take. Would Brown insist, as Henderson had been doing, that price control had to be more rigorous? Would he support the push for grade-labeling of canned goods in order to prevent quality-cutting, which would defeat price control? Would he continue to resist the political pressures that plagued the agency? What would he do about the problem of "letting consumers in on the program" and giving them a chance to participate?

Brown took his time coming back to Washington, stopping to chat with grocerymen and gas-station owners on the way. Then for two weeks after he arrived he made no important public statements. But he was not idle and his actions soon revealed which way the wind was blowing. First he conferred with his two chief aides, whom he had brought with him, ex-senator Clyde Herring, from Iowa, and Lou Maxon, an advertising executive from Detroit. A word about the pair is appropriate because of their importance in the new setup.

Herring, mellow-voiced, bland, courtly, is as smooth as butter. An ardent New Dealer, he is a habitual caller-on-invalids and sender-of-flowers. During his years in the Senate he was known as one of its most handsomely tailored cosmopolitans. Brown brought him to "purge" the staff of OPA and to serve as front man in dealings with the Hill.

More pertinent than his personality is the background of Mr. Maxon, who was appointed by Brown to act virtually as his *alter ego* in all policy matters. Head of an advertising agency the chief client of which is a large Pittsburgh canning firm, Maxon is known as a walking, talking version of the deep-dyed conservative. His primary interests are in his business, where his fortune is, and he has come into the government service like a person entering a fish market on a hot summer day.

Once the policy meetings were over, Brown proceeded to the first order of business. Immediately the latchstring was put out at OPA for all Congressmen. And one by one the great statesmen of the country plodded down from their offices to Brown's with their little requests—"Here, now, is a special situation in my district and it really ought to be excused from the price ceilings," and "I was not consulted when the OPA director for my State was appointed and I want him removed and So-and-So put in because he has worked hard for me in the last two campaigns and he deserves some consideration," and hundreds of others equally harmless.

The new Administrator was most understanding; he made promises; he called in Mr. Herring and told him to clear all major appointments in the future with the Democrats in the House and Senate; furthermore, he told him to begin a housecleaning of all merit appointees in the field organization. Herring leaped to his task and promptly issued his most important manifesto: he intended to fire all OPA executives who (1) had never met a payroll, or (2) had never carried a precinct. He then withdrew to consider the "reorganization" of OPA; his program got under way and ward heelers began moving into influential positions all over the country.

Next on the docket was open house for the lobbyists, literally hundreds of whom have been prowling the halls of OPA. The staff of the agency could be divided into two broad groups, the government professionals and the ex-business men. Although the two have co-operated well in general, they have consistently had their differences in policy matters which in-



volved "social issues"; and the treatment of lobbyists is one of the things on which they have split. Because of Brown's new policy line, the tendencies of the business group in OPA to pay heed to the lobbies were unleashed. Through the cracks that were opened the outside influences seeped in; memoranda were rewritten, orders were modified, certain actions were held up. To police and promote his ideas Brown named Mr. Maxon as his deputy in policy matters, and it was understood in Washington that Mr. Maxon now had the authority to suppress anything that might pinch anyone who could holler loud enough to be heard on Capitol Hill.

Forthwith Mr. Maxon struck down the proposal for quality-control of canned goods through grade-labeling, saying that "Mr. Brown was not quite sure he had the authority to do such a thing and therefore the whole matter would have to wait until sometime later." He then announced that Mr. Brown did not expect that the cost of living could be held down, that he expected a "slow, well-ordered rise."

The third item on Brown's docket presumably was to listen to the appeals of the consumers' groups. But the howls which had gone up as a result of his first series of actions made it necessary for the consumers to wait. Maxon's elevation to censor of OPA caused the head of every major operation to threaten to quit. The liberal press snorted. Labor organizations began to attack Brown with the same fervor with which others had attacked Henderson earlier. And then, subtly but surely, changes began to take place. In a sense, Brown had still more compromises to make; the chameleon began to take on the color of his surroundings.

Of all the pressures to which a federal administrator is subject—Congress, lobbyists, friends, the press—there is one that in many circumstances it is harder to resist than any of the rest, namely that of his own staff. Even Presidents have found when they have tried to thrust a distasteful program down the throat of an established agency that the civil service is neither passive nor neutral. In a real sense it has a character, and often purposes, of its own; new department heads have many times learned their lesson.

When Brown came into OPA he was a novice in the business of administration and price control. He still is a novice, for such jobs cannot be learned in a day nor in a few short months. The complexities are unimaginable, and expertness and experience count above all else.

Surrounding him were hundreds of men and women of long service in the operation of the program, familiar with the intricacies of the organization, personally acquainted with the "right people" both within the agency and throughout the government service generally, and expert in the skills of finding the facts. Above all, they had been chosen originally by Henderson and his deputies, and their ideas were still in harmony with his.

However much Brown might have been inclined to follow a spineless policy and thereby wreck the program which the staff had so long and carefully been building, he could not possibly continue to resist the stronger logic, the broader experience, and the greater know-how of his chief assistants in their daily face-to-face meetings across the conference table. It was not long before he was compelled to fall back on this front too.

The first sign was his modification of the order which made Maxon censor of all OPA activities. The threatened walk-out of his staff had succeeded. The next sign was his public statement discrediting the work of the silky Mr. Herring. Following these major reversals were a number of others, all tending in the same direction. Clearly Mr. Brown had not been fired with new courage and resolution; the same qualities which permitted him to compromise at first simply made him unable to resist the counter-compromises later. The real question was: did two compromises ever make a backbone?

A close observer of developments in OPA remarked after Brown's first actions that OPA had become the world's greatest jellyfish, formless, sexless, and characterless. However, what had taken place called for more than wit, more than equanimity, and more even than simple anger and outcry. It called for every American, for every member of every group, to sit down quietly and think.



## VII

RECENT developments make clear that the contestants in the race of group against group are crouched at the starting line, ready to start the dreadful run again. Moreover it is too clear that the starting pistol has a hair-trigger, and the two-point flick of a price index may set it off. It is not enough that OPA, having wavered in the direction of lax control, has stumbled toward strong control.

Worst of all, those elements of OPA's program which have been open to criticism not because of political failures but because of a lack of imagination and intelligence are still fogbound and faltering. For instance, in lieu of a sound informational program, Brown substituted a Typical American Housewife; who, having been once a Democratic national committeewoman, seemed more in tune with the ballyhoo, partisan policies of her boss than she was with the usual woman-in-apron. Instead of a sensible program to organize public support and goodwill, Brown has tried to win it like votes with promises of relaxation of regulations, no enforcement, and "honor" systems.

How does it happen that the inflation-control program, which in principle has

so tremendous a base of popular support, has constantly been at the mercy of organized pressure groups? Are our democratic processes so ineffective that the key office of the domestic war program can be turned into a political rookery?

New Dealers may wonder what has happened to the cause of the Forgotten Man. Where is the old idealism? Politically, has not a suicidal mistake been made? How will the complaint which has been made about the doubtful necessity of rationing compare with the uproar that will burst out if the agency should persist in partisan prostitution?

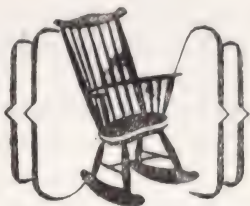
Others may see in the possible catastrophe of OPA the answer to 1944. They may see in the observed defects of the agency those things which political opposition has always called evidence of the innate devilishness of the party in power. And such persons will have no trouble in explaining in moral terms all the problems of bureaucracy, pressure groups, and any public policy. But many will see deeper, more continuous, and less personal difficulties than the glib zealots.

Why is there no People's Lobby? If the President is busy with international affairs, does that leave us headless here at home? What comfort is Congress?





# THE Easy Chair Bernard DeVoto



WHEN the *New York Times* announced, with very convincing exhibits, that college freshmen are wretchedly ignorant of American history it intensified a breast-beating in the American Historical Association which was already getting to be almost as lugubrious as that which keeps the Modern Language Association in an attitude of perpetual guilt. The Easy Chair has heard and read a good many heated allegations against the *Times*' survey but cannot take any of them very seriously. Some people, for instance, accuse the *Times* of intent to drive the social sciences (meaning, primarily, what is called social psychology) out of the high school curriculum; that does not seem plausible, but if it should prove true, and if the crusade should succeed, who would weep? Others disdainfully repudiate the survey on the lofty ground that the *Times* used no controls, such as follow-up interviews, to check its questionnaires; should it perhaps take instruction in the scientific use of the questionnaire from, say, the John Dewey Society? A more numerous group hold that the freshmen whose ignorance the *Times* tried to describe were, with youth's gallant vindication of individual privacy, kidding their inquisitors. There may be something in that. But if there is, the Easy Chair believes that it was usually a case of some freshman, who found himself unable to decide whether Samuel Gompers was Gene Debs or Horace Mann, invoking the protection of sophisticated humor and reporting that Gompers was Herbert Hoover.

There has been little effort however to deny that, whether or not the *Times* had

low motives, its report closely corresponds to the facts. Nobody who concerns himself with American history in fact can dissent from its findings. Americans know less about their history now than at any earlier time, and for a full quarter of a century they have been reaching maturity with a progressively intensifying ignorance of it. In whatever ways their education has improved during our time, it has been increasingly ineffective in American history, a field where, it has been made clear to us with savage emphasis, universal competent knowledge is a requisite to the maintenance of democracy.

This result has been produced directly in the secondary schools and indirectly in the colleges. The causes are neither few nor simple and many of them have not been taken into account at all in the published discussions of the *Times*' survey. For instance, one cause is the fact that for a quarter of a century the sustained effort of fashionable intellectuals, literary men, and even a sizable number of historians was to deny the validity of the American experience. There is no point in summarizing the crusades of either the debunkers or the fellow-travelers. For half of the period you showed that Andrew Jackson spelled badly and that his wife used tobacco. For the other half of the period you showed that the Constitution safeguarded property, that the pioneers had cut down the forests, and that Marx had expected finance capitalism to collapse. Both demonstrations proved that our civilization was low, our past ignoble, and our great men corrupt. Since American history is only the record of the American experience, millions who heard it



rumored that the record was exclusively one of failure and unworthiness were not disposed to explore it. It would be easy to list other forces working toward the same end. But the Easy Chair desires to comment on two of them which seem more important than the sum of all the rest: certain notions and practices of professional pedagogy and one aspect of the professional spirit among historians.

THE content of secondary school courses in American history fluctuates with the fashions that rage across the science of pedagogy, but it has one uniformity. It is always heavily diluted with a praiseworthy but vague and sentimental humanitarianism and infused with glucose from the social sciences. Pedagogy, having found that much drudgery can be taken out of study at the primary school level by inventing games, keeps trying to make instruction in the secondary schools a kind of maypole dancing. Furthermore, it is forever trying to "socialize" its victims, which means, specifically, perverting history to ethical and moral instruction in "the group life," in slum clearance, in the horrors of the Jukes and Kallikak families, in Chautauqua and Public Health, and in the nationalization of Hull House. It looks at history as, in one of its more spectacular phrases, a socio-psychological complex, and it contrives to drop out of it most of the events, personalities, and experience that less enlightened minds hold to be the content of history. Most of those that remain get dropped out in the application of what the science calls the project method. This lovely may be described as socio-psychological synecdoche. Its theory holds that what the victim of pedagogy needs from history is merely some principles and some firsthand experience, that if you have him "participate" in a part he will understand the whole much better than if he had been tiresomely conducted through a lot of dates, names, movements, wars, political campaigns, maps, and statistics. Let him experience a bit of history in his own backyard and he will know all of it.

So Miss Foster's class in American history at Mound City High is directed to investigate the local water system or the

evolution of municipal government in Mound City. Division of labor having been duly arranged, at the end of the semester the class reports that till 1859 water was hauled in cans from Muddy Creek, from 1862 on, sweep wells were common, about 1880 artesian wells began to displace them, the outlet of Placid Pond was dammed in 1891, and when the dirt dam was destroyed by flood in 1904 a concrete structure replaced it, and in 1916 a bond issue was voted and the distributing system passed under public ownership. Or, in the same detail, it reports the steps from settlers' committee to village selectmen, to council and mayor, to proportional representation and city manager. This brings American history close home to the student's bosom, the boys and girls get their learning by participating, and, as Superintendent Crothers triumphantly points out in his annual report, the learning process has had nothing whatever to do with the Ordinance of 1787, the Homestead Act, or James G. Blaine.

It is certainly good for the seniors of Mound City High to learn about the Kallikaks, some of whom probably have huts along Muddy Creek. The trouble is however that studying the Kallikaks not only leaves them wholly ignorant of American history but fills them to the bung with misconceptions of it. It is likewise splendid for them to know how we got drinking fountains and a city manager, but Superintendent Crothers's report is the pay-off; such knowledge has nothing whatever to do with the events, personalities, struggles, movements, developments, and energies that have created the American nation, shaped its present, and begotten its problems. Such courses are packed with goodwill but they have one unfortunate result—they produce illiteracy.

AIMS and methods like these impair secondary school instruction in history, and it is further impaired by the kind of training that the instructors receive. When the Easy Chair proceeds to complain about certain consequences of professionalism in history it must not be understood as objecting to the production of scholars, of professional historians. We have nowhere near enough of them, end-



ess basic researches remain to be made, the profession must go on training scholars. But few high school teachers are ever going to do research in history, whereas practically all of them are trained on the assumption that they are not going to do anything else. They should be trained to each—to illuminate history, to present its fire and drama and absorption, to make clear its importance and meaning, above all, to make it interesting. But the training they receive is designed to remove from history all the inherent qualities of interest except those which absorb researchers.

The courses which a prospective high school teacher takes in college are arranged in a series calculated to lead to a graduate degree by progressive steps in professional research. The social and human values of history are subordinated to professional values. Students spend most of their time acquiring what is no more than a technique—a technique which is a mere instrument to be used but which few of them will ever use. One result is the development of what must be called the monographic mind. In theory, they are eventually to make original contributions to knowledge, to increase the sum of history. Actually, since few of them are potential scholars, training proceeds by the systematic subdivision of research into progressively smaller areas of progressively more trivial and more useless facts. Because the field of history is opulent this process has not yet gone so far as the equivalent research in literature, which for many years has been mostly an anesthesiologically dull exploration of the completely unimportant, but it is on the way to that shining goal and in the end it will get there. The annual production of purely technical researches is increasing, and training in such research is the principal equipment that the high school teacher of history brings to his job.

Centrally involved in this process are the profession's antipathy to synthesis and its conception of historical fact. Theoretically, this entire production of minute monographs by apprentice historians and of somewhat larger ones by journeyman historians is intended to be the humble but indispensable spadework which the best

historical minds will eventually employ in larger, more usable, more valuable syntheses. The theory does not work; synthesis has sharply declined and is increasingly penalized by the profession. With a far richer and solider bulk of facts at their disposal than they had a generation ago—a bulk incomparably richer and solider than they had two generations ago—historians go on postponing their syntheses. Decade by decade they have acquired an occupational timidity. They avoid the synthesis to which they pay lip service because they are afraid of it. They are afraid of being unsound and of making mistakes, but they are infinitely more afraid of having unsoundness and mistakes pounced on by their colleagues. In general, excepting always the best of them, they are no longer even specialists writing for specialists; they are specialists developing one-man monopolies as protection against other specialists. If meanwhile one result is to keep the young ignorant of history and if another is to render history unusable for the lay public, one gathers that the profession considers them without recourse.

Two generations ago historians had to learn respect for facts and distrust of uncontrolled generalizations. Learning those basic lessons considerably advanced history but had the further and extremely curious effect of convincing its practitioners that they were natural scientists. A scientist is an exalted being and has certain high obligations. He must avoid not only coloration but even color itself, he must refrain not only from personalities but from entering the domain of personality, he must labor to establish facts—and he must not venture to labor beyond facts. A bacteriologist describes the appearance and behavior of a trypanosome and stops there. Not being able to conceive of a good or evil, right or wrong trypanosome, or of an erroneous, paradoxical, or ambiguous one, he never "passes judgment" by applying such adjectives to them. Furthermore, in order to study trypanosomes, he abstracts them from all conditions which he cannot control, he deals with them in laboratory conditions, frankly admitting his inability to study them in the full relationships of nature. It neces-



sarily follows that the sacred obligation of a historian is to lay bare facts, objectively, impersonally, and abstracted from human judgment, human use, and the relationships of nature. In an austere dedication to science and with a humble profession that he is not competent to appraise the meaning of the facts that he lays bare, he refuses to express judgment, which is the job that the public wants him to do.

The attitude is at once a fallacy and a subterfuge. The facts of history are not like the facts of science; they are impure and cannot be handled with complete objectivity. Furthermore, even the most austere historian is forced to pass judgments on them since he has to make selections, arrangements, and presentations of them. The profession holds it impossible to determine why Benedict Arnold committed treason and adds that, a century and a half after the event, you may not even call the act treason except within the formal, legal meaning of the term. But unhappily some amateur like Carl Van Doren, who does not share the occupational timidity, always steps in and proves that it was treason in the wider sense and establishes the reasons for it—and incidentally unmasks the subterfuge. For the real reason why historians desire to avoid judgments is that they are afraid to make them. The brethren are afraid of one another: one of the boys may prove them wrong. And in holding to the code they have abandoned their public function.

For society does not maintain historians in comfort and security merely to describe and classify the behavior of trypanosomes. It desires them to instruct it about society's past, to tell it what to think about the past. It solicits them to do, first of all, the very thing they refuse to do—to explain what history means. History is not facts; it is experience, it is the experience of the past. History has meaning or there is no point in studying it. The meaning of history can be ascertained, within the limitations of fallible minds and the changing conditions of the generations, or there is no use for historians—they are only a form of conspicuous waste. When historians are willing to teach, to express judgments, the public is always

eager to listen to them. When they are not, the enrollment of history courses falls off (as it has fallen steadily for the past quarter-century), social psychologists rush in to fill the vacuum, professional historians grieve over the ingratitude of man, and amateur historians, who are willing to say something, perform the only public service that history renders.

IF THESE attitudes aridify the teaching of history, they do the writing of it the same disservice. Only an occasional Samuel Morison or Charles Beard can be a man of letters, but no one asks the generality of historians to write brilliantly. Surely however even the lowliest historian could interest readers in the most interesting of all subjects if his professional standards did not rule out exactly the things in which interest chiefly exists for the lay public—the narrative treatment of events, the study of personality, the resolution of problems, and above all, the free and constant expression of judgment. The amateur historian, who is far less qualified to practice history, succeeds with the public where the professional usually fails because he writes history in precisely that way.

The principal reason why young people are ignorant of American history then is that their high school teachers have been trained in methods and are held to values which tend to drain history of interest and meaning. The Easy Chair does not presume to say how the situation may be corrected but only that it is a serious situation. The problem of illiteracy used to involve teaching people how to read and write. It now involves teaching them American history. Knowledge of our past, of the growth and working of our traditions, of our national experience is indispensable to the effective functioning of our society. Long ago we required everyone to learn reading and writing. We are certainly going to require them to learn American history, and that implies compulsory education in it. But if we are going to require everyone to study history certainly we must also require teachers to teach it more effectively. That requirement will necessitate a reform. It can come only from within; it is up to the American Historical Association.



# THE MYSTERIES OF MIDWAY

*Americans in Battle—No. 5*

FLETCHER PRATT



THE Battle of Midway should have been reported by Plutarch. He would have used it to exhibit once more that divine law of compensation which causes men to be destroyed by their own successes. It abounds in the antithesis and paradox of which he was so fond. He would have enjoyed recording that the greatest naval battle in three years of war took place without any vessel sighting an enemy; and that the Japanese leaders, who spend so much of their effort in depriving their fighting men of all human emotion, themselves gave way to fear of the unknown, lost all their skill, and with it lost an empire which they stood to gain if their plan had succeeded.

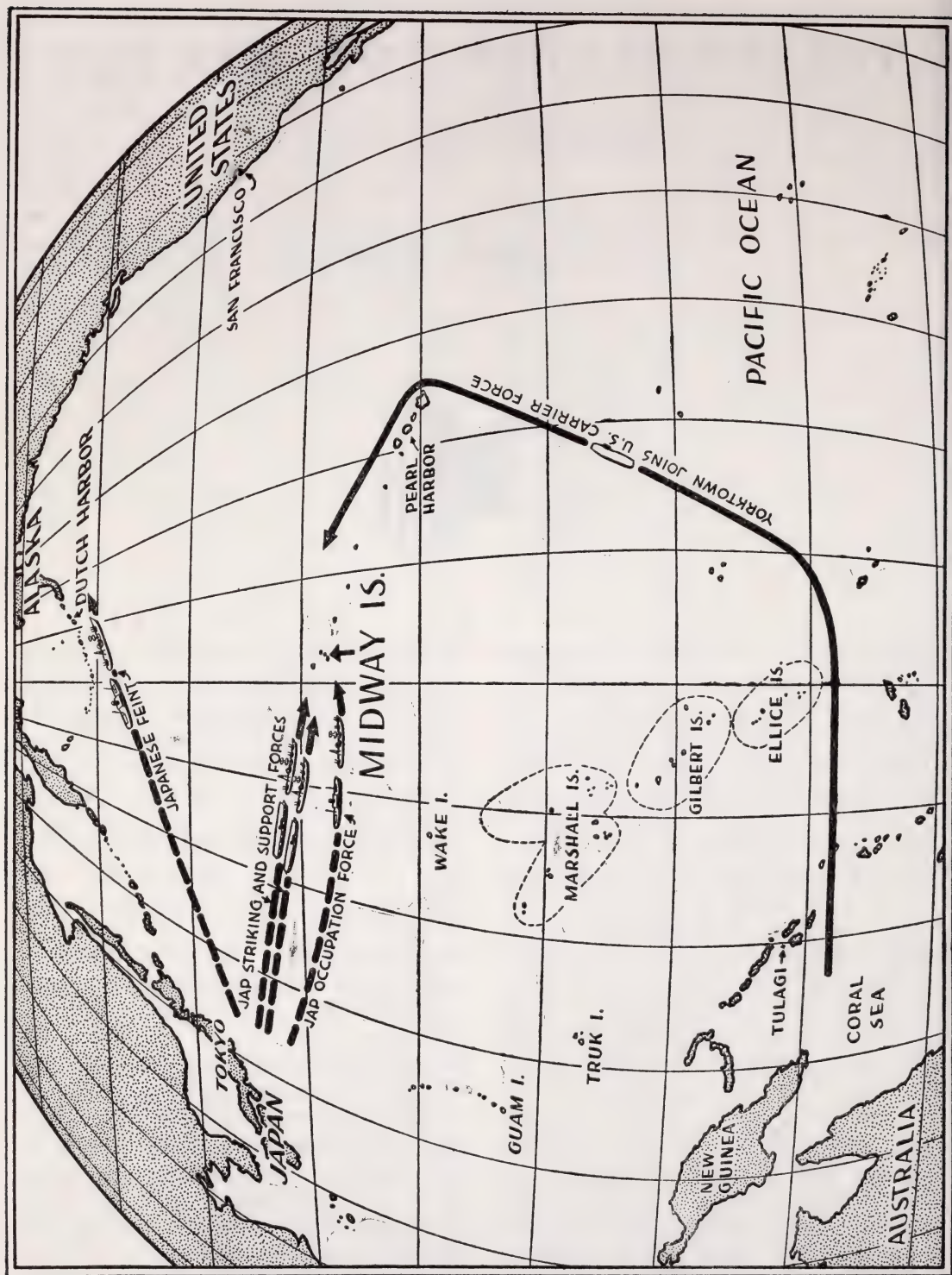
It will always seem, until we have positive evidence to the contrary, that the Japanese plan at Midway was at least partly an improvisation. Doubtless there was more than one scheme for the capture of Hawaii filed away in the Imperial archives; and doubtless the best plans included the capture of Midway as a steppingstone, with a simultaneous move against the Aleutians. These would be dictated by the simple military consideration of dividing the defensive forces and gaining some advantages regardless of where the defense chose to concentrate.

But the timing was all wrong, in the sense that the Japanese push into the cen-

tral Pacific should have been the climax of a victorious campaign in which Japan had everywhere else rendered herself invulnerable and had so damaged our forces afloat that they were incapable of anything but a desperate defense. The Japanese knew this. But in their strategy at this time there was an element of compulsion. At the Coral Sea they had lost a good deal more than the carrier *Ryukaku*, an invasion convoy, and the opportunity of extending their empire of the islands southeastward; they had lost face, or some portion of their belief in themselves—an important factor in war. They had also lost time, all the time spent in assembling that gaudy armada whose fragments went slinking home from Misima Island, and they were conscious that our production lines had not in the meanwhile been idle. Their war was in fact one in which all the great gains would have to be made early and then defended.

Thus from every point of view they were urged to a great and daring stroke that should make good the losses of Coral Sea. Probably they were counting on our expecting them to make another major effort toward the southeast, toward Port Moresby and Tulagi Harbor. Possibly they believed, on the evidence of Pearl Harbor, that an unexpected attack would always catch us napping.





# BEFORE THE BATTLE OF MIDWAY

This map of the Pacific, drawn on what the books call an external perspective projection, gives a diagrammatic picture of the three Japanese forces which were approaching Midway Island on June 3rd, and the fourth which made a preliminary feint at Dutch Harbor (approximate courses shown by broken lines). It shows also the approximate course of the *Yorktown* in its 5,000-mile race from the Battle of the Coral Sea to the defense of Midway.



No one can say whether they might not have been right at another time or against another officer, but in the actual case these were errors of enormous proportions. Admiral Halsey, the vigorous leader of the carrier forces that were our main arm (while the old battleships which had been hit at Pearl Harbor were still mostly under repair and the new, fast battleships were still unready) was ill; and his place was being filled by Rear Admiral Raymond A. Spruance, the cold, exact, emotionless tactician known as "the human machine" in the fleet, a man without any psychology at all in the sense the Japanese were trying to use it, who believed nothing but evidence and always acted on that. He was a member of that little kitchen cabinet of the fleet air arm which gathered round Halsey and included Admiral Fletcher, Captain Sherman of the *Lexington*, and Admiral Fitch, who had headquarters aboard her: the men who had been at sea when the enemy came down on Pearl Harbor and who did not believe that was the disaster it seemed, since it not only left intact the striking force of the carriers, but also promoted the carriers to the first line of national defense.

It is possible that in such company Admiral Spruance was a voluble man. To the rest of the world he had little to say, seemed always behind an aquiline face and rhadamanthine brow to be thinking, thinking—not cleverly, with a bridge-player's mind, like Admiral Yamamoto, who was planning the operation against him, but precisely, with the mind of an astronomer who must measure the weight of a star two hundred light years distant by the variation of a line not quite as wide as a hair.

## II

THE material for thought, both by Admiral Spruance and Admiral C. W. Nimitz, the little man with the brush-cut, was a series of reports that ran in during the early part of May, following the Battle of Coral Sea. These reports came from MacArthur's land-based planes, from our own scouting submarines, and from one of our carrier-cruiser task forces. They no more than mentioned the date and place where some enemy ship had

been seen, and the identification was often doubtful, but in them there was a line so consistently repeated, with small variations, that it could not fail to draw the attention of both Admiral Spruance and Admiral Nimitz—"Course 315."

This meant that most of the Japanese ships were steaming northwest, toward their home islands. Where they would go after that was anybody's deduction. Perhaps a little better than deduction; for at this point we reach the first of the mysteries of Midway. On June 7th, just after the battle, the papers of the McCormick group (*Chicago Tribune*, *Washington Times-Herald*, *New York News*) carried a story saying the Navy had known the exact strength and disposition of the Japanese forces almost since they had left their bases. According to this story there were three separate Japanese squadrons to make the usual Japanese attack like the clutching outstretched fingers of a hand.

One was a support force, all fast ships and powerfully gunned, with the moderate complement of aircraft from the small carrier *Ryujo* to accompany them. This squadron (according to the story) consisted of two battle cruisers of the *Kirishima* class in addition to the carrier, the four big light cruisers of the *Mogami* type "armed with fifteen guns of 6.1 cal.," a smaller light cruiser, and ten big destroyers.

One was an occupation force expected to land troops; it comprised two armored transports, six troopships, eight to twelve supply vessels, twelve destroyers, and ten submarines, in addition to four cruisers—*Chakas*, *Myoko*, *Chitore*, *Choda* (again quoting the story)—with 6.1-inch guns.

The third, or striking force, intended to smash up opposition at the point of attack, contained the other two *Kirishima* class battle cruisers, two cruisers of the *Tome* class (new ships with 6.1-inch guns), twelve destroyers, and four big aircraft carriers—*Kaga* and *Akagi* (the ships that had bombed Pearl Harbor) and the recent *Hiryu* and *Soryu*.

There were some very striking inaccuracies in this account—including misspellings like *Choda* for *Chioda* and an understatement of the size of the *Mogami*-type cruisers' guns—and it did not list



half enough Japanese ships. But when the Midway communiqué of July 14th came out (one of the finest pieces of prose ever seen in an official document) it gave the strength and organization of the Japanese forces substantially as they had been listed in this press account, though without so many names. The fact that some weeks later the government haled the heads of the McCormick press before a grand jury (unsuccessfully) on a charge of having published information from official sources without official permission, and so having broken the censorship laws, permits the deduction that the Navy did know, and well in advance, what it was going to fight. Other evidence also indicates that it knew when and where the attack would come.

Part of this is furnished by the presence of the carrier *Yorktown*. She had been in the Coral Sea action with the *Lexington*, and on the evening of May 8th was steaming southwest and away from that deadly contact with a bomb-hole in her deck and forty-four men dead. Presumably she would have to refuel somewhere, replace planes lost or damaged in the battle, and get repairs that at least implied a visit to a port for spare parts. Yet she showed up at Midway less than a month later, after a run of well over five thousand miles. She must have gone like the fabulous bat out of hell, and hardly anything but positive information on the strength and intentions of the enemy could have led the Navy to take their carrier from the active front in the South Pacific and send her on so furious a journey.

So much for the dating of the Japanese attack. Now as to the placing of it. On straight strategic grounds Alaska was a far more attractive target for the Japanese forces than Midway. The distance they would have to cover was shorter, and much of it was through fog-bound seas that would make surprise easy. The Japanese had every reason to believe that the local defenses of Alaska, both ground and air, were not so good as those of the islands to the south. There was thus every reason for our Navy to suspect the Aleutians as the true enemy objective in the absence of positive information, and to rush our mobile defenses, the forces afloat, off in

that direction. The Japanese apparently thought we would do that, and to encourage us in the idea they sent a fourth squadron toward the Aleutians and made a semi-feint there just before the big attack at Midway.

But Nimitz and Spruance never reacted at all to the Alaskan fake; they kept their ships in the region of Midway. That is, they knew. Some have advanced the theory that they got their information by the same means the British used in discovering there would be a German fleet off the coast of Jutland at the end of May, 1916—through intercepting the enemy's radio messages and breaking down his code.

But even if Nimitz and Spruance knew what the Japanese meant to do there was no guarantee that they would be able to prevent it. For our forces were inferior. From its slender store of available planes the Army sent a handful of fast B-26 bombers to reinforce the air defense at Midway Island; and Flying Fortresses were hastily flown out to Hawaii, whence their immense range would enable them to cover the area. There were a couple of formations of Marine dive bombers, none better in the world, at Midway; and one formation of Navy torpedo planes, the reserve of Torpedo 8, the *Hornet's* squadron. The ground defenses were put in as good order as a truly desperate shortage of anti-aircraft guns would permit. There were some PBY's, big flying boats, scouts whose military characteristics are described by the fact their pilots called them "The Commuter Command; out by plane and back by rubber boat after being shot down." What chiefly worried Lieutenant-Colonel Ira L. Kimes, in charge of Marine aviation at the island, was that his aerial defense consisted exclusively of Fighting 221—25 planes, ancient Brewsters and quite obsolescent.

There was no time to reach Midway with anything better, for it is beyond flying distance of a fighter plane even from Honolulu. There were no battleships fast enough to close the *Kirishimas*. The submarines that had been ordered to the scene might not get there in time. And there were no PT's for close-in work.

But there was Spruance with the carriers.



Just at daybreak on June 3rd, when the *Yorktown*, at the end of her furious journey, was running fast along the chain of reefs that stretches from Hawaii to Midway, there came a radio flash from Nimitz to the fleet: "Enemy planes attack Dutch Harbor." Twelve hundred miles from the ship and the Admiral who were to be the central figures in it, the Battle of Midway had begun.

### III

THE Japanese who made that attack on Dutch Harbor were one of the normal invasion groups that had previously climbed down the ladder of the South Pacific islands. They had two or three cruisers, eight destroyers, a pair of sea-plane tenders, and two carriers—one of them a regular navy ship, the other a converted merchant job. (One of the minor mysteries of Midway is whether this regular carrier was the *Ryujyo*; she was identified both here and with the Midway support force.) They had transports; and they had ridden without detection thus far along the Aleutian chain, more than half its length, under a fog which probably lay along the eastern edge of a great weather front which was covering their advance toward Midway far to the south.

In Dutch Harbor lay a Coast Guard cutter, an Army transport, three of the old four-piper destroyers, and a minesweeper. At least one of the destroyers had been converted to a tender for the PBY flying scouts by removal of half her boilers to make space for the food, ammunition, and men of her attached air squadron. Possibly the minesweeper had been converted also; many of them are. All the PBY's but one were out quartering the mist for the Japanese, whose appearance, in the restrained words of the communiqué, "was not entirely unexpected." That remaining plane was on the water near the tender, about to take off for the States with a load of mail. The anti-aircraft stations were manned, the ships all had steam up, when three Mitsubishi's stuck their noses through the low frosty clouds round Mount Ballyhou and dived to attack. Three more followed and another

three—five threes all told in twenty minutes. The gun crews were green and had no help aloft; the attack was well enough delivered to smash a few wooden barracks and burn up the big mail plane, which could not get unstuck before they hit her. But not one of the ships was touched, nothing vital on shore was touched; and when the Japs went upstairs into their cloud again they left two of their own bombers blazing on the slopes of Ballyhou, a high percentage of loss.

Everybody at Dutch Harbor expected them back with a lot of their friends, for this was ideal bombers' weather. On the heels of that first attack—obviously intended to disjoin the defense by surprise—Japanese reconnaissance planes began to come over, ducking in and out of the clouds all day long. Now the Japs knew what we had: not very much, no strong naval vessels, no fighter planes, not enough to keep them from landing troops under the combination of air bombing and naval shelling which had been so effective in the southern islands. The Army disposed its troops from Fort Mears. Dutch Harbor tightened belts through an anxious day and night of stand-to, preparing to be another Wake Island, and—nothing happened.

It is possible that the report of his bombers and the scouts that followed it convinced the Japanese task-force commander that he had all the time in the world to clean up this operation, and he wished to scout the position thoroughly, doing the job with no casualties which he could avoid. It is possible that out there in the fog so thick you could stuff sofa cushions with it he had some accidents in taking in his planes and decided to wait for the clearing weather that comes with dawn before undertaking the major attack. He must have been counting on there being no other American base within 800 miles, so that out there where he was, 70 or 80 miles from Dutch Harbor, he could expect no aerial opposition except from the PBY's. Their pilots would doubtless come in valiantly, but with valor futile against the heavy barrage and fast Zero fighters he could put up.

He waited for daylight; and at daylight, with his Zeros in the air to cover the



launching operation, he was just about to get his bombers away and clean house on Dutch Harbor when he was jumped by a formation of American P-40 fighters, escorting some of those wonderful two-motored bombers which can outrun any pursuit ship the Japanese have. Land-based planes—some of which carried torpedoes and all of which came from behind him, from the direction of Japan. It was a touch-and-go raid by a few planes that shed their cargoes of death and were off again like a flash into the mists, not waiting to see whether they got any hits.

We do not know—maybe shall never know—how much material damage was done, but the moral damage was fatal to the Japanese enterprise. The enemy admiral had first to spread his ships, put up defensive patrols, and send out scouts to see what hornet's nest had spawned this brood. Toward afternoon one of the scouts succeeded in following the third or fourth wave of attack home and located their field on Umnak Island, seventy miles west of Dutch Harbor, where no air base had any business being, according to Jap Intelligence report. At this news the enemy admiral pulled himself together enough to get off a squadron of bombers with heavy fighter escort for a damage raid on Dutch Harbor and another for the surprise base at Umnak. They hit both places about 5 P.M. At Dutch Harbor they set fire to an old wooden ship that had been run on the beach as a carpenters' barracks; at Umnak they found the P-40's waiting for them and lost two planes out of nine without any damage for our side. Then these Japs steamed away out of the area and the story.

For all they knew there were half a dozen other bases hidden along the island chain. They had no way of telling that the one at Umnak had only just been achieved by the gigantic efforts of a brilliant engineer colonel, Benjamin Talley, working against ice and seventy-mile gales since Pearl Harbor, taking his materials from cases marked for an imaginary Blair Fish-Packing Company that had been invented to keep news of the project from leaking out through espionage.

Nor had the Japs any way of knowing either that Representative Magnusson

would stand up in the House two months later to say that Army bombers from another secret field near Dutch Harbor had failed to take off and smash up the whole Jap force because they had no orders from their own service and would not accept suggestions from the Navy. Is it true? Another mystery.

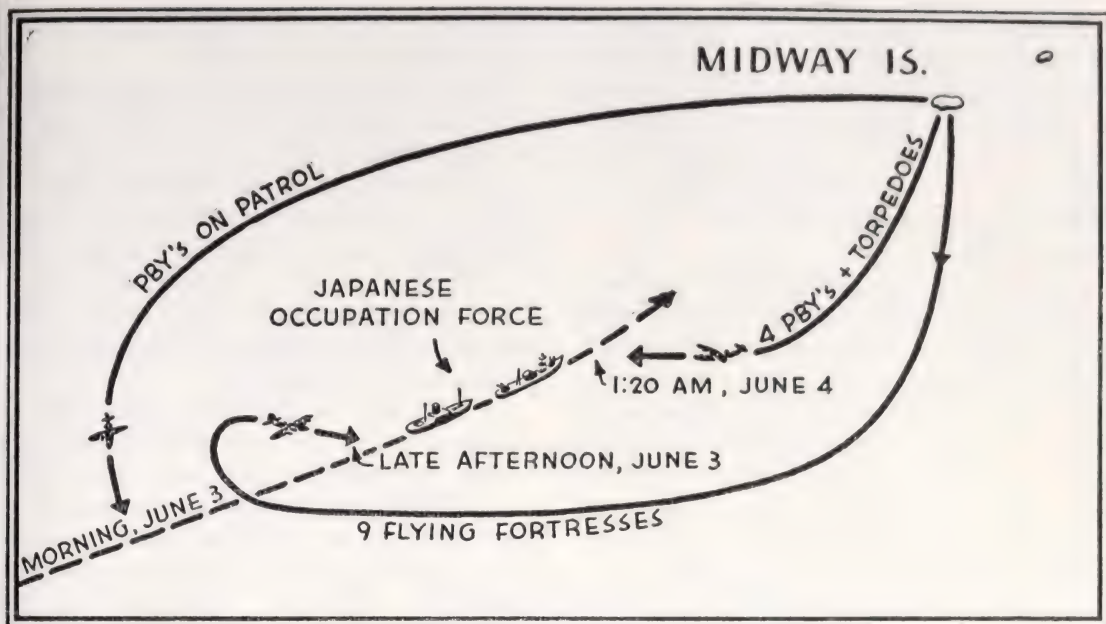
#### IV

THREE hours after the Dutch Harbor attack, while the *Yorktown* was running through bright sunny weather approaching Midway, Ensign Jewell Reid, flying a PBY patrol plane very high 700 miles west by south of Midway Island, saw many objects on the water, dead ahead and far away, looking like ants on a distant polished floor. He flashed a warning—the PBY boys always do this, for they may not last long enough to get home with a full story (on this operation one of them sent the message, "Dogging enemy, please notify my next of kin"). Then Reid moved closer, swinging out abeam of the formation, very high up, to get a count. Eleven big vessels; Reid thought there were two battleships among them, but he came no nearer than was necessary to check their course and speed. Presumably what he saw was actually the Japanese occupation force, with nothing bigger than a cruiser to cover it.

The effective attack range of torpedo and dive-bombing planes is 200 miles. They would not do for this job. Back at Midway curly-haired Lieutenant-Colonel Walter Sweeney, Jr., took off with nine Army Flying Fortresses, which regard a 700-mile trip as an average run.

None of their crews had ever been in action; when they located the convoy late in the afternoon one of the young pilots remarked on the great beauty of the anti-aircraft fire which seemed to drift slowly up toward them. They circled and came in out of the glare of the western sun at medium altitude through spotty clouds. They made it twenty ships in five columns, which broke up, dodging and weaving in fantastic patterns of wakes. Antiaircraft jarred and rolled the big bombers, but they had no fighter opposition, the Japs apparently not having imagined anything





THE OPENING PHASE OF MIDWAY

could strike at them as far out as that. Colonel Sweeney swung over the biggest concentration of biggest ships and gave the signal; down came the bombs in pattern, on the Army system.

Only the tail gunners got a glimpse of results and they were talking about battle-ships again as the B-17's stuck their noses into the clouds and pulled for home. The Navy, which questioned the men and collated their reports, reported one cruiser and one transport badly hit and left burning, with damage from near-misses from other ships. First surprise and first score for our team.

It was followed by another surprise and score.

That evening Captain C. T. Simard, commander of the island's Naval Air Station, and Captain Logan Ramsey, Chief of Operations, produced one of the happy improvisations which are the specific excellence of Americans in battle—why not send those hulking PBY's, slowest and most vulnerable of planes, into the night with torpedoes? Dark would give them cover, but the thing had never been tried and the crews were tired because they had been out all day on patrol; so Captain Ramsey called for volunteers.

Every man offered; crews for four planes were chosen from those who showed the

least evidence of fatigue and were placed under command of Lieutenant William Richards, with torpedoes under their wings, attached there where torpedoes had never been before by a minor marvel of mechanical improvisation.

They took off after dark. Richards found his target all right at 1:20 in the morning. The Japanese ships were now in a night protective formation of two long columns of big ships with antisubmarine craft on the flanks, steaming steadily and lightless. Richards circled once, widely, to make sure the other PBY's had picked up the enemy, observing that only one plane of his flight of four was still with him. No matter; he ran down the column till the moon-path on the water made a clean line to the largest of the enemy ships and came in on a glide. Because of its high silhouette the Army men in the afternoon had thought this vessel a small carrier; but just as he let his fish go Richards saw it clearly outlined against the moon as a big cargo vessel. Then he became intensely busy putting his machine into a sharp right climbing turn as star shells, flares, and antiaircraft fire cracked out all along the line below. His co-pilot and the rear gunners saw a double flash and a rolling pillar of smoke against the moon as they turned away. Hit!



Ensign Davis in plane 2 was caught by the lights; he was not hit, but the ship he was aiming at had time enough to make a sharp turn away from his torpedo. Plane 4 lost the others in the night, never picked up contact again, and got back to Midway toward morning with its last drops of gas.

Ensign Propst in plane 3, who had also lost contact with the leader in some clouds twenty minutes before Richards' attack, picked up the trail and spotted the convoy just about the time it quieted down after the first blow. He too used the moon-path and made a hit. As he climbed away from the uproar a Jap plane came after him and, though it did no damage, the high speed and turns he was forced to use in the getaway took a lot of fuel. The quartering he had done after getting lost in the clouds took more, so plane 3 was still far short of Midway when her tanks went dry and she had to come down at sea. The crew stayed with her till they were picked up by a destroyer, two days after the battle, but by that time their machine was a goner. Still, we could afford to swap one plane (and no casualties) for a big enemy ship (the Navy doubts whether the other went down).

## V

JUNE 4th. Before the day broke, the PBY's were out west and northwest of Midway, flying the edge of the weather-front under which the Japanese striking force was moving toward conquest. The self-confidence of the Japs was undimmed by what must have seemed to them just the sort of partial and ineffective counter-attacks with weapons of occasion that a surprised enemy might make. Ensign Howard Ady found them first, an hour after dawn, as he was flying through rain squalls along the edge of the doubtful area, two hundred miles from Midway. He saw first a float plane, low down and at some distance, but clearly identifiable as a cruiser's observation machine, not of American make. Then he caught a glimpse of the cruiser that had presumably shot it off; a cruiser with the low raking funnel and pagoda bridgework of a Jap. But she ducked under the clouds

again and Ady was hunting bigger game, so he kept his radio closed.

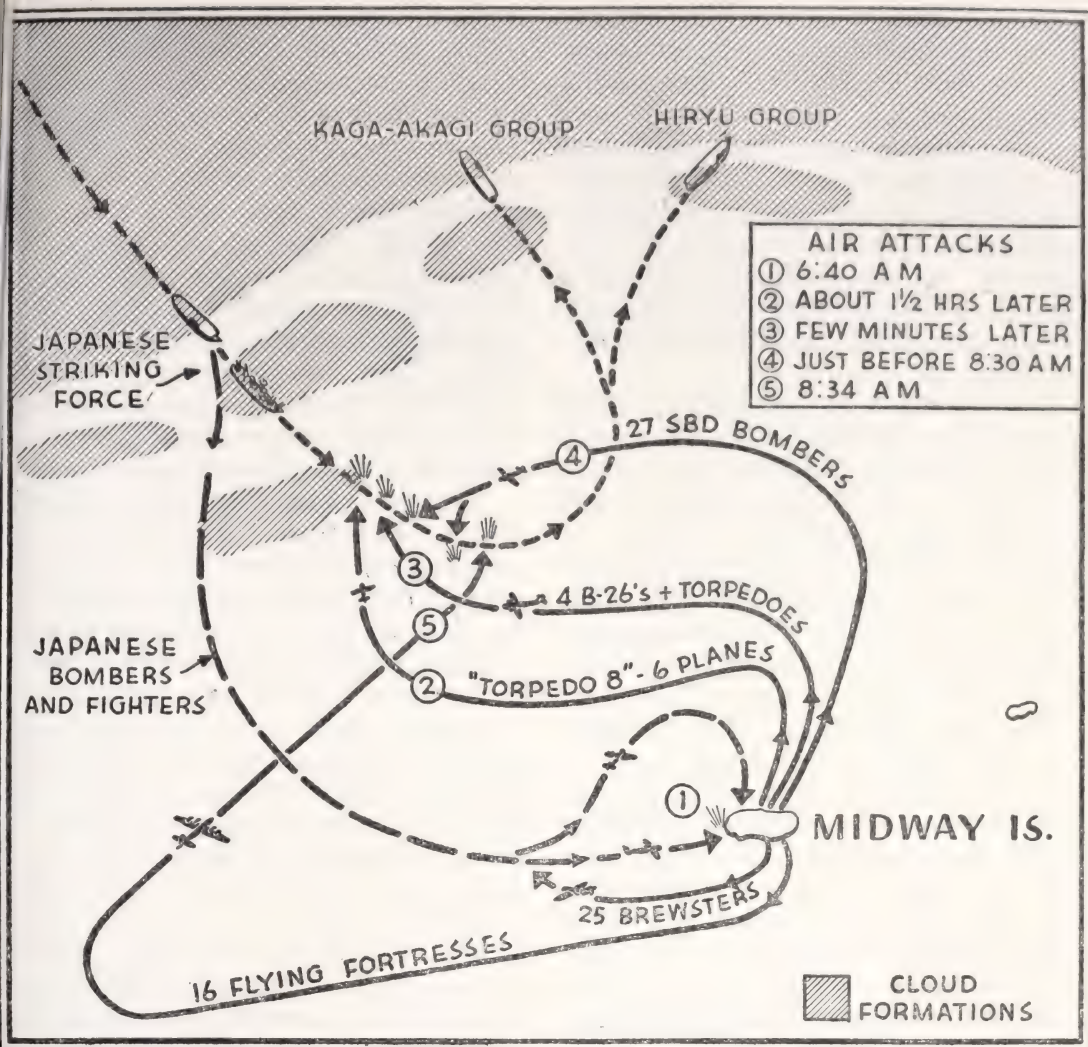
Then the PBY burst through another rain-fit and her crew could see a display of Jap ships lining the whole horizon, with the squall they had just left behind them—two big carriers in the van; giant shapes that would be battleships; cruisers; and "a lot of destroyers. From their position, running into the wind, I believe they had either launched their planes or were getting ready to do so."

As a matter of fact they had already launched them. It was not more than a minute or two from this time that Lieutenant William A. Chase in another PBY sighted over a hundred Jap bombers with fighter escort, flying fast and in tight formation for Midway. He opened up his long-range voice radio, and not bothering to use code, shouted the news. The two reports told Colonel Kimes and Captain Ramsey back at our base all they needed to know. Every plane at Midway took the air at once.

The six machines of Torpedo 8 were the first away. The Flying Fortresses went up—16 of them, which for our purposes can be called the 2nd attack group. Soddid four Army B-26's under Captain James F. Collins, armed with torpedoes in another experiment like that of the PBY's at night; they can be called the 3rd attack group. Scout-Bombing 241 (the 4th attack group) went up in two parts, 16 SBD's in one formation under Major Lofton B. Henderson, 11 in another, under Major Benjamin W. Norris. These were the last away; as they picked up formation and headed in the direction Ady had given, the rear gunners looked back in time to see the Jap bombers come in on Midway and our anti-aircraft open up.

It fired a beautiful pattern, just one thousand feet short of the attackers—all but one shell with a defective fuse, which went on up, and by one of the accidents of battle, exploded square on the nose of one of the onrushing bombers. The machine fell apart and one wing, with a bright pennon of flame streaming from it, drifted zigzag down and down like an autumn leaf. This was the last thing Norris' men could see as they flew west to make their attack.





LATER ACTIONS OF BATTLE OF MIDWAY

The Brewsters going out to face the Japanese bombing force, with its escort of Zeros, had met it twenty miles west of Midway. It was the enemy first team, the best they had, who yielded nothing to our Marines in determination, and but little in skill. Four or five of them came down; the rest, so vastly superior in number, swung round to the north away from the area where the Brewsters and Zeros were hammering at each other and came on Midway from that side, big waves of from 40 to 60 planes each till one observer made the total of 180. The Jap bombers had a 500-pounder apiece, which they dropped mostly from 10,000 feet; then they came down to 1,200 to plant their lighter bombs and to make strafing runs in company with the Zeros.

Too many had no opposition except from the ground antiaircraft fire, and their skill was high—one Jap plane drawing exclamations of admiration from the Marines themselves as it did beautiful slow rolls on the tail of Lieutenant D. D. Irwin, whose landing gear had jammed down and who could do no more than try to lead the enemy into ground fire. "It was definitely hot," said the Marine Ground Captain, Gene Buckner; the men in the pits were glad when silence fell after twenty minutes and what was left of the enemy moved off to the southwest.

Colonel Kimes radioed his fighters to come in (only 12 of the 25 did; the others were all gone, two of them machine-gunned as they drifted down in parachutes) and crawled out from his dugout



command post to survey the damage. There were dead men and wounded men all over the island. The administration building was hit, hangars were hit and burning; over on the westerly Sand Island an oil tank was on fire. A machine shop was hit, the canteen had been blown to matchwood, and all the mess halls were destroyed, so that until new equipment came from Pearl Harbor everyone had to live on slumgullion cooked in big kettles under the sky.

Down through the air as the Colonel emerged there were still drifting fragments of the Mitsubishi that had blown up so violently that the Marines at first thought these bits were propaganda leaflets. All over the north end of the island Marines were happily scrambling for single cigarettes; by a freak of physics the explosion in the canteen had stripped not only the cartons but also the wrappers from all the smokes in the building. And down behind that building one of the classic remarks of the war was being uttered. When the canteen was hit a Marine in an emplacement beside it clutched his stomach with both hands and rolled over. After the storm had passed two others pulled his hands away to see what they could do for the poor fellow. Out rolled a can of beer, which had delivered a perfect solar plexus punch.

"I—just—can't take beer on an empty stomach," he gasped and grinned.

His aplomb was symptomatic, for the attack as a whole was a failure; it had damaged the gun emplacements little, the plane service establishments hardly at all. The runways had not been touched—perhaps, it has been suggested, deliberately, because the Japs wanted to use them themselves. Forty-three machines had been shot down, or so many that only genuine destruction of the defense plant would have been an adequate return.

## VI

MEANWHILE our four attack groups were over the Japanese ships. The six planes of Torpedo 8 got there first. They found the main enemy striking force in a tight formation, a swarm of Zeros outside like flies round a garbage can, then

cruisers and destroyers masking the big ships. "Get the carriers" had been the briefing down from Admiral Nimitz; the men of Torpedo 8 dived over the escort toward them into a storm of AA fire, small stuff with direct laying, big shells from the cruisers, fired to throw up waterspouts that would tip the planes into the sea or smash a prop; for at such speed spray can be as resistant as granite. Zeros courageously followed into the fire of their own ships. The communiqué said: "It is believed that this group scored one hit on an enemy ship," but added: "Only one of these six planes returned to its base."

Captain Collins with the four B-26's of the 3rd attack group came next; his men had thought they were on a scouting mission. Radios on battle-frequency picked up their exclamations of surprise as they burst through the clouds and saw the Japanese fleet laid out in a panorama not twenty-five miles away, with the flight of the six torpedo planes going on around it. A flight of Zeros detached itself to meet this new American menace; Captain Collins watched as they flew straight for his formation, and at the ultimate moment before they opened fire gave the word and dived. The Zeros shot past. Sergeant Gogoj in one of the planes remembers a twinge of disappointment when he failed to get a shot at them from the forward gun position; "then I heard Ashley start shooting his gun from the tail. I swung around, and there about five hundred feet away was a Jap pursuit"—from another formation which had come out of the cloud to ride them in. Tracer and pom-pom went past; Collins' landing gear was wrecked; on Lieutenant James B. Muri's plane the rear gunner was killed, both turrets were disabled, and the machine set afire. He dodged between cruisers and destroyers, turned sharp, and headed for the nearest and biggest carrier, which had itself just executed a turn. Collins, Muri, and the other two dropped their fish and pulled up, shooting over the big ship's bow through a curtain of antiaircraft, then went into an almost vertical climb. One of them, too badly hit to make it, fell off into the sea; but down below the huge pillar of water from a hit rose beside the Jap carrier.



It must have been the *Akagi* that was it. Apparently the Japs had just begun to break up their tight formation, scattering their valuable carriers under the cloud banks and concentrating their defense in the air. When Major Henderson's dive bombers of the 4th attack group, only a few minutes later, dropped through a high overcast and rough air onto a parade of Japanese ships, the new carrier *Soryu* was the center of the picture, as impressive a sight as the *Lexington's* men had witnessed at Coral Sea.

But this was not Coral Sea, it was nothing like it; the Americans now had no torpedo planes to help out the bombers, no fighter cover and no surprise. "I counted sixty-three ships in the few minutes before the attack," says a rear gunner of Henderson's formation. "Then we began to get all kinds of flak, very accurate, and any number of Zeros you want to name. I was scared to death; I never saw such a trip, and if I ever do again I probably won't live through it." Scared to death; but he did live through it to be decorated for bravery and presence of mind in the thirteen-minute action at the edge of the clouds.

Full half of them did not live through it. Major Henderson was one; his plane was heavily hit just as he peeled off for the dive. It staggered and caught fire, but he held on course straight for the *Soryu* and with his plane and 1,000-pounder smashed into the island superstructure of the carrier.\*

Behind him the other planes came down through the flak onto the wildly twisting carrier. Three times the big bombs went right into her deck and columns of smoke leaped up. But as each bomber pulled out of its dive a section of Zeros pounced on it, and the experience of Captain

Blain's bomber was typical, as Private McFeely, the rear gunner, tells it:

"We were all alone except for eight Zeros, but I managed to riddle three of them so I got to feeling pretty good. But then another Zero got on our tail and sent tracer bullets into our ship and then cut loose with his twenty-millimeter cannon. I was hit in the right leg. The slipstream was blowing blood over my goggles so I could hardly see. Our plane had a hole in the stabilizer big enough for a man to crawl through. My radio had been shot off, my throat microphone, cockpit, and instruments were shot up, with blood all around. I didn't have much else to do so I took over the wobble pump, which kept sticking. Finally the gas pressure stopped and the motor quit. We hit the water with a crash but the plane floated and we got out the life-raft"—on which they floated forty-eight hours till a PBY found them, after the battle.

Major Norris and his second echelon of the 4th attack group came through the worsening weather at an angle that would have required them to run through the AA and Zero opposition of the whole fleet to reach the carriers; so they picked out a "lovely battleship" and came down on her through a terrific blaze of fire. Two hits, square on the fantail, where the screws and rudder have but little armor, left the battleship burning enthusiastically.

It was now near 8:30 in the morning. The main Japanese striking force had split into two, one group with the giant carriers (*Kaga* and *Akagi*, one of them with a torpedo hole under her ribs), one with the *Hiryu* and damaged *Soryu*; while the support force began to move in to lend its guns and float planes to the help of the main body. The sixteen Flying Fortresses from Midway had taken off in the morning under orders to go for the occupation fleet with its transports—but now new orders had reached them: to switch to the main enemy striking force, against which nothing could be too much. The change in direction and the relative slowness of the B-17's (if anything that travels over two hundred and fifty miles an hour can be called slow) brought this second group of planes to leave, last to strike, onto that striking force just after the Marine whirl-

\* The rear gunner of another plane has said that Henderson "dived down the smokestack of the carrier," and it has gone into legend that way. But the *Soryu*, one of the best-known ships in the Japanese navy, had no funnels above the deck, and though she did have funnels led out sidewise and down from beneath her flight deck, it would have been impossible to dive down one of them. Probably the gunner meant that Henderson's plane dived into the superstructure which reared a round bulbous head from the island at one side in about the position occupied by the smokestack on American carriers. In the interests of accuracy it is probably worth noting also that the gunner may have been mistaken as to whether Henderson hit that superstructure; the reports of other bombers who saw this carrier later, including Lieutenant Dickinson, a very good witness, describe the *Soryu* as pretty much intact at that time. But of course it does not in the least affect the courage and devotion of Henderson's act whether he actually hit the *Soryu* or not.



wind had blown itself out, about 8:34.

Beneath broken clouds they found "a big battle line, with destroyers outside, cruisers, and then battleships, and away back the carriers, which we picked out for our targets." All the ships they could see looked in good shape, which probably means they came on the *Kaga-Akagi* group, whose wounds would be invisible. The flak was thick, well directed, and well calibrated; all the big bombers took punctures and on at least two of them tail men or belly-gunners were killed. But the Zeros were neither numerous nor very earnest about pressing home their attacks on the oncoming Fortresses.\*

Colonel Sweeney cleverly led his Fortresses down an easy gradient on their run. Beneath them the Jap ships were firing furiously, now mostly overs—"They couldn't seem to get it through their skulls to shorten range"—and weaving in the complex pattern of avoidance. But sixteen Flying Fortresses can lay bombs over a wide area. One carrier was hit on the port bow, flame and fragments leaping up to join the flame and shells from her guns aft. A battleship was hit, and another ship, never clearly identified, probably a big destroyer.† One Fortress came down, but not in the battle area, and her crew too got picked up later, all but one man.

The second phase of the battle was over. The Japs had been hurt, but back at Midway things looked none too good. Returning American planes limped and reeled down the runways with their injuries and many dead; there were gaps in all the formations. "Millions of them out there!" cried one overwrought young Flying Fortress pilot as he pulled off his helmet. And the Marine gunner who had counted said, "Sixty-three ships; hell's bells, we're through." Henderson was gone, and more than half his men; more than half the fighter pilots; half the B-26's. The re-

maining planes were pretty well shot up and the repair facilities in none too good shape. The PBY's were out doing their duty of tracking, but we were losing some of them, too; every now and then one would go silent, shot down, or report itself low on fuel and landing among the waves. The aerial defense of Midway was in fact near breaking point, which is to say that the island now had precious little left to keep the enemy at arm's length, and prevent him from moving into range of his battleship guns and shelling all hell out of the place under cover of another aerial attack.

## VII

**B**UT if the situation looked lowering at Midway—if a hard-boiled Marine could pat a gun breech and murmur grimly that all he asked was one more crack at those bastards before they tipped him over—there must have been something like a case of funk on the bridge of the Japanese flagship.

The Japs had probably not expected to repeat the complete tactical surprise of Pearl Harbor; but they must have counted on achieving strategic surprise, on catching Midway with only a small permanent garrison on the job. The presence of the Flying Fortresses indicated either that this surprise had failed or that the permanent party at Midway was far stronger than had been anticipated. The Japanese themselves had suffered a couple of nasty tactical surprises in the torpedo attacks by night of the PBY's and by day of the B-26's, and they did not know how many more like that we had up our sleeves. One of their carriers was in bad shape; at least one more and a battleship had been hit hard enough to make them something less than fully maneuverable. By this time their destroyers were certainly sending in reports of American submarines in the neighborhood. And the losses in Japanese aircraft had been extremely heavy.

Anyhow, the Jap occupation force was ordered to spin round on its heel and speed back in the direction of Japan; and the Jap striking force turned a couple of points west of north to get deeper under the front of heavy weather with its damaged car-

\* Here is another reason for thinking they had not come on the same portion of the Japanese fleet as Henderson and Norris. The Marines met really formidable fighter opposition from men both brave and clever. The suggestion is that the cream of the Japanese fighter force was dealing with the Marines and could not in time reach the area where the Fortresses dropped their bombs only a few minutes later. The airplane is the swiftest vehicle of modern war but its speed is not infinite.

† The Midway communiqué credits this squadron with three hits, all on carriers, but unless there was a fifth Japanese carrier present and sunk, this does not square with later passages in the communiqué itself, nor with Colonel Sweeney's own account, given later.



riers. All the Jap planes except the ordinary patrols were taken in for refueling and rearming. The support force now apparently closed the gap from the rear and added its strength to the damaged striking force. If all went well the Jap admiral could perform on a large scale the maneuver adopted by his planes at Midway on a smaller one—circle to attack the American base from another di-

rection. His reshuffle was completed sometime between 8:34 and 9:30 that morning—the morning of June 4th.

It seems certain that he had no idea of the approach of Admiral Spruance and the American carriers, which had been hurrying past Midway in a northwesterly direction through the Pacific haze on that eventful morning, as has been mentioned before.

[*Mr. Pratt's account of the Battle of Midway will be concluded next month.*—The Editors]

## P A S T O R A L

LYNN RIGGS

LAMBS that nibble early grass  
are not aware of men who pass  
in double file and double mood  
at the spring's incertitude.

Winter is bleakly in the cell  
firmly indivisible,  
portents being what they are  
in any substances at war,  
and these are men who know that spring  
ought to have a different ring,  
ought to charm and minister,  
portents being what they were.

Dalmatians too behind the gate  
only half considerate  
of marching foot and wary eye  
under a widely flaring sky  
whine unceasingly for food  
in single file and single mood,  
unaccustomed yet to feel  
penalized by woven steel.

Lambs and dogs are sturdy things  
not gifted with imaginings,  
to them like other animals  
unaware of true or false  
the stream will flow, the bud appear  
in this or any other year.



# WHAT'S RIGHT ABOUT THE MOVIES

SARA COLTON *and* HAWLEY JONES



DURING the filming of a recent movie the studio's property department wired from Hollywood to the research office which the studio maintains in New York, requesting that twenty New York pigeons be collected and sent to the West Coast studio. Production waited, telegrams shot back and forth, while the Eastern research chief sent his men out to comb the city. When all twenty were assembled research telegraphed: "Pigeons arriving Hollywood Friday noon." At precisely that time the pigeons were received by the studio's property department, and the next morning they hopped and flew through their scenes—lending what Hollywood felt confident was genuine Manhattan atmosphere to the film's setting.

That incident is an illustration of the zeal with which Hollywood nowadays goes after accuracy of detail. In the old serial-drama days producers could get away with egregious mistakes. But as the movies and the movie-going public grew up, audiences became more and more critical. Columnists like Sidney Skolsky began poking murderous fun at inaccuracies in costume, setting, and action, and pretty soon the public was making a sort of game of spotting errors and incongruities, and writing in to the studios about them. As a result the studios began to rely more and more systematically upon research departments, whose job it

is to forestall the hoots and catcalls and to make the pictures as authentic as the director's notions will allow.

Slips still occur in spite of the hundreds of thousands of dollars which are annually spent in an effort to avoid them. In "The Sisters," for instance, one of the characters was shown making a long-distance telephone call from New York to Los Angeles, and a flood of protesting letters poured in from alert fans. For the movie was set in the 1906 era, and you couldn't call the Coast by telephone from New York in those days. The wires reached only as far as Omaha and were not put through to the Coast until 1915. As one producer remarked with a touch of annoyance, people in the audience "spot the damndest things." In "Abe Lincoln in Illinois," for example, a group of reporters are shown taking down the Lincoln-Douglas debate at Freeport. The producers were careful to see that the extras who were hired to play the reporters' roles actually wrote in shorthand, instead of merely going through the motions. But they weren't careful enough. Some hawkeye in the audience got a brief glimpse during a close-up which showed that the reporters were using the Gregg system of shorthand, which didn't come into use until about 1890, instead of the Pitman system, which was current in Lincoln's time.

The studios are so harried by this Quiz



Kid quality in their audiences that they sometimes lose their sense of proportion. Take those pigeons the studio sent for. Movie-makers are so used to being challenged on such details that everyone automatically assumed that the use of any but real New York pigeons in a Central Park scene would bring complaints from at least a dozen outraged movie-goers. So they got the New York pigeons, and nobody made any complaints. Nobody, that is, except the pigeon expert at the Museum of Natural History to whom we reported this story. He told us that there's no difference whatever between New York and California pigeons and that he wishes he had the money that was wasted on that transaction.

But most of the time nowadays, the research men insist, the movies are remarkably right in detail, thanks to the work their departments do. Those of us who have the contrary impression, they maintain, are either thinking in terms of an earlier and more slipshod era or are recalling deviations from factual accuracy which—though they looked like mistakes to us—were really deliberate modifications of actuality, perpetrated in the exalted interest of artistic effect. For example, in "Santa Fe Trail" the encyclopedia-searchers spotted the fact that Custer did not graduate from West Point (as the movie indicated) in the same class with Phil Sheridan and other famous generals, but eight years later. The studio's research chief thereupon had to explain that the studio was aware of the discrepancy but had deliberately telescoped history in order to "portray these famous Americans on one canvas." In other words, the mistake, if there was one, was a matter of judgment rather than of knowledge. Similarly, when "Robin Hood" was released they received a number of letters from people who objected to the pictures of knights returning from the crusades with crosses on the fronts of their tunics. To all of these sticklers research wrote that, although it was true that the crusaders wore their crosses on the backs of their tunics when they returned from the crusades, it was unfortunately also true that in the movies people were usually photographed from the front, and the

director had not wanted to lose the pictorial value of the crosses. "On this account," they wrote, "we took a liberty which we felt did no violence to the spirit of the production."

And so it goes. On some occasions, it seems, the research departments' explanations are less convincing than on others. For instance, a fan who had been to see "Robin Hood" wrote in objecting to the fact that Prince John was shown writing Robin Hood's death warrant. "This is incorrect," he protested, "for everybody knows Prince John couldn't write. He had to sign the Magna Carta with a seal." To this objection the research department answered that they had culled every known source on this point, including "the renowned historians Guizot and Hume," and that some authorities said that John "signed," others that he "sealed," and others that he "signed and sealed." They decided therefore to suit themselves about John's ability to write. All of this is of no particular importance except that Hollywood's high-pressure research overlooked the rather obvious fact that standard libraries contain photostats of the four extant copies of the Magna Carta, none of which is signed, and that they also contain an excellent monograph by Professor E. H. Galbraith on *The Literacy of the Early English Kings* which would have settled the argument—in favor of the protesting fan.

Other liberties have to be taken in order to avoid suits for libel or other legal difficulties. A telephone operator who went to see "The Great Lie" was annoyed by the fact that in one scene Mary Astor called New York and gave the telephone number Gramercy 5-50264. That would be a wrong number, the telephone operator pointed out, since the numbers on New York exchanges have only five digits. The studio replied that the use of a wrong number was deliberate in order to avoid the possibility of invading the privacy of someone whose actual number might accidentally have been used.

The functions of a modern research department are multiple. Primarily of course they are fact-finding agencies, and the assorted information which they have available would be a great asset to a guest



star on "Information, Please!" One of the research chiefs claims that a good researcher never relies on his memory but always goes to the records. Even so the members of the research staffs can tell you offhand that Othello's skin was café-au-lait, not black; that Parisian merry-go-rounds of 1904 had ponies, swans, and unicorns on them; that if there was a flag flying from Washington's boat when he made his famous crossing of the Delaware it did not have thirteen stripes and thirteen stars like the one in Leutze's familiar painting but had the Cross of St. George in the upper left corner. Here are a few questions of the kind that research staffs are continually being called upon to answer:

How many nails were there in a horseshoe in 1854?

What was the price of gasoline in Tahiti in 1940?

What was the size of a man's handkerchief in 1850?

Was Captain Cook's wooden leg his left or his right?

Was there a moon over Europe the night before the Armistice in 1918?

What is the lettering like on Shanghai street signs?

What is the lettering on garbage cans in New York's lower East Side?

Were there mules in 1570?

At what time of year is Orion at its highest point of visibility from London when its zenith is over Panama?

When they were shooting a New York spring scene on the Coast a New York office received the following telegram: "Please check and advise if leaves on trees and foliage green and if not when at Seal Pond Central Park." Research promptly wired back: "April 25th. Foliage now green on smaller bushes. Small leaves on medium trees. Larger trees budding. With present warm weather and sun we should have foliage in a week." When the film "Suspicion" was made it was necessary to find out at what hour gambling stopped for the day at the Casino in Monte Carlo. The Monte Carlo guidebook said the roulette hall opened at ten o'clock in the morning and closed at two after midnight. The research department checked up by communicating with the Principality of Monaco Information Bureau, which replied tersely, "It never stops."

In addition to this kind of fact-finding

the research department also serves as an esoteric extension of the property department. Those pigeons, for example; or the gift for the child in "The Primrose Path." Research was given the following description of the required toy, and was ordered to dig one up: "It looks like a cabbage. When the leaves unfold one by one a rabbit appears and a music box plays." This had the department licked. They found all kinds of ingenious toys, but nowhere could they find rabbits coming out of cabbages. Their last telegram went to Marshall Field's in Chicago and produced the reply, "We have no rabbits coming out of cabbages, but we have monkeys coming out of coconuts." The director settled for the monkeys.

## II

ALL the moving picture studios maintain research departments, and two of them have offices on both coasts. Obviously the West Coast offices are home base. But a New York office is a valuable appendage. No other city in the country is more often the setting for pictures, and nowhere else are there such library and museum facilities. Most important of all, according to the New York staffs, you can always find someone in New York who comes from or has lived in any spot on the globe. For instance, one East Coast office not long ago received an urgent request from Hollywood for data on the type of police car used in Budapest, and for the name of the American car which could most easily be made over to look like it. Within a few hours they were able to find three Hungarians in Manhattan all of whom had worked on the Budapest police force, and one of whom even had a picture of one of the cars. From there on it was easy. (That particular story has a forlorn ending though. Having proudly sent off the desired information, research shortly received a message from the Coast: "Great work, New York, that was a swell job. But we were pressed for time and decided to use a cop on a horse instead.")

A typical research department consists of a chief and several assistants, all of whom take their work very seriously.



The first one in the industry was started by Mrs. Elizabeth McGaffey, currently the head of one of the West Coast departments, who in 1916 sold the idea to Jesse L. Lasky. The successful workers in the field are not, as you might have assumed, people with extensive training in academic research. "Those fellows know too much," one researcher says; "if you ask them something they pop right up with the answer, and at least once out of every ten times they're wrong. A good researcher always says, 'I don't know, but I'll find out.'"

A large part of the finding out consists of getting pictorial evidence, for the movie researcher has an occupational distrust of words. He will tell you that if you should send to the studio hundreds of words describing every detail of a certain costume, the product which the costume department turned out might follow that description faithfully without in the least resembling the original. But a photograph—or better still, several photographs from several different angles—offers no problems of interpretation. It shows what the thing or place or person *looks* like; and since the movies are a visual medium, visual accuracy is all-important. A fiction writer is relatively free from the necessity for giving (or even knowing) the exact look of things. If he is writing about a girl who lived in the 1870's he can say merely that she wore a bustle; each reader's imagination supplies its own specific details. But that won't do if Hollywood sets out to make a movie of the story. The only safe thing for Hollywood to do is to design the costume from pictures of dresses which were actually worn in the very year which the picture is supposed to represent—the bustles of 1873, not 1872 or 1874.

Researchers complain that the public thinks of their work solely in terms of movies whose setting is remote in time or place. Actually such films are often easier to document than those set in our own times. The libraries and museums are full of pictures of the costumes, household articles, streets, and buildings which are required in producing historical films. But what did the water coolers in a summer hotel in the Catskills look like

in 1930? Where do you go for a picture of them? Furthermore, a slip or fake in some detail of a sixteenth-century setting would have few takers in the audience. But hundreds of fans would remember—and passionately insist upon—every detail of those water coolers.

To meet their peculiar needs the research departments build up their own libraries and their own indexed files of pictures and newspaper clippings. Warner Brothers' clipping files alone are insured for a quarter of a million dollars. Paramount has a special compartment in its library devoted to old shaving mugs and other barbershop memorabilia. The illustrated magazines—from *Harper's Weekly* and the *Illustrated London News* down to the contemporary sheets—are valuable sources for pictures of furnishings, lighting fixtures, buildings, and fashions. Those who have been in the business for a while learn that there is no use clipping or indexing any more pictures of some subjects, but that others remain highly desirable. French funerals, for example, are dull stuff; every office has hundreds of pictures of them. But a Javanese funeral is something else again. Prison scenes, pictures of the interiors of hotels and inns, waterfront shots, and pictures of fiestas, fairs, and markets always come in handy. And there is a perpetual demand for pictures of the kinds of uniforms worn by police, firemen, soldiers, conductors, etc., at all times and places.

Useful as these research files are, much of the work on a new movie has to be done in the field. Each new project has to be tackled in its own way. There is seldom any useful precedent. One day research got an order for the plans of the old Casino Theater which stood for many years on the corner of 39th Street and Broadway, New York. A big office building now stands on the spot. The search for the plans and original builders led the staff first into the new building in search of a lead—a bit of information from a reminiscent janitor, superintendent, or charwoman. Since this trip yielded nothing, the researchers moved on to the Public Library to leaf through old volumes on the stage and drama. They found plenty of references to the Casino, especially in conjunction



with its grand opening in 1882 with the play "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief," but no floor plans turned up. A tip from the librarian however sent them to a professor at Columbia who knew more about old New York landmarks than anyone on Broadway. He remembered the Casino very well, knew a man who had been a very young member of the firm that built it—and who later became connected with an architect's office at 40th and Broadway. At this office the researchers were informed that the man had died, but that there was one John somebody, whose last name they couldn't remember, who had worked for that firm and who they had heard was still around. Anyway, they suggested trying the Hall of Records. Here again the researchers drew a blank. So they went back to midtown and concentrated on architects' offices. They finally found John in an office at 48th and Park, and John said the chief architect of the Casino was still alive and was living in Kingston, New York. Up to Kingston they chased and found their man. Yes, he had drawn the plans but they had become so old and crumbled that he had discarded them. But wait a minute, he would search the storeroom and make sure. And there they were, in a pile of old documents, torn and ragged, but still legible. The researchers took their prize back to the office, had it patched up and photostated, and the photostats were sent off to the Coast.

Even the most insignificant details should be checked. For example, in a recent movie the original script had a scene in which a girl takes a train from Hobe Sound to Stuart, Florida. The conductor comes along and tells her the fare is seventy-five cents. The alert research department checked up on that and found that the fare between those points was really forty cents, and the correction was made before the scene was filmed.

Perhaps the clearest way to get a notion of the magnitude of the job which the departments try to handle is to look at a preliminary layout for research on a typical story. If the movie in question is to be based on a novel the first step is for the researchers to go through the book page

by page, listing every item which must be checked. Here are some samples of the items on such a list:

*From Page 1:*

- Richmond, Virginia: time, the present
- Governor's mansion
- Evening newspapers
- Inaugural ceremonies
- Richmond Light Infantry Blues' uniforms
- Virginia State flag
- Telephone

*From Page 7:*

- Capitol Square
- Crawford's equestrian statue of Washington
- Other statues
- Danny's roadster
- Long line of out-of-state cars—license plates
- State troopers' uniforms

*And finally from Page 22:*

- Norfolk-Portsmouth Ferry pier (Elizabeth River)
- Ferry slip
- Ferryboat *Stonewall Jackson*
- Ticket taker
- Captain's uniform
- Pilothouse
- Whistle cord
- Iron guards
- Paddle wheels
- Engine room
- Passenger saloons—"White," "Colored"

Obviously a certain number of the items on such a list could be documented fairly easily from standard reference sources. Pictures of the Governor's mansion and the design of the State flag would be readily available. But it is unlikely that the department would have in its files pictures of the ferry slip or of the ticket taker's uniform. For such details they would dispatch one of their men to Norfolk, where a local photographer would be engaged to take the required pictures. Meanwhile non-pictorial details—such as the wording of the oath of office used at the inauguration of Virginia governors—would be dug up.

When all the pictures and other data have been collected and all details checked, the accumulated material is sent to the studio to be distributed to the appropriate departments—some of it to the architecture department to guide them in designing and building the sets, some to the costume department, some to the property department, some to the music department. And finally any odd bits of information, any sidelights which might



conceivably be useful, are turned over to the writers who are drafting the screen play.

But the research job does not stop there. All during the actual filming of the movie unforeseen questions arise, and telephone calls or telegrams from the studios keep the research staff hopping: When were revolvers first used? What bugle calls were used in the United States Army in 1846? The director wants a picture of steam valves used in a Russian bathhouse in Paris; research reports that there are none—attendants pour buckets of water on sizzling stones. And so on.

### III

WHEN the research staffs have time to brood upon their fate (which isn't often) they complain that they are held in check by the financial limitations put upon them by the company executives. The bosses of the movie industry almost invariably regard the research departments as stepchildren. No matter how ably the department does its job it cannot seem to dig up any very convincing proof that it brings in money to the studio. If it slips up and a mistake occurs as a result of its failure, the studio executives holler; but if no mistakes occur the company takes that for granted and pretty soon begins wondering why the research budget is so big.

For that matter, it may occur to the reader also to wonder why, if so much time and energy and money are spent in Hollywood's quest for accuracy, Hollywood's product so frequently strikes the movie-goer as spurious. The answer is of course that accuracy of pictorial detail is only a first step toward truth. Every item of costume and setting may be strictly documented, yet the completed movie may be, as frequently happens, phony from start to finish. That depends on the

screen play, the acting, the photography, and on the director who shapes all the diverse elements of the picture into a pattern of dramatic narrative.

But some of the research people have ambitious notions on this subject. We sat spellbound in a luxurious office while one of the most famous of them all defined his objectives. He is satisfied, it seems, with the factual accuracy of the movies his studio turns out. There may be occasional slips, and there are times when a director or producer simply ignores the material which the research department digs up. There is nothing one can do about that. But, generally speaking, he feels that the physical details of his company's productions are authentic. "Where pictures go wrong nowadays," he says, "is in psychological details. That's what we've got to work on. People in a movie must do and say things which we know they would do and say in real life." His office—like some of the others—already is doing quite a bit along these lines, he says. A lot of writers don't know how people really act and talk, he maintains, and he feels that it must be the research department's job to comb the region where a story is set and check up on the way real people behave under circumstances like those in the story.

"Of course," he told us (and we tried to get this down word for word, as an expert analysis of the fundamental requirements for artistic truth in the movies), "really great writers like Walter Scott or Faith Baldwin know what people are like. Their stories have psychological accuracy. When you put a story like that on the screen, the people in the audience say, 'Isn't that just like Aunt Minnie! That's just what Aunt Minnie would have done.' That," he concluded, "is what makes great literature and great pictures. That's what the research departments have got to help the movies achieve."



# THE HERO

*A Story*

DAN WICKENDEN



HE OPENED the door so quietly that nobody heard him come in. Until then it had been in no way different from other evenings that winter. Mama and Loraine were knitting and Papa was listening to the radio; and sometimes when the laughter of the audience far off in a New York studio died down you could hear wind along the street. If Eddie was in their thoughts at all—and probably he was never altogether out of Mama's—he was there only vaguely, a buried anguish, a boy on a ship they could never imagine precisely, sailing an ocean they would never see.

But Loraine felt cold air strike her legs, and looked up; and there he was, standing just inside the door with his hands in his pockets and the round flat hat tilted jauntily on his head. The smile on his face tried hard to be jaunty too, but it wasn't the way he used to smile.

"Why, Eddie!" Loraine said, and then she lost her voice for a moment. She could only sit there staring at her brother, fumbling with the sweater she was knitting for Ab.

But Mama, though she had grown so stout, went swiftly across the room. She clung to Eddie and buried her face against his shoulder, repeating his name until her voice wavered into tears. And Papa was so excited that he forgot to shut off the

radio; while they crowded about Eddie, pulled him into the room, and took his hat and coat from him, the voice of the announcer went on and on, praising a nickel candy bar.

Eddie stood quite still with his hands hanging straight at his sides and shut his eyes for a moment, with a look on his face as if he believed the warm bright room might have vanished when he opened them again, leaving only the dark Pacific to gaze at. He was taller than any of them and their agitation seemed not to touch him.

They sat down presently and Mama chattered at him, holding tight to one of his hands; he kept on smiling the same queer smile that was somehow worse than weeping. He still looked like Eddie—much too young to be involved in a war—but he was changed, even from the way he had been when he came home on leave from Great Lakes after his basic training was finished. He had been self-conscious about his uniform then but he was a real sailor now and looked out of place in the room Mama was so proud of, among the deep soft chairs, the mahogany end tables, the brocade curtains elegantly looped at the window where the little service banner with its one blue star swung gently in the draft.

Eddie had brought with him something



which had never been in the room before; he smiled stiffly out from this strangeness and told himself perhaps that things were not quite the way he had remembered them.

"But Eddie, why didn't you *tell* us?" Mama was saying. "You could've let us know you were coming. You just about scared us all to death, walking in like that."

"Wanted to surprise you." Eddie cleared his throat; his free hand fidgeted, reached out presently, and took one of Papa's cigarettes from the box on the table.

Instead of being annoyed Papa stood up to strike a light for Eddie. "You surprised us all right," he said. He had buttoned up his vest and now he glanced about for his jacket, as uneasy in shirtsleeves as if he were receiving company. "Scared Mama out of a year's growth." He winked at Eddie, but his tired, seamed face with the loose, heavy folds of flesh had an unsettled look, as if he wanted to cry the way Mama had.

"How long you going to be home, Eddie?" Loraine asked, beating at the grief which hung about them so unreasonably, because he was here, he was alive and well, wasn't he?

"Well, I got thirty days altogether. With traveling and everything though, I guess I'll have about three weeks. Maybe not so much."

"Thirty days!" Papa whistled, and Mama sat back to get a better look at Eddie.

"Eddie, what's wrong?" she asked. "Something terrible's happened. Eddie, your ship—" She raised one hand quickly to her mouth.

Eddie blew a smoke ring. "Naw, nothing's happened. Navy figured I needed a rest, that's all."

"Now, listen—" Papa's voice sounded angry.

Eddie sat watching the smoke go up from his cigarette. "Where I been it was all pretty quiet," he said, speaking carefully. "And I can't talk. I got orders not to talk, even to my own family."

Papa couldn't hide his anger and Loraine remembered the scene he had made, a week after Pearl Harbor, when Eddie

told him he wanted to enlist. All right, go ahead and join the Navy, Papa had shouted finally. That's all you're good for, a sailor; that's all you'll ever be good for. Because in those days Papa couldn't see it in terms of fighting for your country; he had been able to see only his own disappointment in Eddie, quitting school, refusing to work in the store, getting fired from one poor job after another and finally just loafing around home or spending half the night in poolrooms.

"Stands to reason something's happened," Papa said. "Thirty days. That's survivor's leave."

But Eddie shut his lips tight.

Mama took his hand again. "At least we can put a piece in the paper about you. First thing to-morrow we'll go downtown and get a nice picture taken. A real good one, I don't care how much it costs. And then—"

"No, Mama. No piece in the paper."

Mama flushed. "But Eddie, all the other boys—I been waiting so long."

"Sorry, Mama. That's orders."

Mama watched him for a little while and then resolutely changed the look on her face: she hadn't given up her intention but only tucked it away for a while.

"My lands," she said brightly. "We sit here talking at you and you're prob'ly starving to death. You come right in the kitchen this minute and get a bite to eat."

Soon enough they grew used to the idea that Eddie was to be with them for a few weeks, although much of the time he might still have been thousands of miles away, for all they saw of him. He slept through the mornings, through half of the afternoons; often he would be getting up just as Loraine reached home from the office and would come down unshaven, his face still heavy and puffed with sleep. He was drugged with weariness; it seemed as if he would never, for the rest of his life, catch up with all the sleep the war had stolen from him.

Mama took pains over her dinners. In his letters Eddie had always said how good the Navy food was, and she had been a little hurt; because how could it seem good after her meals? But Eddie sat silent at table, indifferently eating what-



ever was set before him, still lost in the remoteness he had brought home from the Pacific.

Lorraine thought about him all day long as she sat at her typewriter in Mr. Mergenthaler's drafty law offices; her mind went away from the tapping keys, the windows rattling in their frames, the steam knocking in the radiators, and she thought she could almost see things as Eddie was seeing them.

Sometimes at table she had caught a look of pain on his face as he stared at Mama and Papa and herself. They were ordinary, that was the trouble—no more the way Eddie had thought of them on board his ship than the house was. They were ordinary people, homely and dull and a little tired. And the house was only a box, like twenty other boxes in a row along the street, grayed from two long winters of snow and soot since the last time it had been painted. In his thoughts when he was far away there had been a shimmer on the house and the people who lived in it; but now he was here and had not found what he had expected.

Each night at dinner it was the same, with only Papa doing the talking: about the store, about the government, about food and gasoline rationing and the difficult life he led. Except that Eddie was in uniform and had such a dazed, lost look, he might never have been away.

After dinner he would go out. "Don't wait up for me," he always said, and was gone into the cold night, with never a word about where he went or what he did until the small hours of the morning.

But Mama talked while she and Lorraine did the dishes. She couldn't stop talking about Eddie then—how well he was looking, how he'd put on weight, how he was a real man now and not just a crazy, irresponsible kid any more. "And good-looking too," Mama said. "I guess he got all the good looks in the family. Maybe I shouldn't say so, but anybody'd have to admit he's a real good-looking boy, Lorraine. One thing about a war," Mama said, pushing her plump hand round and round the greasy sink to gather up fragments, "one thing about a war, I guess he don't have much chance to—Well, you know, in those foreign ports

and all. Not that Eddie ever would, he's a fine, idealistic boy, but still—" Then she looked embarrassed. "He goes over to see Louella Mae prob'ly every night."

"Maybe he does," Lorraine said, not believing it.

"Guess she's been eating her heart out for Eddie, pretty near. And he looks so cute in his sailor suit and all. What is it they call him now, Lorraine? That rating he got?"

"Gunner's mate, second class."

"Whatever that means. I wish to goodness he'd *talk*. He just don't tell us anything. Not what he does on the ship or anything." Mama bent over, scrubbing the sink. "To-morrow I'm going to go ahead and put a piece in the paper about him, if he says I can or not. Just because he's modest that's no reason all those other boys should get all the glory."

"But, Mama, it isn't because he's modest. It's like he said, it's a kind of secret he's home, and—"

"A secret! I suppose he was invisible, getting off the train. Don't tell me!"

"But—"

"I'm sick and tired reading about all those other boys, and never a word about Eddie. And most of them still in the United States. Why, my lands, even Ab's been in the paper," Mama said, spiteful for a moment; because poor Ab, who hoped some day to marry Lorraine, had flat feet and bad eyes and had waited round until he was drafted and sent to Camp McCoy on limited service. "Eddie's been in the *war*, he's really been in it." Mama hung her apron in the closet. "My mind's made up," she said.

Lorraine had a cold coming on and couldn't get to sleep that night. She was sitting up in bed reading when Eddie finally came in, and he must have seen the light shining under her door, because he stopped when he reached it and scratched on the panel with his fingernails, the way he used to years ago.

Even if she hadn't smelled his breath when he came in she would have known he'd been drinking. There was color in his cheeks, his eyes were too bright, and he swayed a little, grinning at her and clasp- ing the end of the bed.



"Hi, Beautiful," he said, repeating an old formula almost in the old way.

"Eddie, not so loud! Mama and Papa . . . Shut the door. . . . You been out with Louella Mae?"

"Naw." Eddie dropped into the chair by the window; he stretched his legs out and tilted the hat down over his eyes. He was a little drunk but he looked younger again, hardly older than his eighteen years. "I was out with some of the boys," he said. "There's quite a bunch of sailors in town now. Kids," said Eddie with a touch of scorn. "Just through boot training." He yawned. "Jesus, I'm tired," he said.

"You ought to go to bed, Eddie."

"Yeah, I will in a minute."

Loraine closed her book. "Eddie, I think I ought to warn you. Mama's planning to go ahead and put a piece in the paper, if you say she can or not. She's going to walk right in and give it to them."

Eddie sat up straight and his hat fell off. "She can't, Loraine. You got to stop her. She . . ."

"Something really did happen, Eddie, didn't it?"

"Yeah, something happened, all right." He picked up his hat and spun it on one finger. "I might as well tell you, Loraine," he said, staring at his hat. "I'm not going back."

"Eddie, you mean . . ."

"Not because I'm scared to. It's just . . . Well, anyway, I made up my mind. I'm not going back." He said it loudly this time because he didn't believe what he was saying and was frightened at the sound of his own words.

"But Eddie—desertion in time of war."

"Yeah."

"But if all the boys did that after . . ." But what right had she to talk, doing nothing about the war, nothing at all except to buy bonds?

"Maybe it wasn't so bad for some of them," Eddie said. He stopped spinning his hat and sat quietly for a long time; it had started to snow and the small hard flakes came in dry whispers against the window. "I was in the water four hours," Eddie said presently, staring down at his hands. "All the time I was swimming I

kept thinking . . . What I thought about," he said with a kind of shyness, "I remembered summers when I was a kid. How we'd ride our bikes out to the river and go swimming, and how hot the sun was afterward. And the way the fields looked on the way home when the wheat was ripe. I made believe I was just a kid swimming in the river, and when I got tired I could climb out and sit in the sun awhile and then ride my bike home to supper."

"Four hours," Loraine said. "Gee, Eddie, I don't see how you . . ."

"If I'd've jumped sooner maybe I'd've been picked up sooner. I didn't want to leave her, but she was all ablaze, the whole damn ship. And she was brand-new practically. Brand-new." Eddie's voice trembled. "You don't know how you get to feel about your ship," he said.

Loraine tried to think what it must have been like and couldn't; all she could think was that it hadn't been so long ago after all that Eddie really was a kid riding home on his bike between the wheat-fields.

"It was after dark when they picked us up," he said presently. "We got to a life raft, but there was too many on it already, so then we started heading for a destroyer. It was so hard to keep that fellow's head above water, he . . . But we got to it, almost, only something happened: she must've got some warning or something because she pulled away, never even saw us, I guess."

"You mean you saved another boy's life?"

Eddie shook his head. "I kept on swimming with him until finally, after dark, this lifeboat came along and picked us up. He died aboard the destroyer. All the time I was swimming with him in the water he was dying. If I could've just . . ."

Eddie stopped short. The door had opened, and Mama came in with her old pink flannel bathrobe pulled round her, and her hair down her back in a short gray braid. She stood just inside the room blinking at them resentfully.

"You'll talk to her but you won't talk to me," Mama said. "Your own mother." She glanced at Loraine as if she hated her.



"Now, Mama . . ." Eddie stood up.

"Your own mother," Mama repeated bitterly, and then her face crumpled. "Eddie, if you knew what I been through, all these months . . ."

Eddie looked helpless. "I wasn't telling Loraine anything, Mama."

Mama clung to him. "You're only eighteen, Eddie. You could've waited, couldn't you? You could've waited for the draft. Maybe the whole war would've been over by the time you got drafted. . . . Eddie, you're the only son I got."

"I'm all right, Mama," he said gently. "They can't kill me. They won't ever kill me. Why, Mama, I'm not even scratched."

Loraine saw that he had not meant what he said about deserting. He would be going back all right when the time came.

After that Eddie stayed home more often and he was sitting in the same room with them when the news came over the radio that his ship had been torpedoed. It did not really surprise Mama or Papa; they had guessed the truth long ago.

Mama got her obstinate look and said, "Well, anyway, now we can put a piece in the paper. You're going down to the *Journal* first thing in the morning and tell them the whole story. And you tell them they can take your picture themselves. I guess they owe it to you after what you been through."

Eddie stood up and began to walk restlessly about the room. He came to a pause at the window and flicked his finger at the service banner. "What difference does it make if I get my name in the paper or not?" he said finally. "Gee Mama, I don't want to . . . I can't talk about it. I was told not to."

"But all the people who know you, Eddie. They'd like to read about it. And I could send copies to my folks, and Papa's folks."

"Now, take my customers," Papa said. "Everybody who comes into the store, pretty near, they ask about you all the time. Where you are, what you're doing now, and all that. Get your name in the paper, it would help business a whole lot," Papa said wistfully.

But Loraine knew that wasn't what he meant. He had been ashamed of Eddie once and now he was proud of him and wanted people to know why. If Eddie's picture appeared in the paper and the story of what he'd been through Papa's customers would mention it to him and Papa could admit he'd been wrong about his son without ever having to say so in so many words.

"I'm sorry," Eddie said, "but I just can't do it. I can't, and that's all there is to it."

They argued a long time until Loraine got up and left them; her cold was worse and her head ached, and she thought she couldn't stand it if they worked themselves up into a real scene, the way they used to in the days before the war.

Her cold was so bad next morning that Mama made her stay home from the office; lying in bed, she could hear her calling Mr. Mergenthaler on the telephone. And then Mama dialed another number. She was calling the *Journal*.

Loraine was sitting downstairs in the pale sunlight that fell through the living-room window, finishing the sweater for Ab, when the photographer and the reporter came up the front steps and pushed the doorbell. It was about eleven o'clock and Eddie was still asleep; Mama had betrayed him.

The reporter was a woman, Miss Sparrow, small and brisk and a little bedraggled, like her name; the photographer was a young man who tried to conceal the limp which was keeping him out of the Army. Loraine knew them both quite well; her aching head made her feel confused, and when Miss Sparrow produced a pencil and a wad of copy paper and began to ask questions Loraine couldn't help answering, though now she too was betraying Eddie. She repeated to Miss Sparrow everything he had told her that night.

"Why, he's a real hero, isn't he?" Miss Sparrow said, scribbling away. "Our first war hero. . . . And he never said a word to anybody till the news broke last night?"

"Well, he did kind of tell me a little, before, but . . ."

"We won't say that of course. . . . Where's that copy of the early edition,



"Johnny, with the story about it?" . . . We thought we'd take a picture of him reading the story with your mother," Miss Sparrow explained to Loraine. "Sort of telling her how it was."

Then Mama came downstairs with Eddie, who looked sullen and still half asleep; but Mama's face was triumphant.

"It's just so dramatic," Miss Sparrow said, while the photographer arranged Mama in a chair, with Eddie sitting on the arm pointing at the photograph of his ship on the front page of the *Journal*. "A survivor right here in town the whole time, and never letting on about it. Everybody in town is going to be so *proud* of you. . . . Did you say you were on the football team in high school?"

"Oh, now, for . . . You don't have to put that in, do you?" Eddie said.

But the photographer had screwed a flash bulb in place and was ready to take the picture. "If you'll just turn your head a little bit more," he said to Eddie. "That's it. And now a great big smile, both of you, because you're so glad to be together again."

He took the picture and two more after that; but Mama looked tense and Eddie looked stubborn. And later he wouldn't speak to Mama or Loraine. He put on his hat and leather jacket and walked out; he was gone all day and Mama fretted about it until the home edition of the *Journal* arrived. The photograph was spread across three columns of the front page and Miss Sparrow's story filled the better part of two columns beneath, which excited Mama so much it drove Eddie himself out of her thoughts.

He wouldn't look at the paper when he came in at dinnertime. It wasn't so much that the story gave him more credit for heroism than he thought he deserved, Loraine decided. It was because it made the experience dwindle; it reduced it to a few glib paragraphs of ink on paper that would soon yellow and be thrown away, or used to kindle a fire or line a shelf. For all who read the story it put a period to something so overwhelming it might not stop, for Eddie, until he died.

The last days of Eddie's leave dropped away and he was still lost and aimless,

puzzled because all the things he had looked forward to doing gave him no satisfaction. He took Louella Mae out on dates; he shot pool or went bowling with friends of his who still weren't in service; he sat for hours drinking beer with other sailors on leave, and came home tipsy at two and three in the morning.

Mama and Papa must have known what he was doing but they never reproached him. To them the story and the picture had somehow become of greater importance than what Eddie had actually been through: they knew their son was a hero because the *Journal* had called him one, and a buried hunger in them had been appeased. They were radiant in those last days; they seemed younger than they had for years.

But on the Sunday morning when Eddie left there was no pride or gaiety in Mama.

Once the station had been an exciting place to Loraine because it was the starting point for happy journeys: to Detroit, to Chicago, and once, the first summer she had her job with Mr. Mergenthaler, to a week in New York which still remained the high point of her life.

But in these days the station had come to mean nothing but departures to the war. In the high shed the steam floated up and hung against the corrugated-iron roof until a wind from the open tracks dispersed it; but no wind could disperse the great weight of sorrow which had been accumulating here for the past twelve months. The heaviness settled upon them as they stood there; it settled upon them and all the others who huddled in groups about the boys in uniform, and stifled whatever it was people had kept in mind to say for the last minutes. Only those in uniform were real and solid; civilians had become shadows confronted with a war which, from having been across oceans, suddenly surrounded them.

Mama made no effort to check her tears. Eddie, with his arm tight about her, kept looking down, kept opening his mouth to say something; but no words came.

The crowd along the platform stirred, quickened into life, and travelers began to get on the train.

"Well, Mama—" Eddie dropped his



arm from her shoulders—"I better be going aboard, I guess. It's time."

Mama caught at his sleeve. "It went too fast," she said, "it went too fast. Eddie, I feel like I haven't seen you at all hardly."

Eddie ducked down and kissed her hard. Awkwardly he kissed Loraine's cheek and shook Papa's hand, and then swung lightly up on the steps, just as the train started to move.

Mama and Papa stood where they were, looking at the slow wheels, as if they could not bear a last glance at Eddie himself; but Loraine found herself running beside the train, keeping pace with the end of the coach where Eddie stood. He

was surrounded by other sailors: they clotted at the top of the steps, half a dozen of them, leaning on one another, waving their hands, whistling at Loraine as she ran faster to keep up with them.

"Boy," one of them said, "these Michigan dames . . ."

"Eddie," Loraine said breathlessly. "Eddie, take care of yourself."

Suddenly he smiled, widely and radiantly. With one hand he adjusted the angle of his hat. He looked the way he had years ago, gay and confident. He was no longer lost, and for a little while, after the train had vanished down the tracks, that seemed almost worse to Loraine than anything else.

### *The Boys in the Denver Station*

A BITTER day a while ago I saw several companies of Negro infantrymen in steel helmets being exercised between trains at the Denver Union Station. It was frightfully cold. One platoon started not a count but a chant: *one-two-three-four*, another took up *one-two-three-four*, another *one-two-three-four*, another *one-two-three-four*, all in the same cadence, heels hitting the pavement as one, but with the strangest syncopation, the most beautiful variation of tone levels. More than a marching chant, it was a hymn of sorts to be heard but once. Next time it would be different. I wished for Bach, for Gershwin, for Vachel Lindsay, for Stephen Collins Foster. I wondered what would have happened to the New World Symphony if Dvorak had heard it. I didn't like to think of those American boys going off to war, but if wars must be there are international interchanges of the spirit too concrete and too mystical to be assessed. I thought of slave ships, the war between the States, the bootblack dancing for a nickel on the Barbary Coast, and out of it a tempo, a rhythm, almost a culture for America, some curious poetic justice that had broken slave chains and given free men a new voice. Africa, if they were going there, I thought, could still be much bewildered by what time had done to something America was giving back, not knowing what she had borrowed. — Thomas Hornsby Ferril



# THE PICTURE MAGAZINES

JOHN R. WHITING *and* GEORGE R. CLARK



ONE day in 1933 Clare Boothe, then managing editor of *Vanity Fair*, wrote a memorandum to her boss, Condé Nast. "My spies," she said, "tell me that *Life* [the old humor magazine] can be bought for \$20,000. Why not buy it for the name and change it into a picture magazine?"

Mr. Nast declined. Ten years later, in 1942, more than 275 million copies of picture magazines were sold in the United States in a single year. What Miss Boothe's former boss had not chosen to do, her new husband, Henry R. Luce, had done in 1936 at somebody else's suggestion: he had bought *Life* (for \$92,000) and made a picture magazine of it. It now leads all periodicals of this character in circulation—selling nearly four million copies a week—and, according to current rumor, there are plans to make it international in aim, published from the Time-Life Building, Rockefeller Center, for the benefit, interest, and instruction of mankind wherever they may be. The population of the world is now estimated to be in excess of two billions.

Directly behind *Life* in sales are *Look*, a fortnightly; *Click*, a monthly; and *Pic*, a fortnightly. *Look* has a circulation of over two million; *Click* has very nearly a million and *Pic* has about half a million. Behind them are others with circulations of a few hundred thousand, and straggling to the rear are the short-lived speculative picture

magazines which appear on the newsstands for a single issue and then vanish.

At this moment all of them, big and small, operate at the mercy of paper rationing, but public interest in them is greater than ever and even the United States Government has gone into the business. *Victory*, the OWI picture magazine about which Elmer Davis was asked such acid questions by senators—who charged it with promoting a Fourth Term—is a spectacularly glittering and showy picture magazine designed to carry abroad the story of the war effort. Another government periodical, the Inter-American Coordinator's *En Guardia*, is largely pictures apparently chosen to carry to Latin America the significant message of the overpowering weapons of the northern colossus. There are even rumors that the OWI has ideas of extending its picture-magazine work in the international field, perhaps producing a new *Victory* with a somewhat different design.

What hath God wrought?

The history of picture magazines goes back of course a hundred years to the beginning of the *Illustrated London News*—and in this country to the establishment of *Gleason's Pictorial*, *Harper's Weekly*, and *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* before the Civil War. But the modern American picture magazine, which has made such a spectacular advance in the past decade, is



a comparatively recent phenomenon—the result of a combination of remarkable changes in photography, in reproduction technics, and in journalistic methods.

In journalism there was a widespread effort, after the First World War, to increase the pace of the story and pare the wordage to a minimum. This effort took numerous forms. For example, in 1921 Willard Kiplinger ceased to write space-filling editorials and started a telegraphic-style news-letter. A little later DeWitt Wallace made the *Reader's Digest* a catch-all for capsule reprints of magazine articles. A little earlier a suggestion made to Joseph Patterson by Lord Northcliffe when Patterson was on his way home from the war resulted in the *Daily News*, "New York's Picture Newspaper," which began publication on June 26, 1919, and by 1925 reached a circulation of a million. And the tabloid newspaper moved another notch toward the picture magazine when Bernarr Macfadden—who had made a great deal of money, first with *Physical Culture* and then with his "I Confess" magazines—hired Emile Gauvreau to edit his new paper, the *Evening Graphic*, which appeared on the newsstands of New York on September 15, 1924. The exploits of Mr. Gauvreau with Daddy Browning are a part of newspaper legend; so is Captain Patterson's picture of Ruth Snyder in the electric chair. Gauvreau developed a new sort of picture feature called the "composograph," a doctored type of photograph that enabled an editor to make the crime fit any punishment he pleased. Thus upon the death of Rudolph Valentino the *Graphic* was able to print a picture of Valentino "entering the spirit world and meeting a number of celebrities who had passed on before him."

Meanwhile however the prevailing opinion among periodical publishers—astonishing as it may seem to us now—was that the day of the picture magazine was over. Had not *Harper's Weekly* and its like perished, and did not the public get surfeited with photographs in the rotogravure sections of the newspapers, and was there any great demand for the *Mid-Week Pictorial*, a weekly magazine with pictures which had been started by Adolph Ochs, the publisher of the

*New York Times*? Nevertheless the idea that something new could be done with picture periodicals kept bubbling; it could hardly do otherwise when the new tabloids were revealing such a strong public appetite for photographs. So there were experiments. *Panorama*, an expensive attempt to imitate the *Illustrated London News*, backed by Anne Stillman, appeared for a few issues in the fall of 1928. John Whedon, who was the managing editor of *The New Yorker* before he began to write for the radio, had an idea for a picture paper. In 1932 Geoffrey Hellman and Dwight Macdonald got up a dummy of a picture magazine and submitted it to Henry Luce. The proposal came to nothing. A year or so later Macdonald worked in an "experimental department" newly set up by the Luce publications, where a lot of time was spent on picture-magazine dummies. They were put on the shelf for the time being while the excess energies of the Luce organization were turned into the March of Time newsreel—first shown in February, 1935. Meanwhile, in Des Moines, the Cowles brothers were using the Sunday edition of their *Register and Tribune* as a proving ground for experiments with pictures which would later bear fruit in *Look*.

To the objections of conservative publishers some of these experimenters had a ready reply. The fact that *Mid-Week Pictorial* is not a howling success proves nothing, they would argue. "Look at it: like the rotogravure supplements, it's a collection of unrelated single pictures, 'tastefully' arranged with circles, ovals, and fancy decorations. The photographs are not edited to tell stories or make picture articles. Now look at some of the European papers—the French *Vu*, the German *Illustrirte Zeitung*, for instance: these papers get nearer to the news and nearer to the idea of a story. That's the line to take." So they went on concocting their plans.

The first magazine which really took hold of this picture-story idea—we can thus safely call it the first modern American picture magazine—appeared in the fall of 1934. It was called *Roto* and was edited by David Munro, one of those who had come back from Europe enthusiastic



over the Continental picture publications, *Roto* was a promising pioneer but failed to make the grade, partly because of faulty distribution. Another short-lived venture, *Photo-History*, was an attempt to deal with big events in separate issues—an entire number would be devoted to the war in Spain or to labor in the United States. *Flash*, a Negro picture magazine, appeared for a few issues and then flickered out. Wallace Woodbury, the artist, designed a picture magazine to serve as a syndicated Sunday supplement. The promoter, seeking a New York customer for his supplement, was able to interest only the *Herald-Tribune*, and that paper was willing to do business only if it could supply the staff for the new venture. Forthwith Woodbury's dummy was killed, *This Week* took its place, and another lively project came to an unexpected end.

No success so far. Yet the ball was in play, and by this time Henry Luce had picked it up and decided to run with it. Names for his picture venture were suggested and discarded—*Parade*, *Show Book*, *See*, *Look*, *Picture*. But since *Life* was for sale and *Life* seemed the best name for what was wanted, *Life* it became. The discarded names subsequently appeared on the covers of competing papers.

The new *Life*, with a Margaret Bourke-White picture of the new Fort Peck Dam on the cover, and, inside, an obstetrician holding a newborn infant by the heels, was given to the public on November 23, 1936. The promotion that preceded its first appearance had been energetic and adroit and by noon it was hard to find a copy left on a newsstand in New York City. From the start the paper was a success and competitors streamed into the field. *Look* came in 1937, *Pic* later in the same year, and *Click* in 1938. These, with *Life*, are the big four of the new journalistic company.

## II

IF the picture magazines sprang from the new journalism after the First World War they sprang also from the new photography.

Not that there had not been able photographers for the better part of a century. Brady and Gardner had accomplished

miracles taking pictures of the Civil War with the crude machines of that early day; William H. Jackson, with a dark room in a covered cart, had taken pictures of the old West; with loving care Atget had photographed the streets and life of Paris in the nineties and later. Such men as these had been artists. Then there had been the news photographers, active since the turn of the century, when half-tone reproduction had become practicable and inexpensive. If the average run of news photographs was ordinary, their occasional triumphs were—and still are—brilliant. The successful news photograph conveys a conviction and a verity that no planned-in-advance photographs can ever hope to do. Advertising and fashion photography had achieved by the nineteen-twenties a remarkable technical perfection; the striving for flawless performance had spread to industrial photography (Margaret Bourke-White was a product of this school); and picture-taking from the air had become a commonplace. But in the nineteen-thirties new things began to happen fast.

With the rise of the Nazis many German photographers came to this country—among them Alfred Eisenstaedt, Eric Schaal, Herbert Gehr, and Fritz Henle. The great Ullstein publishing house in Germany with its *Illustrierte Zeitung* was expropriated and Herman Ullstein himself reached America with a number of his magazine directors, who started picture agencies and participated in the early work on *Life*. Another émigré was Dr. Erich Salomon, who was responsible for the popularization of what the editor of the London *Graphic* called "candid pictures." Salomon, a German amateur, had wandered through the conference rooms at The Hague with a Leica camera, catching diplomats yawning, sleeping, eating, joking. His pictures were a sensation and when *Fortune* brought him to the United States in 1931 he made others. Candid photography became a craze, feverishly practiced by amateurs, with or without skill.

By the time the first picture magazines appeared these amateurs were numbered by the millions; for the Leicas and other tiny German cameras which took postage-stamp-size pictures capable of enlargement



had a speed, a depth of focus, and an adaptability to dim light which made them entrancing toys. The amateurs went to work with a will all over America in the middle thirties; many of them became professionals; and most of them became, if not potential contributors to picture magazines, at least fascinated potential purchasers.

One of the things these amateurs enjoyed was taking documentary pictures, and here they were borrowing an idea that had blossomed under the New Deal. For it was Tugwell's Resettlement Administration that began the promotion of documentary photography on a large scale for the express purpose of telling the country about the plight of those Americans who were subsequently described as "ill-clothed, ill-fed, and ill-housed." John Carter, who initiated and directed the publicity for the Resettlement outfit (which later became the Farm Security Administration) seems to have intended from the start to use photographs extensively; and although at the outset the office had only one camera man, in 1935 Walker Evans was turned loose to make pictures (at the instance of Ernestine Evans), and after him came a whole troop of photographers to begin the making of their reputations—Ben Shahn, Dorothea Lange (who made the early pictures of the Okies), Arthur Rothstein, Russell Lee, John Vachon, Helen Post, Carl Mydans, and others. The new picture policy was disturbing to the original photographer; Miss Evans recalls him coming back one day and looking at the work of one of his new colleagues and exclaiming, "Good Lord, if I'd known she wanted a picture of a pump that wouldn't work I could have sent it myself the first day."

The Resettlement files—under the supervision of Roy Stryker, who came to head up this whole enterprise—were open to anyone who wanted to use them, and the pictures were reproduced far and wide and had an astonishing influence, bringing home to people the fact that everyday familiar subjects, even ugly subjects, could be fascinating if they hit off what was characteristic—and that they could even have an unexpected beauty. (Sometimes the use of the Resettlement pictures

took strange forms: a batch of them was found by an Italian journalist in the print collection at the New York Public Library and subsequently appeared in an Italian picture magazine as evidence of how mean, dirty, and brutish life was in the United States.) As for *Life* and *Look* and the present-day *Click*, the impress of the Resettlement school is written all over them.

### III

BUT though the new picture papers could never have existed without the extraordinary development of photography, the photographs are only a medium. Experience has shown that patterns have to be provided. It is impossible simply to winnow out and publish the "best" pictures taken during a week—even the best news pictures. Not enough people will be sufficiently interested in them. The contents have to mean something. Therefore they have to be planned. Even in *Life*, which prints many immediate news shots of the war, much the bigger part of each issue is planned, sometimes for months in advance.

The planning is done in terms of picture stories, thus embodying the very idea that gripped the experimenters of a decade or more ago. A picture story involves the use of sequences of pictures, of groups of contrasting pictures, or of planned shooting scripts, rather than the conventional use of photographs as chance illustrations for an article. Thus *Life* goes to various kinds of parties (and manages them with an iron hand when it gets there), visits Army nurses in New Caledonia, visits a railroad signal tower; thus *Look* devotes a page to a series of pictures about a carefully constructed Photocrime; thus Bradley Smith devises how-to-do-it sequences for *Click*—How to Skate, and so on. *Life* has pictorially analyzed every phase of the making and eating of doughnuts.

For these picture stories there are numerous formulas, and there is a constant search for new ones. But all of them, or nearly all, depend in their invention and execution upon three principles. One of these was developed in *Time*, which Luce and Briton Hadden began to publish in 1923: the idea of dramatized news with



what might be called a plot. There must be a story, it must be interesting at any cost, and it must hang together and get somewhere.

Another principle came by way of Sociology I, the New Deal, and the Resettlement documentary school, already described: that you can dramatize the salient facts about folkways, agriculture, industry, social groups, classes, and problems. A good example of this sort of thing is the leading story in *Life* for March 8, 1943—a nine-page treatment in pictures of conditions in Puerto Rico.

The third—and oldest—of the three principles was developed and tested in those Hearst publications which were influenced by Morrill Goddard, "the father of the American Sunday paper," who became the editor of *The American Weekly* at its inception and continued to edit it until his death in 1937. Under the direction of this energetic recluse—he lived an extremely retired life and is said to have destroyed the only two photographs taken of him—the supplement attained a circulation of many millions; at this writing the figure is 7,432,273 copies a week. The principle is that of sensory appeal.

Goddard devoted himself to an expert tickling of the emotions, and instead of doing it by hunch or as an art, he set to work to make a foolproof formula. He eventually refined his system to "sixteen elements of human interest" with separate categories for love, hate, and so on. His chief preoccupations were sex—"the most complex and the most impelling of all the emotional aspects of man"—and what he called "science."

Sex required skill in handling. People wanted to read about it and look at it frequently, but not all the time; it could be given in large doses, but it must not be overdone. How to space the doses and coax the reader along from one dose to the next was Goddard's anxious care. As for "science," it was largely sensational popularization leaning heavily on archaeology, anthropology, and the idea of evolution—"What Has Man Got That the Apes Haven't?" "Battle of the Giant Animals of Prehistoric Ages," "How We Think with 9 Billion Brain Cells."

For forty years Goddard's periodical

poured forth pictures of succulent Christian nudes being sacrificed to Roman lions, pictures of the fortune-hunting Boni de Castellane, of strange manifestations of "psychic phenomena," and of the head-hunters in distant jungles. The recipe, having proved successful, hardened; *The American Weekly* is put together in the same way to-day. The issue for March 7, 1943, contained "Mrs. Houdini's Futile Trysts with Her Husband's Ghost"; the issue for February 14, 1943, contained a double spread to accompany

#### Sugar at Last for Those Disappointed Darlings

The sixteen pretty maidens to whom prankish old Jeffie Seligman left his elusive estate have finally hit the jackpot and things are looking up for the four whom old Willie Guggenheim made his heirs.

The central picture, in the best chorine style, carried this caption:

Pretty Mildred Brost, the Ex-Showgirl Whose Retentive Memory Put Iron and Vitamins into the Languishing Guggenheim Litigation.

This formula had an extraordinary influence. Men who worked for Goddard took his ideas with them when they went elsewhere, and though the formula was never precisely duplicated, traces of the hands of Esau were and still are visible in many places.

One of those who had been inoculated by Goddard was the raucous, hard-boiled, lantern-jawed Moses Annenberg, who had worked for Hearst before he became the big shot of the racetracks and racing papers.

In 1936 Annenberg bought the Philadelphia *Inquirer* and determined to add to it a Sunday picture magazine that he could syndicate. To edit it he presently engaged Emile Gauvreau, who had been chiefly responsible for the sensations in Macfadden's *Graphic*. The combination of Annenberg and Gauvreau was bound to produce something remarkable. Annenberg was determined to throw Goddard's weekly into the shade—which he did by making the Goddard formula more blood-curdling.

The result was first the *Inquirer's* Sunday supplement and then, in 1938, the picture magazine *Click*. Gauvreau has described in *My Last Million Readers* how he went to



work on the newspaper assignment. "I was ordered," he says, "to take actual photographs of the butchering of a bullock by a Rabbi and use two pages to cover every phase of the sacrificial ceremony. Moe said he had been trying to do this for years and now would have his way. . . . I assigned a photographer with a strong stomach who took twenty pictures of the time-honored rite and returned spattered with blood. . . . Another page revealed the festival of cremation, as celebrated in Bali and India. . . . Still another showed an unconcerned gentleman in a state of hypnosis, his cheeks being pierced by long hatpins, pushed through by a co-operating friend. Ten photographs explained the Psychology of the Peeping Tom. . . . From the cover of this concoction the ventriloquist dummy, Charlie McCarthy, peered out in top hat and monocle. Moe liked this mélange to such an extent that . . . he sent the first copy to Captain Patterson of the *Daily News*, with a laconic note telling him of the great revolution that had come over rotogravure. . . . 'There's not a monotonous page in the whole damn book [said Moe]. The hell with monotony! If we don't go over a million with this, I'll kiss my brother Max in Macy's window.'"

The first issue of *Click*—designed on a similarly sensational pattern—appeared in February, 1938. With practically no advertising—most advertisers wouldn't touch it with a pair of tongs—the magazine reached a circulation of 1,600,000 copies in two issues (Annenberg's idea was that when circulation had been achieved the contents could be made less gory); and issue by issue the Goddard formula moved on to greater triumphs.

One aspect of the Goddard-Macfadden-Gauvreau-Annenberg principle of publishing has received such diligent attention that it might almost be classed as constituting a principle in its own right. This is cheese-cake—the photography of girls' legs, or, less strictly speaking, the photography of girls underclad in any respect. There have been dozens of cheese-cake picture magazines—*Show*, *Beauty Parade*, *Laff*, and so on. Most of those which displayed an undeviating allegiance to this ancient principle of human pleasure have been short-lived, and since early in 1942

pressure from the Post Office Department—which wanted the papers kept out of the Army camps—has increased the mortality; but before the government objected there were perhaps one hundred and fifty photographers in New York alone making nothing but cheese-cake pictures, and fast-moving entrepreneurs had discovered that, with picture material coming in every day smoking hot from the agencies, a couple of men could make the necessary layouts, spend \$6,000 for a run of 100,000 copies to sell for a quarter, and clean up from \$1,500 to \$2,500.

Meanwhile it has been plain that the principle on which these more obvious purveyors of nudity have been working has not gone quite unregarded in the editorial offices of even the worthiest of the picture magazines. *Life*, for example, the aristocrat of them all, is far from ignoring sex (indeed, in an early prospectus *Life* promised to "expose the loves, scandals, and personal affairs of the plain and fancy citizen," "his body clothed and, if possible, nude"); it employs cheese-cake with such liberality that at times the venders of the raw product have been heard to exclaim, "*Life* gets away with murder"; but it manages somehow always to make it respectable—by solemnly analyzing the brassiere industry, for example, or writing sociological captions for pictures of pin-up girls, or by using such devices as the one satirically recorded in *The New Yorker* early in 1940:

For more than three years, we have been watching a very bothersome and heroic struggle in the publishing world—*Life* magazine trying to figure out a way to print a picture of a living, breathing woman with no clothes on. The especial problem of *Life*, of course, is that everything in it has to have the air of a respectable, high-minded commentary on America. *Life*, that is, can't publish a picture of a woman undressed over the caption "Woman Undressed." It has to say something. We are glad to be able to tell you that in their issue of February 12th, after years of frustration and seventeen million angle shots that almost got there but not quite, the editors have finally seen the answer. Like all truly great things it was simple. They merely photographed a life class at the Yale Art School. This had Yale, it had Art, it had Class, it had America; it had everything including no clothes on. It was *Life's* dream come true—a girl who had shucked (and no fooling) but had done it for her country. It was a tremendous relief to us. And a very interesting picture, too.



## IV

THE lesson of which *Life* had always been mindful in its cautious use of cheese-cake was brought home in due course to the publishers of the two leading picture magazines of the more sensational variety—*Look* and *Click*. This lesson is that, although you may sell copies by the hundreds of thousands by following Goddard's principle of sensationalism, there is a difference between magazines and Sunday supplements: if you want your success to be solid, if you want steady purchasers, if you want advertising other than that of the "I Can End Your Suffering" variety, you must be respectable. *Look* and *Click* both turned over a new leaf—but not until after an exhilarating scamper with sensation.

*Look*, which first appeared on the newsstands in 1937, was the project of Gardner Cowles, Jr., of the Cowles family of the Des Moines *Register and Tribune* and, later, of the Minneapolis *Journal*. The Cowleses had been interested in pictures for a long time and, as we have already noted, were experimenting with the notion of a picture magazine at the time when the Luce men were busy at the same task. In 1925 they had hired Dr. George Gallup, who was then teaching journalism at Drake University in Des Moines, to find out what was interesting readers most. "Dr. Gallup found out," *Look* says, "not only that readers would rather look at pictures than read type, but that they liked to look at related pictures." Eventually the proprietors determined to undertake a picture magazine which should "bring before a mass audience the new knowledge that accumulates too rapidly to be absorbed by any save an intellectual cult."

Their new magazine, *Look*—announced as "an educational magazine for *everyone*"—appeared in January, 1937, and must have turned Annenberg sick with envy. It offered "The Truth About the Geisha Girl," asked "Can Life Be Restored to the Dead?" and presented some fine cheese-cake in the shape of a posed group called "The Black Death." (Against a painted background of old London were photographed black-hooded figures lugging nude bodies to be added to more nudes

piled in a death cart.) Pursuing its educational way, *Look* for May, 1937, was telling how "Hooks Buried in Their Backs Are Used by Hindu Fakirs to Drag a Car in the Coimbatore District, India" and explaining "How Manville Spends 10,000 a Month on Girls."

But before long Annenberg's *Click* was in the running; and apparently the publishers of *Look* were not contented with what they had, for gradually the contents began to change. By January, 1939—two years after its first appearance—*Look* was running a three-page history of Von Richthofen, the German flyer, along with an "Open Letter to the American People" by Morris Fishbein showing that group medicine wouldn't do. The blatant colors of the early covers had been sobered down and the layouts were more stylized. Nor was their transformation complete even yet. Six months later they had reached the direct opposite of their original direction with a four-page, thirteen-picture sequence to the effect that "School-teachers Aren't Fit to Teach—But It's Your Fault, not Theirs," arguing that "inadequate training, insecurity, poor pay, overwork, and restrictions of all kinds have resulted in needlessly poor standards of teaching."

Still the pattern didn't suit. Eventually the magazine got what it wanted and what now sustains a circulation of more than two million every fortnight. Gradually the subject matter has changed, but the treatment has remained tolerably constant—a smooth flow of copy that may be sheared off or expanded with equal ease, "tailored," as *Look* says, "to fit the picture plan."

In the early stages of our participation in the war *Look* relied heavily on copy by popular syndicated writers and columnists. Thus thirteen issues during the first half of 1942 contained nine pieces by Major George Fielding Eliot, five by Raymond Clapper, and five by Vincent Sheean. Since then the bill of fare has been extended to include feature treatment of training and combat material, and inspirational pieces about the home front.

*Look* has followed *Life's* technics to some extent—suggesting, with pictures, different sorts of parties to give rather than



going to parties that are being given; dealing in a lengthy series with the work, joys, and sorrows of the Hoch family of Hagerstown. One of *Look's* inventions was known as the "*Look Takes Two Girls for a Vacation in the Rocky Mountains*" formula. (*Peek*, one of the smaller picture magazines, finally felt that this formula had been so overdone that it ran a picture story entitled "*Peek Takes Two Girls Out and Drowns Them.*") At the moment there aren't supposed to be vacations in our way of life and so the treatment of the theme eternal has changed a little. The issue for March 9, 1943, for example, offers a series of companion pictures of a lush morsel of a girl-mechanic uncomfortably at work in an ill-fitting corset and then again free and easy in the *right* girdle while she rivets a plane. Every curve is joyously enlisted to beat the Axis.

*Click* too turned respectable after Anenberg had made his way to jail for evasion of the income tax. The revamping process was done with the aid of Walter Dorwin Teague, the industrial designer. Wade Nichols, recently the editor and now the editorial adviser, says, "We are making *Click* over into a magazine for the families of war workers, the people of to-day who are in the Army, in the Navy, working in airplane factories, becoming part of the spending public for the first time in years. They are intelligent readers, not just thrill seekers." Typical contents of a sample issue of *Click* are stories about Kay Kyser's entertaining in the Army camps, about "Student Nurse," about how the junkman is the "key figure in a billion-dollar war industry," and about how cake is the "manpower and morale food for war-working Americans—an economical means of getting concentrated nutrition." In other words, *Click* specializes largely in war publicity—which it can handle expertly because its editors are not hobbled or inhibited by working directly for the government.

## V

THE oldest, glossiest, most princely, and most staggeringly successful of all these newcomers to American periodical journalism is of course *Life*.

To the casual reader the most striking characteristic which *Life* shares with its elder brother, *Time*, is perhaps the language they have invented—a language which telegraphically eschews the words *the* and *and* wherever possible, frequently turns sentences rear-end-to, and revels in coining nifty, dehydrated words. But the most striking feature of their inner machinery is probably their systematic use of "research." In the very earliest days of *Time*, says a biographical sketch of Luce, "the offices were in a shabby brownstone house on New York's East Side; the staff consisted of Luce, Hadden, and three full-time writers, none of them with professional newspaper experience; equipment [not *the* equipment, you will notice] was a couple of second-hand desks, a used set of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, the daily papers." With the *Britannica* as a start, there was built up, as the number of Luce publications increased, a remarkable system for the filing of information of every sort—a *World Almanac* blown to immense proportions, as it were. People were sent on journeys to Brazil, to Mexico, to a steel works—anywhere—to take notes and write memoranda which were duly filed. When a story must be built, a man—or a number of persons—might be sent to get the facts, but before it was finished a dozen or more other people might have worked on it, "processed" it, with the aid, if necessary, of the giant file.

And the research is only one phase of *Life's* system of manufacturing picture stories on a highly specialized basis. The "researchers" do conventional interviewing and reporting as well as ransacking libraries. Sometimes a story will be worked out in the office—the idea thought out and preliminary research material collected—before ever the reporters go where the real thing is. There are writers who specialize in making the story have a plot, "experts who know their subject thoroughly, and others who learn all there is to know on a specific story as they write it." Photographers work from planned scripts mostly—but also take pictures of everything they see: as many as five hundred pictures may be taken for a story that will use only a dozen. Nothing is left to chance that can be arranged in advance.



Of course not even *Life* can get round the fact that somehow the best, the most brilliant of all news photographs *are* the result of chance—the picture-maker and the moment coincide only once in so often. *Life* may have the most brilliant photographers in the country under contract, and may have built up an organization which can get them into every conceivable hot spot, but they may miss the best shot of all. Nevertheless, arrangement can go a long way to meet this difficulty; and if the result is sometimes less than spontaneous—if, when *Life* goes to a New England town meeting, the hand of the arranger is clearly seen, or if, when *Life* trails round after a young flyer and his wife on their honeymoon, there is no convincing glow of happiness in the pictures that result—this only proves that even the most elaborate and expensive system has its inevitable limitations.

An average issue of *Life* contains between 200 and 250 pictures. But in the process of selecting these, John Billings, the managing editor, Wilson Hicks, the executive editor in charge of pictures, and Daniel Longwell, the executive editor on the editorial side, estimate that they see 10,000 pictures every week. Their various assistants see another 10,000.

But the thousands of submitted photographs, singly and in sets, that are piled all over the tables and desks in *Life's* cluttered picture department are not the real meat at all. About five short features of *Life's* weekly total of twenty-five are on the news. Most of the rest are planned projects. As an example of these projects, take the long series in the issue of March 8, 1943, on Sunday observance in the United States.

This feature originated in a comment made at an editorial conference by one of the staff members who had just returned to New York from the West Coast. In San Francisco, she reported, Sunday had been vastly changed by the war; the streets were thronged with workers on their way to and from the factories, and with others doing their shopping and drinking. In New York, on the other hand, Sunday was still a quiet day of window-shopping, park strolling, churchgoing, and very little traffic. As the conferees talked about

this, someone used the phrase "Sunday in America," and that raised the whole idea in everyone's mind to a scale of national significance. The editors set about organizing the project in earnest. After preliminary plans were made, a mimeographed questionnaire was sent out on November 23, 1942, to twenty-seven of *Life's* hundred-odd correspondents in selected localities. "Our plan," it announced, "is to show various phases of the traditional and the wartime American Sunday in a series of big pictures, similar to those in 'The Fighting South' and 'The Puritan Spirit.'" Each correspondent was asked to send in a report, by December 12th, covering the following items: (1) wartime changes in Sunday observance in his locality; (2) a word picture of a typical Sunday in his city and also in nearby small towns and on the farms; (3) Sunday activities in and around Army posts or Navy bases; (4) a report on conversations with representative ministers, priests, or leaders of church organizations on the church's local wartime activities; and (5) "specific suggestions for pictures to be taken in your locality." To this questionnaire was added a preliminary list of picture suggestions which the editors offered as samples of the kind of thing they were after, with a request that the correspondent let them know if he could place some of these subjects in his area.

Some of the editors' suggestions for picture subjects were quite specific: "Dawn over the Atlantic Coast at easternmost point of U. S. with church in foreground"; and, for evening, "Lights on at White House in Washington." Others were more general: "Farmer coming out back door, going about his chores, milking cows (Vermont, New York State?)." With these as guides, the correspondents did their research and submitted their reports. From their suggestions, in turn, the editors set about selecting the subjects to which photographers were to be assigned. In each case this involved elaborate planning. For instance, in preparing for the shot of sunrise over the Atlantic one of their best research men was in Eastport, Maine (the easternmost spot in continental United States) for a week, hunting for *the* location. His report ad-



vocated the roof of the local school, where the aircraft spotters stand watch. (Note that the editors' original idea of having a church in the foreground had been abandoned.) But having considered this suggestion, the editors were not quite satisfied; for one thing, Eastport does not face the open ocean. So another research man was sent to explore Cape Cod for possibilities, and a State of Maine publicity agent was also consulted. The choice finally fell upon Vinalhaven Island's spotters' post, which was the most attractive post the publicity agent knew of.

When the editors, aided by researchers, finally made their decisions it turned out that a surprising number of the pictures on the list had been foreseen in their preliminary plan. Roughly half of the photographs which were ultimately published were of subjects which had been pretty clearly defined in the bulletin sent out to the researchers in November. Sixteen of *Life's* best photographers were called into the office of executive editor Hicks, who explained the vast project and gave each man explicit instructions as to the place, time, and subject to be photographed and the spirit in which the editors hoped the picture would be done. No expense was spared. Alfred Eisenstaedt was sent all the way from New York to Lincoln, Nebraska, to keep an appointment with the Hill family at Sunday dinner. From coast to coast, from dawn till sunset, *Life's* photographers on January 10, 1943, carried through what the editors justly feel was one of the most perfectly organized inspirational achievements in journalistic history.

## VI

ALL this organization requires brains, and it is to the credit of *Life* that it treats its readers as if they too had brains. It does not dodge controversial issues and uncomfortable situations—as do many popular magazines on the theory that the complacency of their readers must be left untroubled—but sometimes wades right in among the hornets' nests. On occasion it has published articles which made considerable demands on its readers' knowledge, curiosity, and zest for intellectual exercise—such as the recent feature on

Buckminster Fuller's fancy new method for mapping the world. And its success with this policy offers a good answer to those who argue that a public addicted to picture magazines must be a public with a lazy and demoralized mind. It is true that much of *Life* requires no mental activity at all; you can take it as pure pastime in the literal sense of the word, let your eye slide across the pages, and emerge with nothing in your head that was not there before. But if you want to use your head, you usually have a chance to do so. And the success of *Life* is a good sign that millions of Americans prefer a magazine that gives them such a chance.

*Life's* greatest admirers, however, are occasionally troubled by a quality in its pictorial journalism which is hard to pin down, but which might be called a subtle distortion of reality. To some extent this seems to result from an overtone which *Life* shares with the other Luce publications, an overtone which conveys a highly conscious, humorless certitude. There is a curious stiffness about them, as if they were saying, "Here are the facts, and here is the truth they add up to, and that's that." There never seems to be any real doubt that the Luce papers know all the answers. Possibly this overtone results in part from the overwhelming success of the *Time-Life-Fortune* enterprises. They not only interpret big business, they *are* big business (2,146 employees on the payroll in April, 1943), and they share its self-confident mannerisms. One feels that they have examined the whole industrial and social structure and accepted it as complete. ("Naturally we start work on a photographic project with a preconceived idea," one of *Life's* editors told us. "Then we check in the field through research.") Possibly also the overtone may reflect the personality of Mr. Luce, an extremely able and energetic man whose periodicals have dominated a world which was their particular oyster.

But to a large extent the sense of unreality in some of *Life's* features is inherent in the system of prearranged picture stories. Chance might at any time produce a picture of a family at Sunday dinner which would be so individual and so unstaged that it would strike everyone as real.



But if you make arrangements with that family to open their home to a highly-paid photographer who is coming all the way from Rockefeller Center to record "the American Sunday dinner," you are likely to get a phony, no matter how hard you try.

In any case, the influence of the team system on American magazine publishing is something to be watched. For individuals—including puzzled, questioning, and even rebellious individuals—have contributed most of the lifeblood of American journalism in the past. And if, as some people believe, we are headed toward something like the corporate state in America—an alliance between big business and big government and big labor, which would thrust the individual into the background—would not a team-edited journalism prove to be adept at producing house organs for a State which would admit of no questioning, no fumbling and perverse uncertainty? The editors of *Life*, sincere democrats that they are, must have mixed feelings about the fact (recently recorded in their pages) that when the Nazis, the Italian fascists, and the Japanese militarists set about the task of creating propaganda periodicals, it was *Life* itself which they took as their model.

That *Life's* editors are aware of the limitations of processed copy and prearranged picture scripts is shown by their increasing use of signed articles in which an individual's perceptions are the meat of the piece, and the pictures appear as incidental illustration. An example of this is Roger Butterfield's fine piece in the March 22nd issue about Al Schmid, the

marine who was blinded by a Japanese grenade in a Guadalcanal machine-gun nest after he had killed 200 Japs and who, on his return to his home in Philadelphia, found his girl waiting for him. This simple and unpretentious story offers a striking contrast to the "American Sunday" feature; for here the Luce custom of making the story fit a pattern is largely abandoned and the function of the pictures is to fill out the portrait which the author drew.

One thing which has worried many thoughtful Americans about the picture magazines—the fear that they might tend to make reading a lost skill—seems on the evidence so far to be a false alarm. Not only have the picture magazines not appeared to rob the other American periodicals of their subscribers—for on the whole the statistics show that the millions of picture-magazine readers have been added to the periodical-buying public which existed before, not subtracted from it—but *Life* itself, the bellwether of the flock, is giving its purchasers more and more reading matter as the years go by. As the number of signed articles in *Life* increases the magazine begins to assume almost the aspect of the old *Illustrated London News*, the great-grandfather of them all. Is it conceivable that the reader of a picture magazine grows up with it, so to speak, learning more and more to exercise his eyes with type? Is it even conceivable that the picture magazine will in time become virtually just another illustrated magazine in which new and revolutionary technics of picture planning and picture use will have been absorbed?



# THE ARMY TEACHES THE TRADES

C. LESTER WALKER



**T**HIS is undoubtedly the largest shoe-repair establishment in the world. One look and you have no doubt of it. The building stretches away into what seems illimitable distance. In between, hundreds and hundreds of men, busy as gnomes at their benches, stitch and tap, sand and burnish, rasp and pound on hundreds and hundreds of shoes. The flashes of the skiving knives splitting the tough-grain cowhide leap up and away like a multitude of mirrors in hundreds of pairs of hands. The machine stitchers chatter like ten thousand red squirrels. The soles ripping from uppers sound like the incessant shuffling of dozens of decks of cards. All around the air hums with the whirr and drone of machinery and vibrates with smells—shoe cement and beeswax and leather and ink and the turpentine odor of bootblacking. All—like the noises—warring with one another hammer and tongs.

"How many men?" I shout above the din.

"School total?" the instructor shouts back. I nod affirmatively.

"Two thousand eight hundred students now."

"How much production?"

"What?"

"How many repaired?"

"One day—six hours forty-five minutes—record—2,539 pairs. One month—27,000 pairs. All shoes—up to yesterday—

717,576. Repair for twenty-six camps."

I stand there just looking and listening. You can pick out the tap hammers—twenty ounces of metal mushroom head whamming on the pliant oak-leather soles, with the iron bootjack ringing beneath. The noise is so brisk that it sounds like the "chorus of cobblers" tattoo from some old-fashioned light opera. The tempo—the busyness of it—seems unnatural.

"How do you keep them going at such a pace?" I ask.

The instructor's white teeth flash a smile. He is one man who knows how men should work with leather. He was twenty-nine years (I have already been told) a saddler for the Army.

"In the Infantry," he grins, "they teach them how to kill. So in the Quartermaster Department we have to teach them how to work."

In the Quartermaster Department. . . . Yes. For this mammoth cobbler's shop is not a commercial shoe-repair emporium nor a size-16-quadruple-A apprentices' course for the associated boot and shoe manufacturers. It is just one of the Army's enormous wartime trade schools in which enlisted men and officers are being trained to be soldier-specialists.

This particular school happens to be at Camp Lee, the Quartermaster Replacement Center, at Petersburg, forty miles or so south of Richmond. The school is very big and very impressive, but it is not



unique. It is just one unit of a vast system of Army trade schools which now cover the country. In the number of them, the variety of trades they teach, and the great mass of men they are training, these schools, I think, come close to being one of the generally unobserved phenomena of America at war. Indeed, what average citizen has even heard of more than five of them?

I have seen a listing of the trade schools under one commanding general of one branch of the Army. There were 118. Another listing, still of schools under the same command, revealed an additional 185. Three hundred and three—but all of these only for one branch of the forces, just the Services of Supply! The other branches have their own schools too—both the Air Forces and the Ground Forces. Exactly how many there are of them, all told, is one of the mysteries. No Army official likes to go on record and say. It has been speculated however that there are at least 900, which is probably, I should say, not far from the mark.

The range and variety of the courses they teach stagger the mind. They cover, first, all the predictables—the trades well known by everyone to be obligatory in a modern army: auto repair, airplane maintenance, radio skills, and other such. But they include also a great many rarer and stranger activities, matters which one would never guess if asked, and all underlining the infinite complexity of modern war. If you are sent to school in Wilson Dam, Alabama, for example, you go there to learn for the Army the last word in practical measures of mosquito control. At Fort Belvoir, Virginia, among other skills, you will be taught water purification and surveying; at Camp Rimini, Montana, how to be an expert handler of dogs. There is an Army school to teach the operation of punch-card machines, others on how to warehouse correctly, how to inspect dairies, how to be a bath foreman, how to repair electric elevators, how to collect and properly preserve museum specimens for the Medical Corps. There is even one school giving a six weeks' course in the niceties of grass growing. Not for greens keepers for the generals' golf courses, but to train officers in the highly important

matter of soil control for Army Air Force landing fields.

How many men attend all these Army schools only the Almighty knows. The schools increase in number. The men come and go. But some estimate is both interesting and feasible. One school in New Jersey has a yearly enrollment of well into five figures. Another, in Kentucky, graduates nearly 40,000 a year. In that length of time all the schools, lumped together, must put through men by the hundred thousand. Before the war ends the total number of graduates ought to reach the half-million mark. Enough, in other words, to have made the Army, almost unawares, into the greatest schoolmaster of all time.

How did the Army get into this? I asked that question of my officer guide at Camp Lee, which with its twenty-odd schools, teaching over a hundred trades, is about the biggest center of the kind in the country.

"Well, it just happened," he said. "The Army suddenly discovered that it had to have thousands of skilled men almost overnight. And it couldn't get them—not ones who already had the necessary skills. Not even from civilian life. So the Army decided, well, it would just have to train them itself. And so, as you see—" He gestured down Shop Row, the long, straight avenue which is the heart of Camp Lee. It was 4 P.M., and hundreds of men of this world's largest quartermaster training center were pouring out of the big, yellow clapboarded buildings, some in blue denims, some in olive drab, their notebooks tight under their arms, and all hurrying in all directions.

I was to learn later that these were the schools they came from, although not all of them face upon Shop Row.

Shoe Repair  
Carpentry and Cabinetmakers  
Truck Drivers  
Blacksmith and Welding  
Instructors Training  
Clothing and Textile Repair  
Administrative, Supply, Air Base, and Clerical  
Cooks and Mess Sergeants  
Canvas and Webbing Repair  
Labor, Service, Railhead, and Firemen  
Graves Registration



Electricians and Radio  
 Bakers  
 Clothing Sterilization and Bath  
 Salvage Depot and Collecting  
 Auto Mechanics  
 Machinists  
 Plumbers, Steamfitters, and Sheet Metal Workers  
 Refrigeration  
 Laundry  
 Warehousing

"But don't forget," my officer authority suddenly admonished me, "that all these men—every one of them that goes to these trade schools—gets his basic military training—and plenty of it—first."

## II

I saw them getting it next day. With Lieutenant Colonel Robert C. Mottley, the camp chemical officer, I watched a class of men who would later be Army sheet-metal workers, butchers, refrigeration experts, tailors, laundrymen, coopers, upholsterers, as they got ready to go through the gas chamber for the first time. The Sergeant had them lined up on the sandy drill ground back of the camp's Chemical Warfare School. Each man had his gas mask kit slung at his side, and the Sergeant was making them practice the whole gas routine all over again.

"Now when you come to take 'em off"—the snouted heads wagged up and down the line—"don't forget—*test for gas*. Use your detectors—the crayon or the paint. Or sniff! Just a little, near the ground. Remember that in one outfit in the last war a German ran through yelling in English, 'OK, take your gas masks off,' and they took 'em off, without testin' for gas—and thirty men in that company died." The Sergeant stayed his harangue to let that sink in. "Now, I'm not gonna tell you what you'll get in that gas room this morning. Maybe it's Hot Stuff. Maybe it's Puke Stuff. Maybe it's Cough Gas. Maybe it's Cry Now. . . ."

For my benefit the Colonel explained. "They call mustard Hot Stuff, from the symbol we use for it: HS. Phosgene—our CG—they call Cough Gas. Puke Stuff comes from PS—from Port Sunshine, a place they used to ship the Chloropicrin from. For Tear Gas we use CN. So that's Cry Now!"

"But it don't make no difference *what* gas," the Sergeant was going on. "Do like you've been trained, and you're OK. And remember—before you come out of the chamber—you are to take your mask off—hand it to the instructor—and then *walk* across the room—not run—to the exit door."

"Ever any panic?" I asked.

"They get pretty nervous in there—" the Colonel said, "sometimes. But when I'm there I have a little stunt. I just pull a newspaper out of my pocket, lean back, boredlike, against the wall, and read. That straightens 'em out. No danger if a guy would be *actually reading* in there!"

It was Cry Now gas to-day, and the future Army electricians, pastry cooks, salvage men, motorcycle mechanics came stumbling out of the chamber a few minutes later, groping their way in the bright spring sunlight, the tears streaming down their cheeks. "Wow—what stuff!" they were saying, and laughing hilariously, because the test was over now and the tension gone.

"This is just *part* of their basic military training," the Colonel said. "We stress gas mask and rifle work, but they also get infantry drill, scouting, and tactics, and all the stuff like pack rolling and tent pitching, and general physical toughening up on the obstacle course and in bivouacs. Five to eight weeks of it. After that, through the Quartermaster Corps classification and assignment section, each man here is picked for a trade and sent to one of our twenty-odd schools."

## III

PRIVATE LAWRENCE M. BAGBY (this is not his real name), as a sample, was sent to the Sheet Metal Drafting School. Bagby is twenty-eight, and until he came to Camp Lee he had never made a thing with his hands in his life. He was a salesman, selling socks and handkerchiefs and other gentlemen's haberdashery in Keber and Kleinbrenner's Manhattan stores. The lieutenants in the Army classification and assignment section interviewed him and gave him the Army's Mechanical Aptitude Test. It revealed that Bagby probably had an unsuspected talent for



using his hands. "So, some jump!" he says. "I finish my basic, and suddenly what am I? The former necktie salesman! A sheet-metal monkey in the Plumbers, Steamfitters, and Sheet Metal Workers School!"

The man in charge of the shop, Bagby found, was Tony Samardzich, an old-time sheet-metal maestro from the Summer Sheet Metal Works in Chicago. "Guys like Bagby," Tony will tell you, "when they start in they don't know a thing—tools, gages, nothin'. So the Army teaches 'em."

First their tools—hammers, rules, drills, squares, center punches, hand punches. Then they learn how to tell a gap shear from shears, a folder from a roller; how to take a cornice brake and make a bend with it. Then the various gages of metal. Bagby says he'd never heard of gages before—never knew sheet metal came in different thicknesses. Just hadn't thought about it! Now the Army instructors taught him how to take any gage and fasten a sheet of that thickness together with another. Bagby learned how to make the fastenings—lock seams and standing seams, and Pittsburgh locks that grip and hold on like bulldogs. Then the shop taught him how to handle forms with more than one face, like prisms and cylinders and cones. At the end of a couple of weeks Bagby was beginning to be able to make iron and zinc and tin sit up, roll over, and beg. One day the instructors gave him his first project. Now he had to make something on his own.

"Here's a sketch of a shower-room soap dish," the instructor said. "Select the size of the material you need, lay out the pattern, and go ahead yourself." Bagby will tell you he "loused it up something awful getting started." But first he marked off the blind hems and the bend lines, then with the shears carefully trimmed off all excess material. Then he formed the pieces, bending them on his cornice brake. He fitted the pieces together, hammering down the seamed edge till it was tight. Finished, he ran his finger along. Smooth as putty! He turned the dish all round. To Bagby it looked like a Cellini vase. After checking it for dimensions he took it to the instructor.

"Pretty good. Next you make a waste basket, and then a dust pan. After that maybe we give you spark arresters for the winterized tents. Or maybe some of them sighting bars for the rifle marksmanship boys. Just keep goin', kid. Before you know it you'll be bein' decorated for repairin' bomb-busted laundry outfits all over North Africa."

After eight weeks Private Bagby's sheet-metal-working course came to an end. Bagby was graduated and is now a skilled soldier-specialist. He will shortly be assigned to a field unit of a Salvage Repair Battalion and shipped abroad. Does he like his new trade? "I'd 've been a counter man in New York all my life," he says, "if this hadn't come along."

Joe Peterman is Bagby's best friend. They met at the school. Joe is a sheet-metal man from way back and formerly worked in the Edward G. Budd Company in Philadelphia in the aircraft division. "That," says Bagby, "is what I'm going to do after the war."

Another Private, F. Ronald Jones, is a student in the Camp Lee Bakers School. Jones comes from Savannah. He is thirty and colored and will serve with colored troops. His grandfather was a slave. Although for a colored boy Jones had had a pretty good education (two years of high school) he had never had any very good jobs. For years Jones had earned most of his living—if you could call it that—as an odd-job man for the white folks who lived in the big houses that face the Spanish-moss-hung live oak trees that grow in the center of Savannah's old-fashioned squares. Jones beat carpets, mowed lawns, and cut wood; but in the winter, he says, he sometimes "worked round a bakery." When Army Classification and Assignment asked Jones, as it does, if he had any choice of a trade he said, "Bakery's a right warm spot in a winter. Make me a baker." C. and A. in effect said, "A baker you shall be."

For seven weeks now, with dozens of other colored boys, Jones has been learning all about bread. Bread only, for the Army leaves the pastries to the cooks. Jones has listened to lectures on the six immutable Army stages of breadmaking: the



ingredients, the mixing, the fermentation, the proofing, the baking, the cooling. He now knows the difference between a "gar-rison loaf" and a "field loaf"—that the former is a square-cornered, two-pound, thin-crust job; the latter a round loaf, four pounds, and with a crust so thick that the bread will keep a month. Jones has also been taught the fundamentals of bread's chemistry and nutrition. In the school laboratory he has seen bread mold flowering under the microscope and learned how to check it in made bread. He knows how to test flour for quality and what the chemical to-do is all about when yeast, moisture, flour, and warmth get together. He can even tell correct baking temperature now by merely thrusting his arm into iron Field Bake No. 2, the Army's latest pride in campaign ovens.

When Jones operates Field Bake No. 2 he can do it practically with his eyes shut. He knows how to fire it with gasoline or wood or coal, depending on the situation, and how to break down the iron parts into sections for quick transportation if his unit has to decamp in a hurry. Jones also understands operating the new Army mixer, the air-cooled, gasoline-motored giant that takes four men to lift it and in five minutes will mix a full oven charge of dough.

One day Jones's instructors took all this fancy machinery away. They led Jones and some other soldier-bakers out into the woods and set them down by a running stream. "Now we really make Army bread," they said. So Jones learned how to shovel a hole, just the right size, lay in two old wooden barrels, cover them with sand and clay, and burn them out from inside. "That oven," he will tell you, "is an adequate magnificent substitute for Field Bake No. 2."

Another week now and Jones will be graduated from Bakers School. He is a pretty proud man. Somewhere in his courses he has picked up a few statistics and he likes to mention them. In the Army 160 bakers bake bread for approximately every 40,000 men. Jones refers possessively to his share of the total as "My two hundred and fifty."

Classification and Assignment knew exactly what to do with Private Giuseppe

Albani. Aged twenty-six, of Italian parentage, Albani was a shirt-factory worker from near Rochester, New York. More specifically, Albani was a "pocket man." He sewed pockets on shirts by the hundreds, and did nothing else all day. C. and A. put him in the Camp Lee Clothing and Textile Repair School.

"Now," says Master Sergeant Mario d'Alessandro, who oversees the shop, "we teach him in no time how to do everything."

Albani found that the first few days it was all lectures and demonstrations in the classroom, with charts and big illustrations for training aids. He already knew a lot of this. Then it was the four Army methods of repair: a simple seam, a zigzag patch, simple patch, set-in patch. Albani already knew those too. But when inspection training came along he hit something new. You do not inspect a garment by just giving it a tumble on a table and rummaging all over it like a rabbit looking for a lost carrot. Not in the Army! There is a routine, Albani found, fixed and unbreakable. Take, for instance, a field jacket:

"First," the instructor told Albani, "you try the zipper. Then you fold the jacket in half, inside out. So. Then lay it on the table, left side up. Always left side—*never* right. Now you inspect. First buttons and buttonholes. Then top collar and facing. Left body lining. Left armhole and shoulder-seam lining. Turn it over, right side up. Inspect right shoulder-seam and armhole lining, right body lining. . . ." There were nineteen steps in all, and you never skipped one and never changed the order. Repair places you marked with your clay chalk with the proper symbols. In the end you folded the jacket in the special Army way. And it all made sense too. "You never miss a thing," Albani says. "And when the clothes are all folded and stacked you can go through and count 'em quick like a deck of cards."

In a few weeks Albani knew how to operate five different kinds of sewing machines. He knew how to weave. He could fill in a cigarette burn so perfectly you couldn't find the spot. He was good on the buttonhole machine and the darning; and with the machine serger he could



stitch ends of cloth so that they wouldn't unravel in twenty years. Sergeant Alessandro said, "You're coming along, Albiani. Pretty soon we make a tailor out of you."

One day the Sergeant put Albiani on the remodeling of unused Army clothing left over from the last war. "Here's an overcoat, wool, 1917," the Sergeant said. "We have to make a mackinaw. Save the Army eight dollars." Later Albiani turned old-issue riding breeches into prisoners' caps and desert shorts. Then he got actual uniforms of Camp Lee recruits to retailor and make fit. It was not like the last war, the Sergeant said. "They used to say then that soldiers got outfitted with clothing of just two sizes—too large and too small." Then one day the Camp Lee Reception Center called up with a big problem on its hands. Could the Clothing and Textile Repair School make a special uniform for a recruit who stood six feet six and weighed three hundred pounds? After Albiani and two others had handled the job they boasted a little about how good they were. "After this war," Albiani said, "no more pocket man for me. I go back to the shirt factory and be a foreman. Or else, in some little town near Rochester, I start my own shop maybe."

"After this war," the Sergeant said, "but after to-morrow, Albiani, you go out with the Finishing School."

#### IV

THESE four green trailers being set up near this pleasant grove of pines are the Finishing School. The four medium trucks roll them bumpily over the tree roots, pull them a distance apart, and stop. Officially these are part of a Salvage Repair Company: one clothing repair trailer, one sterilization and bath trailer, one shoe repair trailer, one laundry. They are all workshops on wheels, out here to practice under field conditions.

Doors fly open. Soldiers start hopping out. They put support jacks under the trailers. The trucks are disengaged and lumber away. Rear doors of the trailers burst open and ladders and landing gear are lowered. The camouflage nets come out; and while some of the men sling them

over the trailer tops others get busy cutting pine branches for garnishings. With a sudden creaking the sides of the long green bath and sterilization trailer split horizontally in two. The men hoist aloft the upper half for a roof and prop up the lower from the ground for a floor. Canvas curtains go up and the bath trailer is now double its former size.

Outside, on the brown pine-needled ground, the men of the laundry trailer are setting up their gasoline-driven generator. It coughs and snorts, then smooths out into an even purr of explosions. Lights go on inside the trailer and at either end they are erecting tents now. "One for marking and sorting," the Sergeant who has me in charge explains. "The other for storage and supplies." I say I should like to go inside, and the Sergeant leads the way to the ladder stairs.

"This hot-water tank holds one hundred and fifty gallons," says the Sergeant, who is full of statistics. "This boiler uses fuel oil, and at a hundred degrees this washer will wash even the Army winter wool overcoat. This is the extractor. . . ." I beheld a perforated-metal, cylindrical basket which whirled. "How much water does it throw out of the clothes? Seventy per cent, sir. These tumblers, with the steam coils, finish the drying process. The crew of this trailer is thirteen men, and two units like this job can launder clothes for forty-eight men in an hour."

In the marking tent the clothes were already coming in. As each man's arrived it was piled on a separate tray. "We used just to run the stuff through," the Sergeant informed me. "Shirt's a shirt—if it's right size. But Joe's sweetie would knit him a scarf or a sock or something, and when it came out of the laundry Jake would get it. So now we mark every little thing with a marking pin. Sentiment!"

Outside again you could hear the work noises in the other trailers: the *ottle-ottle* of sewing machines and the bang of shoe hammers resounding through the pines. From the bath and sterilization trailer came a noise of showers drumming on canvas curtains. "You see," the Sergeant explained, "the Army has got it all organized. While the men are using the bath their clothes are being sterilized, laundered



and mended, and their shoes repaired. Just as in the field."

I said I supposed that men from these trade schools got pretty close to battle action sometimes.

"Do we!" the Sergeant exclaimed. "Supply lines get bombed in *this* war. One soldier—he was trained right here in this Laundry School—got shipped to Alaska. The Japs came over. And know what that guy did? He brought down a Jap plane with a .30 caliber rifle. That's a fact."

"Sergeant," I said, "what's your job in civilian life?"

"I was a garage mechanic. I come from Montana. There's an awful lot of bum laundries in that State. Your shirts come back lookin' like a kite that fell into a tree. I know all about this business now. After this war I'm goin' to start my own."

## V

FROM man after man at Camp Lee you will get the same story. They will come out of this war better trained in the skills of peace than when they went in. They are hoping to use that training to get bigger and better jobs. Nor are the trade schools at Lee the only ones which graduate men with this turn of mind. You will find this training at the Signal Corps Schools (where they are turning out the thousands of radio specialists) or at the Corps of Engineers Schools, or at the Machine Shop Schools of the Ordnance at Aberdeen—practically anywhere that you care to look, the country over. Typical of the thinking are the words of a young soldier I talked with a few weeks ago at the Armored Force School in Kentucky:

"The way I figure it," he said, "this training course we get here would cost us about two thousand dollars back in civilian life. So I'm going to use this stuff some day. These tank engines are all airplane motors—Allisons and Wrights and Pratt-Whitneys. The boys who are learning them now will be all set to go into aviation

in a big way after the war. Matter of fact, I guess anybody that comes out of these Army schools ought to be able, anytime, to do better for himself than when he went in."

The men hope of course that after the war we shall have boom times (as some authorities say we inevitably shall), with a resulting need of a vast host of new, skilled workers in all fields of business and industry. They feel that the Army's training in trades is preparing them for just those times.

But some of them know also that it has been estimated that thirty million workers will have to shift to non-war industries after peace comes, and that in such a period anything may happen. Suppose times *are* slow and landing a job a highly competitive affair. What then?

Well, then, say these Army-trained men, with considerable pride and self-assurance, they have an advantage over the fellow in their trade who stayed at home. They have more to offer, because, thanks to Army training, they know *all* about their trade, not just about certain parts of it. In the words of an Army publication, which happens to be speaking about the Camp Lee Refrigeration School, "These future technicians are being trained to carry on under any and all conditions. They are not specialists, not delicate irreplaceable cogs in a vast organization. Each has his own job, but can do any other man's too. All quartermaster technicians are *versatile*."

And indeed they are, thanks to the Army training system. Probably it is a knowledge of this newly acquired versatility, as much as any other factor, which leads the Army trade-school man to look toward postwar times with a healthy belief in his own competence. Even if he is unable to land a job in his own specific trade, he is now better fitted, because of his all-round training, to tackle different work in a different field. It is a good thing that the country will have so many thousands of him thinking that way.



# KEYNES, WHITE, AND POSTWAR CURRENCY

PETER F. DRUCKER



THE currency plan of the British Treasury (the Keynes plan) and that of the American Treasury (the White plan) which were published simultaneously last April are the first concrete and specific postwar proposals that have been put forward so far by the governments of the democracies, and as such are of tremendous importance. But they have a still greater importance. The layman rightly considers that the details of international exchange and currency regulation are technical and recondite matters with which he cannot be expected to concern himself. But these are not mere technical proposals. Actually, the technical arguments in the two plans are little more than camouflage for the real issues involved: the future of international trade, the role of individual enterprise in international affairs, the position of the United States—and of Great Britain—in the world of to-morrow, the international organization of economic power, the future of economic imperialism. And these are questions which concern every citizen whether he is interested in monetary techniques or not.

It is true of course that neither government is committed to its plan. Both plans are designed primarily as starting points for the discussion between the United Nations. It is also true that both Lord

Keynes and Mr. White speak only for special groups within their own governments—though there is probably far less opposition to the Keynes plan within the British government than there is to the White plan within the Administration. Yet the plans not only set forth in clear and expert form the two main approaches to the problem of postwar international economic life to be found to-day in the democracies; they also show how each of these basic policies can be realized and what its consequences are likely to be.

The White plan is on the whole an attempt to restore the substance—if not the form—of the nineteenth-century international system. Lord Keynes, on the other hand, not only regards the destruction of this system as an accomplished fact; he also wants to put something radically new in its place. It will come as a considerable surprise to his American critics to hear that his plan has been attacked in England as too conservative.

Neither the White plan nor the Keynes plan can be understood except in terms of basic policy. Any critique of these proposals must thus start with the question: what are the concrete problems of international economics to-day, the problems which the traditional nineteenth-century system failed to master, and which these plans set out to solve?



## II

THE focal problem in all international economic policy during the past twenty-five years has been the relationship between "internal currency" and "external currency." In the nineteenth century, under the automatic international gold standard, the internal currency of a country—the amount of money and credit in a country's economy and the purchasing power of the monetary unit—was entirely subordinated to its external currency. If a country could not pay for its imports with the proceeds from its exports—if, in technical language, its balance of payments became unfavorable—it had to ship gold to make up the deficiency. The loss of gold immediately brought about a curtailment of the domestic supply of money and credit. This deflation in turn forced down prices and costs. It became more difficult for the deflating country to import foreign goods, while its own export products became cheaper and therefore easier to sell abroad—and thus the equilibrium was, in theory, restored. Hence the international gold standard was self-regulating; it restored its own balance. It was automatic; no government action was needed to keep it going. Indeed, government action could only disturb it. It kept stable the value of the external currency as expressed in the foreign exchange rate of a country's currency. But it threw the whole burden of international fluctuations upon the domestic economy: upon the domestic credit structure, the domestic price level, and the internal purchasing power of the currency.

The monetary history of the past twenty-five years is one of rebellion against this automatic subordination of the domestic credit and price structure to the nation's external economic relations. One country after another found it an unbearable threat to its economic and social system. The first objection was that it created large-scale unemployment; for the only way to restore the international balance was by deflation, and that meant a contraction of production. In the second place, this deflation threatened social stability. Falling prices make the creditor gain at the expense of the debtor; and,

as American history abundantly proves, there is no more explosive social issue than the enrichment of the creditor in consequence of a fall in prices. Finally it became very doubtful whether the system was indeed "self-regulating"—whether it really tended to restore the balance. Deflation, instead of righting itself after a short time, developed a tendency to run on long after it had ceased to be economically justified; the "minor correction" became a major depression. And deflation tended also to become contagious; unemployment and falling prices in one country promptly spread to others in direct defiance of the rules of the automatic gold standard.

So one country after another decided to separate its domestic currency—the volume of credit and the internal price level—from its external currency—the foreign exchange rates. The new policies all proclaim the stability of the internal currency; hence the burden of fluctuations must be borne by the external currency. There are several ways of doing this. Russia and Nazi Germany built a Chinese wall round their domestic systems and manipulated their international exchanges by direct manipulation of their exports and imports. The Western democracies—following the example of Great Britain—developed the far more flexible system of the Exchange Equalization Funds. Under this scheme too the domestic economy is insulated against shocks from the outside; short-term changes in international purchasing power are smoothed out, and long-term changes are adjusted by altering the foreign exchange rate of the currency. Of course there is no way to escape adjustments; but the burden of instability has been shifted from the internal to the external economy. The adjustments can now be made without producing those repercussions which invariably were produced under the old system: unemployment, impoverishment of debtors, and—above all—self-perpetuating deflation and the resulting international depression.

But the new system creates a new problem fully as difficult as the old one it solves. For just as it is a *political* impossibility to-day for industrial countries to subordi-



nate the internal to the external currency, it is an *economic* impossibility for all but a few very strong and well-integrated countries to subordinate the external to the internal currency. With the exception of the United States and Russia—to which China may have to be added in a decade or two—all industrial countries are so dependent upon imports and exports that their economies could not stand very violent fluctuations in their foreign trade. Yet such fluctuations are inevitable if the burden of economic adjustments is thrown on the external currency.

It is this dilemma between a political and an economic impossibility which has driven so many countries—and particularly those most dependent upon international markets—to try to make themselves self-sufficient. In order to achieve full employment at home, which is a political necessity, countries must free themselves of dependence upon the international market; or, at the least, they must be able to manipulate the adjustments in their international trade. And that means simply that both export trade and the distribution of imported goods among domestic industries must be government monopolies.

No argument is needed to show that this cure is worse than the disease. A country may obtain full employment under such a government-controlled self-sufficiency program; but it does so by destroying the international economic system, by sacrificing prosperity and progress to momentary security, and by creating international and national friction. What is needed therefore is a system under which a country can safeguard its domestic economy against internationally caused deflation without having to resort to economic totalitarianism. To provide the answer to this conundrum is the first task of an international currency plan; if it cannot give it, it cannot work.

The second task of such a plan is to find a way out of the *impasse* created by the international sweep of industrialization. During the past fifty—and especially during the past twenty-five—years, the technological conditions governing industrialization have been completely changed. Whereas formerly there were only two sources of industrial energy (water power

and coal), there are now four (water power, coal, hydro-electric power, and oil). There are very few countries in the world which are without a supply of one of the four; and several new sources of energy (alcohol made from vegetable matter, for instance) promise to become commercially usable within reasonable time. The same process of removing the old natural limitations on successful industrial production has been going on in all fields. There are numerous new raw materials from new sources, both synthetic and natural, and numerous new ways both to make old products from new materials and to make new products which can replace the old ones. In short, the old theory that one country is “unsuitable” for industrialization or that it suffers from a “natural” cost disadvantage, while not entirely obsolete, has become less and less valid. That India to-day does not produce any electrical machinery at all is no longer proof that she will not be the most efficient manufacturer of electrical goods twenty-five years hence. In other words, industrialization can no longer be said to depend primarily upon “natural” factors. It depends upon the will and the mentality of the people of a country.

Now the spread of the will to industrialize is perhaps the most important recent event in international economics. Americans have heard a great deal about the rapid industrialization of Russia, of Turkey, of China; and we are all painfully familiar with the Japanese achievement. But few of us seem to realize that these are only individual examples of a general trend—the worldwide industrialization of the raw-material-producing countries. The war has accelerated the process tremendously; both Britain and the United States, for instance, are building factories in Latin America, in Australia, in British India, in South Africa, in Egypt, and in other places. But even before the war the movement was changing the economic map of the world at a tremendous rate. And what is most important, all the new industrial countries concentrate on heavy industries: on machines, automotive and railroad equipment, steel, and chemicals.

The prime mover in this development



is not economic; and it would be futile to argue with an Argentinian or an Australian that his mills will produce less efficiently than Detroit or Manchester for many years to come. For the decision to industrialize is based upon political reasons. Every raw-material-producing country is firmly convinced that in this present world only industrial countries enjoy full citizenship. And it is equally convinced that in a world of tanks and planes a country is lost unless it can produce its own basic mechanized equipment.

The worldwide trend toward industrialization—a veritable new industrial revolution—might be turned into a highly constructive force to raise the standard of living of the colonial races and the raw-material-producing areas. But it might also become most destructive; it might lead to economic nationalism on a worldwide scale far surpassing anything we have seen so far. Two things are necessary to prevent such a disaster. In the first place a way must be found to supply capital for the industrialization of the raw-material-producing countries; otherwise they will be forced to obtain it by cutting down the standard of living of their own—pitifully poor—populations, and they could do this only by setting up a totalitarian economic system similar to a war economy. Second, it must be made possible for them to develop their industries as part of a larger integrated whole; otherwise they will be forced to strive for self-sufficiency.

Finally there is no longer a uniformity of social and economic systems among the leading countries, as there was in the nineteenth century. Of the major powers only England and the United States have maintained the essence of the nineteenth-century free-enterprise democracy. Russia works on a radically different basis; and though we cannot know what form the social systems of a victorious China and of a liberated Europe will take, it is more than probable that they will not be copies of the nineteenth-century order. Hence an international economic system must make it possible for countries of very different structure to collaborate peacefully; otherwise we shall have to look forward to endless semi-religious wars in

which each major power will try to impose its own social beliefs and institutions upon the rest.

It is against these tasks that any proposal for an international economic or monetary system has to be measured. Can it provide a way out of the dilemma between the political need for full employment and the economic need for a stable international system? Can it provide capital for industrialization and also an organization which makes it possible for new industrial countries to fit themselves into an international order of harmony and economic interchange? Can it provide an international organization to which socially heterogeneous countries can adhere?

### III

THE most encouraging feature of the Keynes and the White plans is that they agree, on the whole, in their diagnosis of the problems which international economic organization has to master. They differ considerably in the emphasis given to each of the three major issues. Mr. White apparently hopes that a solution of the internal-external currency question would by itself cure most of the other troubles; Lord Keynes seems to think that the problems of international industrialization and international investment are fully as important as international exchange and trade. But on the whole there is more agreement between them on the nature of the task than there has been between any two international economists for the past twenty-five years.

They are also agreed on what not to do: neither intends to restore the old automatic subordination of the internal to the external currency—and with it the gold standard. Even Mr. White, who is otherwise strongly in favor of restoring the old system, wants to continue to divorce internal and external currency. Though Mr. White's plan has been advertised as a restoration of gold, there is not one word in it that could be construed as demanding a return to gold as the basis of a country's money and credit structure. On the contrary, Mr. White clearly intends that the amount of money and credit in circulation inside a country—and with it the price



vel—shall be entirely independent of the amount of gold the country possesses. In this sense he proposes simply to continue the system as it is to-day in this and in all other countries. Gold is to be used purely as one means of payment in international transactions; and the total amount needed by the entire world under his plan would not exceed one to two billion dollars—or less than ten per cent of America's present gold hoard.

Actually even this concession to gold was apparently made most unwillingly and for reasons of political expediency rather than as a matter of principle. Mr. White seems to think it desirable to placate public sentiment in this country which is concerned over the future of America's gold. He also apparently aims to provide the new governments in reconstructed countries with a money that will command confidence; and gold still retains its prestige. At the same time he is obviously afraid of the political troubles likely to arise if gold were again made the exclusive medium of international exchange; for, with the United States holding eighty per cent of the world's gold, an international gold standard would make every other country dependent upon American policy. So he compromises by giving countries with ample gold reserves (*i.e.*, the United States) the right to use them internationally up to a limited amount, while giving all other countries the right to use instead their own paper promises within the same limits. And though this concession to gold is regarded as high treason by the Keynesians, who feel that gold is an "ancient superstition" with which there can be no compromise, it is hardly enough to justify calling the White plan an international gold-standard plan, much less an *automatic* gold-standard plan. As a matter of fact, Mr. White differs from Lord Keynes in his attitude toward gold only in that he wants to retire this old servant on a pension while Lord Keynes proposes to fire him.

But their agreement does not go beyond the negative; they disagree radically on every single positive step that has to be taken. And they differ not only on methods but on purposes as well. For the White plan is simply an attempt to reach,

by the new means of currency management, the old goals: stable exchanges, maximum international trade, absence of government interference in international economic life. This shows most clearly in Mr. White's attitude toward devaluation. The plan not only declares that "the value of the currency of each member country shall be fixed . . . in terms of gold . . . and may not be altered by any member country without the approval of four-fifths of the member votes"; it also provides that devaluation "shall be considered only when essential to correction of a fundamental disequilibrium and be permitted only with the approval of four-fifths of the member votes." Since each major power is to exercise twenty per cent of the votes, the four-fifths requirement comes very close to a demand for unanimity. And this impression is strengthened by the semiofficial commentary to the plan, which speaks of devaluation as permissible only in "extreme cases."

This provision actually rules out devaluation as a means of practical currency policy. Of all the devaluations of the past fifteen years only that of France in 1936 would have been approved by the powers; and there is general agreement that it came far too late and that France was fatally weakened by the long delay. Neither the British devaluation of 1931 nor the American devaluation of 1933 would have been approved by a board of international economists; nor would Germany have been able to obtain consent to a devaluation in 1932—the only alternative to the imposition of stringent foreign exchange restrictions. What the White plan really says therefore is that devaluation is not to be resorted to—except perhaps in a major catastrophe which threatens the collapse of the entire international system.

The means which Mr. White proposes for the normal adjustment of international disturbances is the orthodox one: reduction of prices and costs at home in order to restore the country's competitive position abroad. Such adjustments should however not be precipitate but orderly and controlled; nor need deflation be forced upon a country as the result of short-term fluctuations. Thus the White



plan centers on the smoothing out of short-term disturbances and the cushioning of long-term adjustments. And the tool of Mr. White's international monetary agency would be the international short-term loan to countries in difficulties. A country might thus obtain the means to avoid a sudden cutting down of its domestic credit and price structure. But it would be helped only if it deflated in an orderly fashion or if the disequilibrium were temporary, such as that caused by a very bad harvest or a long strike.

In direct contrast to Mr. White, Lord Keynes proposes to subordinate the external currency to the requirement of domestic full employment. He uses international economic organization as a means to obtain full production in the member countries. This intention pervades the whole plan. It leads Lord Keynes not only to allow devaluation but to make it a normal practice—automatic in some cases, enforceable by the international monetary agency in others. And his plan repeatedly emphasizes the point that deflation in any country is so great a danger to the entire world that the stability of currencies should be entirely subordinated to avoiding it.

The two plans are even farther apart on other issues. Mr. White, for instance, demands that after a short period of transition all member countries abandon "all restrictions and controls" over foreign exchange transactions with other member countries, and that they impose no additional restrictions without the approval of the international bank. That means of course that international trade and international banking are to be restored to private hands. Further, he expressly forbids any regional agreements between member countries.

Lord Keynes, on the other hand, provides for government control "of outward capital transactions" as one of the measures which the international bank can prescribe for a member country; and by adding that this can be demanded if exchange restrictions are "not already in force" he clearly implies that any country is entitled to put on whatever foreign exchange controls it deems necessary. Thus it is the absence, not the presence, of gov-

ernmental restrictions on private enterprise that would justify international intervention in a national economy. Lord Keynes not only allows regional agreements, he demands them. For under his scheme the smaller countries would not be represented individually on the board, but one member would be appointed for a "convenient political or geographic group," *i.e.*, for a region. It can hardly have escaped Lord Keynes or the British Treasury that this implies not only monetary unity within these groups but a uniform economic policy and integrated regional trade relations.

The cleavage between the two proposals comes out most sharply however in the different scope which is given by each to the international monetary agency. Mr. White's international agency has only one task: to give to private enterprise in the member countries freedom from political interference and from the threat of fluctuations in foreign exchange rates. His centralized monetary machine is not supposed to make economic policy or to take the lead in international economic change.

Lord Keynes however defines the function of his international agency by saying: "The idea underlying such an [international monetary] union is to generalize the essential principle of banking as it is exhibited within any closed [*i.e.*, domestic] system."

The "essential principle" of banking, especially in Keynesian economics, is the creation of credit; by granting credit to a client a bank creates deposits which, since they are accepted in payment by everyone, are to all intents and purposes real money. For Lord Keynes to say that the international bank should exercise the same functions which a banking system has in a national economy is simply to say that it is the international bank which will have to decide how much international purchasing power there is going to be, which country is to have it, and what it is to be used for. In Mr. White's international agency all balances would be determined by the trade transactions of a country's business men; in Lord Keynes's scheme the trade of a country—and that of the entire world—would be determined



by the balances given to each country by the international bank. And lest he be misunderstood, Lord Keynes lays down as one of his main aims the establishment of an *international currency* (a term never used by Mr. White) that would be "capable of deliberate expansion and contraction to offset deflationary and inflationary tendencies in effective world demand."

Lord Keynes not only demands that trade and purchasing power be internationally determined; he demands also international control of the volume and of the direction of long-term international lending and investment. This follows as a matter of course from his concept of an international bank able to create credit which would be accepted everywhere as equivalent to money. It is also directly expressed in the text of the Keynes plan; although, according to the semiofficial London comments, the actual control of international long-term investments is to be in the hands of a separate international board, Lord Keynes's international bank will have the right to prescribe investment policy to member countries and will have something akin to a veto power on all loans and investments of which it disapproves. Lord Keynes's international bank is thus to be stronger than any national central bank has ever been in peacetime—that is, it is to be as strong internationally as a national banking system should be domestically according to Keynesian doctrine.

In fine, the White plan puts international currency stabilization and free trade first; Lord Keynes's centers on full employment in the domestic economies of the member nations of the system. Mr. White demands that international trade, banking, and investment be returned as fast as possible to private hands; Lord Keynes regards all international economic activity as primarily a political matter which must be planned and controlled by a central political agency. While the White plan wants to take politics out of international economic life, the Keynes plan substitutes one extremely powerful international economic government for the many contending national governments. The White plan specifically excludes all regional arrangements between

the member countries. Lord Keynes not only makes specific allowance for regional organization, but actually demands of the smaller countries that they consolidate in regional economies. In scope and function Mr. White's international agency is primarily the servant of private enterprise in the member countries. Lord Keynes's plan calls for an international banking system which would create credit and purchasing power and which would control the extent and the direction of international trade and investment.

#### IV

THERE is a great deal to be said for the conservatism of the White plan—just as there is much to be said for the conservatism of the old family physician. Perhaps its main merit is that it can be run by any moderately experienced international banker. Ninety-nine per cent of the operations of Mr. White's international agency would be technical routine such as the Federal Reserve Bank of New York has been handling for years. And with its radius of positive action kept very narrow, the international monetary agency allows little scope for spectacular mistakes.

Because of this conservatism the plan is not adapted to deal with the very problem with which international economic organization must deal to-day. Mr. White diagnoses clearly the issues raised by the international sweep of industrialization, by the development of discordant social and economic systems in different parts of the world, and by the conflict between the demands of domestic and foreign economic policy in modern industrial society. But his main prescription is to treat them by ignoring them. That is why many critics here and abroad have felt that his proposal would have been the proper thing to adopt at the World Economic Conference of 1933, but that it gives no satisfactory solution for 1943.

This is probably a most unfair judgment. In the first place, the strength of the White plan lies in its very carefully worked out international techniques; and it is a fair guess that any international monetary organization of the future will



rely on Mr. White's plan for its machinery. Its masterly treatment of the problems arising out of the monetary disturbances of the war should prove to be of special value. In the second place it might be argued that the White plan never pretended to tackle more than questions of technique, and that it is the intention of the American government to handle the basic problems of economic policy separately and through separate organizations. And even though Mr. White went far beyond techniques in his insistence on the abandonment of currency restrictions and in his firm stand *against* devaluation and *for* deflation, this would be a good argument—provided the United States Treasury has any plans for the solution of the basic problems which the White plan ignores. But taken by itself the White plan is no real answer.

The Keynes plan, on the other hand, deals directly with these basic problems. It offers a way out (other than autarchy) to industrial countries, for it provides explicitly that countries will be enabled to maintain their international purchasing power (through credits from the international bank) if they have to devalue or if their desire to maintain full employment leads to difficulties in their international economic relations. It makes capital investment an international function and it explicitly mentions international development loans as one of the things which the international bank will have to arrange. Hence it provides a mechanism to supply backward countries with capital for their industrialization. At the same time it clearly envisages the organization of such countries into large, integrated regions which would prevent the economic nationalism of small countries and would provide the continental market which alone can justify major industrial expansion. Finally it can be adhered to—and operated by—countries of the most divergent social and economic structures.

But if the White plan is inadequate from the point of view of international economic reality, the Keynes plan—viewed as a worldwide plan—fails completely from the point of view of international politics. In the first place, it simply ignores America's unique position. After

the war this country will be the only one that is likely to have a strong creditor position in international economics; hence it will be this country which alone will have very large surpluses for investment abroad. To internationalize investments, as the Keynes plan proposes, is to ask the United States to give up her strongest card in the international economic game.

It might be argued that the power which the United States might have if allowed free exercise of her investment potential is too great to be left in the hands of any one country. It might also be said that the fear of American imperialism based upon an investment monopoly might drive the other countries into a "borrowers' strike" and into an attempt to do through a war economy what normally should be done through borrowing abroad; undoubtedly the fear of becoming political vassals of their creditors had much to do with the decisions of Russia, Turkey, and China to avoid foreign borrowing in their industrialization programs. Lord Keynes however makes neither argument. Even if he had made them he would still have to offer to this country something in consideration for the voluntary abdication which he expects from her; without such a quid-pro-quo his plan would never be practical politics. The charge made against the Keynes plan that it is "anti-American" is a considerable exaggeration; but it certainly is not a plan this country could easily accept.

Even more serious are the consequences of the internationalization of investment from the point of view of the small countries, especially those in urgent need of foreign capital. The powers of Lord Keynes's international bank are such as to make it the virtual economic dictator of such countries. To be effective this international bank would therefore have to be backed and controlled by an equally strong international political government which enjoyed the confidence of the member states and which had the power to enforce its decisions. There is not one word of such a government in the Keynes plan; nor can any plan be considered practical politics to-day which presupposes such a world government.

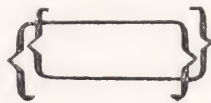
The Keynes plan thus reveals itself not



as a plan for world organization (which it claims to be), but as a plan for the organization of regional groups. It is fully in line with the trend of British official thinking as revealed recently by Mr. Churchill in his advocacy of a "European council" and of an "Asiatic council" as the actual instruments of postwar policy. For such regional groupings the Keynes plan would be eminently suitable. The strong central power needed to make possible the "generalization of the essential principle of banking" would be provided by one or two major powers around which the region would be organized. And as far as *internal* relations within a European or a British-Empire federation are concerned, there would be no problem of American preponderance. When these things are taken into consideration the strong resemblance between Lord Keynes's scheme and our present American Federal Reserve policy becomes fully understandable. But it also becomes clear that his is not a proposal for a world system. In fact, a world organized into a half-dozen or so integrated regional economies—each organized financially on the Keynes plan—would still need an international monetary

system for relations between the regions. It may not be entirely without practical importance that for this job—to settle balances between large groups, each of which supplies most of its own requirements of goods and capital—the machinery of the White plan is extremely well suited.

The difference between the two plans resolves itself in the last analysis into one of basic policy: the universal versus the regional approach; a uniform, world-wide system versus a balance of power between large, economically integrated, and politically satisfied empires; the restoration of the essentials of the nineteenth-century world order versus acceptance of the basic changes of the last decades as accomplished facts which demand radically new solutions. Though neither plan is entirely successful in working out a program for the realization of its fundamental aims, both go much farther than anything we have had so far. And both show—above all in the degree by which they fall short of complete success—that we cannot work out international economic solutions until we have decided which of the two basic policies we intend to adopt.





# HERRIOT OF FRANCE, 1941-42

C. J. FERNAND-LAURENT



EDOUARD HERRIOT, President of the French Chamber of Deputies, stands deservedly high with the American people. They are aware that he has been a constant, firm, and ardent friend of the United States, and they especially recall the courage—rare among statesmen—with which in 1933 he chose to retire from the French government rather than agree to the suspension of the debt payment to America. Naturally, therefore, they were shocked to hear of his arrest by the Germans last December.

During the past two years I had the privilege of seeing M. Herriot several times at close range; and perhaps it may interest American readers to catch some glimpses of him as I saw him then, particularly during the tragic midsummer crisis of 1942—when Laval was beginning to organize the exodus of French workers to serve as slave labor in Germany, and when the Comte de Paris was making a mysterious visit in Auvergne, a preface to the tentative monarchist plot which was to have its dénouement in North Africa.

But as I begin to write of M. Herriot I cannot help going back, first, to memories of an earlier day, when he represented the power of a France still free. My mind takes me to the Palais Bourbon in Paris, at three o'clock of an afternoon. I see the republican guards, evenly aligned on the parqueted floors of the Salle des Pas Perdus, standing at attention. I hear the

command barked, "Present . . . arms!" The drums beat. Between the double hedge of the bayonets President Herriot—in dress suit and white cravat, top hat in his hand—advances slowly. He stops in front of the officer in command of the detail and bows. The officer salutes with his sword. *Cedant arma togae*—the army pays homage to the representative of the nation.

How different things were in 1941 and 1942!

In the fall of 1941 I asked President Herriot if I might pay him a visit. "Brotel is at the end of the world; you'll have a time finding me," he sent word to me. But I answered that I should find him all right; and having secured—by the rarest good fortune, and after many difficulties—a car, gasoline, and a trustworthy driver, I set out for Brotel, the President's country place, near the very small hamlet of Hyères-sur-Ambie. After traversing the wide suburbs of Lyons and rolling along through a flat, monotonous countryside, I had gone about forty kilometers into the Department of the Isère when suddenly the scenery changed and hills appeared—then a sort of a little mountain. A pointed rock overhung the valley.

"This is the Valley of the Ambie," my driver said, "and the President is up there."

It was a very fine day. The ridges



showed up sharp and clear against the blue sky. Nestling on the edge of the promontory, which seemed to be sliding down into the valley, stood a little tower. I couldn't tell from that distance whether it was a ruin or a dwelling. Then we left the highway and entered a rough little road; we passed over the little Ambie River by a rustic bridge; and the donjon-like building loomed before us. Soon we stopped before a simple wooden gate fastened only by a latch, and there stood Mme Edouard Herriot, welcoming me with her accustomed distinguished simplicity.

"Come see my domain," she said cheerfully. "I call it 'my domain' because I was the one who discovered it."

She told me how, some years before the war, she had bought for a trifle this authentic relic of the Twelfth Century which nobody wanted because of the strange, complete solitude of the place. The word "solitude" doesn't do justice to the sensation I felt. Going through a low door we came to a narrow terrace, and on three sides we looked down a precipice steep enough to make one dizzy. Only the courtyard through which we had come attached us to solid earth.

"I haven't touched the outside of the building," Mme. Herriot said. "I have even left the loophole windows, inconvenient as they are. I just refurnished the interior."

The refurnishing had been conceived with both simplicity and taste. Everything inside was of a quasi-monastic sobriety. A long wooden table set on trestles, some rustic chairs, the tall stone chimney—that was all I could see of the dining room, for the walls were almost hidden by war maps.

The only luxury of this unpretentious house was the library—or more exactly, the two libraries. On the ground floor, next to the dining room, was the President's office with a good working collection of volumes on history, geography, politics, and philosophy. On the second floor, to which one climbed by a spiral staircase with decayed treads, was his holy of holies; the shelves were of plain wood, but on these shelves what treasures! Here was the collection of which the

President was proudest—a collection of original editions of the Romantic period.

In this library I met the President that morning. I had not seen him since the last session of the Chamber of Deputies, in April, 1940, eighteen months before. I thought he was much thinner and pale. When he saw me he did not say a word, but just opened his arms, and we two—who had opposed each other many times in the political arena—shamelessly hugged each other.

My son had at one time been preparing his doctor's thesis on one of the strangest personages of the Restoration—Prosper de Barante—a rival of Benjamin Constant, one of the intimates of Mme. de Staël, who was herself an intimate of Mme. Recamier—of whom M. Herriot has written a valuable biography. The President had received my son with paternal kindness, had offered to help him in his work, and had put his own books at his disposal, and this incident had made a bond of affection between us. But now there was a further bond. In the past we had been courteous but resolute adversaries; now, united by concern for our country, we were still more resolute allies.

After lunch—which was prepared by the President's faithful old servant, the legendary Césarine, who would manage to make anyone enjoy even rutabagas—I let him pour me a few drops from a bottle of old brandy which was, alas, nearly empty; and, smiling philosophically, he measured his own share parsimoniously. It was a souvenir of the happy France we both recalled so well, and it had to be economized. Then we began to talk about our country.

All at once, interrupting the conversation, the President pulled out his big gold watch from his pocket and said:

"Heavens! We nearly forgot Sottens. It's 2:15, and we don't let anything in the world keep us from getting the latest news from the Swiss radio."

But on that day the military situation was stagnant. Herriot switched off the radio, took his famous pipe out of his pocket, lit it slowly, and said:

"Tell me about our colleagues. Have you seen So and So? . . . And So and So? . . . And So and So?"



When I told him of the magnificent behavior of some of them, and of the notorious treacheries of others, the President shrugged philosophically.

"What can one expect?" he said. "They made their choice. They preferred to live . . . and to live well."

Then he added mischievously, "Now is indeed the time to quote your Juvenal—*Et propter vitam . . .*"

Heavens, how long ago that was! He was bringing back a particularly amusing memory of my parliamentary career. Years before, I had been on the rostrum of the Palais Bourbon; behind me, in the chair, presiding over the House, sat Edouard Herriot; in front of me, on the ministers' bench, was Leon Blum, whom I was challenging.

I had finished my speech with the quotation of Juvenal's verse—*Et propter vitam, vivendi perdere causas*.

Alluding to the dangers which from every side, without and within, were menacing our country, I had expressed the conviction that France would never accept the servitude that was being prepared for her; that our people were the sort—they had shown it throughout our history—who would prefer to lose life rather than to lose the reasons for living, everything which made life possible: honor, dignity, liberty.

M. Leon Blum interrupted me sharply.

"M. Fernand-Laurent, you have made a mistake. That verse is not by Juvenal."

"Whose is it, then?"

After a moment's hesitation, M. Blum replied, "Seneca."

"Mr. President of the Council, you are wrong. That verse is Juvenal's and I will bet it against your government."

I turned then to President Herriot.

"Mr. President, I ask you to be the umpire."

And Herriot, much amused, replied:

"I decline to give an opinion. The session is adjourned."

During the adjournment everyone rushed to the library. Bets were made, some, with blind confidence in the learned Blum, for Seneca; others for Juvenal.

Herriot asked for an anthology of Latin writers. It couldn't be found. Sure of my quotation, I enjoyed watching the

search for a while, and then put an end to the discussion by bringing Herriot—the Larousse dictionary! It said that I was right.

When we returned to the Chamber Leon Blum came up to me and held out his hand. (It was the first time.)

"M. Fernand-Laurent, you have won. For once my memory failed me."

"If I have won the bet," said I laughing, "all you have to do is to resign."

The recollection of this incident now brightened up the atmosphere for a moment, but neither M. Herriot nor I had any heart for pleasantry.

Tears came into his eyes. He put his hand on my arm and, leaning toward me, said in a different tone:

"Do you know they have guillotined C——?"

C—— had been one of our Communist colleagues, a veteran of the Great War, father of five children. I could see in my mind his thick-set figure, his genial round face. I remembered him as a fine man. I had learned of his death but was not aware of the horrible manner of it.

"Yes," Herriot went on, "guillotined, you understand, guillotined—for a political offense—and guillotined by Frenchmen."

How could one fail to put the responsibility on the Vichy government? And so it happened that Darlan's name came naturally to our tongues.

"Listen to me, my dear Fernand-Laurent," the President said. "I want to tell you something about Darlan. One can't know what the future may bring. I may disappear. . . . You are younger than I, so I tell you this, not as a secret but as an historic fact which I charge you to make known."

"Here it is. On the afternoon of Saturday, June 15th, 1940, I was in Bordeaux. Senators and Deputies kept arriving in the city, already so overcrowded. Jeanneney [the President of the Senate] and I didn't know where to put them. Then I had an idea—there were warships in the harbor at Verdon. Why not use them temporarily to house the members of Parliament? I called our colleague Campinchi, Minister of the Navy. Campinchi said that unfortunately he was too



busy to come to see me but that he would send his chief of staff, Admiral Darlan. Half an hour later Darlan arrived and said to me these very words:

"Mr. President, your request is a perfectly natural one, and in any other circumstances I should be most happy to accede to it. But I need all my ships. They are getting up steam to be ready to sail. With an undefeated fleet, I want to fight. I am not like those two miserable creatures [Pétain and Weygand]; I shall not recognize any armistice."

"Darlan, very much excited, went on to explain vehemently that Toulon could and should be defended. I thanked and congratulated him."

President Herriot went on, "That, you remember, was on Saturday, June 15th. The next day, Sunday, June 16th, I was in President Lebrun's office with Paul Reynaud, who had come to offer his resignation. Marshal Pétain was announced. He had come to present to the President of the Republic the new government which he had just formed—the government which was to sign the Armistice. And whom did I see at Pétain's side? Darlan, who had accepted the post of minister in this government which was formed to capitulate—the post of minister, along with those two 'miserable creatures'—*only twenty-four hours after he had made that declaration to me.*"

## II

**I**N June, 1942, I went to see M. Herriot again; again I climbed the difficult road to Hyères-sur-Ambie, the little village lost in the mountains.

"I didn't expect you so soon," Mme Edouard Herriot said to me as I arrived. "My husband is in that little grove back there, gathering mushrooms. If you want to go to meet him, there's only this one little path. You can't miss him."

After a five-minute walk I came upon the President. He was wearing a sweater, a cap, and large boots. He came forward slowly, rather heavily; then, as he recognized me, his face lighted up with a benevolent smile. He took hold of my shoulder affectionately and we walked along side by side, in silence. The President was moved but didn't want to show it.

"Look," he said, "what I have gathered in two hours." He untied the handkerchief in his hand and uncovered three large brown mushrooms. "I didn't have much luck this morning."

We walked on a few steps more, then Herriot stopped suddenly.

"Well, old fellow, how many new troubles we have had since we last saw each other!"

He rested his hand on my shoulder again and looked straight at me. "What a hell I'm going through! . . ."

And as I was about to speak—

"But come along, you must be dying of hunger. Come on in to lunch. We've killed our last rabbit, I think. But I still have one old bottle left . . . and look," he added, smiling, "we have my mushrooms!"

As we walked along I couldn't help recalling the luxurious table at the Palais Bourbon and the food-loving President's famous luncheons. And here we were now, alone in that little wood, trying to hide our emotion from each other, hesitating to speak of the one subject that was close to our hearts—France.

We reached the house. He pushed open the simple wooden gate of the courtyard—there, to the right, was a little one-storey building with two windows.

"See," Herriot said, "my guardhouse." His face lighted up maliciously. With his habitual gesture he took hold of my shoulder to make me stop while he went on talking: "I call this little building the Pavilion of Ingratitude. Just listen to this, my friend. After the National Assembly I spent a little time at Lyons; then I came here one fine September morning to stay in complete solitude. But a visitor was announced. A creature presented himself, very ill at ease. From twenty feet away he smelled of the police. He was embarrassed as he explained that he had come from Vichy . . . he was a police commissioner . . . he had been ordered to billet himself and two policemen in my house.

"Then," I said to him, "I am your prisoner?"

"No, but . . ."

"Then I am free?"

"Certainly, but . . ."



"I understand. Like Rostand's *l'Aiglon*, I am "not a prisoner but . . ."

"The creature knew his literature—and was good enough to smile.

"Listen," I said to him, "I can't lodge you in my house. But I have a tiny two-room cottage which is no longer in use and which would be comfortable for you. I will have it cleaned. As for your policemen, I have two servants' rooms. That will be all right for them, eh?"

Herriot pulled his legendary pipe out of his pocket and ran his hand up and down it but did not fill it.

"In short, *mon cher*, this spy lived here for three months. I call him 'this spy' and you will see why. The next morning I started out as usual for my walk. I went into the little grove and suddenly I had the feeling that someone was walking behind me. I turned round—there was my commissioner. I stopped. He stopped. I went on again . . . twenty yards behind me he started on again.

"That kept up for ten days. My shadow never left me. One morning I was so exasperated that I couldn't stand it any longer and went up to him.

"Listen, *monsieur*," I said to him, "since we are fated to walk every morning at the same hour and at the same spot, why not walk together? Come with me . . ."

"And I took him by the arm. My commissioner was my prisoner. The blackguard, I already told you, knew a little about literature. He loved *Lamartine*. We recited his verses together. On the other hand, there were gaps in his classical learning. I helped him fill them. He hadn't anything to read. I allowed him to use my library.

"One day when we had taken a little longer walk than usual—and a pleasant enough walk—and were passing this little pavilion on our return, I stopped him.

"My dear commissioner," I said, "you have been taking your meals alone for a whole month. That can't be lively for you. Won't you give me the pleasure of lunching with me?" He accepted without shame. . . . And that went on for three months. He ate at my table, drank my last wine, smoked my last cigarettes, made himself at home in my library. Then the day came when it was decided

(Flandin had just replaced Laval) to discontinue this supervision, and my commissioner took his departure. He thanked me warmly.

"A month later I learned—because I still have good friends and hear everything—that he had turned in to Vichy a filthy report about me. All the time I was treating him as a guest the dirty scoundrel had been taking notes on my most unimportant visitors, my slightest remarks, my gestures, spying on me even in the bathroom, emptying my wastepaper basket. Now, wasn't that dishonorable?"

"It wasn't dishonorable, Mr. President. It was Vichy."

Herriot snorted, pulled at his cap, and using his pipestem to point out the path, said:

"Come on. Let's go to lunch."

We had no idea that a few months later it wouldn't be a police commissioner who would be living in that same Pavilion of Ingratitude, but Gestapo men.

### III

THE next time I saw President Herriot he was no longer a countryman in the solitude of the *Isère*; he was a townsman, wearing a correct black suit, in the dull little town of Chatel-Guyon, when the season at the spa was at its height. That was last August—August, 1942. I had planned to stay a month at Chatel-Guyon, on the pretext of poor health, but really in order to be at the center of political activity at a time which I expected to be critical. I was right. And so I was to be a witness of decisive events.

Just opposite the mineral baths, the *Hôtel Richelieu* had been requisitioned to lodge what was left of the once august Chamber of Deputies. This dull and dusty third-class hotel was now the rendezvous for all politicians who still stood apart from Vichy and tried to keep contact with what remained of constitutional France. At the two ends of the street which ran along the edge of the park, two unpretentious villas housed the President of the Senate and the President of the Chamber. M. Jeanneney's house was directly opposite the headquarters of the Vichy Youth Movement, so that, ironi-



cally, the President of the Senate was awakened each morning by the ritual chant: "*Maréchal, nous voilà!*"

When I arrived at the beginning of August, to get in touch with my colleagues and comrades—whose names elementary prudence forbids me to mention—Laval had just crossed his Rubicon. He was no longer only a collaborator with the Reich; he had become simply the servant of Hitler, the executor of his vile works. The "*relève*" was just beginning—the disgraceful practice of trading French prisoners in Germany for French workers who were to be rounded up and sent like slaves to the work camps of the enemy.

All of us felt that this was the beginning of a terrible crisis. We knew that the French people would inevitably resist. Those among us who still had access to Vichy tried to say this. They came back discouraged. They had not been able to get to the Marshal; and Laval, fearing their scorn, had refused to receive them.

On the morning of the 20th of August, as M. Herriot and I were discussing these developments in his little villa, our conversation finally turned to America.

My own situation was becoming more and more critical. My son had once again been denounced to the courts as a patriot. He was certain to be condemned. Should I wait for him? Or had the time come to try to join Fighting France? I consulted the President. His reply was positive:

"There is no question," he said slowly. "Your duty, the duty of all of us, is to stay in France till the last possible moment. . . . But evidently you have almost reached this limit. If by chance you do reach the United States some day, tell them that I have received all their appeals to go there myself. Tell them that I am touched to the bottom of my heart by the friendship of the people of the United States. But tell them also why, without any qualm of conscience, sure of my duty, I have decided not to accept. Under the terms of the vote of the National Assembly of July 10, 1940, the French Chambers are still functioning. M. Jeanneney and I, as Presidents of the two assemblies, represent the Constitution. It is round us that, sooner or later, the legal representa-

tion of the country must inevitably group itself. Our duty is to stay at our posts to defend the rights of Parliament, which are the rights of the people, and this is a role I shall never step out of."

I am in a position to testify that President Herriot, with unequaled firmness and serenity, kept his word. Refusing to be mixed up in the slightest agitation, to take part in the smallest plot, openly warning against all direct action, he was absolutely punctilious in his attitude toward the occupying authorities. He broke his silence only once, to make a solemn protest when Laval, playing his last card, arbitrarily dissolved the executive committees of the two Chambers. It is easy to understand that Vichy would have been glad to punish President Herriot for his independence. But his arrest by the Germans would seem from a legal point of view to have been without motive or basis.

A few days earlier, on the morning of August 15th, when the bells were pealing for the feast of the Assumption, I learned at the Hôtel Richelieu the sensational news of the mysterious arrival in Auvergne of His Royal Highness the Comte de Paris, pretender to the throne of France.

The inn at Pailleret, two miles from Riom and about fifteen miles from Vichy, is a famous one. The ministers of the Pétain government, and even Pétain himself, often frequented it. For that reason, in spite of the hardships of the times, its cuisine was still—relatively—remarkable. Because it was near the court a number of criminal lawyers lived there. One fine day—a little before August 15th—there was a great to-do in the house. An officer of the Marshal's staff came in to engage rooms for an important guest whose name was not mentioned. The guest arrived at dusk the same day, shut himself into his apartment, and did not leave the next morning. But from the kitchen came odors, most tantalizing to hungry men, which suggested that a very good meal was being prepared.

At noon a powerful car, surrounded by military motorcyclists, arrived. Pierre Laval got out of it and hurried into the vestibule of the inn. But there, unfortunately, he ran into a man whom I shall



call Maître X. For many years at the Palais de Justice in Paris Maître X had been a colleague of the little lawyer Pierre Laval. So now he hailed him familiarly; and being delighted to embarrass the head of the Vichy government, he shouted aloud, "What a wonderful surprise! You've come to lunch with me?"

Laval, very much put out, did not answer, but rolled his thick lips over his bad teeth in a forced smile, shook his colleague's hand, and hurried up the staircase. The innkeeper followed soon after with a mysteriously important air.

Maître X, who for some months had been taking his meals at Pailleret, was on good terms with the servant, and asked her to try to find out who was lunching up there with Laval. The simple Auvergne woman soon came back.

"Impossible," she said. "The lunch is being served in the room, the door is locked, and I couldn't see through the keyhole. But I overheard a few words and I think I can tell you that M. Laval is lunching tête-à-tête with a bishop."

"With a bishop?" Maître X was astonished.

"Yes, yes," the servant insisted. "And the *patronne* agrees with me. It must be a bishop because M. Laval calls him Monseigneur."

Monseigneur was in fact His Royal Highness the Comte de Paris, pretender to the throne of France. Flown to France from Morocco, received by an officer of the Marshal's staff, and lodged by him, he was lunching tête-à-tête, in a place famous for its good food, with Pierre Laval.

What did those two men have to say to each other? At Riom, as well as at Vichy and Chatel-Guyon, everyone was soon discussing their meeting. Some said that the Prince was the bearer of a personal message from the King of Italy; others said that, having lived for a long time in Morocco, he had come merely to bring news of the situation in North Africa.

Now I myself had had the honor of being twice received at the Prince's table in Brussels in 1937 and 1938, for he liked to extend his hospitality to his traveling compatriots. I had been astonished by the quality of his mind, his fervent pa-

triotism, his public spirit. I am sure that he is not a man to be taken lightly, and that whatever he was doing there, it was something serious.

It is impossible for me not to connect this mysterious visit to Auvergne in mid-August with the monarchist agitation which in November, in North Africa, was to have the outcome familiar to everyone.

It was on August 25th that I learned of Laval's brutal and blundering decision to dissolve the executive committees of the Chamber of Deputies and of the Senate. MM. Jeanneney and Herriot sent to Marshal Pétain their letter of protest, calm, noble, indignant. This letter appeared in the American press, but I might mention here one detail which perhaps was not noticed: it did not begin with any salutation. I mentioned this to President Herriot.

"That was intentional," he told me. "You know that M. Jeanneney and I have always paid the greatest attention to courtesy—even with the Vichy people. But this time! The order for the dissolution bore the signature of the Marshal. Yet Pétain, who before, when writing to me, had always signed himself as 'most faithfully yours,' didn't have the courage to inform us directly of his decision. Our first news of it was from the press. That is why when we addressed our letter of protest to him we, for our part, would not use any salutation."

On August 30th, a little before noon, in the commonplace, drab little salon on the ground floor of the Hôtel Richelieu, President Herriot said farewell to the personnel of the Chamber of Deputies—to the Secretary General, to the faithful secretaries who, refusing to go back to Paris, had followed him into exile, to the humblest of his employees. The scene was immeasurably moving. The President had for each one a word from the heart. All eyes were moist . . . and I, who so often had opposed the President at the tribune, I stood there in a corner, completely overwhelmed.

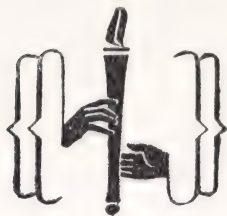
"God knows when we shall see each other again."

"Before long . . . in free Paris!"



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## THE SPLIT IN OUR FOREIGN POLICY

NATHANIEL PEFFER

NO ONE in America can still have any illusion that this country can escape playing a larger and more active part in world politics after the war. The internationalist may rejoice and the isolationist deplore; the fact is so nevertheless and without regard to whether America elects to revert to isolation as it did in 1919 or enters into whatever international system comes out of the war. America will be "entangled" with the world in either case: directly and formally if it joins a permanent United Nations or a new League of Nations or an international organization by any other name; indirectly but just as effectively if it chooses to play a lone hand; for then it will be engaged in all the power politics of the time in proportion to its power and interests, using all the weapons of diplomacy or armament as required, after the fashion of all great Powers in modern times, and with all the risks that carries.

It will not be able to help itself. In Europe probably, in the Far East certainly, it has given hostages that can no longer be retrieved. It will have too big a stake in the territorial and economic dispositions made as a result of the war. Two wars in a generation are sufficient proof that America no longer is a free agent.

America is in world politics, then, to stay, whatever the nature of world politics may be—whether in accordance with law internationally agreed upon and impartially executed, or by the law of the jungle as heretofore. But if America is to be effective in that role, if it is to serve its own legitimate interests properly, if for the first time in its history foreign affairs are to come within the order of its being, then two questions must be thought out and answered.

*First: Is there any way whereby the main tenet of democracy, which is government with*



*consent of the governed, can operate in foreign affairs at least to the extent that it does in domestic affairs?* It does not so operate now. For practical purposes the American people have little or nothing to say in that which concerns them most intimately, most vitally, and perhaps most tragically—whether their sons shall or shall not die prematurely on distant battlefields. They have never had much, if anything, to say in that aspect of the national life, but it mattered less when foreign affairs were remote and wars elsewhere touched them tangentially only. Now, however, nothing matters more.

*Second: Is there any way whereby other countries can deal with America with any definiteness and finality? Can they have any assurance that agreements duly arrived at in negotiations with the official representatives of this country will stand?* They have no such assurance now. On the contrary, they have every reason to fear that agreements concluded with those charged with conducting foreign relations for this country will later be rejected in the United States Senate—rejected on arguments already gone over in the negotiations or for reasons having little to do with the merits of the subject of agreement. The conspicuous example of course is the Treaty of Versailles and the Covenant of the League of Nations. What Europeans have in mind, of course, is whether the end of the present war will witness another illustration.

These two questions are fundamental to any consideration of America's future relation to the world. All else is subordinate to them or affected by the way in which they are answered and acted upon.

Let us begin with the second, since it is simpler. One need not be in the confidence of the political leaders of the United Nations to know that in all they say or do or plan now with reference to the postwar world there is an unuttered mental reservation. They do not know what to count on America for and they have no means of finding out. They do not know to whom to go to find out.

To the American government? They have no access to the American government. They have access to part of it which acts as if it had power of decision

but does not have it; they have no means of communication with that part which in the end will decide. They can only guess what it will think and why; they dare not ask. Officially they must deal with the President or with the Secretary of State and ambassadors who act for the President. And when the war is over and the time comes for making peace and deliberating on postwar organization they will deal with delegates appointed by the President and responsible to him. But that advances them little. Suppose that now or in one or more conferences after the war they do thresh out with the President or his representatives all the issues raised by the postwar settlement, canvass all the possibilities, come to a decision on the principles and methods of reconstruction, even acceding against their will to proposals made by the American delegates, and then embody the decision in formal agreements accepted by all parties, America included. Even then nothing will have been settled.

The whole process will have to start over again in the United States Senate. But this time representatives of other countries will not be present to support their point of view and to submit the evidence on which it is based or the arguments on which conclusion was arrived at. Nor will they be able to urge the fact that they made certain concessions on the assumption that America would be bound by the agreement and help put it into effect as, for example, France did in 1919 when it waived its claim to the left bank of the Rhine after Great Britain and America had joined in a tripartite guarantee of western Europe—a guarantee from which the United States subsequently withdrew.

The same sort of thing might happen again. Great Britain, France, and Russia might agree to one kind of peace if America were to share in its enforcement but insist on another if America withdrew. That is, they might make lenient terms to Germany and Italy if America were to share in the obligation of preserving order in Europe but, if America could not be counted on, they might deal stringently with Germany and Italy now so that they could have some assurance of safety at



least for a long period. But the understanding on which they make peace, with the assent of the American representatives, will carry no weight once the agreement gets into the Senate, nor will those who accepted American assent as a condition of the agreement have any opportunity to plead their case.

In the Senate the whole question will be reopened as if something new. Into its examination on the floor of the Senate may enter considerations irrelevant to the merits of the question—as, for example, hate of Roosevelt and the New Deal, in the manner of Henry Cabot Lodge's personal vendetta against Woodrow Wilson, or reluctance to see a Democratic Administration get credit for a diplomatic success. And then after the subject is argued out, with or without relevance to the issue, one-third of the Senate plus one—33 out of 96—can prevent acceptance of the treaty. They may be animated by disinterested and patriotic motives or the meanest of personal motives or the most parochial and unenlightened prejudices; whichever it may be, a minority can negate all that has gone before, nullify what official representatives of the United States have agreed to on full deliberation, and leave the world in a state of suspense, neither at peace nor at war.

The harsh fact is that to-day American policy on peace terms and postwar arrangements is an insoluble riddle to our Allies—and to ourselves, for that matter. In fact, no other country's policy is so impossible of discernment by others. Nor is there any way of going about the formulation of it. This is not only a source of confusion to our Allies; it inhibits them in their turn from thinking out their course. Or, if they do think out a course on which they are prepared to stand, there is nobody in the United States with whom they can negotiate to find out whether it is satisfactory to us and on whose answer they could rely as final and binding.

## II

THE cause is simple and in present circumstances ineradicable. It is the famous two-thirds rule, Constitutionally provided: the President "shall have power

by and with the advice and consent of the Senate to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur." This is the specter that haunts every President in his conduct of foreign relations, the boggy of every other country in its relations with America. It has probably been reviled more than any other provision of the Constitution, especially since the rejection of the Treaty of Versailles and particularly by embittered pro-Leaguers. So fiercely has it been attacked, in fact, that not only the two-thirds clause but the whole question of America's relation to the rest of the world has become oversimplified. There is more involved than the two-thirds rule, but it is true that any discussion of the two-thirds rule ramifies into every aspect of America's place in the world, how it should be determined and by whom and how managed.

The Constitution is exceptionally reticent and indefinite on the subject of the control of foreign relations. This is not altogether surprising. It was the hope and intention of the founders of the Republic that if possible there be no foreign relations or that those that were unavoidable be as distant as possible. That was almost a first principle in the formation of the new nation. Of Europe it had had enough; with European wars it wanted to be quits. Nonparticipation in European politics is an authentic American note. Furthermore, in the political thought and practice of the time control of a nation's foreign relations by its executive (a monarch, in every other instance) was taken for granted; it was in the nature of things. And one of the revolutionary departures of the organic act of the American Republic was precisely that it did seek to put some trammels on the Executive in this respect.

Judged in the spirit of the time, it was a remarkable assertion of democratic rights, the first of its kind. Seen in perspective, it was a contribution to the development of modern political theory and practice and an enhancement of the dignity of man. Indeed, in this respect other nations have followed in America's footsteps—a fact lost sight of in all recent beratings of the Senate for its part in curbing the President. The founders of the Republic



wanted the Senate to curb him; and on the whole, judged over the history of the nation and in the light of the transactions of other nations, the intention was salutary.

There is little in the Constitution of direct bearing on the conduct of foreign relations. The President appoints and receives ambassadors (the first with the consent of the Senate), is Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, and can make treaties. But only Congress can declare war and vote appropriations for war purposes, and treaties when concluded must be submitted to the Senate and approved by two-thirds of those present. That is all; all else must be inferred. It is little enough considering the part that foreign affairs have come to play in the life of a nation. But for all practical purposes it gives the President full power in foreign relations—up to the point where war must be declared or a treaty ratified. The Supreme Court has construed his power thus, and constitutional lawyers have agreed with it. The only real checks formally prescribed are the two-thirds rule and the right of Congress to declare war.

The two-thirds rule has assumed importance only in recent years. As a matter of fact it did not result in the rejection of any treaty by the Senate before 1860 and it has caused the rejection of few since then. A compilation made by the Department of State in 1935 shows that of 969 treaties submitted to the Senate from 1789 to 1935 only 15 were rejected. Amendments were made to 173, but analysis by other students shows that only in a small proportion of those amended were the amendments of serious importance. Actually it was the fate of the Treaty of Versailles that focussed attention on the two-thirds clause. No doubt, however, the clause has been responsible also for the pre-natal death of other treaties, since some Presidents may have been restrained from contracting agreements by the knowledge that they would be rejected in the Senate.

Of course it does not necessarily follow that the nation suffered thereby. It may be that those treaties would have deserved rejection. A potential curb on an Executive if he be headstrong is not necessarily an evil. There have been American

Presidents whom it was healthy to curb.

For that matter it is hardly conceivable that anyone can seriously advocate giving the President *carte blanche* to contract alliances and permanent commitments to other countries as he sees fit, to plight the fate of a nation purely on his own judgment, preconceived ideas, or whims. This would be complete political retrogression—renunciation of democratic forms in that which, as has been said, is of first importance in the life of the American people. Some right of review of his acts in foreign affairs, some accountability by him to the chosen representatives of the nation is indispensable. All that is required is that those to whom he is accountable be on their part genuinely representative, that their right of review be democratically exercised, and that it be so managed as not to obstruct efficient intercourse with other countries.

The practical questions raised, then, are these:

Shall treaties be submitted to the Senate only or to both the Senate and House of Representatives?

Shall a two-thirds vote be required for approval of treaties or only a simple majority?

And is it possible to reconcile these safeguards with the efficient dispatch of international business? In other words, is it possible to avoid the present situation, in which other countries can negotiate with only half of those who make decisions for America and therefore can have no sense of definiteness or finality in dealing with America?

### III

THE first two questions offer no insuperable difficulty. They are questions of procedure only, and what is involved in them is neither important nor profound. There is nothing sacred in the practice of restricting the submission of treaties to the Senate. The Senators were to compose a small, really deliberative body, an Upper House in the real sense. But the Senate is no longer that. It differs now from the House chiefly in that it is smaller and its members serve for longer terms. Its deliberations are not particularly of a higher order than those of the House, ex-



cept in so far as its smaller membership gives an opportunity for more sustained and detailed debate. Certainly there is no evidence in recent years to support the conclusion that the judgment of the Senate is any sounder or more farsighted than that of the House.

It would make little difference in result on foreign relations, therefore, if treaties were submitted to the whole Congress. There might be an advantage in that purely personal considerations or individual prejudices or sectional bloc influences, which now can register so large an effect in the Senate, in that only 33 votes can obstruct action, would be diluted in the larger vote of the two Houses. It must be remembered that the allotment of two votes per State gives certain States and sections of the country an influence far greater than their proportion of the population. In that sense the House really is more representative of the country. While it would probably make little difference in the end, there might be greater assurance of objective consideration and representative action if treaties had to be submitted to both Houses for approval. Nothing would be lost; something might be gained. On balance it would be a wise measure to adopt. It would require a Constitutional amendment, and while amendments are difficult to put through, they have been put through in the past and can be again.

The question of approval of treaties by two-thirds or a majority also offers few complexities and is not endowed with sanctity. The two-thirds rule arose out of the fear of foreign entanglements and the distrust of European balance-of-power and alliance politics common to the men who founded the Republic. It was designed to serve as an extra brake, to hold back a President who might have inclinations for high politics. Thus, only in demonstrated emergencies would the country enter into international engagements. Also it may be construed as a compromise between acceptance of the fact that foreign relations lay within the province of the Executive and the right of sanction by a representative body: the principle of checks and balances that runs through the philosophy of the Constitution.

As the record of treaties submitted to the Senate shows, the difference between two-thirds or a majority for confirmation has not been crucial in many instances. It has been crucial in no important issue, in fact, except that of the Treaty of Versailles. It is a difference between 49 out of 96 votes for confirmation, and 64 out of 96—a difference of only 15 out of 96. But clearly the two-thirds rule does interpose serious obstacles, and it may be argued that the original reason for extra obstacles no longer exists with the same force. The wide dissemination of knowledge and opinion on foreign affairs through modern means of communication has given us at least a moderately informed public opinion. The electorate has at least some basis for judgment and can make its judgment felt. Acceptance of a treaty or decision on high policy by a simple majority is less likely to run counter to the desire and belief of the country than it was in the early nineteenth century. The extra safeguard of approval by two-thirds is therefore less necessary. In other matters also crucial to the welfare of the nation decision by a simple majority is accepted. While the significance of a change from approval by two-thirds to approval by a majority should not be exaggerated, the advantages seem to outweigh the disadvantages. The change should be made—again requiring a Constitutional amendment.

Neither of these changes however would materially affect the more difficult and important question: the split personality of the American government in its foreign relations. It would still be true that one part of the government negotiated with other governments and decided, and then another part of the government redecided and perhaps decided otherwise.

This problem must be met. America is so strong that by its acts of omission as well as commission it cannot help exerting a decisive influence in world affairs. But it cannot exercise its influence effectively as its foreign relations are now conducted. Some way must be found whereby the American government in its relations with other governments is at all stages a single and indis severable personality. This is to say that all those who participate in de-



cisions must share at all stages in arriving at decisions. All those who exercise judgment must have full responsibility for the beginning as well as the end of transactions. *In other words, the legislative, which has the right of sanction, must be represented in the negotiation of agreements as well as in final decision on them.*

#### IV

AND this takes us to the second major question raised at the beginning of this article: whether there can be democratic government, government by consent, in the foreign affairs of a nation—of this nation in particular. For what is required as between the American government and other governments is required also as between the American government and the American people.

It has been said that democracy does not function in this country in whatever concerns its relations with other countries. It does not function in those relations anywhere. No political mechanism has yet been devised by which the people of a country, however democratic its form of government, can have any effective voice in the acts of government that determine peace or war. The evidence of the past few years is clear enough that they have no such voice in this country. Not only is their opinion not decisive, but there is no formal way in which it might be exercised. In the scheme of government as laid down in the Constitution the President is all but omnipotent with respect to foreign affairs, except for the two restrictions already cited: the necessity of consent to treaties and the exclusive right of Congress to declare war.

These are effectual after the fact, more than before. The Senate's power over treaties can prevent alliances and restrict agreements on extradition and other technical matters, but it cannot prevent that which requires a treaty to be made—a war, for example. And a further limitation has developed in what is known as the executive agreement which needs no Senatorial confirmation. The dividing line between a treaty and an executive agreement has never been drawn or even defined, but the executive agreement has steadily encroached on the boundaries of

the treaty. For example, two important accords have been made between the United States and Japan over the Far East which were not embodied in treaties that had to be sent to the Senate—the Root-Takahira agreement in 1908 and the Lansing-Ishii agreement in 1917. The Open Door notes in 1899 and the whole policy of the Open Door in China on which we have finally come to war with Japan never received Senatorial sanction. In the same way the President has ambassadors, who must be approved by the Senate, but he also has unofficial or quasi-official representatives—Colonel House in the first World War, Harry Hopkins, Joseph E. Davies, and others in the second—on whose designation and acts the Senate has nothing to say.

The exclusive right of Congress to declare war also is of little consequence. It comes into play when situations have been created that make it superfluous or supererogatory. What is essential to the control of foreign relations is not the right to decide for or against going to war but the right to decide on the acts or policies that carry the danger of war. The day after Pearl Harbor Congress had little choice. In 1917, after relations with Germany had been broken and submarines were sinking American ships, Congress had little choice. In both cases it could only register a fact in being. The right of decision on peace or war can be exercised only at the point at which certain policies that bring the nation into conflict with other nations are to be adopted or not. And that right Congress has not; that right only the President has.

When, for example, the United States traded to Great Britain destroyers for bases, it was for all practical purposes entering the European war. Congress had no voice in that. It was notified later by the President, but then the fact was accomplished. Similarly, when the President ordered the freezing of Japanese assets in this country in July, 1941, he was decreeing a state of war with Japan. And with respect to that act the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations had no more to say than a similar number of North Dakota wheat farmers.

I do not intend here to criticize or even



to discuss the wisdom of those acts or of any other acts of President Roosevelt. It happens to be my belief that the two that have been cited, and the President's foreign policy as a whole, will be vindicated in the judgment of history. But those acts could also have been committed and the policy adopted and put into effect, without any possibility of check or veto by the Cabinet, Congress, or any other government organ, if they had been unsound, reckless, and dangerous. And when this is so, then democracy ceases to operate at the border of the most dangerous area of politics—where wars are made.

Now, some qualification is in order here. While there is no governmental check on an American President with reference to policies that create situations that lead to war, there is an indirect, informal check in the form of public opinion. This has operated at times, as we know. It worked, for example, against President Roosevelt's "quarantine speech" in 1937, when he proposed ostracism for aggressors—when, as a matter of fact, its working was unfortunate. And it can operate indirectly or negatively: not until public opinion had moved to a certain point did President Roosevelt give the destroyers for bases or propose Lend-Lease. Until then the latent unwillingness or reluctance of public opinion did act as a restraint. But this is intangible, indirect, and too long in registering. It can have little effect at the moment of crisis when it is most needed, when it should have effect if the people of this country are to have final decision on whether to make a nation's ultimate sacrifice. The fact is that an American President has the power to take positions that make war probable, if not inevitable, and in a democratic system this ought not to be so.

The safeguard both in this respect and in respect to a better system of negotiating with other countries is *more direct official participation of the legislative branch in all stages of foreign relations—in formulation of policies as well as in dealing with other countries*. This can be brought about by a Constitutional amendment with reference to treaties and unofficial arrangements with reference to decisions on foreign policy—the kind of unwritten rule that has

modified the Constitution in many ways. Concretely, the power and functioning of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations and the House Committee on Foreign Affairs should be expanded.

Now, manifestly they cannot participate as a whole. For one thing, secrecy is an absolute essential at certain points in dealing with other countries. Besides, too large a number is too unwieldy for results. But there is no reason why there should not be a standing committee—with or without name, with or without a codified position in the frame of government—composed of the President, the Secretary of State, the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Navy, the chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations and the ranking minority member, and the chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs and the ranking minority member. This committee, under the chairmanship of the President, meeting regularly, would survey the whole state of world politics and its bearing on America's interests, take up specific issues that have arisen and demand decision, thresh out a decision with the President, and sponsor it thereafter.

If, for example, something arose analogous to the Japanese invasion of China, it would plot a course with respect to continuing the sale of war materials to Japan or, later, with respect to sanctions against violation of American rights and the seizure of Indo-China. If war threatened in Europe it would decide on what steps to take to make American influence felt in time—and not too late, as in the present instance. In this instance, for example, the President would not have been compelled to fight a guerrilla action to get the Neutrality Law modified or repealed; with the approval of such a committee he would have had open support. And then, if a peace was to be negotiated or agreement of any other kind made with some other country with or without a treaty, the Committee would take part in the negotiation. It would help choose the peace delegates or some of its members would serve. Then there would not be a repetition of the feud between Wilson and the Senate, in part attributable to Wilson's snub in failing to include even one member of the Senate in the delegation at Paris.



Constitutional amendments, as has been said, take time. It is hardly practical to attempt to change the prescribed method of dealing with treaties before the end of the present war. But a joint council on foreign relations such as has been suggested could be organized without formalities at once. It could begin at once to deliberate on running political problems in the course of the war—relations with French factions, for example, or with the interim government set up on Italy's surrender, or with Polish groups or with Russia—and on the program to be striven for in the postwar settlement. Then the President could go into the peace conference with the knowledge that that which he pressed for represented the considered view of those who would subsequently have to sanction it. He would not have to conduct a campaign in Europe first and then in the Senate later.

Something of the sort has been proposed before but never acted on, partly because the exigencies were not so demanding. It is not ideal. It is not a perfect solution. The Congress could still reject treaties if its party composition should be changed between negotiation and submission. There would be danger of information leaking out. Partisanship would be reflected in the Committee as well as in the two Houses. But these are unimportant compared to what is lacking now. Certainly there would be less chance of deadlock between Congress and the President if the representatives of both Houses of Congress already stood committed, especially those having behind them the prestige of the two committees dealing with foreign affairs. They would at least be obliged to fight on the floor of their respective Houses for that which they had helped bring about. Each House would hesitate

to repudiate its own representatives on the joint higher committee. At any rate they could at least argue more persuasively. Under the present governmental system the President really has no direct voice or even spokesman in each House. He is dependent on the party organization, which may or may not be loyal or in sympathy. On its part, the role of Congress in foreign affairs would not be diminished, but made more clear-cut and effective.

Most of all, there would be a broader base to foreign policy. It would represent more than one man's judgment, however farsighted and of high intellectual and moral quality the man. Congressmen, whether of high or low degree, do have a more sensitive ear to the inner voices of the whole country than anyone in the White House can have. If the foreign policy thus worked out, if the decisions thus taken on matters involving life or death for the nation's young manhood, would not necessarily be more faithfully representative of what the country wanted or for which it was willing to sacrifice, there would at least be less danger that one man, if impulsive, reckless, prejudiced, or of messianic inclinations, could decree life or death for millions.

Full, doctrinaire town-meeting democracy in foreign relations is never possible; but there can be a closer approximation to the will of the majority in that which most concerns the nation. What we have now is not even an approximation. Without any profound or revolutionary changes in the American system of government we can come much nearer. Then in the dread business of war and peace too we can have the sanction by a majority of the people, without which democracy is a glib, sterile word.



# EAST BY SOUTHWEST

*Stories of the Pacific*

CHRISTOPHER LA FARGE



*These stories, their characters and their happenings, are all entirely fictional. They grew from the observations and experiences of the writer as a war correspondent in the southwest Pacific. If, happily, they seem true, it must be in the sense of a truth that illuminates rather than reports, for here there is no transcription of actual events.—The Author*

## I

### IT'S PRETTY BIG

THINGS are not always exciting even in the southwest Pacific; which applies to this story—in a way.

I had gone down to the Touébon Naval Landing to see when the next boat left for the Ile Dé. The C.P.O. in charge told me there was one in half an hour and another in an hour and a half.

"Take the first one, sir," he said. "The seven o'clock'll be full of the boys and the boys'll be full."

"Of what?" I said.

He glanced around, put his hand to his mouth, and said, "Since beer got short they've took this local frog snake-juice goes by the name of brandy. Ever try it?"

"Yes," I said.

"Take the first boat," he said.

I thanked him and went to the base of the dock to wait. I was looking at the harbor, at the close and handsome pattern of the gray and the greenish vessels unloading and at anchor, silhouetted by the late, hot sun that poured light over the

opposite high hills and blazed through the yellow smoke clouds from the refinery. The smoke founded the green hilltops on a sulphurous mist. It was then that I saw Roche Gurdon, the Seabee. I yelled his name and he turned and smiled and came across the base of the dock toward me.

"How goes it?" I said.

"Good enough, sir," he said. "If I'd been here three weeks less'n I have I'd call out 'What brings you here?' But now I cain't find surprise in me at meeting nobody."

"I know," I said. "I was like that too. Now the day that passes when I don't meet a friend seems odd to me."

"That's it," Roche said. "You must a flew down."

"Just so. And you?"

"Just in a little old freighter no size at all," he said. "I been here just these three weeks."

"And Lieutenant Turrell?" I asked, grinning at him.



He looked at me without smiling and he said, in his soft, slow voice, "I just don't know. I've wrote to her,\*but I ain't had no answers."

"Did you get it settled?"

"No, sir," he said.

"Do you want to talk about it?" I asked him, remembering our early days on the transport.

He scratched his head under its white sailor's cap and he looked at the harbor. "It's no use to make falralals about things," he said; "troubles and so on. But I'd as lief tell you."

"You catching a boat too?"

"I just missed it," he said. "Just have. The next won't be a-goin' till eighteen thirty, that's about an hour on."

"You had liberty?"

"That's it," he said. "They treat us Seabees real good. We're over yonder, at Kayuputih Point, buildin' that there new dock. You seen it?"

"Yes," I said. "That and a lot of the other stuff you've built all over the Pacific. It's incredible what you people have done."

"Sure is," he said, "if what they talk of is half the truth of it. Seems like there wasn't hardly a thing here when we first come. Ships, they say, took ten weeks to turn round and go out. Now just look." He waved his hand at the harbor.

"How about some beer?" I said.

"Lord above!" he said. "You mean you kin get beer?"

"By stealth and guile," I said. "Have you run short?"

"Short!" he cried. "Man! Just on Saturdays, and then only a couple or three cans if you get in line early at the Sports Ground."

"Come with me," I said.

"Boy!" he said. "Beer on a Thursday! I sure am tired of the malted milk they put out in all these little old open-faced French shops."

We walked away from the Landing, along the Rue de la Plage to where it meets the curve of the Rue du Pacifique. My jeep (borrowed proudly for the day, with a chain and padlock on it, part of its timer removed, and with its keys in my pocket—against a less legal and more permanent borrowing) was parked between

two huge trucks under the shade of a *flamboyant* tree. I sat Roche in the back.

"You'll have to wait a minute for me," I said.

"I've waited in line even for fruit juice," he said. "You know that place with the comical name on Liberty Street?" He meant the Rue de la Liberté and I knew the shop. It was long and low, one-storey, white, with a galvanized-iron roof over the sidewalk, supported on cast-iron pillars, and along its cornice in red letters was the legend: *Le Jus de Fruit du Soldat*.

I picked up my raincoat and crossed the street. Except that the traffic was composed of military trucks and busses and three-quarters and jeeps, it was dangerously like New London during the Boat Races. I went into the Officers' Club.

At the crowded bar I found Lieutenant Commander Flynn, the Catholic padre, drinking with a little gray-haired Warrant Officer.

"Listen, Father," I said. "I need two bottles of beer for the non-commissioned laity with a thirst like the anointed."

"For good or for evil?" said the Padre.

"For the relief of his immortal soul," I said.

"Done!" said Father Flynn. "Though you're trespassing on my ground."

"I used to be an old Catholic myself," I said.

He laughed gaily and he grabbed the little Warrant Officer by the back of his neck and said, "Buy beer for the gentleman, you ignorant, heathenish Mason."

They both bought a bottle for me and so did I. The bartenders were running short of beer in those days and didn't like selling a man more than one bottle at a time. I thanked them and left, tucking a bottle into each pocket of the raincoat and one into my trousers pocket, where it felt horribly cold in that hot, tropical air. There were seven officers piling in through the outer gate as I left, so the Marine on guard didn't notice my crime. I can't say it gave me anything but satisfaction, for I had got something past a Marine and I knew full well who'd get the beer if he confiscated it from me. Then, stepping carefully, I crossed to Roche Gurdon, and we sat in the back of the boxed-in jeep and drank the beer.



It was pleasant and comparatively cool there, with a fine view of the transports and lighters, the warships and barges, and all the busy little boats churning the blue-green water to white wakes.

"So you never came to a conclusion?" I said.

"No, sir," he said.

"I never saw how in hell you made a beginning," I said.

"That was easy," said Roche. "Us Seabees got aboard that old transport at San Francisco twenty-four hours before ever you all come aboard. We was shown all over the ship and we had our posts told to us, and they did explain it mighty clear about guard duty and so on. I tell you I was really excited."

"Why?" I asked.

"That was the first time I ever did see the ocean or got to go on a ship."

"And you in the Navy!" I said.

"Well, that's it," said Roche. "That's it. I'm not in the Navy as I reckon it. I'm in the Seabees. I aimed to go in the Navy. My brother Anstey, he's in the Navy and so's my brother Murfree. And my uncle Cledan, he's a C.P.O. and out thisaway somewhere, and after my cousin Clifford got himself killed at Pearl Harbor I couldn't hardly wait. But I'd never been outside of Arkansas, so I hadn't got to see the oceans."

"Like it, don't you?"

"Yes, sir," he said. "I just knowed I would. I always have knowed that. And since my wife died, two years back—she was a real smart-lookin' girl—I aimed to join. My mother, she didn't like me to join. But I said to her, 'There's no mortal use in your giving out any more of this ho-hum about it, because I'm a-goin' to join.' She knowed I would all along. There wasn't any use to pay any mind to her ho-hum about it; it was just woman."

"Why did you get in the Seabees then?"

"Didn't know no better. They found out I was a mechanic and could mend and tend, and they said, 'We'll put you right in the branch of the Navy we call the Construction Battalions,' and they done it and there I was. Well, maybe some day I'll transfer. But it got me to know Unita Turrell, and that was something."

"How?" I said.

"When you all come aboard," he said, "you know how they was ever'body all boiling around together?"

"Yes," I said.

"There was that couple of battalions of Nigras, and all the nurses, and all that medical outfit, and the casuals from the Army Air Forces, and the Navy fliers, and the other officers, and them civilians. There was close to five thousand on that ship and we was right busy sorting them out for the first day and getting them where they belonged."

"It was well done," I said. "Fine organization."

"It was done all the day before they come aboard," he said. "Yes, sir, they had it all wrote out and we went over it and it wasn't no real trouble. But it was hard to make some of the people obey all the rules they was. That about not smoking on deck and not reading or writing there, for fear their things would a blowed overboard, and about ever'one not an officer not to wear hats on deck, and about lights after blackout-time and always having your lifebelt on. And keeping people on the decks they was assigned to." He smiled and took a drink of beer.

"Like me?" I said.

"Like her," he said. "You had a pass. I *had* to ask you for it when you first come up on the boat deck. They wasn't nobody allowed up there, only the guards and those with security passes, and them groups that got marched up there for exercise, and all those Nigras that they give the knife drill to. Certainly was a real savage drill, but they'd ought to issued them each a razor. But *she* just came."

"Did she?" I said.

"Yes, sir. I seen her at dusk that second evening out, and there she was, right between them two twenty-millimeters, leaning on the after rail on the boat deck and watching those forever crap games still going on in the well of B Deck—seven of them. They certainly shot an almighty lot a craps on that vessel."

"What did you do?" I asked.

"I went up to her and I said like I'd been told, I says, 'Lieutenant, you must have a security pass, I guess.' She looks up at me, and I'm telling you, I near to dropped dead. I guess it was the poor



light, which is deceitful to you. I sure thought it was my wife Nancy. She looks at me and she says, 'Are you sick, sailor?' and I says, 'No, ma'am. I ain't sick,' and I got a hold on myself, like, and I says, 'You got a pass, please?' 'No,' she says. 'Do I really need a pass?' 'Yes, ma'am,' I says. 'Otherwise you cain't stay here at all, only on A Deck on the starboard side.' 'It's so crowded there,' she says, 'and here it isn't and it's cool and beautiful.' 'Yes, ma'am,' I says, 'but those are my orders,' so she come along with me, but nice about it, and I showed her how to go down to A Deck. But just as she was going down that companionway she turns to me and she says, 'I'd like to know why the sight of me made you go so pale. You're not pale now.' And I says, 'I'd like to tell you, only I don't know how I'll get to do it.' She says, 'It's like that, is it?' and I says, 'Yes, ma'am, I'm on duty now,' and she goes straight down."

"Did you see her again before you gave me the note to her?" I asked him.

"Yes, sir," he said. "After boat drill the third time, I helped out a buddy by taking his watch on A Deck. You remember that time the officers got to singing all those old-time songs?"

"Yes," I said. "Jingle Bells and Swanee River and Upidee, and all those."

"There was that crowd a-singin'," he said, "on that little old deck with all those officers and all those nurses and the other folks. I walked back and forth, keeping a passage clear, and each time I'd pass by, there she was, and she'd smile at me but keep right on a-singin', and I'd smile back and keep right on a-walkin'. That was when—I do remember that right well—that captain, he was a doctor, the one was setting on the deck, begun to sing with them, and his voice was way out good beyond them voices, and he started for to raise her up and boy! ever'one started to stop singing, and listen, and all the soldiers crammed inside, put they heads out of them windows and listened, and he noticed it and he stopped right dead, and wouldn't sing no more. Do you recall that?"

"No," I said. "I must have left to go up on the boat deck."

"I guess so," Roche said. "You missed

something then." He took a pull at his bottle. "Surely tastes fine," he said. "You see, I didn't see how I could get to meet her. I wasn't allowed on starboard A Deck, not being an officer, and she wasn't allowed on any other deck, being a nurse. Until you told me how to cheat it."

"Work it," I said.

"Cheat it," said Roche Gurdon, and smiled at me. "So I give you the note to take to her, like you said to."

"I suppose you won't tell me what was in it?"

He scratched his head. "Why not?" he said. "It said, 'Dear Lieutenant, I'd surely like to tell you about being pale that time if you will arrange it with this gentleman.' That's all it said. What did she say to you?"

"I gave her the note to read," I said. "She was embarrassed, a little. She said, 'It might be an interesting story,' like someone excusing herself for taking a third helping of candy. I told her that if she'd wait by the companionway at eight that night you'd come off duty that way, and being so black dark, maybe you could stay long enough to tell her. She said, 'Very well. It might be interesting.' I told her I had talked to you a lot and thought you were unlikely to bash her over the head with your billy."

Roche smiled that slow smile of his.

"And then?" I said.

"She was there," he said. "She says, 'Is that you, paleface?' and I says, 'Yes, ma'am,' and she took a hold of my arm and she sat me down right there behind the companionway and she said to tell her why I was so pale. I told her. It was a curious thing. I told her where I come from, and I hadn't no more'n said I come from the White River country in Arkansas, from Stone County, than she says, 'We're almost neighbors. I come from Taney County, in Missouri.' It's right away over the border, where the White River's born. We talked of fishing and hunting, and of our folks, and of the look of that country, and then I told her of my wife and of how she resembled her some, leastwise in the poor light, and of how my wife was reckoned plumb beautiful. And then I dared not to stay and I left her, and I made a date for the next night, that was



the last one, and she said she'd be waiting "

"Did you keep it?" I said.

"I surely did," he said. "All that day I watched the sea and thought of her, and how alone this ship was, no convoy, nothing, just going fast in that blue water, and I thought what I'd do if we was torpedoed and how I'd get to her without doing wrong. And then we met that night at twenty o'clock and we sat in the same place, in the dark, and we talked some, and then that crowd got to singin' and we sung too, and finally that captain, maybe because it was dark, he got to singin', and we all was silent and he sang some fine songs and some of them lifted you right up and so I kissed her."

"Brave man," I said.

"No," he said. "It was just natural. I knowed her all my life, one way of sayin' it. It didn't need a lot of falralals. And then I asked her if we could marry and she said she wasn't sure, so soon, but we'd meet in Honolulu, she was sure she'd be there a while. I wasn't sure I'd be, but I couldn't say so. Not to her, nor anybody. But I could hope. She give me how to reach her and I promised to do so the first free minute, and she promised to tell me then. She said, 'Marrying now is so queer and lonely.' I told her if she'd be just promised to me it would keep me. A man's steadier thataway. She said she'd let me know. She wanted to see me in broad daylight with the sun a-shining. I seen what she meant, and we parted."

"And then?" I said.

"I got ashore," he said, "and we was taken out to camp and give a lot of talk-to, and put on trucks and we was put aboard this little old freighter was anchored off there and there was three hundred of us with only enough room for twenty. And that night we sailed. I seen the arc lights where they was welding at Pearl Harbor for the longest way out, and that light-

house was near Diamond Head, they said. It was a convoy this time. Twelve of us, not counting the cans that guarded us."

"So you never heard," I said.

"Never did," he said. "Three weeks and two days, and we never stopped nowhere, and saw no land at all. It was beautiful and pretty lonely. I watched them little old birds that fly like gliders."

"The little albatross," I said.

"Is that so?" he said. "It might have been albatross. None of us knowed them. I thought about her."

He looked at his watch and at the empty bottles and he said, "I got to go or I'll miss my Kayuputih boat. I certainly thank you for the beer. It tasted extra on a Thursday."

"We'll meet again," I said.

"I hope so," said Roche.

"You'll hear from her," I said.

"Letters," he said. "Yes, sir. But I don't reckon they'll conclude it."

"You'll take a walk down the Rue de la Liberté in this great metropolis of Touébon, and there, between two Kanakas and six Javanese, she'll come right around the corner at you."

"Could be," said Roche and he smiled at me. He climbed out of the jeep and we shook hands. "So long," he said.

"So long," I said.

He looked at me a moment and then he said, "You get to thinking at sea. I sure do like the sea. On that little old freighter I was watching them glider birds and I says to myself—I'd been thinking about how I felt about her—'Roche, it's pretty big,' and then I knowed I didn't only mean her, but all thisahere, and I knowed they wasn't no use to worry nor to fret, for there wasn't no ho nor hum that could cure it, only time. I didn't want for you to think I'm complaining."

He waved and walked off to the Naval Landing. I have not seen him since.



## II

## THE CAPTAIN SLEEPS

THAT evening, while I was waiting my turn at the crowded desk of the Moana, in Honolulu, I heard my name spoken by Sansome, the man from the WPB. I recognized his New Hampshire accent and had no need to turn round to know that he'd be prominently there, a very large man in a white suit and a bright blue shirt, a Panama hat pushed back on his thick mop of white hair, his clipped white mustache brilliant against his red face.

"I've wangled a car for to-morrow," he said, "from Admiral Shorter. I'm going to drive over the Pali Pass. Would you like to come along?"

"Thanks," I said, "but I'm afraid I can't go to-morrow."

"Too bad," he said. "You'd said you wanted to go. Anything important on to-morrow you can't shift?" He made it all sound like a peacetime date for tennis.

"Afraid not," I said.

One of the girls behind the desk called out to him. "Oh, there you are, Mr. Sansome. There's a call for you. Will you take it in the office, please?"

"Thanks, Alice," he said. He walked round the end of the desk and into the main office. I was still waiting my turn when he came out.

"Well," he said, coming up to the desk counter opposite me, "that's that. Can't go either. Got to leave by plane from Hickam to-morrow, early. That your trouble too?"

"Come up to my room and have a drink," I said. "We can talk there."

"All right," he said. "That's a good idea."

Up in my room I poured our drinks.

"I do leave in the morning," I said, "but I didn't want to discuss it down there."

"Hell," he said, "what difference does that make? If they can let me know by phone over a hotel switchboard I can't see what's so secret about it. You got to be at Hickam? Five-thirty?"

"Yes," I said. "And I'm damned if I know how to get there at that hour."

"Ride out with me," he said. "They're sending a car for me at four-thirty."

"Thanks," I said. "How did you get a car, for God's sake? I couldn't even get a taxi."

"Oh," he said, "I called General Brestford and he arranged it. Damn it, the Government sends me here and sends me there. Either I'm important to them or I'm not. If I'm not why the hell does this crazy Administration send me? If I am, I'm worth a car."

He finished his drink and rose and went to my telephone and called Alice at the desk. "Listen, Alice," he said. "Send a boy who can pack my clothes to my room, please. Right away." He hung up the instant he was through speaking. "Should have asked Brestford what sort of plane it was," he said.

"Be interesting to know," I said. I knew it was to be one of the new B-24's.

"Thanks for the drink," he said. "See you at four-thirty in the lobby. I'll bet we get in charge of a lot of kids to-morrow."

"Why do you care?" I asked.

"Maybe it's true what they say about kids flying," he said, "but I think it's a lot of nonsense. How in hell d'you expect to get responsibility and care at nineteen and twenty?"

"You get it," I said.

"Maybe," said Sansome. "Anyway, I hope they don't get stuffy about excess-baggage weight. Good night." Then he left me.

I packed away the tunics of my uniform and my neckties (I'd not want them again till I got back from the southwest Pacific), leaving out a sweater, a raincoat, and a light windbreaker. Then I went to bed. I rather hoped I'd not be on the same plane with Sansome. He made the war seem like a Republican protest. I wondered if it was his not being in uniform that made him so down on the "kids," as he called them.

An Army corporal in a Command car drove us slowly out to Hickam Field. It



was pitch dark, for the moon (that earlier had made visible silver of the thin clouds crowning the Windward Mountains) had set, and the blackout was complete. Even at this hour traffic was heavy. Sansome, dressed now in gray flannels, urged the young Corporal to more speed.

"We'll never have time for a cup of coffee," he said.

"Can't go no faster," said the Corporal. "Roads too full of God-damned pedestrians don't carry no lights."

"They shouldn't let them walk all over the road at this hour," said Sansome. "Certainly not without lights."

"Flashlights is hard to get," said the Corporal.

"I got one," said Sansome. "I had no trouble."

"You must of got it from an Army PX then," said the Corporal. "Didn't know they'd sell to a civilian."

"Oh, yes," said Sansome. "I wangled it without too much trouble." To me he said, "I bought two. They're hard to get at home. I got some extra batteries too. I must try to get a pair of these Marine boots. I could use them at home; they're wonderful. And no coupons needed."

We turned in to the gate at Hickam just then and had to produce our credentials, so I was saved from answering. Then we drove to the hangar and unloaded. We were told to wait in a large room, with about twenty other passengers, all in uniform. I asked about coffee but was told there was no time for that. After a few minutes Sansome disappeared. We were all loaded on a large open truck by the time he reappeared. He climbed nimbly up on it.

"You should have come with me," he said. "I got hold of the officer in charge, who's old enough to know what's what, and I threw Brestford at him and he took me across to that hut over there, and we had coffee and toast."

"All the comforts of home," I said.

"While they last," he said and laughed.

The truck drove up and down the long runways in the first gray light of the dawn, between dispersed planes, and stopped to discharge its passengers, sometimes two, sometimes three, to a bomber. All the planes to go were Liberators and they

looked new. Sansome and I were the last off. By the time the truck stopped at our bomber the light had increased enough so that we could see faces clearly. There were five men grouped by the after belly-hatch of the plane.

We jumped down and I pulled my knapsack and my duffel bag off the truck. Sansome looked about him.

"All your baggage out?" called the truck driver.

"No," said Sansome.

"I'll help you," I said. Together we pulled his two large and heavy suitcases and his satchel off the truck.

"Hadn't been for that officer at the hangar," he said, "I'd have had trouble about excess weight."

"Yes," I said. "I guess you would. If you have to lug these much you'll be sorry."

"You can always find someone to do it," he said. "My God, look at these kids."

"O.K.?" called the driver.

"O.K.," I yelled back. The truck drove off.

The smallest man of the group by the plane detached himself from the others and came toward us. He wore old brown coveralls, and his head was bare, but I noticed captain's bars on his shirt collar under the coverall.

"How de do," he said. "My name's Buford. Leslie Buford. I'm the skipper."

We introduced ourselves and he then introduced the rest of his crew. There was Flight Officer Dresden, his co-pilot, and Lieutenant Floyd, the navigator, and Sergeant Eastley, the radio man, and Corporal June, the engineer. The light was growing then and I saw that they were all of them very young, as Sansome had predicted. But the Captain was the one who caught my full attention.

He was about five foot six and slight of build. He had delicate hands and wrists, almost like a woman's. His hair was light brown and exceedingly curly and of fine texture. His face was the face of a little boy, with a smiling, pretty mouth, with huge brown eyes and eyelashes long enough for a movie queen, and his cheeks were round and soft and so pink that they



made me think of the way a small child looks when it first wakes from sleep. I could see that Sansome was looking at him too.

I thought to myself, I've got to go a quarter of the way around the world, over an ocean at war, flown by this child, who is aided by these children. But I said nothing of that.

"We'll get aboard, I guess," said Buford.

"Hand your stuff up to me," said Corporal June, and he ducked under the plane's tail and disappeared up into the open hatch. I lugged my duffel bag under and heaved it up to him and handed up my knapsack. As I stood there Buford handed me Sansome's two big suitcases and his satchel, and I heaved them up to June, who stowed them. Then I climbed in. Through the gun window (its machine gun was strapped back to the curved ribs of the plane) I could see Sansome, his hat off, the breeze ruffling his white hair, talking to the other men. Buford yelled at them.

"Come on," he said. "We don't want to be last off."

They came through the hatch and disappeared through a small door forward. When Sansome was at last aboard Corporal June closed the hatch door.

"You follow me," he said. "I'll show you where to sit for the take-off. No smoking at all except in the flight cabin. You can come up there one at a time when we've been going an hour. You can come back here as soon as we are well off the ground. Follow me, sir," he said to me.

He walked forward on the corrugated-metal floor, climbed over a huge packing case lashed to the ribs, and went through the little door into the catwalk of the bomb-bay. It was very dark and very narrow and one had to crouch and move sideways along it.

"This is a hell of a place," said Sansome.

June reached the end of the catwalk, lifted a sliding panel at the height of his chest, turned to face us and, seizing a bar inside the flight cabin (on the floor of which the slide panel seated), he lifted himself swiftly and easily inside. The four motors started, one after the other.

"Sit right there," he said. "No smok-

ing at all." He had to shout now. "In an hour," he yelled, pointing to the cabin. "One at a time." Then he drew in his feet and shut the slide.

We sat on the metal catwalk. Through the wide cracks in the bomb doors one could see the earth, and dusty air swept through the cracks, moved by the propellers. You could hardly hear yourself think. Sansome was directly behind me. The air smelt strongly and sickeningly of gasoline. Presently we began to move, taxied a long distance, stopped, and the four motors were deafeningly tested. And then, quite suddenly, we began our take-off. I had never before been in a four-motored plane, and it was just luck that I was braced well and had a grip for my hands or I'd have been flung backward. I watched the ground (so very close to me) tear past, and then we were in the air. I waited five minutes, to be sure, and then rose to go aft to the tail compartment. Sansome had left already and was installed there, looking out one of the side windows. I took up a position at another. I had to stoop to see out of it.

I watched till the island of Oahu had disappeared. It was a fine sight from the air. The continuous clouds over the mountains cast finely shaped shadows on the green curves and ravines below them. When the land was out of sight I watched the sea. It seemed then a very big sea, but not so big as it seemed later on. Presently Sansome touched my shoulder.

"I'm going up for a smoke," he shouted.

I looked at my watch. It was three-quarters of an hour since we had left the ground. I pointed to my watch and shouted, "Fifteen minutes."

"The hell with that," he yelled. "Those kids." And he went forward. He climbed the packing case with ease and grace and disappeared through the little door. Moved by curiosity, I went forward and observed his progress. He lifted the sliding panel and for a while he stood there, and I could see June squatting down to talk to him, pointing to his watch. But in a moment Sansome turned and seized the bar inside and hoisted himself up and the panel shut.

I put him out of my mind and watched the sea, some ten thousand feet below. It



was like no sea that I had ever seen before. It was a fine clear cobalt blue, but over it was laid a palpable glaze of cerulean, as though one enamel had another transparent glaze placed over it. In the sun, the far-off clouds reflected as though the sea were calm; in the small lavender shadows of the warm-tinted little clouds the sea was wrinkled by wind and full of shifting lights, like a piece of watered silk in motion. The more I looked at it the bigger the sea became, and I thought of Captain Buford and grinned. He was awfully young.

Everything in the interior of the plane spoke of its newness. Its hull was clean and shiny; the complex wiring was of many bright, clear, unspotted colors—yellow and red and green and black. Even the silvery corrugated floor (impossible to sit on with comfort) was unscratched in some places. The guns were new and their barrels still dull in finish. All this—this bright complexity and deadliness, this beautiful, condensed weapon, this expensive, flowing, swift thing—was going half-way round the world under the guidance of Buford. It made me feel rather queer.

Toward eight o'clock June came through the little door. He busied himself with valves that controlled the gasoline. Then he came back, over the packing case, to me. His clear young voice carried well as he spoke.

"He's quite a boy," he said, and shook his head. "Damn if I could stop him. But he sure moves around good for an old feller."

"Is he still smoking?" I asked.

"Yeah. And having some coffee," said June. "I'll send him back soon's I can. Want some coffee yourself?"

"I certainly do."

"O.K.," he said, and departed forward. It was a delight to watch the way he wiggled his way over and around all the many obstructions.

Tired by the crouching position I had had to assume to look out, I went forward to the corrugated-metal deck over the little door and the bomb-bay. I folded my raincoat to lie on, made a pillow of my knapsack, put on my sweater and wind-breaker, for it was chilly at this altitude, and lay down to wait and to doze. When

you can't eat and can't smoke, sleep is a good thing.

I felt Sansome open the little door, for it jarred the deck. I looked at my watch. It was ten minutes to nine. He put his head near mine and he shouted at me.

"Coffee," he said and pointed forward. I nodded. As soon as he was out of the way, I went along the catwalk and opened the slide. I could see the legs of the two pilots in their seats forward; the radio sergeant, with earphones, at a tiny desk, his sets before him; the navigator fiddling with a sextant unlike any I had seen before; and the corporal. I couldn't see where there would be room for me in that tiny space, into the middle of which hung an iron gunner's seat suspended below the upper gun blister. A large spider of the same canary-yellow as the oxygen tanks had woven himself a most symmetrical web on the back of that deadly seat, and was now patiently motionless in the bright sunlight.

"O.K.?" I said.

The corporal waved me in. I pulled myself up and crawled below the iron seat and to one side and sat on a cardboard carton beside Corporal June.

"I couldn't get granpa out until *he* come," said June, pointing to Floyd, the navigator. He leaned past me and closed the slide down. At once it was quite possible to hear and be heard without shouting. "He's pretty large."

The sergeant turned round and grinned. So did Floyd.

"The navigator's going to take a shot," said the corporal. "I'll give you coffee after that. It'd blow the hell over everything."

Floyd, with his left hand through a strap on the sextant, seized a handle in the roof above him with his right hand and pulled it down; a hatch hinged open, and the Corporal held its lower edge. Then Floyd, leaning against the rim of the armor plate between him and the pilot forward, raised his sextant in both hands and applied the eyepiece to his right eye, his left eye closed. As he stood there the wind shook him slightly, and made a furious and elemental uproar in the little cabin. The radio sergeant bowed his head and clutched the papers on his desk.



Floyd stood thus a long time sighting the distant sun. His two hands were joined, the fingers extended and touching like those of a man deep in prayer, and his face was marked by an expression of the same intentness. Presently he removed the sextant from his eye, looked at his watch, and together he and June closed the hatch. Then he sat down and wrote figures from his sextant on the back of an envelope, like a small boy doing sums for his home work, his lips moving as he figured. Then he smiled at us and left. He bumped into June, he stepped hard on my feet, he hit his shoulder on the gun seat, and he kicked the stool on which the Sergeant sat. With difficulty he opened the slide door and awkwardly descended and closed it after him. Through the glass in the slide I could see his legs disappear as he crawled forward into the navigator's cabin below us, in the nose of the plane.

"Christ!" said June. "If he ain't the clumsy!"

"It's close quarters," I said.

"Listen," he said. "Even that big jerk with you gets around in here. Not good like you do it, but not bad. We all get around, don't we? We don't hit this, hit that, bump the other. On'y him."

"Yeah," said the sergeant. "That's all you judge a guy by. How he crawls around a plane."

Buford stuck his head back toward us and grinned.

"June crabbing about Floyd again?" he said.

"Wants him to be a snake dancer, like him," said the Sergeant.

"He's just by-God clumsy," said June.

"Just because you got to creep all over the plane all the time," said Buford, "and you were born double-jointed 's no reason to pick on poor old Floyd." He winked at me.

"Aah!" said June. "That lunk!"

"Is he good at his job?" I asked.

"Oh, sure," said June. "He does his job O.K. But for God's sake, ain't part of it to get around without he kicks the hell outa himself and everyone else? Christ, he's always got bruises on him."

"Just because you haven't any education," said Buford, "you're jealous."

"Nuts," said June. "No more has Dresden."

The co-pilot turned around and joined in. The plane was under the control of "George," the automatic pilot.

"Who says I'm not educated?" Dresden said.

"Are you?" said June. "You don't act it."

"Sure I am," said Dresden. "I almost finished high school. And what's more, I'm a Christian, which is more'n you are."

"Aah, nuts!" said June.

"You weren't baptized even," said Dresden.

"Probably he wasn't," said Buford.

"I was so," said June. "And I can vote, which is more than either of you two kids can do. Since last month."

"Baptize him," said Dresden. "He's old enough for it."

Buford reached down and lifted a lily-cup full of water, and he poured it over June's head. "I christen thee Snake-hips," he cried and burst into wild laughter. So did the others. It was the sort of laughter I remember from preparatory school. It was equally contagious.

June filled a cup from the water container and shot its contents at Dresden (Buford was on the same side as June and had ducked back of his armor plate). Then they all laughed again. I looked out of the window. The Pacific Ocean lay far below and very endless.

They were still howling with laughter when the slide door opened and in through it came Sansome's head and shoulders. He took it all in, with a half-smile on his face.

"Room for me, children?" he shouted.

"Wait till he's had coffee," said June.

"I'll stand here," Sansome said.

"No," said June. "We can't smoke with that slide open. Go on back."

"I'll sit on the floor," said Sansome; "there's plenty of room," and he grabbed the bar and pulled himself in. For a large man of his years he did it easily and quickly and he sat on the floor, under the gun seat, and crossed his legs like a Hindu. "Plenty of room," he said, and lit a cigarette.

The weather was beginning to get a bit rough, for we were going through patches



of high cloud now and again. June said nothing further, but he poured me out some coffee from a thermos, and I drank it gratefully and lit a cigarette. I had about finished smoking when we hit the really rough weather, suddenly.

I could not see Buford from where I sat, but I saw his hands go down and shift the control back from "George" to himself and Dresden. It was swiftly and surely done. They had stopped their fooling now and were busy. By the feel in my ears I could tell we were climbing, but it seemed to do no good, and soon we were deep in the clouds and the rain began. I had never known rain like that, even in a Hollywood movie storm. It sounded as though it would break the thin skin of the plane and must surely crack the transparent dome of the blister. The plane bucked and heaved and dropped like a fast elevator, leaving your stomach somewhere near your throat. Sansome lit another cigarette.

He had just about got it going when Buford turned round in his seat and said to me, "You'd better go aft for a while."

His voice was pleasant and clear, even over the hail-like sound of the rain, but I couldn't take my eyes off his face. This wasn't the child I'd met nor the child I'd just seen. This was suddenly a mature face, full grown, and yet with no lines to tell you how the magic had been done.

"Right," I said, and to Sansome, "you'll have to go first."

"Let me finish this, please," said Sansome. It wasn't a request, it was a statement.

"Please go aft," said Buford to him, without raising his voice.

"In a few minutes," said Sansome.

"Now," said the Captain.

There was a quality in his voice then that was like a whip cracking, and yet he didn't shout. Sansome looked up as if he'd been hit—he stared at Buford—and then he opened the slide and lowered himself through it, and I followed him into the dark of the catwalk.

The rough weather didn't last much more than half an hour. About one o'clock the Corporal came back and brought us coffee and sandwiches, and afterward Sansome went to sleep on a pile

of yellow life-jackets he had found. As it was calm then, I went forward and was allowed to come up. "George" was flying the plane, the sun shone, and the children were again at play. It was rather pleasant to hear anyone laugh so much. The only break came at three o'clock when we passed over a tiny coral atoll, lovely in the cobalt below us. It made all the vastness of this ocean seem greater to me. To them it was a subject for delighted comment and they kidded June because the navigator had hit on it exactly, and had thus given them a precise bearing, for all that he was clumsy. June had to admit that, but you could see that he still didn't like Floyd, because he bumped into things when he moved round.

I stood for a while back of Buford and talked to him. He was bored, he said, with this run.

"I've made this same run four times," he said. "Only change you get is when the Japs bomb one landing field and then you get to see a new island—till you know 'em all."

"Where do you want to be?" I asked.

"I put in for the China flight," he said. "Twenty of us did, but they only took ten. Boy, I'd certainly like to fly that run, over the high mountains, India to Chungking!" His voice invested it with the glamour of far places.

"If you were on that run," I said, "don't you suppose you'd wish you had the chance to fly the Pacific?"

"Hell, no!" he said. "This is just dull mostly."

I didn't pursue it further. It would have been a pity if he had learned about that already. Shortly after this Sansome came up, and I went back aft.

We landed at Thanksgiving Island by evening. That island's no size at all, and its high point is four feet above the level of the brilliant viridian water that surrounds it. From the high air it is beautiful, but that is an illusion. It has dreary mangrove swamps and ugly coconut plantations, and coming down to it from the clear, cold, dry air we had enjoyed was like dropping into a boiler room. It was wet underfoot from the constant showers and it was steamy from intermittent blasts



of sun. It lies too near the equator for comfort, that island.

There was a truck to take us to quarters, but Sansome was put out at that.

"I expected a car," he said to the driver. "Colonel Grenny was to send for me."

"The Colonel's gone to the other island," said the driver. "He won't be back till to-morrow, sir. Major Crest's in charge."

"Damn," said Sansome. "The Colonel knew I was coming. General Brestford said he'd let him know. Well. All right. I'll go in the truck. Can somebody get my bags?"

"Yessir," said the driver. He climbed out and fetched them from near the plane, and Sansome got in with us.

"Thanks," said Sansome to the driver. "Hell of a place this is, isn't it?"

"You said it," said the driver. "And I been here close to a year." He got in his truck then and drove off. None of the rest of us said anything.

We were assigned to little huts, each sleeping about ten officers. They were not screened. The canvas cots had thin mattresses and one Army blanket each and a mosquito bar of dark olive-green. Sansome and Buford and I were assigned to Hut No. 4. I took a salt-water shower and shaved and I had supper with the rest of the officers from the bombers which had flown in. After supper I went to the Officers' Club, a tiny little building with a few books and many old magazines. The talk there was pleasant and interesting. At nine o'clock, knowing we were off again early, I left. But I had forgotten to bring my flashlight, it was raining, and there were no lights of any kind, and it took me

a half hour of stumbling into puddles and shallow ditches of water before I finally found the hut. I doubt if I could have found it so soon if it hadn't been that as I approached it a flashlight went on by the door. It was Sansome, I could tell by the gray of his suit.

"Is that Number Four?" I said softly, for fear of waking someone.

"Yes," he said and himself almost whispered. "You going to turn in?"

"I think I will," I said.

"I'm going to see the Major," he said. "Maybe he can get me into something better than this dump."

"Anyone asleep in here?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, dropping his voice even lower. "One. The baby boy Buford is asleep." He left, his flashlight turning to the ground and making a pool of moving light that flared suddenly up onto the wide palm leaves as the light struck the puddles of water.

I went in and found my cot in the dark. My knapsack was on the cot and I fished out my flashlight. I was quiet. I took off my wet shoes and shirt and trousers and I fixed the mosquito bar and tucked it in, and I was about to crawl in under it when I was seized with an impulse to look at Buford. I turned the flash on his cot, briefly, only long enough to see him clearly. His small-boned body lay stark naked and utterly relaxed on his blanket, his thin wrists delicately bent, his deep lashes over his closed eyes. "The baby boy is asleep," Sansome had said.

"No," I said to myself. "Sansome is wrong. The Captain is asleep." And I switched off the light and left him to his dreams of mountains and to the darkness he needed against to-morrow's wide sea.



# INSIDE THE GOOD NEIGHBOR POLICY

## *The Strange Story of Bolivian Tin*

CARLETON BEALS



ON December 21, 1942, from ten in the morning until three in the afternoon, a Bolivian army force poured a deadly fire with a trench mortar, machine guns, and rifles upon a defenseless crowd of eight thousand men, women, and children hemmed in a hollow called La Pampa. La Pampa lies between two barren Bolivian mountain tops, fifteen thousand feet above the sea. Here are located two of the richest tin mines in the Americas—Llallagua and Twentieth Century. Both of these mines are owned by a great corporation—the Patiño Mines and Enterprises, Consolidated, Inc. There was a strike in progress at the mines, and at the time of the shooting, the crowd was holding a demonstration.

The United States government had no contract with the Patiño mines, though under the pressure of war necessity it had tried strenuously to make one. Even so Bolivians were not slow in pointing out that a director and vice-president of the Patiño company was Mr. Joseph C. Rovensky, a New York banker who was then one of Nelson Rockefeller's assistant co-ordinators of Latin-American affairs. This "Catavi massacre," as it is called, ignited a series of publicity bombs which are still exploding from La Paz to Washington and which have reverberated through the hushed corridors of the Inter-

national Tin Cartel in London. Indeed, the upheaval has been powerful enough to alter abruptly the character of the relations between the United States and Bolivia. It may even upset the long-standing tin monopoly of the world.

When the United States began to rearm in 1939, one of the essential minerals that war industry *had to have* was tin. The largest deposits of tin in the world are in Malaya and the East Indies; the other great deposits are in Bolivia. When, early in 1942, the Japanese captured Malaya, that left Bolivia as practically the sole source of tin.

This circumstance led to a very peculiar and—in the end—explosive situation. Ever since 1933 our government has been pursuing what it called the Good Neighbor Policy. Presumably the intent of this policy is to handle our relations with the Latin-American republics in such a way that the people of those countries will lose their fear of the United States as the Northern Colossus; that we shall become better acquainted and buy and sell more from one another. Since the larger number of the people in most Latin-American countries are both illiterate and bitterly poor, they offer no rosy prospects as a market. The notion grew that if American manufacturers expected to find a wide sale for their products in Latin America



the various nations would have to be helped along in getting industries of their own established. In this way, perhaps a middle class would accumulate, jobs would multiply, and, with better incomes, the Latin Americans would buy more from us than once they did. At all events, numerous loans have been made with this general idea in mind; technical and scientific missions have gone back and forth and, in general, there has been much inter-American activity.

But when our government came to deal with Bolivia it had a problem. There was nothing new about this problem. It wasn't the fact—although the fact was important—that poverty in Bolivia is perhaps more widespread and more intense than in any of the other republics south of us. It was the fact that the controlling influence in Bolivian affairs has not been the Bolivian government at all. The main boss of Bolivia is a tin-mining corporation and this corporation is a member of the International Tin Cartel and the headquarters of the persons who boss this cartel are in London and New York. How do you carry on a Good Neighbor Policy with a cartel?

## II

THE country of Bolivia in some respects is one of the most distant in the world. About twice the size of Texas, it is shut away by the Andes on one side and by the Brazilian jungle on the other. Long ago this region was a stronghold of the Indian empire of the Incas; in their time there was a closely knit civilization with roads, suspension bridges, and aqueducts. The Spanish Conquest smashed this civilization and it was never replaced by another. The Indians never accepted the conquest; they became the impassive and helpless hewers of wood and drawers of water who handed down to their descendants a hatred for the Spanish families which has endured to this day. The population of Bolivia is something over three million, about half that of New York City. Ninety per cent of this population is Indian; three-quarters of the population is illiterate and never far from the edge of starvation. The rest are descendants of

the Spanish or of later immigrants. The half-breeds are known as cholos.

It was the mineral that attracted the Spaniards, and before they were through they had taken out two billion dollars' worth of gold. Later other minerals attracted other people, but—like the Spanish gold—the mineral wealth was always carried out of the country. Money never lingers in Bolivia save in the coffers of a handful of landholding families.

But the tragedy of Bolivia, never overcome, lies in the fact that nothing has ever happened to pull together the scattered fragments left by the Spaniards. It is not really a nation at all. It has two capitals; it is split into three regions that have practically no communication with one another. Its politics have been raw, bloody, and violent. Over a long period a series of incompetent or bungling or rapacious rulers repeatedly plunged the country into bootless wars. More recently the Chaco struggle with Paraguay in the thirties lasted more than five years and cost more than eighty thousand Bolivian lives. Brazil and Argentina have constantly meddled in Bolivian politics, along with the Vickers armament interests, the oil companies, German airlines, and God knows what else. It is as unhappy and bedeviled a country and people as there is on earth. Occasionally—but not often—there have been fitful rebellions on the part of individuals who sought to get the country out from foreign domination. This was the apparent aim of the young dictator German Busch, who managed to last a year before the hopelessness of his task drove him to suicide in 1939.

The power in Bolivia is never, by any chance, behind the ancient Spanish pillars of the Palacio Nacional at La Paz. Tenure of office there is brief and uncertain; administration in actual practice means mostly a desperate effort to hold the country together by armed force.

General Enrique Peñaranda, who for the moment is President, is only the most recent of the series of come-and-go rulers who have followed in quick succession since the defeats of the Chaco War. Peñaranda is a bulky cholo with enormous shoulders, much calm joviality, and a great



lust for life and its pleasures. His brow slopes back to a conical skull; the bridge of his nose is deeply sunk between piercing black eyes; his nostrils are broad and flaring and a wide jaw sticks out bony from soft protruding jowls. How long he will last at his job no one knows, for the forces constantly pulling and hauling at Bolivia from within and without were never more confusing than to-day.

It is not that there isn't the wherewithal to build a prosperous nation. The southern Bolivian region of Santa Cruz is a potentially rich agricultural one; sugar and tobacco and cotton and cacao thrive there. Moreover it is now known that, besides the oil wells close to the Argentine frontier, the whole Santa Cruz district floats on a sea of oil. Toward this region there are now being driven three lines of communication: a railroad from Corumbá, Brazil; another railway up from Argentina; and a highway down from the town of Cochabamba on the plateau.

The Brazilian railroad, thanks to Vargas's being well heeled with American Lease-Lend and having access to American supplies, seems likely to reach the goal before the Argentines do. The seven-million-dollar highway from Cochabamba, built with a loan provided by the American government, also seems likely to beat the Argentines. The Argentines, who have been frozen out of Lease-Lend, are stuck fourteen miles south of the border because of a lack of steel rails. But the Argentines have made a deal with the English for the rails and equipment and haven't given up the struggle yet.

These are some of the factors in the struggle for power in Bolivia, but perhaps the greatest power factor of them all must be sought in the luxurious suite in the Waldorf Astoria where lives Simon I. Patiño, tin king of the world, once a poor ignorant cholo who took a supposedly worthless tin claim in payment of a bad debt. To-day the Patiños are reputed to be worth anywhere from half a billion to a billion dollars. The children have married nobility. The Patiño income from Bolivia, which is only a part of the vast total, is greater than the combined revenues of the whole country. Patiño has been its tax-free Ambassador to Spain and

France; his son Antenor has been its tax-free Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. Though Patiño is *the* great influence in Bolivia, he has set foot in that country only once in eighteen years. "Bolivia is Patiño" is the traditional saying; until recently no other force seriously contested his dominance over the rude politicians of La Paz and over the industrial life of the country.

There are signs now that Patiño's grip may be slipping, but tin still remains the real rajah. It accounts for seventy per cent of the country's exports and he who controls tin still controls Bolivia, whatever misadventures may befall the country in other ways.

This man Patiño is a dominant figure in the International Tin Cartel, over which an official of the British government presides. Patiño's participation may be analyzed as follows:

The Patiño Mines and Enterprises, Consolidated, Inc., was incorporated in Delaware, July 5, 1924. National Lead Company controls a ten per cent interest and supplies several directors. The Patiño company owns all the best grade deposits of Bolivia; in 1941 Patiño's mines turned out twenty-one million kilos of tin, or about fifty per cent of Bolivia's total export for that year. The Patiño interests are not however confined to Bolivia. Prior to December 23, 1939, the Delaware company owned all the stock of General Tin Investments, Inc., of Great Britain; but on that date the stock was distributed to the Patiño holders. On the board of directors of both companies are Simon Patiño and his son Antenor. General Tin Investments owns 35 per cent of British Tin Investment Corporation, Ltd., which in turn owns thirty tin-mining concerns in Malaya and has a large interest in Consolidated Tin Smelters, Ltd. Of the last-named company Simon Patiño is President and Director. Antenor is a director in all these concerns and also in British-American Tin Mines, Ltd., in the Arnheim Smelting Company of Holland, and the Thailand Tin Mines, Ltd., of London.

These ramified possessions and relationships make the Patiños the strongest single power in the mining, smelting, and refining of tin, and hence the strongest power in



the International Tin Cartel. This Cartel determines the amount each country of the world may produce. What it says about the world price goes. It maintains the British-Dutch monopoly over the refining of tin. That monopoly is further buttressed by a forty to fifty per cent export tax on tin ores or concentrates from the Dutch and British empires—a procedure certainly not in line with the Roosevelt proposal for free access to prime materials by all countries.

The Germans have now taken possession of the Arnhem refinery in Holland and a small French refinery; the Japanese have taken over the two refineries in Penang and Shanghai. If the Germans had succeeded in invading England after the thrust into France, the United States would have had no place in the world from which it could obtain refined tin. The Patiño interests thus far have blocked all efforts of the United States to gain free access to ore supplies, even though Mr. Rovensky of the Chase National Bank was both a director and vice-president of Patiño Mines and Enterprises, Consolidated, Inc., and, until recently, prominent in Nelson Rockefeller's office of the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs.

One more exhibit is necessary to complete the picture of tin in Bolivia. Most of the ore that is not produced by Patiño comes from two sources. The first is Mauricio Hochschild, a man of Austrian-Jewish extraction who, with his two sons, controls five companies. In 1941 the Hochschild companies produced nearly 11,000,000 fine kilos of tin. 2,600,000 fine kilos came from the second source, the Aramayo group, organized as a Swiss company. The rest of the Bolivian tin in 1941—slightly over 8,000,000 kilos—came from smaller mines, among which the Guggenheims and the Grace interests have some holdings.

Toward the end of last December this industry, with all its international ramifications, was rocked by a diplomatic earthquake.

### III

THE explosive publicity over Bolivia was first set off by a letter to Under Secretary of State Sumner Welles by

Ernesto Galarza, chief of the Division of Labor and Social Information of the Pan-American Union. In the letter, sent December 21, 1942, the very day of the wholesale shooting in Bolivia, Galarza accused American Ambassador Pierre Boal at La Paz of bringing undue pressure on President Peñaranda in support of the mine operators against the tin workers.

It was clear, wrote Galarza, "that the Ambassador's observations were intended to diminish the prospects of passage of the labor code. The Ambassador clearly agreed with the position of the large mine operators that the new code would impose disagreeable administrative expenses on the companies . . . the attitude and point of view of Ambassador Boal will lead to a further decline of production in Bolivia and in other parts of Latin America as well. The physical reserves of the Latin-American workers, especially in the vital industries, are already so low that the systematic opposition to better housing, higher wages, adequate medical attention, efficient training . . . will drive the workers to adopt every form of active and passive resistance."

Galarza's charges were denied by Secretary Hull in a press statement; they were denied also both by Ambassador Boal and Sumner Welles, who, in a letter, publicly rebuked Galarza. But Galarza stood by his guns. He offered to accept the verdict of any impartial tribunal; he demanded a Senate investigation; he offered his resignation as an official of the Pan-American Union.

A few days later, on January 9th, I. F. Stone, the Washington correspondent of the *Nation*, published excerpts from the cabled interchanges between Boal and Hull. The documents gave weight to Galarza's charges. In a five-page cable to the Department Boal reported on his representations to Peñaranda and pointed out, as he had to the Bolivian President, the various inconveniences of the labor code—a code, incidentally, which contains few provisions not generally accepted in civilized and democratic countries.

The code over which all this argument was made actually had been decreed several years ago by President Busch in his fruitless attempt to curtail the power of



the Patiño interests. But though it had been decreed, it had never been enforced. At the time that Ambassador Boal made it the subject of discussion with President Peñaranda the code was being revised by the Bolivian congress and was to have been enacted in revised form in December, 1942.

At the time Ambassador Boal sent his cable to Mr. Hull the tin-mine strike was pending and various mining companies were strengthening their armed forces, buying machine guns and rifles, and preparing to ship in strikebreakers.

The condition of the miners in some of the more remote mines was not unlike that of Mexican peons of forty years ago. By the utilization of *enganchadores* or labor recruiters, working in conjunction with corrupt army officers, a system of forced labor was maintained. Recently this method has been supplemented by straight army roundups and the dumping of workers into barracks under armed guard. Some mines are so remote from the towns that food can be obtained only from the company stores and, through the accumulated debt of the miners, the operators have still another hold on the men.

The miners demanded a hundred-per-cent increase in wages. Living costs had jumped eleven hundred per cent since the war started and have since risen to about fourteen hundred per cent of the prewar figure. The miners also demanded abolition of dependency on company stores and the prompt payment of wages in full.

This last was one provision of the labor code to which Boal particularly objected. "They are now paid tardily," he explained to the Department, "deliberately in order to maintain them on the job and give them a stake in their next month's pay."

In his cable replying to Boal, Hull asked the Ambassador to "discreetly express to the President or other appropriate authorities your government's hope and confidence that no steps will be taken which might result in the creation of situations which would inhibit the full performance of contracts. . . . The agencies of this government have entered into important contracts for the purchase of various strategic materials, particularly tin, tungsten, antimony, and rubber. . . . The uninterrupted flow of these items is essential to

the optimum prosecution of the war. It is consequently hoped that no action will be taken which might jeopardize hemispheric security."

The Galarza exposure brought quick and significant results. As already stated, the code that caused all the argument had been decreed in the time of President Busch. On December 8, 1942, in spite of Boal, it was largely enacted by the Bolivian Congress. This was caustically pointed out to Mr. Galarza by Mr. Welles. What Mr. Welles did not say was that on December 12 and 27, 1941—a year before the strike—decrees had been issued in Bolivia suspending most of the essential rights which the code recognized. And in December, 1942, at the very time that the code was enacted, these suspensions were simultaneously reaffirmed—thus nullifying once more practically all benefits of the code. The right hand gave, the left hand took away, and the Bolivian tin workers were left almost precisely where they were before.

The strike broke a few days later. Martial law was declared. Labor leaders from all over Bolivia were seized and shipped off to the island prison on Lake Titicaca or to prison jungle camps.

Confronted by a first-class crisis, the Bolivian government in desperation resorted to the expedient of saying that the strike was Nazi-inspired and was intended to overthrow the government. Then came the Catavi massacre. The Bolivian government admits nineteen dead and forty wounded. The workers claim that four hundred men, women, and children were shot down. A member of the Co-ordinator's office admitted to me that there had been at least three hundred casualties. The whole truth may never be known, for a subsequent State Department investigating commission was forbidden to probe into the matter.

In the Co-ordinator's office, from which it was believed Galarza had obtained his information, there was a general shake-up and investigation to try to find out who had given him the data.

Shortly afterward Mr. Rovensky took a month's vacation and resigned as assistant co-ordinator to return to his duties in New York, though at this writing he is



still an adviser to another government board.

It must not be supposed that Mr. Rovensky was a stranger in Latin-American affairs. For three years he had been in the Co-ordinator's office and from time to time had made public addresses about its policy. "Become a disciple," he told the New York Board of Trade on February 19, 1942, "and as far as your influence reaches, go out and talk for it and promote inter-American relations so that when the war is over the new Americas will set the pattern and prove that progress only comes with decency and peace."

But he had been familiar with the vicissitudes of Latin-American finance long before there was a Co-ordinator's office. The reader may recall that it was to Mr. Rovensky that the famous "Dear Joe" letter—brought to light in the Senate Banking and Currency Investigation in October, 1933—was addressed. The letter, written by Mr. James Bruce, who at that time was also an official of the Chase Bank, was concerned with "whether it was not in our interest to keep as tight a hold as we could on the fiscal policies of Cuba." The boss of Cuba at the time was Gerardo Machado, who was later ousted.

These circumstances were recalled by numerous persons at the time of the Galarza letter. Whatever the reasons, the State Department smoothed over the affair rather than precipitate further controversy and a Senate investigation. When the annual report of Patiño Mines and Enterprises, Consolidated, Inc., appeared in May, 1943, the name of Mr. Rovensky was no longer listed among the directors. Galarza's resignation was not accepted and an American commission was hastily organized to investigate labor and social conditions in Bolivia.

#### IV

Now the importance of Bolivia in the war effort had been recognized even before our entrance into the conflict. During the past few years numbers of American commissions have gone to Bolivia with the intention of helping that country to diversify its industry and to

increase its output of rubber, quinine, and other tropical products, of tin and strategic minerals.

In December, 1941, our government sent down a mission headed by Mr. Merwin Bohan, a capable commercial attaché who was brought up in Mexico and speaks Spanish perfectly. He conceived the establishment of the Bolivian Development Corporation to handle funds provided by the United States and supervise the development of new industrial, transportation, and other projects. Also we have arranged to take for a varying period of years practically all of Bolivia's copper (plus whatever silver content), tungsten, lead, rubber, all antimony (except that controlled by Great Britain), and all tin (except that controlled by the Patiños).

But one important factor apparently had been forgotten, and that was the condition of the Bolivian workers who were producing these needed materials. It was forgotten that Bolivia is "high, cold, and hungry." It was forgotten that this ignorant, sweated labor is maintained partly by the coca drug which induces outbursts of energy and then presently ruins the brains and bodies of those who use it.

It was this story that the new commission, hastily gathered together last January, was to investigate. The commission was headed by Judge Calvert Magruder, a man of great probity, and with large experience in labor matters. It included representatives of the A F of L, the steel industry, the Department of Labor, the Board of Economic Warfare, and the State Department. Belatedly Mr. Martin C. Kyne of the CIO was added to the delegation. Bolivia named four government officials. The American commissioners arrived February 2nd and submitted their report to the Bolivian government on March 13th.

The report fully bore out the contentions of Galarza and the workers, and it recommended even more drastic labor and social legislation to cope with the crisis.

"The real wages of mine workers have declined," said the report, "in spite of substantial increases of cash wages . . . 41 per cent of the mine workers receive less than 20 bolívares a day (slightly over 80 cents)." Mine company houses are mostly



"miserable, dark, one-room hovels unfit for human habitation." In the mines there is much "human wastage due to respiratory diseases . . . lack of safety appliances . . . violations of the child labor law." As for hacienda workers, the report found that most of them, held in "farm tenancy little short of feudal serfdom," receive no cash wages at all.

Although the commission did not report the fact, labor leaders in Bolivia are not permitted at present to go from place to place without a permit.

Undoubtedly the Bolivian government hoped that this unusual report could be utilized to oblige the United States to raise the price of tin and other minerals now being purchased; in fact this apparently was the main objective of President Peñaranda's visit to the United States in May. The Bolivian argument is that better living conditions will impose heavier costs on the company managements, and also that a larger price will stimulate greater production. The truth is that price-raises in the past, even if accompanied by wage-raises, have brought no real benefit to the workers because of the rise in their living costs; what price-raises have done is to increase the per cent of profit to the larger companies.

Simultaneously with Peñaranda's visit, Martin C. Kyne, the CIO representative on the Magruder commission, came out with a minority report which he presented to the CIO executive committee for approval and for recommended action on the situation. The Magruder report had stated that the commission had taken every opportunity to confer separately with management and workers on labor problems. The Kyne report said that all requests on the part of the American members of the committee to talk with the imprisoned mine leaders had been refused by the Bolivian authorities. Kyne, contrary to State Department instructions, went into the whole record of the tin strike, including the Catavi massacre; he restated the harsh local attacks on the commission by the Bolivia press, mostly Patiño-controlled; he delved more deeply into wage and price statistics.

Much pressure was exerted by certain members of both the State Department

and the Co-ordinator's office to prevent the publication of the Kyne report at the time of Peñaranda's visit, which official Washington did not wish to see marred by any untoward events that could damage good-neighborliness. Mr. Kyne, in answer to my queries on that score, felt that, on the contrary, President Peñaranda, while here, should not only feel the weight of enlightened American public opinion but should be put on public record here in this country as pledging himself to take steps to rectify certain crying abuses.

Peñaranda paid his due respects to Washington officials, visited war factories, had five days of consultations with American business executives, and also had dinner with Simon Patiño at the Waldorf Astoria.

When a labor delegation called on Peñaranda he received it affably, readily promised to permit civil liberties and liberty of political action, free labor association, collective bargaining and mediation and conciliation, and agreed to push the enactment of legislation toward these ends. In somewhat vague terms, Peñaranda also agreed to reform the method of recruiting workers by the army, which henceforth would accept only voluntary workers and would merely provide them transportation to working points where they would receive the prevailing wage.

As a result of this pressure and publicity, the labor leaders in Bolivia were released from prison. Former Presidential candidate José Arce, the leader of the main opposition party, who had been arrested at the time of a tin strike the previous year and exiled to Chile and is now a refugee in the United States, working in the Co-ordinator's office, also called on Peñaranda, and they exchanged letters in which the President promised to allow political freedom.

A further result still has been a series of agreements reached by a conference between Sumner Welles and CIO leaders. A commission will probably be appointed to go to Bolivia to implement the Magruder report, and the State Department will follow the lead of Mexico and Great Britain in appointing labor attachés, chosen from the ranks of labor itself. In many other countries of Latin America govern-



ment officials or private interests or both have been advising workers, according to Mr. Kyne, that they must reduce their standard of living, abandon their unions, lose their civil liberties and their land because Uncle Sam demands it for the war effort. The presence of labor attachés, it is now argued, will help prevent such abuses as led to the Catavi massacre. The Board of Economic Warfare, it is reported, will henceforth write adequate labor provisions into all contracts for foreign materials.

This is important, for actually the nature of the postwar world, of which there is such animated discussion, is being anticipated right now in every move we make in Latin America. Down there no Nazis control our destiny, and what we do becomes a yardstick that measures the sincerity of our loftier declarations.

## V

PROBABLY the most important result therefore has been the fact that the fresh wind of publicity has blown through the corridors of international secrecy. This airing of Bolivian and official affairs came none too soon, and it reveals how neglectful or self-important officials, in their unimpeachable wisdom, may harm the war effort they are supposedly protecting. There is more to this than simply an effort by the United States to still any charge that our tin supply was being produced by a species of "slave labor," worked as the Nazis work the people of the conquered countries. In 1941 Bolivian tin production by great effort was boosted to more than 42,000,000 kilos. Galarza's prediction proved to be accurate for in 1942, despite the increase granted in the price of tin, production slumped badly. Because of the low wages and intolerable conditions in Bolivia, workers have been fleeing across the border into Argentina and Chile, slipping back to their villages or down to the oil fields. Production has also been cut by a growing spirit of passive resistance.

Behind all this of course lies the pressing need, existent in the First World War and still more pressing to-day, to secure a satisfactory source of tin for this country. Thus behind the Bolivian upset is the

major and little known struggle to break the world tin monopoly. It is too long and complicated a tale to be introduced here. Although the United States muscled in on the International Tin Committee to get higher quotas in order to secure ore for the new tin refinery that the government has had built near Houston, only lower-grade concentrates come our way. The best ores still must cross the sea to England, at great cost of needed shipping and danger from submarines. The only high-grade tin still comes from Patiño and other refineries in England, and must be shipped back again across the same submarine-infested seas. Even were it otherwise, the refinery in Texas, from the standpoint of efficiency, techniques, ore supplies, and hemisphere planning—as well as for other reasons—may be of very dubious value. And when our war-buying comes to an end Patiño will still have the best mines in Bolivia. The marginal producers we are now expensively subsidizing will be the first hit, whereas the Patiño empire will remain intact. Is it too much to say that one aspect of the four freedoms will not have been implemented?

Thus in the United States' urgency to obtain such essential war materials or to prevent them from reaching the enemy there is no assurance necessarily that the good neighbor policy will be permanently fortified or that the future economic independence and prosperity of Bolivia or the full development of its potential resources in guarantee of permanent economic security will be attained. Certainly there is in all this no assurance of any satisfactory postwar solution.

The Bolivian tangle presents other aspects of far-reaching importance. The immediate problem in Bolivia has been to change the formula "tin versus human welfare" into "human welfare plus more tin." But if we write extensive labor provisions into our contracts for foreign materials, is there any way of seeing that they are lived up to except by utilizing American government inspectors? Any such move promptly runs afoul of national sovereignties. Are we, in addition to military, economic, diplomatic, and other missions of experts, to put social-welfare



commissions to promote labor legislation in every land on the face of the earth? How long can we support such world-wide welfare undertakings?

And what if the Bolivian economy collapses with the end of our buying splurge? There was a boom during the last war; after that Bolivia wallowed in the trough of hard times until the onset of the present war. The benefits of these booms accrue mostly to the absentees; the country and most of its people scabble along in their bleak and remote poverty, the prey of politicians at home and landlords abroad.

What is going to happen to the recommendations of our high-minded mission? What is going to be the fate of the Good Neighbor Policy? What can that policy accomplish that will leave the Bolivians less riven, less at the mercy of the powers that now dominate them?

These are not questions asked in a flood of sentimental tears. A policy that in the end will leave Patiño still master of Bolivia has not helped the Bolivian people; nor has it safeguarded our own supply of tin. Patiño and the Cartel have won the game up to now.

## FINISH

NATHANIEL BURT

JUST then the clock stopped.  
 I had never heard the stopping of a clock before.  
 First there was time regularly moving,  
 And then, one petrified second;  
 Then—quiet . . .  
 Like that when night closes over dusk,  
 First fading and then suddenly, one moment,  
 Dark.  
 The little mechanical pulses tripping into the night,  
 Stumbled on silence.  
 And astonished, like one wide-eyed, holding his breath,  
 Turned;  
 Stopped.



# IF WE INVADE THE BALKANS

HENRY C. WOLFE



**I**F WE invade Europe by way of the Balkans, how and where will it be done? Every day Americans read in their newspapers about the coming invasion. There is much speculation about where the landing will be made. Will there be more than one? Will there be a pincers movement with the northern push coming from Norway; will it be Italy, or what? Very frequently Salonika is described as a likely bridgehead for an Allied drive through the Balkans into Germany.

If this should occur, what will our armies have to face? What parties and groups will welcome our landing? Who, aside from the Germans, will be our enemies? What sort of a terrain must our armies pass through? What are the disadvantages of the route?

These are pertinent questions; for to most Americans the Balkans are a blurred spot on the map, a mountainous region split up into small states that bicker with one another, sprinkled with Graustark castles, and peopled with half-barbaric nobles, bandits, and picturesque peasants.

The fact of the matter is that the Balkans have been a military highway for more than two thousand years. The Roman legions passed through on their campaigns; centuries later Frederick Barbarossa brought his armies through on the Third Crusade. Forever, you might say, the Balkans have been the crossroads for warring empires.

Salonika and Istanbul are gateways to the Danube valley, to Germany's back door. Long ago Pan-German empire-builders saw in Salonika the key to the Aegean and the route to Suez. The Balkan rail lines which they financed were built more for strategic than for economic reasons. A glance at the map will show this. The tracks of the lines over which the Orient Express passes come down the Danube valley from Vienna to Budapest and thence to Belgrade. The main line continues to Nish in Yugoslavia where it divides; one division proceeds through mountain passes to Sofia and Istanbul, the other runs down the Morava and Vardar valleys to Salonika and the sea. Both of these routes offer excellent invasion highways and were used for just this purpose long before there were railways.

When the Nazis came to power and began to plan how Europe might be remolded nearer to their hearts' desire, they took the position that the Balkan countries—valuable sources for grain, oil, timber, and minerals—should be a sort of raw-materials preserve. Politically their aim was to keep these small nations quarreling with one another enough to prevent any sort of agreement among them, but not to push the discord to a point where it would get out of hand and interfere with easy access to the raw materials which the Nazis needed. When war broke out in 1939 the French and the British thought that they







could detach the Balkan states by buying for gold—of which the Nazis had very little—the materials so badly needed in Germany. The German reply was that if the Balkan governments did this the Germans would move right in.

So far so good, from Hitler's point of view. But subsequent events in the Balkans upset his plans—and incidentally upset his timetable for the invasion of Russia.

He did not want to go to war for Balkan territory; he wanted to hold the Balkans in line by intimidation. But the Italians got tangled up in a bungled invasion of Greece, and Germans had to be sent to help them. In that same fateful spring of 1941 the Yugoslav government which was ready to submit to Hitler was thrown out of office by young Yugoslav patriots, and Yugoslavia resisted the Germans. After Hitler's armies had fought their way down to the southern tip of Greece and then had made the leap to Crete, another plan miscarried. Crete was to serve as a springboard for Suez. Rommel's Afrika Korps was to close in from Africa and the lifeline of the British Empire would be cut. But this scheme went to pieces when Rommel was defeated.

Now the Germans are frantically fortifying the coast of Greece and fighting the guerrillas—both Greek and Yugoslav—at their backs. The Japanese have been co-operating and they have had a corps of engineers busy helping the Germans fortify the Aegean; Japanese diplomats have been bowing and scraping in Turkey to help the Germans along with the good work.

The position of the Turks is simple: they understand the issues of this war; they have highly intelligent leadership. They want to stay out of the war and so far have maintained their neutrality. But they know that if the Axis should win they would come under the domination of Germany. They know also that neither Britain nor the United States has any designs on Turkish territory. They have an alliance with Britain and have been receiving arms and ammunition from the United States. The Germans, badly in need of Turkish wool, chrome ore, cotton, tobacco, and olive oil, have by turns wooed and threatened the Turks. They

have been desperately striving to prevent Turkey from becoming an Allied base for operations against Bulgaria and the Balkans. Even without going to war, Turkey could open the Dardanelles to Allied shipping and provide a short cut to Soviet Black Sea ports and an opportunity for an Allied expeditionary force to come through and land in either Bulgaria or Rumania from the Black Sea shore. This the Germans want to prevent, and that is why Franz von Papen, the number one Nazi trouble-shooter, has been kept in the Turkish capital since the beginning of the war.

In Europe the Turkish frontier touches Bulgaria. If the Turks come into the war, whether or not the invasion force divides between Salonika and Istanbul, the Bulgars must be in the front line. They don't like the prospect. The Bulgarian government has had poor luck ever since the close of the Second Balkan War in 1913. It was on the losing side in that war and was worsted by the Rumanians, the Serbs, and the Greeks. It was on the losing side with Germany in the First World War. Territorial brawls have been the bane of Balkan politics and none have been bitterer at it than the men who run Bulgaria. When the Axis took on Yugoslavia and Greece the Bulgarian government thought it saw a chance to get back a lot of what it had lost and perhaps to be able to stay out of the war also. It had no such luck. Bulgaria is at war now with Britain and the United States as well as with Greece and Yugoslavia and, to make matters worse, is on the side opposite the Soviet Union.

There is a break for us here. Despite the action of the Bulgar government and the activities of the Nazis, the mass of the Bulgars are very sympathetic with the Russians and have been reached by Pan-Slav propaganda. In recent months several prominent pro-Nazi Bulgarians have been assassinated in Sofia.

The Nazis know that if Bulgaria should drop out of the war their whole southern front would begin to crumble as it did in September, 1918. The map shows how real this danger is. Picked German troops have been sent there and the Gestapo is busy. Still, nothing they can do can con-



vert the mass of the Bulgars whose sentiments may incline in our direction in the event of an invasion.

## II

**I**N THE event of a Balkan invasion, whence will the invaders come? In the first place, there are the combined armies based in Africa. Second, there are the Allied forces in the Near East. In the early days of the war the British and French began building a powerful military force in the eastern Mediterranean. The fall of France interrupted this program, but during the past year it has been in full swing again. British Imperials and Anzacs are mobilized in Egypt, Palestine, and Syria. So are contingents of Free French, Greeks, Poles, Czechs, Serbs, and Americans. Cyprus is considered a logical jumping-off point for Greece and the islands of the Ægean.

If the invasion is set in motion, what do the invaders face? Though landings may be made on the peninsula of Greece, the map shows clearly the difficulty of the terrain and the fact that Salonika is a key point anyway. (Of course if the Turks should enter the war on the side of the United Nations the problem would be simplified. Salonika could be flanked and a drive made directly into Bulgaria. Or if, in desperation, the Germans attacked the Turks in order to break up Allied plans, then Turkey would undoubtedly become a great United Nations base for counter-attack through the Balkans.) Greek intelligence reports say that Rhodes and Leros are the most formidably fortified of the screen of islands in the Ægean. These nests would probably have to be cleaned out, though other islands might be bombed, blockaded, and by-passed. Crete too is a formidable Axis base.

If a landing at Salonika is attempted the defense will probably show about everything the Germans can muster. They know what its capture will mean. Before the invading army lies the Vardar valley; there is the highway up the valley; there is the railway north, even though the Germans will have made as big a wreck of it as they can. From the moment of landing, every incidental aid that the Greeks

can provide will be available. As the army moves up the valley into Yugoslavia help will come from two groups who, at the moment, are at each other's throats. The first are the Chetnik troops of General Mikhailovitch, the Serbian general who acknowledges the Yugoslav government-in-exile in London. From the time of the German invasion General Mikhailovitch has harried the Nazis, blowing up bridges, burning warehouses, ambushing marching columns, and penning up his German prisoners in the mountains. The territory he occupies is roughly shown on the map. Directly to the north of him is the stamping ground of the so-called Partisans, the various Yugoslav groups who are Communist in sympathy and who are urged on by Moscow. Domestically there is a struggle for power between these two groups. But their one common ground is hatred for the Germans, and both groups will aid the invading army.

Once arrived in Nish, it is conceivable that the army might divide and a part of it move eastward, along the railway, through the mountain passes to Sofia and thence north through the Shipka and Ginci passes to the plains of the lower Danube, where Rumania would lie open before them. Here one of the first moves would probably be to capture the Rumanian town of Giurgiu on the Danube. This town is the terminus of the pipeline that runs down from the oil fields just north of Bucharest, bearing the precious oil which is loaded on barges and towed upstream to Germany.

The Rumanians are almost helpless to resist without German assistance. They have lost hundreds of thousands of their youth in Russia. The Iron Guard rulers have never been anything but cat's-paws for Hitler, and in a country where food has been proverbially plentiful many of the people to-day are half starved. Then too, there is a considerable democratic element in Rumania, people who, in the past, were represented by the National Peasant Party.

Meantime the other section of the invading army would presumably be moving straight up the valley above Nish, aiming at the capture of Belgrade and the second cutting of the Danube. This done, Hun-



gary would lie open before the Allies, the army would fan out, and Germany would be open to attack. The mere cutting of the Danube alone would be a terrible blow to the Nazis. The Danube is more than a river. It is a great communications artery for the Nazi military-economic empire. It plays an important role in the Balkan plans of both sides. It is a vital economic artery and the cutting off of supplies from the Balkans would be a well-nigh crippling blow to Hitler.

The route from Salonika via the Vardar-Morava valleys to Belgrade has been called the "geographical axis of the Balkan peninsula." It follows a winding course. North of Salonika the invading army will find plains, then will soon come to mountain passes. The word Balkans in Turkish means mountains. In places the valleys of the Vardar-Morava course are miles wide; at other places the route squeezes through gorges. A standard-gauge railway follows this route and narrow-gauge lines branch off along the way. There are also some motor roads. In this region the summers are hot, the winters cold. There are pasture lands for the cattle which are extensively raised here, and there are fields of corn and tobacco, vineyards and mulberry trees. Parts of the valleys and the mountains are covered with forests.

On the map the Vardar-Morava line looks easy to hold. Historically, that has not been the case. In April, 1941, a column of Axis invaders drove from Bulgaria into the Morava valley at Nish and then pushed northward to Belgrade in a few days. An Allied army striking northward along the Vardar-Morava line will find the gorges fortified and perhaps strongly defended by the Germans. But

the invaders will have the incalculable help of the Yugoslav guerrillas who can strike the Axis forces from both flanks and from the rear. Mikhailovitch has stated that when the Allies advance from Salonika his men will deal with the Axis airfields. They have already destroyed considerable Axis matériel. It is possible that the Axis defenders of the gorges may find themselves virtually besieged from all sides. Certainly their supply lines from the Reich through the Vardar-Morava valley will be in a precarious position.

Moreover, the Allies will be advised by Yugoslavs who know every inch of the terrain and will be aided by a hardy civilian population. The war in Russia has shown the enormous advantages of having a tough, determined civilian army on your side.

It is often forgotten that invasion by this route was undertaken by the Allies in 1918. On September 15th the Allied armies based on Salonika attacked the Bulgars. The Franco-Serb forces west of the Vardar cracked the Bulgar lines and drove northward toward Skoplje. The British attacked at Doiran. Two weeks later the Bulgars asked for an armistice. This was decisive. On the same day (September 29th) the German Supreme Command told its government to ask for an armistice with the Allies. The Allied drive from Salonika had, according to the Germans, "fundamentally changed" the entire outlook. By the end of the conflict (November 11th) the Allied forces from Salonika had smashed the Central Powers in the Balkans and were rolling the Germans and Austro-Hungarians back into the Danube valley.

It may happen again.



# THE HOT SPRINGS FOOD CONFERENCE: FAITH, HOPE—AND CHARITY

C. HARTLEY GRATAN



VAST quantities of American energy are spent to-day in talking about food and how to get it. There is no hotter subject up for public discussion. The recent Food Conference at Hot Springs could have caught the attention of all the people. It was called to discuss postwar food and agricultural policies. But the President insisted that the delegates work in secret; what astounding things they may have said in the course of debate is still a dark secret, reserved for Ph.D. thesis writers of a century hence. The results later revealed in the official reports hardly justify the wonderfully ridiculed precautions against leaks. The Conference reports are so skillfully phrased, so beautifully compounded of political formulae designed to squirm between heated contestants for opposed views, that all the irritating problems and sources of contention are either obscured or shifted to other hands or later conferences.

To be sure the President, when saying good-by to the three hundred and sixty delegates from forty-four nations, called the Conference "epoch-making." His reasons for saying so were largely political, but there was one faint indication that the Conference really was epoch-making for the American people. It can be argued that the President's applause implied a

repudiation of established New Deal practices in the field of food. With no gestures whatever, the President seems to have thrown the old production-restriction program out of the window and quietly substituted the production-stimulation program which the Conference appears to favor—thereby junking the program which Henry Wallace advocated and put into practice. The President now proposes to turn away, ever so gradually and without too much publicity, from the extreme nationalism which has characterized his agricultural policy all along to a policy which is in line with his latter-day political internationalism. Perhaps he thought that if he indicated his change of line in a context protectively colored by suggestions of fraternity among nations no one would get up in arms against him because of it. He was, after all, just endorsing schemes for filling the stomachs of mankind.

But filling the stomachs of mankind is easier said than done, and perhaps the necessary steps will never be taken. The Hot Springs Conference thoughtfully provided for that possibility. "Politics" may prevent this laudable enterprise, this scheme for adequately feeding the world, from getting anywhere at all. It is simple enough to figure out what mankind ought to have for a balanced diet, but there is not a food-producing country on



earth that is not buttressed and barricaded and rigged with every kind of barrier and tariff and marketing scheme designed to shore up the food producers as business men rather than to overwhelm eaters with food at prices they can afford.

No doubt it was for this reason that the Conference provided an out for the worried politicians who must deal with the farmer vote. This out was the only thing in the Conference report which the President quoted in his farewell address to the delegates:

The primary responsibility lies with each nation for seeing that its own people have the food needed for health and life: steps to this end are for national determination.

Such steps can perhaps be taken within the intricate structures of production and marketing control which exist even now. But remember that the preservation of these structures is the chief political objective of the agricultural community in most of the food-exporting countries of the world, and that it is precisely within the nations that the obstacles to the realization of the Conference ideals are most powerful. It is within them also that the ideals expressed are most likely to be compromised because of political expediency.

By placing the burden on the several nations, responsibility for any future failures in the general program is removed from the conferees and shifted to the domestic oppositions whose machinations may defeat them. The international ideal is thus made impregnable to direct assault, for the difficulties of its realization are carefully segregated from it. The ideal is therefore of necessity stated in summary generalizations, each pregnant with deplorable domestic political arguments, but the arguments themselves are carefully evaded. The food problem is nowhere really considered in the context of the harsh difficulties; it is rather reported in idealistic terms acceptable to almost all those who give attention to it. Yet only if the difficulties are met can the gulf between ideal and reality be successfully crossed. The result is that the reports produced at Hot Springs consist of incredible platitudes of which perhaps the most benumbing is, "All men on earth are consumers of food."

## II

WHILE there is no part of the world in which some people do not enjoy an abundance of food under normal conditions, there are wide areas in which the majority of the people suffer constantly from a shortage of the foods necessary to health and working efficiency. Moreover, there is no nation in which some persons do not suffer from poor diets because of lack of money to purchase what food they really need.

At the same time it is true that never before in history has so much technical understanding of food production been accumulated, though the world's food-producing plant is universally run at a level of efficiency far below that implied by the current state of production knowledge. Furthermore, the consequences of inadequate or improper food supplies to individuals are widely understood. Knowledge of the principles of human nutrition is constantly accumulating and, in some countries—notably the United States—is widely disseminated. The intimate connection between adequate nutrition and health is no longer something for debate. It is an axiom beyond dispute. Even at the Food Conference "it was made clear that there was a close connection between many prevalent diseases and deficiency in diets. The important part played by malnutrition in maintaining child-mortality rates at a high level was also established."

And it is almost universally recognized that the chief reason why people do not eat enough of the right food is that they haven't enough money to buy it. Poverty is the first cause of the difficulties. There is no sense in telling people how much or what they should eat if they lack the cash to buy what is recommended; nor is there any point in asking the world's farmers to grow more for export or domestic consumption if the consumers simply have not the money to pay for it.

On a geographical basis, the food problem is most acute in Asia and Africa, where little cash is available to most people, and least acute in North America, Australia, and New Zealand, where incomes are reasonably good. Europe (except in wartime) and South America stand between



the two extremes, with Europe in general rather better off than most of South America. (As Dr. Merrill K. Bennett pointed out two years ago in the *Geographical Review*, three countries in Europe—Great Britain, Switzerland, and Sweden—are well enough off to be classified with North America. On the other hand, no country in South America quite reaches the low levels characteristic of most of Asia and Africa.)

Dr. Bennett arrived at his classification by taking note of the part played in national diets by the "cereal-potato group of foodstuffs" (wheat, rye, rice, barley, oats, corn, millets, and grain sorghums; white and sweet potatoes and cassava) which, he says, provide energy for the body but only incidentally "provide 'protection' in the form of protein, vitamins, and minerals." It is the absence of the latter which causes poor physiques and widespread vulnerability to disease, both in children and in adults.

No nation gets along without the cereal-potato group of foodstuffs, or would want to, but some nations have to place a disastrous reliance upon it. Dr. Bennett therefore distributes the world population on a scale ranging from a 30-40 per cent reliance upon the cereal-potato group to an 80-90 per cent reliance. In a scientifically liberal diet such reliance should not rise above 21 per cent; but few if any people ever achieve an absolutely scientific diet. On the Bennett scale a total world population of over two billions is accounted for. Well over one-half fall within the 80-90 per cent group, while only about one-tenth fall into the 30-40 per cent group. "The characteristic diets of nearly two-thirds of the people of the world," he remarks, "permit foods other than cereals and potatoes to be used only for what most Americans would probably regard as flavoring materials." He therefore tentatively concludes that "about three-fourths of the world's population probably subsists on diets qualitatively inadequate, and only one-fourth on diets that may be qualitatively adequate."

There is an almost universal correlation between national poverty and bad diet; and poverty, as we know, still holds the majority of the world's people in a firm

grip. This is the situation in "normal" times. This is the food problem on a geographical basis as far as consumers are concerned.

But poverty is not only distributed geographically around the globe; it appears also within all the nations. In happier days President Roosevelt used to refer to the one-third of our own nation which is ill-fed, ill-clothed, and ill-housed. Members of that third of the nation live in your home town and mine, and everywhere they are victimized by poor diets. There is a concentration of them in the South. Not all of them yet know what they should eat for health and efficiency—though they certainly have a better idea than the Chinese, Indians, and Africans, who live within an environment of hunger—but anyhow they cannot eat properly because the money simply is not there to pay for the stuff they need. Most Americans are well aware of this situation, however they may differ on what should be done about it. Perhaps it will point up the food situation within a favored nation to cite less familiar facts—those about the situation in the United Kingdom.

Seven years ago Sir John Orr published his *Food, Health and Income: Report on a Survey of Adequacy of Diet in Relation to Income*. Sir John concluded that "a diet completely adequate for health, according to modern standards, is reached at an income level above that of 50 per cent of the population." In short, on the assumption that only a few stubborn souls will refuse to buy what is needed if they can afford it, poverty within Britain keeps half the population on a poor diet. Where incomes are low there is an excessive reliance on "cheap suppliers of energy and therefore cheap satisfiers of hunger, e.g., potatoes, bread, margarine." But "the consumption of more expensive foodstuffs—liquid milk, eggs, fruit, vegetables, and meat—rises progressively with income, the increase being superimposed upon a relatively constant quantity of bread and potatoes." Under the conditions within the United Kingdom therefore, vast increases in the consumption of the more expensive and also more desirable foodstuffs are necessary to bring all groups up to the level of consumption of the most favored group.



The figures run as follows: for milk an 80 per cent increase, for butter 41 per cent, for eggs 55 per cent, for fruit 124 per cent, for vegetables other than potatoes 87 per cent, and for meat 20 per cent. This is on the basis of price. If the figures were calculated on the basis of quantities needed the percentages would be lower, but unrealistic. For it must always be kept in mind that eating is a function of income, not of needs or preferences abstractly defined. That is the essence of the food problem within nations as far as consumers are concerned.

### III

Food has never been produced in order to meet the scientifically demonstrable need for food. It has been produced for the grower's own subsistence or for market, or for a mixture of both reasons. The food which is sent to market has been the important portion as far as eaters who buy their subsistence are concerned. But the market has been regulated by effective demand which, in turn, is a function of income in the hands of those needing food.

In recent years another factor has been introduced which puts the food buyers at a considerable disadvantage. Food growers, dissatisfied with the prices to be obtained in the market, have banded together, with and without the collaboration of their governments, for the purpose of raising food prices, thus further limiting demand with no regard for need. The mechanics of these schemes need not detain us here. The consequences are what we need keep in mind. The principal consequence has been to limit consumption through high prices, thus further throwing production and need out of balance.

The chief reason advanced for this type of activity is the need to guarantee the producers a satisfactory standard of living. This, allegedly, could not be achieved when foodstuffs poured onto the market at low prices, even though, if need had been the criterion, they would have been absorbed. But since not need but profitability to the vender was the criterion, the end was reached by forcing buyers to pay higher prices than formerly and letting the

low-income groups go short of food as they had from time immemorial. In short, the producers attempted to get a bigger cut of the community income without regard to the welfare of the community as a whole. In this they were abetted by both practical politicians and idealists of one sort or another.

A clear illustration is at hand in our country. In his campaign in 1932 Mr. Roosevelt promised that, come what might, he would raise farm prices. He and Mr. Wallace accomplished this by crop restriction and plowing under. The Congressional farm bloc were in complete agreement with this policy. Those who couldn't pay these higher prices got their food from relief checks or via the food-stamp plan or "hot school lunches." Though the President and the farm bloc are not friendly any more, the price structure they collaborated in building still stands, firm as a rock. In many countries similar controls have become vested interests which can be upset only with the greatest political difficulty. They are among the most powerful obstacles to correlating food production with consumption figured in relation to need. In the releases of the Food Conference no mention is made of them.

Rather, the Conference announced its solicitude for the farmers in shockingly familiar terms. The producers, it is stated, "must equally be assured that their labors will earn them an adequate livelihood." Since the various control schemes were chiefly designed to give that assurance, since the purpose is thus far conceived as attainable only through raising prices, and since the schemes are a national responsibility, we may assume that they will, in most instances, continue to function after the war.

They are obstacles to rationally organized agricultural production on a world scale. They coddle the producers. If progress for food eaters is sacrificed in the future to security for food producers the Conference will have been held in vain. That will lead the United States and other nations straight back to programs for restricting production, or for forcing production behind tariff barriers or within artificially supported high-price structures.



In our country it will lead back to the plow-under-and-kill-off principles of the AAA, to the system of paying farmers not to produce. In Australia it will lead to the perpetuation of "home consumption price schemes" under which domestic consumers compensate the producers for the low prices obtained by dumping on the international market. In France it will mean a high tariff on wheat. And so on and on.

Farmer defenders, who are legion, have probably already concluded that I am hinting that foodstuffs should be produced regardless of the economic or other consequences to the producers. Not at all. What I am saying is that you cannot hope to eliminate the known deficiencies of food consumption by retaining controls chiefly designed to protect the well-being of the owners of the existing inadequate and inefficient farm plant. Their security must be otherwise achieved. But more of that later.

Here it is necessary to insist that the existing control schemes should be retained only in so far as they contribute to more efficient and hygienic preparation, packaging, transporting, and marketing of foodstuffs—as many producers do in their search for profitable business. It is in this way that, as the Conference asks, "full use" will be made "of new [wartime] developments in food preservation, transportation, and marketing; particularly in dehydration, freezing, ocean and air transportation." Similarly with the recommendation that "marketing, processing, storage, and distribution costs and margins between producers and consumers" be reduced—without of course letting the producers absorb all the savings. But these things attain major importance only if provision is made to put more and more low-priced foodstuffs through the improved machinery. For if there is any sense at all in the Conference statement that "it is useless to produce food unless men and nations have means to acquire it for consumption," then more food—especially protective foods hitherto out of the reach of millions—is what is absolutely required. Sir John Orr's figures for the United Kingdom vividly bear that out.

But the Conference was so beset by memories of the chaos in the food-producing industries between wars that, while ignoring national controls as outside its jurisdiction (though apparently allowing for their continuation), it indicated the general drift of its thinking by recommending "international commodity arrangements" in these terms:

[They] may play a useful part in controlling excessive short-term fluctuations in the price of food and agricultural products which are injurious to producers and consumers alike and handicap the attainment of a constantly expanding economy.

Further study is necessary to determine the precise forms which these arrangements should take. In whatever forms, however, the following principles should apply:

1. Effective representation of consumers as well as producers.
2. Increasing opportunity for meeting consumption needs from the most efficient sources of production at prices fair to both producers and consumers with due regard to such transitional adjustments as may be necessary to prevent serious economic and social upsets.
3. The maintenance of adequate reserves to meet all consumption needs.
4. Provision for the orderly disposal of surpluses.

In short, the Conference came out for the establishment of cartels for foodstuffs, an idea which, I strongly suspect, originated in the planning purlieu of Washington, D. C.

This is an unhappy piece of business. If experience with national controls has been universally open to sharp question, experience with international cartels has been open to questions twice as sharp. Such cartels have been internationally organized schemes to increase prices and profits. Historically speaking, socially responsible cartels are a contradiction in terms. Like the hippogriff, they are more written about than actually observed by analysts concerned with reality. They are therefore to be viewed with the utmost skepticism and suspicion. Perhaps they can be run for the benefit of consumers. That remains to be demonstrated in practice. But they were originally invented to benefit producers. Together with the national controls, they promise to provide a fine jumble of administrative machinery in which the ideal of feeding human beings will be completely lost from sight.



## IV

FURTHER grounds for doubt that the Hot Springs Conference will produce any fundamental changes are provided by the fact that some of the most concrete suggestions in its report had to do with what may be called the social-service phases of food distribution. These seem to have originated chiefly with the United Kingdom delegation and they are, so to speak, portions of the Beveridge Plan. *They are of course based on the acceptance of poverty as a permanent condition for millions of people.*

Governments of all countries should accept the responsibility, so far as it is within their power, to improve the diet of all persons in their countries who lack a diet adequate for good health through such measures as:

- (a) Social Security measures such as family allowances, social insurance, and minimum wages.
- (b) Direct action to make protective foods available free or at low prices to groups with inadequate diets.
- (c) Special measures for such groups as pregnant women, nursing mothers, infants, children, aged persons, invalids, and those with low pay.

Of these things nothing too harsh should be said, though the permanent subsidies here suggested are hardly matters for complacency. But the very fact that they are reckoned indispensable parts of the food program is fair warning that charity goes along with faith and hope if the stomachs of the world are to be filled in the future.

The only known way for eaters to acquire the food they need—except through charity—is to have good jobs at good wages. The Conference recognized the point but shuffled off responsibility for explaining how to turn the trick by saying that the delegates were not invited to Hot Springs to decide what policies should be adopted by the governments of the world in order to promote an expansion of economic activity. Still they thought that full bellies everywhere could not be achieved *without* just such an expansion, and they urgently recommended that governments take action, individually and in concert, in order to reach this goal.

Well, just what action? No impressive answers were given. Industry should be expanded in undeveloped areas of course,

and any sort of plan for advancing agriculture must include access for all to materials and power. Naturally, barriers to international trade must be rubbed out. Furthermore, "it is essential to promote the most advantageous use of agricultural resources and an equitable balance of purchasing power between agriculture and industry." (This last is our old friend parity, now extended for global coverage.)

The delegates declared that these ideas (and a very dog-eared deck of international cards they are by now) should be acted on by all the governments, individually and in concert, and along with such action the governments should see to it that balances of international payments be brought into equilibrium, that currencies and exchange be managed in an orderly way, and that the costs of distribution in international trade be sweated down.

What action should come first—national or international? Apparently the only answer was that offered by the Australian delegation, which emphasized national self-help. Dr. H. C. Coombs, chairman of the Australian group at the Conference, stated the case earlier in a speech before the New York Chamber of Commerce. He argued that the best way to get intelligent action in the international field was by raising the standards of living and the level of employment at home. People so fixed will listen to reason on matters of international collaboration much more quickly than those threatened with unemployment and idle resources. Economic understandings among the nations may be eminently desirable, said Dr. Coombs, but "without domestic full employment they remain mere academic dreams."

When I quoted Dr. Coombs in Canada shortly after, and supported his thesis (since it conformed to what I have written earlier in this magazine), I was greeted—to my utter amazement—by cries of "autarchy" and dark references to fascism. *The idea of my critics seemed to be that it is necessary to reduce the levels of living in the high-standard countries for fifty or a hundred years while the low-standard countries are assisted to catch up—to "share the wealth" on an international basis as though there were a static pool of wealth of which some nations had some-*



*how cadged an indecent proportion that they must now "cough up."* I don't call that economics, but it gives you an idea of what is in the minds of some "liberals."

## V

ANY attempt to deal with the food problem by beginning with need and working back to production will involve a complete change not only in production policy but also in the very organization of the national farm plants. At least it should. The success of the program outlined at the Conference will turn upon the ability of the farmers to deliver the goods—if the problem of distribution on the basis of needs is solved. As long ago as 1935 the Australians at the League of Nations suggested that, if agricultural production could be married to nutrition, the crisis in the food-producing industries might be solved. Under this impetus the League sponsored numerous national nutrition studies which were, no doubt, responsible for the prompt recognition at Hot Springs of the relation of nutrition and health. But neither the Australians nor any other people were able before the war to suggest any but social-service techniques to get the food to the people who need it. This may, indeed, be the refuge of all governments if the general, and basic, program of economic expansion fails. We must be prepared for so lame a conclusion of the Conference program.

But if effective demand rises toward an equality with need, the farm plants of the world will have to be redesigned. Summarily, this means that now at last agriculture will have to absorb the industrial revolution. Intensification of production will thus be achieved.

The resistance will be terrific and the politics of agriculture will take on a new and spectacular violence. For if the job is to be done effectively, the factory-farm will be the accepted form of farm organization. The small farms, founded in the tradition of the family-farm for subsistence-plus-a-surplus-for-market, will be crowded to the wall entirely. Already they are hard pressed. But as the logic of the industrial revolution in farming—of the use of machinery in planting, cultivating,

and harvesting, and of advanced culture methods to achieve maximum yields—works out, the number of old-fashioned farms falling definitely into the marginal category will constantly increase.

In practically every country there is to-day a never-ending struggle to prevent this by bolstering up the marginal small farm units. Abstractly viewed, this is a disastrous policy, for it involves public support for a large measure of inefficiency. Concretely viewed—and it is concrete matters that determine politics—the struggle is between the big farmers, who take a big-business point of view, and the small farmers, whose views are entangled with fading memories of a way of life, but who still hope to get a break in the market. With the survival of a sentimentalism about farming as a way of life (which it hasn't really been since commercial farming was substituted for peasant farming) the small farmers make a strong appeal to thousands of otherwise rational people. For this reason many persons still identify themselves with the small farmer in the politics of agriculture, when in logic they should favor the big farmers as organizers of production, however much they may criticize them for their policies as profit-makers.

The need is not to bilk the big farmers in favor of the small, any more than it is to bilk the big industrialists in favor of the small. The problem is to persuade the big farmers to take the position of some of the big industrialists—that the greatest opportunity lies in cutting the cost of production and reaching a mass market with a low price; in a word, to extract the most from their organizational skill instead of taking a narrow view governed by a short-sighted conception of profitability. Big farming is not of course to be confused merely with a large acreage. Intensive production on a relatively small acreage in certain instances can be big farming.

Any adequate solution of the food problem depends upon the full utilization of our knowledge of production and further scientific study of the problem. This is unlikely as long as we are beset by sentimentality about farmers and farming, as we now are. If we could make a distinction between commercial farming and rural living it would help. Commercial



farming must be industrialized to give us a mass production of foodstuffs to meet needs. Along this path there is more hope than through extending the traditional farm structure into new areas (of which there are none too many of great value in any case). If certain people want to live in rural areas, that is their privilege. But their residence there should not necessarily make them farmers in the eyes of the government, even though they may, in traditional terms, conduct farming operations. They should not expect their trivial inefficiencies to be subsidized, directly or indirectly, nor should farm policy in any way be governed by their needs.

This is a counsel of perfection. I know of no country in the world in which any such view of farming is taken. Instead of viewing it simply as a production system for foodstuffs and fibers (which it really is), most people regard it as a way of life and a thousand other irrelevant things which must, the farmer defenders argue, be preserved in perpetuity. But there are enough social antiques lying round without adding the farm plant to the collection.

## VI

THE Conference's ideas about abundant food production for all mankind would, if carried out, affect different countries in different ways. They would not have the same effect on the rice economy of monsoon Asia as on the Australian, New Zealand, Canadian, or American economies, which are founded on temperate-climate foodstuffs. Nor would the effects be the same in Australia (where something like a factory-farm system is being enforced today, it appears, by the tremendous labor shortage and the simultaneous need for increased production) as they would be in England.

In England the sensible thing would be for British farmers to avoid any attempt to enlarge their production of such staples as wheat, meat, bacon, butter, and cheese. These staples are produced to much greater advantage in the great agricultural countries. Instead, the British might far better concentrate on the "health-protective" foodstuffs—poultry and eggs, the

green vegetables and milk. If this were done the British could easily reconcile the interests of their own farmers with those of friendly agricultural communities overseas. Indeed, Viscount Astor and B. Seabohm Rowntree (in *British Agriculture: The Principles of Future Policy*—written eight years ago) argued that a reasonable national nutrition policy could be soundly and profitably organized on just such a division of labor. Such an argument is in line with the ideas of the Hot Springs Conference. It probably defines the logical program of production for countries that are, or may become, heavy food importers.

There would be also the difficult problem of correlating the expanding needs of the food-importing countries with the production of the food-exporting countries. Since there will be alternative sources of supply for all of them, between which countries should the correlation be arranged? For example, traditionally the United Kingdom has maintained a close relation with the Dominions. The food-producing economies of Australia and New Zealand, for example, have long been dependent on the United Kingdom market. However, just before the war broke out the point which specialists had long been making became a pressing reality: the United Kingdom market for foodstuffs had reached the saturation point and could no longer go on absorbing increased quantities of produce from the Dominions, nor could it make room for Dominion produce by "ousting the foreigner" from the market, as many Dominion producers asked. It has always seemed to me doubtful that this difficulty could be surmounted even if the United Kingdom's absorptive capacity were measured by needs, instead of effective purchasing power. The increase in the quantity of staples which could be absorbed by Britain on the new basis would not be sufficiently great, I believe, to allow Australian and New Zealand production radically to expand, even if all the increase were assigned to them. Since all of it would not be, the economic significance of the change would be further decreased. Therefore the hope of the two Pacific Dominions—and also other food exporters—really lies in increased impor-



tations by European and Asiatic countries, where the prospects cannot readily be predicted.

Europe however would want the products of temperate-climate producers, the greatest of the food exporters overseas; but the first claim on the expanding market would probably go to the eastern European producers, who certainly need additional outlets. What Asia will want is not so clear. That is one of the conclusions a reader reaches on studying Wickizer and Bennett's *The Rice Economy of Monsoon Asia*. The correlation of the supplies available in the food-exporting countries of the West with the needs of Asia is something of a problem, even assuming that an effective demand exists. For it does not follow inevitably that rice eaters, who make up such a large proportion of Asiatic consumers, will adopt a Western diet even if their food consumption increases. They won't, for example, switch from rice to wheat, even if wheat is cheap and they have purchasing power. At best, it seems, they will use wheat products to supplement the rice, not supplant it. The exact effect on international trade in foodstuffs of a rise in Asiatic standards will be discovered only by experience. Theoretical analyses, especially those made without regard to Asiatic food prejudices, are entirely unprofitable.

## VII

THE unfinished business of the Food Conference is much more impressive than the finished. Called to consider "plans and prospects of various countries for the postwar period regarding production, import requirements, and exportable surpluses of foodstuffs and other essential agricultural products, with a view to improving progressively in each country the levels of consumption within the framework of the opportunities and possibilities of an expansion of its general economic activities," it hardly scratched the surface and tackled not a single difficulty forthrightly. About the best that can be said for it is that it recognized the need for a dynamic world economy and an increase

in food production if *needs* are to be met. But how to accomplish the one in order to set in train the other is nowhere in its reports more than vaguely indicated. The secrecy wrapped about the Conference cannot hide the meagerness of the results.

And the tasks assigned to the permanent organization, including the inevitable corps of researchers—that blessed contingent—are, while important, hardly likely to guarantee sound forward policies if few know what the policies should be and fewer still dare risk announcing them publicly. Here is what the Conference report says about the permanent organization:

. . . this organization should act as a center of information and advice on both agricultural and nutrition questions and . . . it should maintain a service of international statistics.

The conference did not, however, attempt to lay down in detail what the scope and functions of such an organization should be or its relationship to other national or international bodies.

Appropriately enough, the organization is to be placed under the wing of the American government and will be housed in Washington—the home of skilled researchers, highly trained statisticians, and other learned gentlemen whose admirable findings so often flow unheeded from the Government Printing Office, while the policy makers formulate their curious schemes on the basis of political astrology.

We are caught again in the old familiar vise. The *end* (plenty of food for everyone) is applauded by all, but the *means* (basically, more jobs at good wages in industry and the service occupations) inspire the most violent political arguments, and therefore are evaded. The subsequent conferences which are to deal with trade barriers, international exchange stability, and international investment will probably follow the same general pattern: maximum ideals, minimum tampering with a recalcitrant reality, and fulsome and pious "recommendations."

Meanwhile the Food Conference guarantees that people will continue to eat what they can get for the incomes they can earn, just as they always have done. They will continue to rely upon faith, hope—and charity.



# THE Easy Chair Bernard DeVoto



THE August issue of *Harper's* is put together during June. Years ago, before the war, the editors used to work in their humble cells under one more strain than usual, for the American folkways had made August a vacation month, and *Harper's*, which venerates traditions, supported this one by bringing out the annual Fiction Number. They pictured their subscribers at ease in sports clothes far from the stench of exhaust gases in Thirty-Third Street (remember how exhaust gases smelled?); they postponed the articles on hand that had the highest specific gravity, and they filled the gaps with stories. The additional strain came from an unhappy condition of editorial life: that good articles are more easily come by than good stories. But they accepted the strain of June in the sustaining phantasy that by August they too would be swimming in salt water or driving a golf ball down fairways infinitely, and in Thirty-Third Street unimaginably, green.

The Easy Chair used to string along. It too thought of the *Harper's* audience as reclining on steamer chairs in the shade of evergreens, with the ripple of water near by and the blue tips of peaks at the horizon, while breezes unimaginable in Cambridge fluttered the skirts of pretty girls, and no one had any reason to give a damn about anything. It too had a phantasy, which usually got shattered on the hard reality of the bank account, that August would find its activity reduced to nothing more significant than driving a car down leafy back roads and let's not try to get anywhere by any given time but just spend the night where darkness over-

takes us, provided always that the bartender looks capable of a really dry Martini. So the Easy Chair unbuttoned its collar, lapsed into the first person, and wrote a column for August on subjects of no conceivable importance to anyone. It might not get a vacation but it could at least write about one.

LATE June of 1943 finds the war and the United States in a condition that makes the thought of pine woods, white sails, or a shun-pike in upper Vermont powerfully seductive. But as I prepare to act on the precedent, I find myself under notification by my fellow-columnists that if I print frivolous thoughts I shall be undermining the war effort and that if you read them you will be giving comfort to the enemy. Within the week one of my columnist colleagues has denounced practically all the rest of us. We had been writing about Congress, politics, strikes, race riots, the administrative crisis, even the world after the war, and my colleague found such preoccupations inexplicable and vile. We were cravenly yielding to romantic escape, for at this moment of tremendous pause there was only one subject proper for any journalist. So my colleague, setting the example, finished out his column by describing in detail how he thought the invasion of Europe was going to be begun. I approved his imaginative phantasy as a wholly proper kind of romantic escape, but I am still wondering why he supposed that anyone would read it except in a vacation mood.

Various other colleagues, less interested in my psyche than in yours, are currently



saying that you are in a truly frightful state of mind. They are appalled by widespread public bellyaching about rationing, curtailment of civilian goods, administrative confusion, and various other annoyances. Bellyaching, they believe, is an alarming symptom; it signifies the deterioration of morale and foreshadows terrifying developments. Nevertheless they find it less alarming than the public's insistence on having a good time—than your determination to enjoy yourself this summer. You are even preparing to honor the folkways by taking a vacation in August, in spite of pitiful advertisements by railroads imploring you not to use their facilities. At this moment of tremendous pause nothing could be more heartless or more ominous, they insist. Cast one fly at sunset where that eddy circles round the rock, drive one (recovered rubber) tennis ball to the backhand corner, or cook one (rationed) hamburger over a fire of twigs on that granite ledge with the peak rising behind you—and you will mock the national sacrifice. Very likely you cannot do any more than you are doing to advance the war, but in decency you ought to remain wretched, even in August.

I am afraid that I do not agree with my colleagues, and not for the first time at that. I think I can diagnose their current fretfulness as a projection on you and me of an ailment which they share with many of us—civilian frustration. Let us not forget that in some ways it is rather awful to be a civilian, at least one whose job is outside the war industries. One's son or nephew or younger brother is in the service, perhaps is at the front, possibly is reported missing. One's friends and office mates have gone to Washington or been scattered about the map to work for the war. The janitor of one's apartment house has become a timekeeper at a mill that makes uniforms; the corner newsdealer is wheeling a dolly in an ammunition factory; the bootblack is a watchman at a dock where ships load for the front; the girl who sold tickets at the movie house is running a drill press. Everybody has some part in it, but not oneself. One goes to the office in a consciousness that one is shut out of the climax of human

history. There are subterfuges but there is no way of denying that they are subterfuges. The long labors of an air-raid warden doing his hypothetical routine, for example, seem only absurd, but they are no more absurd than anything else open to you and me. Meanwhile the years of one's life run out, the great tide moves, the war gathers toward climax, and one's daily life is that of a farcical civilian nonentity.

And this may be true even of those who write syndicated columns. Even in a columnist's life there come moments when the importance to the war of one's notions about the invasion of Europe seem to be no greater than that of a bank teller's cashing of a housewife's check—and the frustration heaves and ferments. On realistic grounds one feels miserable and so, on somewhat less realistic grounds, one commands the public to feel miserable.

THE trouble with personal lacks is, as Thoreau pointed out long ago, that they tend to make reformers out of those who suffer from them, and one unloveliness of war is the Puritanism which always springs from the frustration it produces. There are a number of alarming things about the domestic scene but the bellyaching of the public is not one of them, and a principle ought to be made absolutely clear for everyone's guidance. The public is not required to rejoice over being denied gasoline but only to refrain from using its automobiles. It is not obliged to feel a sacrificial ecstasy when it is denied shoes or beefsteak or nylon stockings; the obligation is of an entirely different order—it is to go without them. My colleagues should be advised that loud outcries of annoyance are not only an invigorating psychological release but also a sign that the war has got home to people, as the columns repeatedly announce it has not. There would be reason for concern if the public were not vigorously bellyaching. An apathetic acceptance of annoyance and minor deprivation would signify a state of mind truly dangerous, and exultation over pain is a characteristic which my colleagues find ominous when other peoples exhibit it. Columnists are far too much concerned



about morale, but they may be sure that the American people have got it so long as they are complaining loudly. Finally, it is cheap, sentimental, and false to remind the public that when it eats bread without butter it is suffering less than the soldier who has a bomb fragment through his lungs. The public knows that quite as well as the columnist: the soldier happens to be its son.

And I think that we can trust the Army to commandeer whatever railroad cars it may need for troop movements—that no one who can take a vacation this August need refrain. My columnist colleagues should be reminded that we lost one peace because idealism and dedication tend to get brittle from prolonged strain; that this time it would seem best to keep them supple, and the free use of the pleasure principle may help. You need to be reminded perhaps that there is neither disease nor sedition in the impulse that urges you to forget the headlines for an hour while you sip something tall with ice and rum in it and listen to an orchestra playing a Strauss waltz or a contralto singing one of the nostalgic idiocies of the moment. If you get a chance to drop the Royal Coachman just below the ripple, do so with a clear conscience, for you will not be betraying anyone. The hope is that we may save such things from the world that has been shattered, even that we may make them commoner and more certain, and you do no evil by holding to them now. If people always seek feverishly for pleasure during war it is because the war strains, which my colleagues never forget, can be eased by finding pleasures, which they insist on considering vile. It is, after all, desirable for even civilians to last out the war.

THE first August vacation piece I wrote for the Easy Chair was in 1936. It instructed seekers in the difficult but rewarding skill of living among the Vermonsters. I cannot remember which part of Vermont I had been staying in, but in those carefree days I was always off to one or another Vermont town. On a sultry day in Cambridge in 1943 it is something to remember that Vermont still exists and to trust that sometime one may again drive

down Granville Gulf or over Peru Mountain and have dinner at Bennington or Burlington or Woodstock. A year later I was writing about Gettysburg, and I remember the Judas trees of southern Pennsylvania that I had driven past in early June, as I hope someone remembers that that vacation piece was not altogether frivolous.

In the August issue of 1938 I voiced the only pure ecstasy I have ever confided to this column: *that* June I was moving away from New York. In 1939 it was still a pre-war world and I told you about the rattlefin, the monster of the Rocky Mountains which strikes terribly in the dark, and about General George Van Horn Moseley, who had just told the Dies Committee that in the month of August one hundred and fifty thousand Communists were going to come up from underground and seize the United States—unless of course General Moseley could stop them singlehanded. He must be mistaken, I pointed out, for August was the wrong month for armed revolution in the United States—it was the month when the folkways imposed vacations. I seem to have been right, and it was a long time ago, that last summer of what we still insisted on calling peace, and I wonder where General Moseley is now and what innocent visions engross him.

It had ceased to be even titular peace at the end of May, 1940, when I wrote the next August Easy Chair. I wrote it at Sante Fe after driving there during the terrible days of the blitzkrieg, and it cannot be called a vacation piece. Holland had been invaded before I started west, and I had got only to St. Louis when the Belgians surrendered. The shock and terror of those defeats were with me; it was, I said, a dreamlike time to travel across America. I told of listening to the President's first war message in the darkness, a mile or so outside of Trinidad. "Some Mexicans came out of a little adobe hut, bowing, smiling, apologetic, and asked if they might listen too. When it was finished one of our guests said, 'I guess maybe America declare war pretty soon now.' We waved good-by and drove on to Trinidad. I guess maybe." (That guess and a statement that we had better win the



war which we had then been in for a full eight months got the Easy Chair denounced by a number of Mid-Western newspapers and, in letters, by a staggering number of their readers. I could not see why, for I had said precisely the same things in the issue of the preceding November and several later issues.)

Well, that trance continued. I parked my car above the blue waters of a Utah dam to hear Mr. Roosevelt denounce Mussolini in his stab-in-the-back speech. All my life I shall remember waking in an infinitesimal Idaho village to hear that the Nazis had entered Paris. I walked with my young son beside a creek so full of trout that they rose when he tossed crumbs in it—and tried to realize what had happened. The realization grew but slowly through the numbness of those days. And by the time that August Easy Chair was on the stands we had to realize that there was no more France, it seemed certain that there would soon be no more England, and one waited in hypnotic horror for the beginning of what we were presently calling the Battle of Britain.

Those of us who, in May of 1940, knew that the United States was in the war found that summer a more exhausting strain than anything that has come since. At least, nothing since then has required such endurance in darkness, not even Pearl Harbor. That dreadful day, in fact, had a kind of reassurance, for thenceforth it was certain, as it had not been before, not only that we were in the war but that we should exert our strength in it. Even the brutal defeats that lost us the Philippines and all the Pacific as far as Midway, although our own men were dying now, were somehow less terrible—because we knew they would be repaired in the end—for in the summer of 1940 there was no knowledge, there was hardly even an insane man's hope, that the fall of Europe could be repaired. (Do you, by the way, remember Senator Wheeler's question in the following December? "Why all this sudden talk about war with Japan? What is America's stake in the Malay Archipelago, in Burma, in Indo-China, in Siam, in Singapore?" Perhaps the Senator knows the answer now. Or does he?)

We have lived through the doubt that Great Britain could survive. We have lived through the conviction that the conquest of Russia would take only a few months. We have lived through Bataan and Corregidor. We have lived through much impotent anguish, many doubts, great fear, but we have had to live through nothing so terrible as that summer of unmitigated and absolute despair. Western civilization in any terms we could comprehend seemed finished; not only the war was lost but the meaning of life; this was quite literally the end of the world we belonged to. There was no break in that despair until the following autumn, when it was at last clear that the *Luftwaffe* had failed. Not for a full two years would the United States be in the war formally and actively, and yet the true turning point of the war for us, as for everyone else, came when the RAF had brought us slowly and wonderingly to realize that hope could exist again.

It seems wise to remember that summer now that, in June of 1943, we again wait breathless in another tremendous pause—though with what a difference! At the end of June the strategic bombing of Germany is under way, the bombing offensive against Italy has begun, and there is a vast smokescreen and expectancy behind which, everyone knows, events larger than any we have yet seen and sure to be decisive are preparing. One is taut, strained to the human limit, with suspense. That suspense will certainly be relieved in part by the time an Easy Chair written in June and dated August is on the stands toward the end of July. But the true measure of the distance we have come is the difference between this suspense and that other of three years ago.

The Easy Chair, its collar unbuttoned and its vacation piece written (the only vacation it will get this year), offers that contribution to your two weeks at the mountains or the shore, if you can get two weeks there. This is a summer of discontent, a summer of strain and fear and, no doubt, panic as well. But, three years ago, you would not have believed that a summer so tranquil, so bright with hope, would ever again be possible on earth.



# DON'T WASTE THE GAME CROP!

JAMES AND ALICE WILSON



**W**HAT would you think of a cattle rancher who harvested only half his annual beef crop year after year and kept the rest to increase until his herd destroyed the range and starved to death?

America is doing just that with much of its wild game. And lest you think the game crop is a mere drop in the bucket of our wartime meat shortage, consider that in 1942 American hunters harvested more than a quarter of a billion pounds (full dressed) of wild meat, most of it produced on forage which domestic animals don't eat, and harvested in people's spare time as a by-product of their recreation. Hunters harvested almost a fifth as much food, by weight, as all the commercial fisheries of the United States and Alaska!

That harvest could have been increased, in many areas, from fifty to five hundred per cent with actual benefit to game herds and flocks, and this would have added at least one hundred million pounds to the nation's dwindling meat supply.

Spectacular game surpluses—that is, unharvested crops of wild animals and birds—exist in almost every section of the United States. The species whose overcrowding has become a problem in spots include deer, elk, antelope, reindeer, ducks, pheasants, and rabbits. They innocently interfere with wartime food production in the most unlikely places. Virginia last year declared an open season on

elk, which were damaging hay and forage. As for the Western and Lake States, they contain hundreds of problem areas where deer or elk exhaust their winter food supply, encroach on crops and livestock range, and finally die of starvation by thousands.

This state of things—combining as it does an appalling waste of food, destruction of a basic natural resource, and cruelty to animals—is intolerable and must be ended.

You may wonder where all the game has come from, for only yesterday everyone was saying: "Hunt with a camera instead of a gun." Most people still think all species of game are dying out. But they are about ten years behind the facts.

During the last century, when American hunters were not restricted by game laws, they harvested not only the annual game crop but most of the breeding stock as well. Suddenly sportsmen realized that the game was almost gone. The passenger pigeon and heath hen had already just about disappeared for good. The bison in its wild state was gone. Of the bighorn sheep and mountain goat, only a few head remained. The antelope, which once had roamed the plains in seemingly inexhaustible herds, was practically extinct. In a few years even deer and elk would be gone.

And so the conservationists appeared—in the nick of time. The public was con-



verted. Legislators passed game laws. We established refuges, killed off such predators as coyotes, mountain lions, and wolves, and restocked areas where game had been killed out. We spent millions of dollars to restore northern breeding grounds for ducks. Newspapers, magazines, clubs, schools, Boy Scouts, Izaak Waltonites all preached the gospel of conservation: "No true sportsman ever kills a female."

Not only was the campaign successful; in recent years it has been so extra-successful that the chief topic of discussion among game administrators at the North American Wildlife Conference of 1943 was: "How on earth are we going to harvest all this game?" The big-game population of the United States has doubled about every ten years since 1908, increasing from an estimated 500,000 head to 6½ million head in 1943. (Of these, about 6 million are deer.) Pheasants, introduced from China in 1881, last year supplied a harvest of 15 million birds. The duck population of North America, which hit an all-time low of 27 million in 1934-35, has bounced back up to 120 million, and is climbing at the rate of ten to twenty per cent a year.

Game is like domestic stock in one respect. There is an annual crop, and if it isn't harvested, herds and flocks eventually outstrip their food supply. Drastic protection of all game everywhere was necessary to restore the depleted breeding stock. It isn't necessary any longer. Harvesting of crops is now just as important as protection of breeding stock in maintaining a balance between the game population and its food supply, despite the fact that a nation with a fifty-year-old tradition of indiscriminate protection cannot bring itself to believe that there could possibly be too many deer in Michigan, too many elk in Jackson Hole, too many pheasants in South Dakota, or too many ducks in western Washington.

The problem has been serious enough during the past few years. Now that the war has brought a shortage of hunters, ammunition, and gasoline it has become desperate indeed. For game won't stop breeding just because there's a war. Yet the conception of wild game as producing an annual crop that needs harvest is hard

for the public to accept. For instance, a few years ago the people of Colorado discovered that deer and elk in certain areas were starving by thousands on the threadbare winter range. Unwilling to see the animals killed, they shouted: "Feed 'em hay!" The State of Colorado has spent almost \$200,000 feeding them hay and concentrates. But the deer couldn't live on such fare, for a deer digests hay about as well as you do. His natural food is browse—shrubs, bark, twigs, and leaves. Pittman-Robertson studies indicate that a deer's digestive apparatus to function properly for any length of time needs a diet of 80 to 90 per cent browse, an elk's about 50 per cent.

This spring the Colorado Game Department burned the carcasses of 2,400 dead deer near the feed grounds in the Gunnison area alone. This loss was 40 to 50 per cent of the deer that were fed. For several years, over Colorado as a whole, more deer have lost their lives during the winter than have been killed by hunters. Obviously you can't save them by feeding them. The only way to salvage the meat that is going to waste is for hunters to harvest it. If hunters don't, starvation and predators will.

But the public cannot yet believe that this is true. Popular demand still insists that other States follow Colorado's lead and spend tens of thousands of dollars feeding deer artificially.

## II

THERE is no *general* surplus of game—yet. But there are hundreds of *specific local* surpluses which will develop into a general surplus if not harvested. Colorado alone has about two dozen perennial problem areas.

Our national forests contain some of the most crowded game "slums" in the world. For example, while the one-and-one-half-million-acre Fishlake Forest in Utah will carry 30,000 deer through the winter, the present population is 60,000. Fishlake bucks are so thin you can "slit the hide and shake out the bones." Last year's winter loss on the Fishlake was 42 animals *per square mile*—about 4,000 pounds of meat, dressed—on 25 per cent of the range. And this in a time of meat shortage!



In Malheur National Forest in eastern Oregon the deer range had been worn down to the fabric before Oregonians would agree that the herd should be cut. Even the presence of 1,200 dead fawns on six square miles wasn't evidence enough. The Forest Service sought relief from the State Game Commission, but it in turn had to wait for public support. It waited four years. Malheur Forest is still grossly overpopulated, despite repeated efforts to whittle down the herd.

Conditions are almost as bad in the Lake States. Even in the Allegheny and Pisgah National Forests of the East, says the Forest Service, the deer population "should be cut down somewhat."

The 1942 census of all our national forests showed a total of 2,000,000 deer and 165,000 elk. Under favorable conditions a deer herd will double in two to three years, an elk herd in three to five. The annual national-forest crop is about 600,000 animals. Last year an estimated 300,000 died of malnutrition or were killed by predators; hunters took only 180,000. And still the big-game population increased by 120,000—all destined for future harvest by hunger and predators. Dr. H. L. Shantz, Chief of Game Management of the Forest Service, says: "A reasonable estimate would suggest that at least 600,000 deer and 30,000 elk should be harvested from the national forests by hunters, besides those taken by predators and starvation, to restore the balance between animal life and range."

Conditions are even worse in certain areas outside the national forests. In the West most national-forest land is high-altitude summer range, of which there is plenty. The losses from starvation occur on low-altitude winter range—mostly private, State, and other Federal lands—of which there is a much smaller acreage available to big game. Much of this lower range is pre-empted by domestic stock. Much of it is grass—unpalatable to game animals—instead of the shrubs and brush which they prefer. More important still, dry, dormant winter forage does not renew itself until spring.

Since 1927 hunters have harvested only about one-third of the annual deer crop and about two-thirds of the elk crop.

If wartime conditions make an adequate harvest impossible next fall it is thought that almost half the deer and elk in the United States will face hunger and possible starvation next winter. Before they starve they will destroy the range for years to come. After the tragic loss of seven-eighths of the Kaibab Forest deer herd from starvation in the twenties, it took fifteen years before the range could again support a normal complement of game. It will never be as good as it was because many of the best forage plants were permanently killed out.

Yet the efforts of State and Federal authorities to control game herds have met with the bitterest kind of public opposition. Although artificially fed elk in Jackson Hole die of starvation at a rate of from 600 to 1,000 annually, local people have fought every effort to reduce this herd. A Wyoming sportsman, quoted in the *Elks Magazine*, flatly accuses the Forest Service of lying, under pressure from "big livestock interests," when it reports that elk in the Bighorn National Forest have outstripped their food supply and are starving to death.

As a matter of fact, livestock interests are jealous guardians of the welfare of big game; every rancher knows that the best way to maintain a good cow range is to keep enough deer and elk to prevent the browse from crowding out the grass. But a rancher who loves fifty deer may hate five hundred.

Under normal conditions there is little competition between big game and domestic stock for food. In general, stock eats grass, while game prefers browse. Stock and game can eat happily at the same table, and should. But if there are too many deer—or elk, antelope, cattle, or sheep—on a range, the dominant species cannot select its diet, and has to rob other animals of food. If browse is gone, deer will turn to grass or anything else to postpone starvation. Starving cattle will eat browse. If the whole range is worn threadbare, famished animals will fight indiscriminately for whatever food is left.

It is where such conditions prevail that big game is damaging crops and livestock range. Fourteen States report deer damage to range, orchards, truck crops, corn,



small grain, stacked hay, and gardens. Seven report damage by elk, four by antelope. Imagine the feelings of the rancher near Denver Mountain Parks who counted 845 elk on his ranch at one time, stripping the forage and tearing down haystacks! As for antelope, they were near extinction not so long ago, but recently 27,000 of them were counted in a Wyoming county which had been thought to have only 5,000.

Even ducks can make a farmer swear. In 1941 a quarter of a million mallards wintering on the Jumbo Reservoir in northeastern Colorado took about 50,000 bushels of corn on 15,000 acres—enough to fatten 1,200 steers. Last fall the ducks moved in again. An SOS to the Federal government by the authors of this article brought Fish and Wildlife Service agents to scatter the flock with high-powered rifles, flares, skyrockets, searchlights, dynamite bombs, and tracer bullets. The farmers estimated that as a result \$20,000 worth of corn was saved.

Nobody claims there are too many ducks in all of North America—yet. But there *are* too many in spots, scattered over twelve Western and Midwestern States. As with big game, huge “cities” of ducks in underhunted areas, especially unregulated refuges, outstrip their winter food supply and settle down like a Biblical plague over forage and crops. In western Washington ducks all but took last season’s cabbage crop. Many Sacramento Valley truck and rice farmers say they will have to move out if damage by ducks isn’t controlled.

Of all upland game, rabbits and pheasants are the hardest to control. Twenty-three States report damage to crops by rabbits; seventeen report damage by pheasants. So fast have these birds multiplied in the United States that, although 15 million were killed last year, that was not enough to stop the increase. Thousands of bushels of grain were eaten by pheasants that will probably die of natural causes. That corn would have made a lot of pork chops.

Please do not conclude from this evidence of game surpluses that *all* wildlife should be slaughtered indiscriminately to win the war. A few species, such as big-

horn sheep and mountain goats, have not “come back” as yet, and still need drastic protection everywhere. Most native upland birds, especially quail and grouse, will profit from wartime’s partial moratorium on hunting. Even deer are scarce in some places. But more hunters by the thousands are needed this season to harvest the surplus game in the overcrowded areas.

### III

THE paradox of the situation is that, although our game authorities have plenty of power to deal with scarcities of game, many of them haven’t the power (to say nothing of not having enough hunters) to control surpluses.

Authority to effect removal of excess *domestic* livestock from range that was being destroyed has enabled the U. S. Grazing Service to put the livestock industry, on Federal lands, on a permanent sustained-yield basis. Game authorities want to do the same thing with game. But they can’t do it.

The main trouble is that the public and politicians; after choosing their game managers supposedly for expert knowledge and ability, insist on telling them what to do and how to do it. Half the Game Commissions in the United States are hamstrung by meddling legislatures, ponderously meeting once in two years to pass inexperienced, tardy, blunderbuss laws in a highly technical field they know nothing about.

The inflexibility of existing laws often leaves game managers powerless to cope with emergencies. California has 400,000 deer, cherished by a doe-loving legislature. Last year Army dimout and fire-prevention regulations cut the hunting season short. Result: a paltry 17,000 bucks were harvested—only 4.3 per cent of the herd. The harvest should have been at least five times as large. Seven and a half million pounds of meat wasted—enough to ration San Francisco for six weeks! A bigger bag limit would have saved the meat; a doe season would have checked the mounting surplus; a winter hunting season would have complied with Army orders. The Game Commission had authority to order none of these. (Since



then, happily, the authority has been granted.)

This brings us to the Sanctity of the Doe. If there is one thing of which the uninformed public is sure, it is that does must never be killed. But every livestock raiser knows you can't control the breeding potential of a herd by harvesting males alone.

Game managers are at last beginning to persuade sportsmen, if not the general public, that this is true. When the New Mexico Commission, facing an acute surplus of deer in the Black Canyon area, first declared an open season on does, placards flamed from telephone poles and trees: "No sportsman ever shoots a doe!"—and no sportsman did. But now they do—educated by a persistent Game Commission.

Pennsylvania, long a bright spot in game management, has had eleven doe seasons since 1923, two for does only. Does are sanctified by the legislature in Michigan. With one-fifth less deer range than Michigan, and a herd about the same size, Pennsylvania has harvested in the past eleven years almost 300,000 more deer than Michigan, and has just as many left. That's more than 30 million pounds of meat as a bonus for good management.

Game managers don't want to slaughter does. They just want to manage game. Is it good sense to accuse them of trying to wipe it out, when most of them depend on hunting-license revenue for their salaries?

Another legal obstacle to good management is the absolute, inviolate type of refuge. It is not needed any longer. But we are still establishing new refuges of this type. In 1941 the Colorado legislature created two. A Presidential proclamation has just added 221,000 acres (one-third of the area of Rhode Island) to a Wyoming elk refuge which has been added to four times and still has starving elk!

Private preserves are a still harder nut to crack. Duck-hunting rights on Barr Lake, northeast of Denver, are leased by wealthy sportsmen. Neither the State nor the Federal government can legally control these ducks without permission of the lessees. The only recourse of the farmers is to bring damage suits if the ducks ruin their crops. Damage suits against whom?

Are the sportsmen liable for damage done by ducks which legally belong to the Federal government? Is the government liable, when it has no legal right to control the ducks?

Many administrators feel that individuals or clubs controlling exclusive hunting privileges in choice game resorts should be required to make use of those privileges—at least to the extent necessary to keep the game from damaging other people's property. There is a Scottish precedent for this: anyone leasing grouse-hunting rights to a moor has to harvest a stated number of birds from that moor.

#### IV

ALL of this adds up to one very simple thing—the need for more flexible control of game by experts competent to administer it.

Perched on a pyramid of inflexible policies a decade out of date, most Game Commissions have been left high and dry and forgotten by a public and lawmakers intent on phases of war-winning more obvious than saving meat and range. Meanwhile a thousand changes requiring quick action have taken place overnight. A third of the hunters have gone to war or are too busy to hunt. Most of the rest cannot get gas and have to hunt near home. Ammunition is scarce. Military regulations have affected game control.

Part of the chronic confusion lies with a system which makes for hopeless division of authority between six independent Federal agencies and forty-eight State commissions—besides the legislatures and the public. Each agency determines its own policy, which is often at odds with that of another. They have never got together on a consistent program of management.

But we have muddled through with these chronic ills for years. The crisis of 1943 is caused by the scarcity of hunters, ammunition, gas, and guns.

As we write this, it appears that hunters are to be allotted no ammunition beyond what is already in dealers' hands. This despite Lieutenant General Somervell's statement of April 27th that, of all war goods, there is a reserve supply of only



one, and that is ammunition. If hunters cannot go into the woods next fall millions of acres of range will be "scorched earth" by spring—not only for one year, but for years to come. The only remaining means of preventing this will be for State and Federal authorities to harvest surplus game—though conservationists bitterly oppose this except as a last resort.

To meet the present emergency and cure the chronic ills the authors of this article advise: (1) release of as much ammunition to hunters as is consistent with military needs; (2) liberalization of seasons and bag limits in game-surplus areas, as far as present legislation permits; (3) repeal of statutory obstacles by legislatures that can meet; (4) a committee of game authorities, co-operating with the Food Administrator perhaps, to work out a unified wartime program for surplus game control and utilization which might be adopted by all agencies; (5) as a very last resort, harvest of surplus game by State and Federal authorities in areas where

hunters cannot do the job. As a long-range measure we suggest also the eventual relinquishment of legislative authority to State Game Commissions.

Game, wisely handled, can help win the war, and better its own estate in the process. We need the meat desperately. We need the forage, grain, and gardens destroyed by surplus game animals. And we need the by-products of hunting—hides, furs, fats, and feathers. We used to import a million deer hides a year, while American hunters threw away almost half that many, under State laws forbidding the sale of any wild game product. Salvage is a new word in our national economy. These laws should be modified accordingly.

So if you have given up hunting because you thought it was unpatriotic, forget your qualms. It is about the most patriotic fun you can have. But before you go, drop your Game Commission a card and ask them where the surpluses are. Go where they send you.





# THE KNOCKOUT AT MIDWAY

*Americans in Battle—No. 6*

FLETCHER PRATT



SOME time between 8:30 and 9:00 on the morning of June 4th the crisis of the Battle of Midway had been passed, though no one in the American forces knew it at the time. The Japanese had struck hard with their sea-borne air forces at our island base and had damaged it; still more had they damaged the aerial resources of the defense. But our land-based aviators had also struck at them; they had lost at least one of their transports, one carrier at least was in very bad shape, a second damaged, there were bombs in other vessels all through the fleet; and their aerial losses were such that only victory could pay for them. They had not won this victory. They were accepting a drawn battle, turning round to come back later for another try—perhaps no later than the next day—when a force of which they were completely ignorant came rushing into action.

It was the American carrier striking force of Admiral Spruance.

This striking force, which you will recall had been hurrying toward Midway that eventful morning, had three carriers—*Yorktown*, *Hornet*, and *Enterprise*. The carriers were hull-down from one another, now somewhat northeast of Midway, still running fast toward the scene of action. In all the ships, pilots had been called from their bunks at three

o'clock; by four they were in the ready-rooms, talking excitedly as weather information and the course and speed of the enemy were posted on the blackboards. On some vessels loudspeakers were tuned in on the battle frequency; everyone aboard could hear the shouts of Henderson's men as they went into their desperate adventure, the voice of a young B-17 pilot, breaking with emotion on the high note, the clear, rapid words of Colonel Sweeney making his assignments. A flash from the high command said the Japs were attacking Midway. The Jap bombers making that attack must have been almost in sight of our ships behind the thin, chill haze that covered the morning where they were, and still the ships were pushing west at such speed that the destroyers were taking it green over their bows. At 7:30 the pilots manned planes and were summoned from them again, stamping the deck and apostrophizing the bridge—"Wouldn't you think at a time like this they'd get things straight up there?"

Just before nine Spruance got straight the two matters that had to be straight before he could release his thunderbolt. First, the enemy carriers had been found. Second, his own carriers had moved into position where fighters could give the attacking planes cover all the way in. The American fleet had now run through



its haze area into clear bright weather. "Pilots, man your planes!"

From Lieutenant Dickinson's unidentified carrier there were 14 torpedo planes, 36 dive bombers and fighter escort; from each of the other carriers about the same, to make up the greatest concentration of sea-air strength yet seen in war. The *Hornet's* Torpedo Squadron 8 was under Lieutenant Commander John C. Waldron; among the flying clouds of the weather front near the target he lost contact with the rest of our planes and could not find the enemy. Convinced that the course he had flown should have brought him to intercept the Japs near where they were last reported and that the clouds would not hide so great a concentration of ships, he reasoned that there was only one explanation for missing them—the Japs must have turned back whence they had come. He turned northwest therefore, and a little after 11 o'clock found them, four carriers sliding along in a close group, with all the retinue of other ships around.

The long run had taken nearly all his gas, he had lost the fighters that were to cover him, and the Japs were now located. "Request permission to withdraw from action to refuel," he radioed. But the enemy had slipped observation once; they might do it again and return with their superior force. "Attack at once" radioed back the "Human Machine," though the men in those planes were his friends.

Ensign George Gay was one of that squadron. He has described how they found the Jap fleet closely bunched round their carriers, a line less than ten miles long from end to end, to get the maximum effect from their AA fire, and how Zeros swarmed round the American planes as they went in, taking every advantage of the fact that a torpedo plane has to make a long level run before launching.

"I'm hit," said Gay's machine-gunner over the interphone, but the plane still worked; Gay drove in toward the bows of an onrushing carrier, dropped his missile, swung up and along her side toward the stern. A Jap shell went off right in the middle of the rudder controls, burning his leg, and at almost the same moment a bullet hit his left arm. The plane stalled and struck the water, already several

miles astern of the carrier. As Gay came up, the tail of the machine stuck out of the water, but of his gunner and radio-man there was no sign; they were gone with every other man of Torpedo 8. Gay was the only survivor. A bag floated free from the wreck with a rubber raft in it, and a small black bombardier's cushion. He grabbed the cushion, bandaged his wounds under water, and looked up in time to catch the most spectacular sight of the war.

Lieutenant Commander Clarence McCluskey with Bombing 6 and Scouting 6 (all carrying bombs this day) had found the Japs and was attacking—this time with fighter cover. The undamaged carrier *Kaga* was making her full 30 knots into the wind, trying to shoot off her refueled fighters; for the attack had come as a dreadful surprise to the Japs, who thought they were done with Midway. The first three bombs missed, and back on our carriers the radios picked up McCluskey's fervent swearing. But of the next three, one landed among the airplanes on the *Kaga's* afterdeck, lighting a fire that burned with electric brilliance even in the candid daylight; one went through into the hangar deck to toss a column of debris aloft; and one set light to the planes forward, ready to fly. Then there were hits and hits till the *Kaga* blazed from stem to stern and the last man in the formation gave his load of bombs to a destroyer, which stopped with smoke and steam gushing from the engine room. Gay saw a prodigious column of flame shoot up from the *Kaga* and even at his distance felt a shock through the water. Her magazines had gone.

When he looked at the other carriers he could see the *Akagi* burning fiercely, fired by Lieutenant Best's Bombing 6, with nobody knows how many hits as she sought in vain to maneuver with that torpedo hole in her side. The *Soryu* too was alight; she had been hit by Bombing 3 (normally the *Saratoga's* squadron, but the Navy has not said what ship they flew from June 4th). And two of the battleships were burning. All across the horizon a long line of warships were rocking and blazing on the slow Pacific swell. Down near the water our torpedo planes from our other carriers



were coming in, much harried by Zeros, which seemed to have taken them as their especial targets and let the ships care for themselves against the bombers—one reason why it was bomber's field day while the torpedo men suffered. Out of 41 American torpedo planes that left the carriers that morning only 6 got home, and nobody knows whether they accomplished much or little. No one has much detail of any kind on this last stage of the attack. Gay saw only that line of burning giants with destroyers hurrying round to pump and salvage. Dickinson, from his more comprehensive point of view aloft, saw the undamaged *Hiryu* hurrying away into the mists. The second phase of the battle was over and the Japanese were a beaten fleet.

It must have been about this time that the radios carried the message reported by Correspondent Casey—the gasp of a Japanese scout as he came through a cloud: “My God, the whole United States fleet is out here!”

## II

**B**UT there was life in those Japanese yet; there was one punch left in the *Hiryu*. Our carriers had turned and were steaming southwestward, keeping their distance from those fast Japanese battle-ships, since they had nothing stronger than fighters left aboard and nothing better than cruisers to cover them. (The *Scharnhorst* had sunk the *Glorious* in a few minutes off Norway under such conditions.) The three carrier groups were spread very wide, hull down from one another, which kept the Japs from hitting all of them at once as theirs had been hit, but also increased the enemy's chances of finding and hitting at least one—a variation in method that will doubtless long exercise tacticians. Put it that this was a special case; there was no longer any chance of concealment in that clear, still day with our planes battering the Japanese ships, and Spruance's spread formation allowed the fighter planes from all to go to the aid of the first carrier attacked.

It was the *Yorktown*, the northernmost ship, that was struck just after 1 o'clock by 36 dive bombers from the *Hiryu*, which may have followed some of our planes

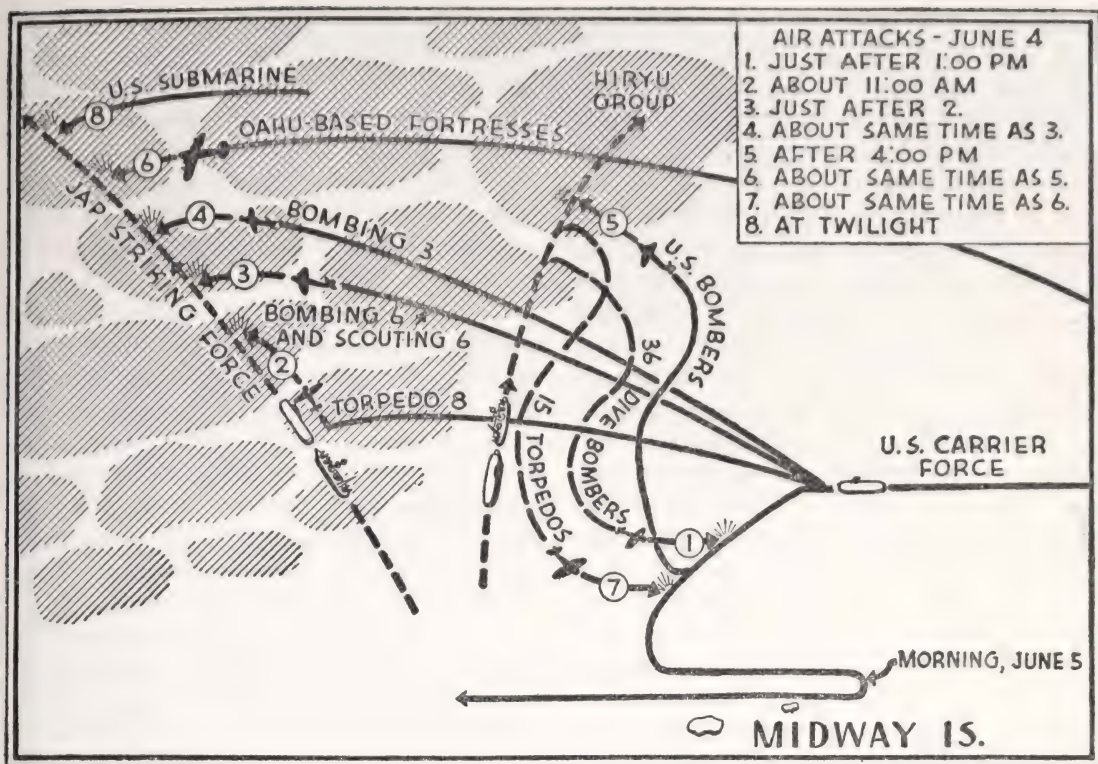
home from their foray (see chart on following page). “Stand by to repel air attack,” said her loudspeakers, and the fighter patrols of the other carriers joined the *Yorktown*'s. “It was damned spectacular,” said an officer of one carrier. “On the horizon there would be a flash of flame and a mass of thick black smoke plunging downward to the sea. There would be another flash and another downward pencil; finally it looked like the sky over there was covered by a curtain of smoke streamers.”

Only seven Jap planes came through that hornet's nest of American fighters, but they came in a mood of Oriental desperation, and despite losing three more at the ship, they planted bombs. One hit the *Yorktown* just abaft the island, smashed up the guns there, and started a fire; another hit in the forward elevator well and started more fire from the tanks of the planes on the hangar deck; and still another bomb went through the side of the funnel, blowing out the fires in the ship's engine room. The *Yorktown* stopped; watching her from the *Hornet*'s deck they could see a tall column of smoke shoot straight up. But on the damaged carrier the fires were got in hand and Engineer Officer John F. Delaney said he could work her up to fifteen knots after repairs.

Among our other ships the mood had become a kind of restrained jubilation. They had heard the words and broken exclamations on battle frequency—“Take the one on the right, Joe.” “Boy, look at that bastard burn.” “Zero on your tail, Zero on your tail”—and a few fliers' reports were on hand. Everyone was saying our big attack on the Japanese fleet had been a success, though how much of a success would be uncertain till the planes came trailing in just before and during the attack on the *Yorktown*.

But the *Hornet*'s planes did not come home at all; Torpedo 8 was all down, as we have seen, and the ship's scout-bombing groups had traveled just enough farther than the rest to leave them short of juice to get home. A few crash-landed at sea; the rest made Midway with the last drops in their tanks, two falling short of the runway by exactly the 300 feet which brought them down in the lagoon,





AIR ATTACKS ON JUNE 4TH

(Shaded areas represent cloud formations)

whence their pilots waded ashore. The *Yorktown's* planes came back in twos and threes, many of them hurt, but Bombing 3 had suffered little, and Bombing 6 was there, all in formation as though returning from a training flight.

They and all the other planes in the fleet still fit for work were refueled and remunitioned, while the pilots grabbed sandwiches and coffee, and then took off again to get that last Jap carrier, the *Hiryu*, and break up her flight deck. She and her escort, which now seems to have included most of the support force (since it had two battleships and a heavy cruiser besides destroyers), had steamed right away from the rest of the dolorous Japanese armada, northeastward. A good trick if it worked, but we had practical command of the air now, and our scouts found her. Whoever it was that first saw her, a *Yorktown* man, Lieutenant Sam Adams, scuttling along the edge of the clouds with his radio key open, described the course, speed, and composition of the *Hiryu* and her escorting group of ships so accurately that the tactical officers back on our

carriers could assign precise targets to every man. Thus it happened that this was the most carefully worked-out attack of them all.

It must have been 2:30 in the afternoon, or later, before our attacking group of planes got away; and since the two fleets were now farther apart and steaming away from each other, it must have been after 4:00 before they reached the *Hiryu* group. Now the day-long losing battle that the Japanese airmen had fought began to have its effect. Their fighter opposition was weak. Their anti-aircraft fired furiously enough, but the men who fired must have reached the point of black despair over the endless procession of star-marked planes that came out of the clouds to pound their dying ships. Hardly a blow from all that group of American planes missed its target; the *Hiryu* was hit and hit again with bombs timed to pierce her deck till she burned from end to end. Both battleships were hit, the cruiser and the destroyer were hit, while our loss was next to nothing.

By now it was after four o'clock. At



about this time a flight of Army Flying Fortresses from Oahu, which had used their immense range to run 1000 miles or more to the battle area, were getting low on gas and had seen neither friend nor enemy through the broken clouds. "Prepare to drop bombs," said the squadron leader. They all thought they were going to jettison and make the best of their way back to base, but the lead plane dipped and as they followed it down, "in the distance we saw hundreds of fighter planes hovering above a line of burning ships," says one of them. "Someone said on the interphone, 'Everybody at battle stations, here come the Zeros.'" But the Zeros did not come, and a moment later the Army men realized delightedly that what had looked like Zeros were only the anti-aircraft bursts from ships whose fighter protection was now 500 fathoms down at the bottom of the Pacific, all of them blazing away in wild nervousness 20 miles in advance of the attackers.

"No undamaged carriers were visible," and the two battleships in sight were both burning. The fliers chose targets of opportunity. Three big bombs completed the ruin of the *Akagi*; a heavy cruiser was hit and a light cruiser. One bomb struck square on the fantail of a destroyer, which was halfway under and covered by a cloud of smoke as the planes soared away to make emergency landings on Midway.

But in their last gasp of the day the Japs got the *Yorktown*. A flight of 15 torpedo planes from the *Hiryu* crossed our attack force somewhere in the skies (why they did not come simultaneously with their bombers is another of the minor mysteries of Midway) and came in on the damaged carrier with fighter escort while their own ships were getting the works.

Seven Jap torpedo planes and some of the fighters went down in a savage dogfight; three more fell to the carrier's AA fire before they could launch their torpedoes, and all the rest were lost in the pull-out, lost to American fighters who bravely entered their own barrage to get at the enemy. (At least one of them, Ensign Tootle, came down in the water with an engine knocked dead by that barrage.) Five torpedoes streaked toward the *Yorktown*. If she had had her full

speed she might have avoided them; if Engineer Delaney had not given her 21 knots, instead of the 15 he promised, they would all have hit her. As it was, two struck, one forward, one amidships on the port side. The engines stopped, the ship took a heavy list. "My God, she's going to capsize," said a lieutenant on one of the escorting destroyers.

She was not going to capsize; but she rolled out black smoke and Captain Buckmaster sadly gave the order to abandon ship as men fought their way up through dark compartments to slide down ropes and nets for the waiting destroyers to pick them up. She was not going to capsize, though her deck lay at so sharp an angle that her planes could not land, and one of them, coming in on the *Hornet*, caused that ship her only casualties of the battle. (He was a fighter pilot, badly wounded, and he lurched against the firing button of his .50, unconscious as his injured plane crumpled at contact with the deck, and sent off slugs that cut down eight men.)

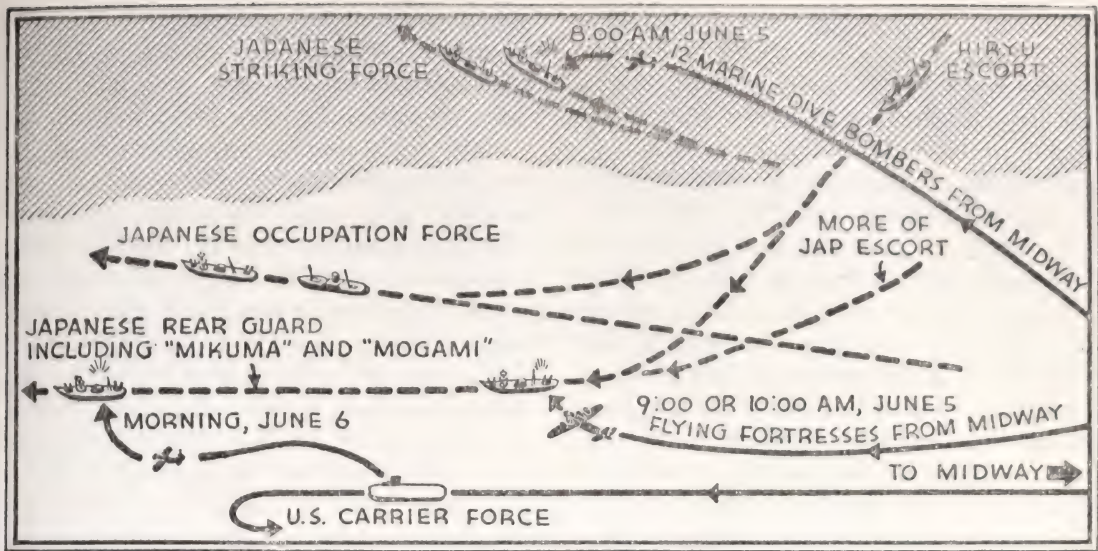
The day of battle was over. On the *Yorktown*, black and monstrous in the twilight, damage-control parties were pumping and shoring to bring the ship to an even keel. A few officers were drinking coffee in the wardroom of the *Hornet*, their faces drawn, their conversation the disjointed sentences of men half dead with fatigue as they discussed the Headquarters announcement that had come through the loudspeaker to quiet rumor: "Four enemy aircraft carriers attacked and severely damaged . . . our losses in planes were heavy . . . one of our carriers out of action." The depression of weariness had followed the fury. "We sent off fifty-three dive bombers and only got five back. If their admiral has any sense he'll send those battleships in on us tonight. Has anybody heard? What's left at the Island?"

Back at Honolulu the Army was preparing the broadcast that was to cause so much trouble through the impression of the uninformed that it was claiming all the credit for the victory.\*

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\* One Colonel Knerr blew this impression up into a full-dress article in which he actually did make the claim.





THE KNOCKOUT—JUNE 5TH AND 6TH

At Honolulu Admiral Nimitz, and out at Midway Captain Simard were trying to reconcile the reports of men who had seen the enemy only during the few seconds while they were flashing past at 300 miles an hour under intense attack. More reports kept coming in; PBV's were out all over the ocean that night and more were going out, some getting hit and coming down on the water, some coming down without being hit, to conserve their last precious fuel by taxiing in. At Midway the oil fire still burned—the Flying Fortresses had used it as a beacon—and everyone was working like mad at the tasks of repair, pausing now and then to snatch something to eat from the kettles that boiled in the open. "Before that attack the contractors were just contractors, but after it they just couldn't do enough," said one of the Marines who saw them. What was left of Marine Bombing 241 had had its planes fixed up and would go out presently under Major Norris for a night attack in that worldless black, each plane steering on the faint blue exhaust flare of the one ahead, and Major Norris would not come back.

It was a twilight of tension and doubt, through which no one at Midway or Honolulu or in the fleet realized what a state of material and moral disintegration the Japanese were in after having suffered a defeat beyond palliation. Our fleet steamed steadily east and away from an

enemy who might be coming back for a surface attack by night, when our aerial mastery would be void. No one knew—no one could know then—that under this same twilight Lieutenant Commander William H. Brockman's submarine, which had all day been driven down by repeated depth-charge attacks, had at last found the Japs disorganized enough to permit her to close in on one of the smoke clouds that lay close to the water. Under it was the badly damaged *Soryu*, "the Blue Dragon," still burning but moving slowly, shepherded by two big flotilla leaders. The submarine fired two torpedoes; the Blue Dragon vomited flame and capsized into it.

Ensign Gay could not communicate with the high command to tell how, as he clung to his cushion, Japanese planes droned through the evening sky, far and near, seeking hopelessly for a place to land. Off at the limit of his vision a cruiser pulled alongside the burning *Kaga* and fired salvos into her till the derelict sank; farther on the horizon he saw the *Akagi* tip up her bows and dive. It was growing dark; patches of glare appeared on the clouds where the Japs were using searchlights. One of them was red and unsteady, perhaps the glow of a burning ship.

Ensign Gay inflated his life raft, climbed in, and in a matter-of-fact manner began to patch the holes.



## III

TOWARD morning—the morning of June 5th—a Japanese submarine, which apparently had not received the bad news, surfaced near Midway and played sand castles on the island with a few shells. Shore batteries fired at the flash and chivvied her away just before the dawn patrols went out. The weather front was now edging southward and close to the water, with squalls and rough sea under it, the worst of flying conditions, but the reports that came in were more encouraging than anyone had dared hope. Nowhere near Midway was there any sign of Japanese ships afloat, only a great amount of debris, oil slicks and black Japanese life rafts, always empty. A few American life rafts, tenanted, to which destroyers and PBY's were directed. No sign of any Jap carriers or aircraft of whatever species; and when contact was finally made with their striking force off to the northwest it was seen to be hurrying home at the best speed of which its cripples were capable, already far distant.

The Japanese occupation force, presumably held back by the slower transports, was still clear of the weather front and now nearest of all the enemy. Some fliers thought they recognized, among its escort, vessels that had been with the *Hiryu* the night before, which could be true if they had been drawn in as rear guard after leaving the place where that last carrier sank during the night. Admiral Spruance turned his carrier group round and swung full speed into the pursuit despite his loss in planes, the *Hornet's* bombers from Midway joining at sea. But they had a chase ahead of them before they could reach striking range again.

The Army Flying Fortresses, however, had range enough; and Lieutenant Colonel Brook Allen, who had been a member of the Pearl Harbor investigating committee, took them out again, while the indefatigable Marines of Midway boiled out also, two formations of six dive bombers each. The target of the latter was a cruiser and battleship, somewhat separated from the other Japanese about 140 miles west of Midway. This would be some more of the *Hiryu's* escort; slanting

down southwestward across the front of action they would just about reach that spot by 8 o'clock on the morning of the 5th, the hour when the Marines hit them.

The Japs put up no fighter defense but there was "heavy and accurate anti-aircraft fire" and 12 planes were not enough to saturate it to ineffectiveness. Captain Richard Fleming's plane was hit—the squadron leader; the others saw it begin to burn, not too late for Fleming to jump, but he chose rather to hold to his dive and plant a beautiful direct hit on the cruiser before he plunged into the sea. The others all missed the dodging ship, but some by so narrow a margin that she counts as at least a badly damaged ship, her seams opened.

An hour or two later Allen's Flying Fortresses came in on the same group, now augmented by having fallen in with another contingent. "It was duck soup that day," said the Army pilots with relish. "They didn't have any more fighters." The cruiser that Fleming had hit was recognizably in trouble. Of course the Army men picked on that cripple, giving her a direct hit amidships and another right under the stern that left her with a heavy list, spinning circles like a teetotum. That was the last anybody saw of that ship, and maybe she went down; but no claims are made, nor are there any claims about the other cruiser that was damaged in the same attack.

That was the end of action for the day. The Japanese were moving away so fast that not even Fortresses could get back to Midway and load up again in time to catch them. The rest of the pursuit was up to Spruance, steaming hard all through that afternoon and night, though his destroyers were getting low on fuel and in the abstract there was no reason why the big Japanese gunnery ships should not assemble and turn back to hammer at our carriers, lose or retrieve all they had lost.

In the concrete, as the human calculating mechanism on the American flagship's bridge well knew, Japanese boldness exists only as it involves some element of trickery. The commander of one of their submarines was bold; he had traced the *Yorktown*, making her way toward Pearl Harbor in tow, with the destroyer



*Hammann* alongside. By morning of the 6th they had got the *Yorktown* on an even keel; they were going to save her up to the moment when that submarine fired four torpedoes in a burst.

Two hit the *Hammann*. She went down in 90 seconds and lost many of her crew when the depth charges blew while they were in the water. The other two torpedoes hit the *Yorktown* and made salvage futile, though she floated till another dawn before taking down her torn battle flags. Three men trapped in a compartment, in answer to the telephoned news of their plight just before they went down with the ship, said "We've got a hell of a good acey-deucey game going down here," which will doubtless be accepted among the best naval remarks of history.

But it was not the final remark of the battle; it was not even the final remark of that phase of the battle. The destroyers of the *Yorktown*'s escort were finishing that phase by blowing up the bold submarine that had torpedoed her; and about the same time, several hundred miles to the west, the dive bombers of Admiral Spruance were having another phase to themselves.

On the evening of June 5th a reconnaissance report spoke of an undamaged enemy carrier off to the north, under the weather edge, and the planes flew off to seek it. But it was a disappointment; no carrier, no sign of one, and no Jap planes. They had to console themselves by attacking a light cruiser, but she was so well handled in the bad weather and bad light as to escape with minor damage. But the next morning (as the *Yorktown* was going down) they were not disappointed; they picked up the Japanese rear guard in fairly clear weather, and went for it with 1000-pounders, each carrier vying as to which could put on the most perfect textbook attack under textbook conditions with no enemy planes to interfere.

What made the occasion perfect from our officers' point of view was that this rear guard contained the cheat-cruisers, *Mikuma* and *Mogami*, the ships the Japs built just after they got home from the

London naval conference. Remember? They had been singing about possible aggression then, and had persuaded our statesmen not to build anything beyond light cruisers. On paper these two ships were 8,500-tonners of that class; on the ocean beneath our dive bombers they were 13,000-ton heavies.

"At least two bomb hits were scored on each cruiser," says the communiqué in a masterpiece of understatement, for there were 20 planes in the *Mikuma* attack alone, and she is the ship that shows up in the last photographs of the action leaning over on one side, half her double funnel blown away, smoking decks all twisted and bent, guns acockbill, holes in her side with the torpedo tubes dangling from them, and what is left of her crew gathered aft to wait for the finish. The *Mikuma* went down sometime that afternoon; and the *Mogami* was left in such evil case that the communiqué claimed her as sunk too (though later evidence makes it possible that she may have got away).

Now our carriers were working into the region where land-based Japanese planes could get at them, so they turned away home and the battle was over, all but the business of picking up survivors. "The pleasantest thing of all," said one of the *Hornet*'s men, "was to hear for days afterward that one after another of our fliers was found, till our losses were really very small."

The high command doubtless had a due regard for that feature; but its pleasure was chiefly derived from the fact that the Japanese navy had taken its first indubitable, irrefutable, crushing defeat since the day when Hideoshi tried to make the Korean nightingale sing, back in the Middle Ages. They had attempted to use command of the sea without first attaining it, a job for which no boldness and no trickery is adequate, as a little reading of Admiral Mahan would have told them. But Admiral Mahan was an American, and it is probably beneath the dignity of the sons of heaven to accept advice from inferior races.



# HIDING UNDER THE ENEMY'S NOSE

J. DUNCAN CAMPBELL



HIGH in the sky a German observation plane drones over Allied territory, unmolested in the thin, cold upper air. As the faint hum of its engine drifts intermittently earthward our men glance up and say, "Smile for the camera, boys." Only the keenest eyes can see the plane, an infinitesimal speck in the blue dazzle overhead.

The German fliers, kept alive at those inhuman altitudes by heaters and oxygen-masks, are photographing the vast expanse below them with special cameras on incredibly sensitive film. The pictures are developed and printed mechanically during the flight and dropped on the return journey at the German Photographic Interpreter's headquarters where they are quickly examined by experts under magnifying and stereoscopic instruments which reveal infinite detail.

The pictures show something new today: a United Nations truck convoy strung out along a road which glistens in the late afternoon sun. Dust plumes make characteristic ladderlike shadows off to the left of the trucks. Careful calculations show that the convoy will be approaching the first of a series of ridges some thirty miles farther on by the time a squadron of German bombers can return to the scene. Nazi planes are unlimbered; crews are briefed. Pictures of the country are passed round. They show the road and the ridges. The stretch in which the convoy

should be found has been circled in red. Orders are to bomb from a high level, avoid fights, hurry back. It looks like routine.

The squadron flies to the spot by navigation. (*Planes of the future will find the general target area without even seeing it barring interference from other planes or the weather.* Coming over the last of the ridges at great height, everyone searches the familiar scene below. No convoy. They circle, much like vultures, as their leader weighs several factors: the setting sun, the empty country below, the likelihood of discovery by enemy aircraft, the distance home. He is at a disadvantage. If he descends any farther (to investigate at closer range) he challenges an unknown quantity—the sting of powerful anti-aircraft guns whose fire may not reveal the true position of the convoy. His target will be lost in the gathering dusk, his planes silhouetted against the evening sky. He hates to drop bombs indiscriminately, knowing how harmless even a near miss can be. The convoy may not be down there at all. It may be sixty miles away by now if it has turned back.

He can't tell which would be a safe way to get a look. Should the planes come over the ridge from the south, bursting over the open country in a rush, giving the Americans and British no time to sight on the squadron? What if the convoy's anti-aircraft guns are now on that side of the



mountain? Where are they anyway? His observers report Allied planes, very high to the north. His orders are clear. He decides quickly, turns home.

More pictures have been taken as a matter of course. This second set of pictures reveals what the naked eye, even with the dubious aid of wavering binoculars, had not been able to see. The whole convoy had been there, spread in the shadow of the ridge itself. Each truck had been beside a rock, a tree, a building. Each had been separated from its neighbor in a naturally irregular pattern. Windshields had been covered with canvas, tops covered with camouflage nets to break the rectangular shapes into uneven masses. The pictures even show some of the men, including the anti-aircraft crews—who had been ready and waiting.

Some time after the planes have disappeared and night has fallen the Allied troops whisk off the nets and covers, chuck them into the trucks. The convoy plows back onto the road with a roar—delayed somewhat, but rested and intact.

## II

THE camouflage section of the Engineer Board at Fort Belvoir, Virginia, receives such reports constantly. Their camouflage experiments, many of which cannot be described, are constantly being correlated with experience at the fronts. At Fort Belvoir they would dryly point out that the commander of the convoy in the incident just described must have been an experienced officer. It was necessary for him to recognize instantly the *particular set of circumstances* which made concealment important. The new camoufleurs know when to jump quickly and when not to bother.

Reports show that our soldiers are learning the importance of camouflage the hard way. Exposed without proper cover, under a sky filled with the terrifying roar and scream of enemy planes, our troops suddenly decided that camouflage knowledge, which they had never taken quite seriously, was something they had to have and have *fast*. The importance of hiding things from vertical view was grasped by the Germans years ago, but as late as 1939

U. S. Army experts found die-hards at Plattsburg maneuvers merely camouflaging guns with foliage all around them but with none directly over them.

After real action the cry goes up for the camouflage battalion. These camouflage outfits—engineers attached to many different branches of the Army—are teachers first, doers afterward. They know the whys, the wherefores, the tricks. They are kept busy imparting this vital information to all kinds of units. All must learn to hide men and equipment, to take advantage of natural cover, to deceive and mislead the enemy overhead.

Correspondents in North Africa have told how quickly the boys learned to hug the shadows. Each had his own reasons, his own tale to tell. A truck or tank was left right in the middle of a road. It was blown to bits a few moments later because it was so easily seen. . . . Men were grouped in an open field, idly watching a plane spiraling down. They blanch as they tell of that sudden terrible feeling of nakedness: no place to hide as the withering fire raked them again and again. . . . A number of vehicles were lined up in a straight row, for no particular reason. Spotted because of the unnatural man-made arrangement, they were caught by merciless stick bombing as daylight came.

The principles of dispersion, deception, confusion, and concealment, which sound like so much classroom gibberish, sink in very suddenly when the searing thought crosses the minds of those responsible: "If we'd dispersed last night they might not even have *seen us*!" Alaska, the Aleutians, the central and south Pacific, Australia, New Guinea, the Solomons, China, India and Burma, Labrador, Newfoundland, Greenland, Iceland, North Africa, and all the other fighting fronts tell of the new importance of camouflage.

Is it true, as the incident of the truck convoy seems to indicate, that, no matter how many pictures are taken, the bombardier looking through the telescope of his bombsight with naked eye must be able to see his target to aim his bombs? Well, not exactly.

Let's take a target somewhat more permanently situated than the convoy, such as the injured destroyer *McFarland*, hud-



dled against the jungle wall in the Solomons, covered with palm fronds. Had the crew failed to change these as they dried out, the underlying shape of the vessel might have shown up in pictures taken by an observer out on a routine flight, "shooting" the whole area just to see what was going on. It might have shown in color photographs because of the contrast between the brown fronds and the green ones surrounding the ship. It might have shown in infra-red photographs because of the difference in value of the dead fronds. But even though the pictures show that there is a ship there somewhere, if the bombardier still can't see it as he comes over to bomb what good are the pictures?

Perhaps to the north of the ship the photograph might show a unique bend in the shoreline; to the east a peculiar clearing. It is possible for a bombardier to sight on these plainly visible landmarks and aim the bombs at a point in relation to them. So he could hit a ship he was not able even to see, photography having revealed its position in respect to points around it. What then?

*The best camouflage job is done before the site of a military target is selected.* The camouflager flies over the general area first and spots obvious landmarks. He then tries to select a location which is hard to distinguish from its surroundings, so that even when the enemy's pilots have pictures that show the target, they may not be able to decide just where it lies. Was it this clump of woods or that one over there? Both look much alike.

All that is necessary in the tropics is to stay under the jungle. Even a ship can hide under the forest if it can get sufficiently close under the overhanging green wall. If clearings, such as landing strips, are not necessary, and smoke by day and lights by night can be eliminated, a large base can remain hidden practically indefinitely. A natural roof of living foliage will look the same in infra-red or any other type of photograph the enemy can take. But chlorophyll looks lighter than other materials in infra-red photographs. Camouflage materials without these infra-red-ray-reflecting qualities, surrounded by living greenery, will show up as darker

areas. In some cases this may be worse than no camouflage at all, since it singles out the target as something considered important enough to be camouflaged. (Paints with high infra-red-reflecting qualities are being manufactured and used.)

Even landing fields can be hidden in jungle country. Fliers who escaped from Bataan tell of being received into mysterious Dutch airfields on New Guinea where, after a friendly plane had identified itself, natives ran out and cleared the particular runway that was required. The whole field was covered with a system of sawhorses and nets, permitting sections to be opened up, but keeping it remarkably well hidden when covered.

British fliers report how startled they were when they first saw German planes take off, apparently across hedges and ditches. The fields looked like farm land. Similarly, in England, paint and texture effects that do not interfere with the landing and taking off of planes have been used to cut up all important stations into what seem to be areas too small for planes to use. Trees, roads, streams, hedges, and other effects can be painted right on the grass. Since the vertical scale of an object is not an important factor from several thousand feet, these look surprisingly natural. Strip and contour mowing of grass, leaving specially planned areas longer than others, is also effective. Bare paths, roads, squares, spots that might be buildings, and other light-catching effects can be used. If perfectly flat, these do not affect take-offs.

The best method of all consists of planting grasses of different species, which have different colors and textures, in the various "fields" of the airport between the "hedges," "roads," and "houses." Sowing in alternate rows makes the "fields" look ridged as though plowed.

The airport seems to be slightly smoother than the surrounding country after study. But at first glance and under adverse visibility conditions it can escape detection. The mere introduction of real trees round the edges to break the rectangular outline would be worth while; any areas which strong winds or other conditions make useless to planes anyway should be camouflaged.



## III

AS AN example of the way in which the camouflage engineers work at the front, let us imagine that a small force of American troops is to land on an uninhabited, hilly north Pacific island, covered by grass and short scrub a few inches deep, but with few trees. The men are to establish an advance base under the eyes of an enemy outpost on another island less than three hundred miles to the west. The base will have—for a while, at least—no air power, no landing field. It will be supplied by submarines which will come in at night. Here is a situation in which the success of the whole operation may depend on the camouflage plan, since the enemy must not know our men are on the island until the base has been established and its defenses have been set up.

The camouflage plan is prepared with great care after aerial reconnaissance. The camouflage engineers know how readily certain man-made marks are seen from the air and realize how carefully the natural cover, thin as it is, must be preserved. Each leaf and blade of grass casts a shadow on the ones below and on the ground. This shadow-pattern has a very individual color and gray value when seen from above, depending on the type and size of the plants. These varying shades constitute the texture which looks natural to the prying overhead eye or camera. Any change in this texture will show more plainly than is generally realized when seen from above. For instance, a truck driving across the island's soft mat of grass and brush will make tracks. As blades and branches spring back after the truck has passed over them, the marks may not be visible to a man standing on them. Yet, from above, the track of *one truck* may show for months; the earth takes a small depression and plants are crushed slightly, so that the light catches the leaf and blade surfaces which are set at unnatural angles. The result is that an observer flying over the area would notice something which never appears in nature—two exactly parallel lines curving perfectly together, through mottled patches of grass and brush, in a course that has no natural relation to the contours it traverses.

So the camouflage plan for the landing force is given teeth and discipline. Here's how it might work out. Ships would approach the island under low clouds and unload in the night. By the time the weather had cleared the ships would be far away and the island would apparently be undisturbed. How is such a job done?

Upon landing, all wheeled vehicles are instructed to remain on the beach below high-tide mark until further orders. Then in single file they drive through the surf or along the hard sand to a selected point where the engineers know there is a stream whose bed can serve as a rough road inland, or an outcropping of rock that will show no marks, or a peninsula of trees among which a road can be hacked.

The drivers have maps and guides. When the trucks cross bare earth, crews of men follow and shovel earth over the tracks. (The first good rain will eradicate these marks; if it is raining at the time so much the better.) Where the drivers encounter grass and brush the best courses to follow have been marked for them by signs or by wires. The winding trail takes advantage of bare spots. Large, smooth, grassy places are avoided if possible, but if they must be crossed, crews follow and clear irregularly spaced bare patches along the track. These break the evenness of the parallel lines and match natural patches on either side. Once the trucks are under trees in the selected valleys the first stage is safely over. Perhaps enemy planes hurry over several days later and notice nothing amiss.

All construction which requires men and equipment to be out in the open is done at night. The fact that the light of a match can be seen for several miles in the air is well known. This supposedly empty island doesn't dare show a single light; work is done by moonlight, starlight, and carefully hooded blackout lamps.

Soil from excavations is carried away and spread over naturally bare places. Unnaturally shaped objects are covered with sod, if possible, or kept in places that are shaded by trees throughout the day. (The sun's angle changes completely from sunup to sundown and nobody wants to have to remember to keep changing the object's position as the shadow moves.)



Most of the glossy and reflecting surfaces on the equipment were dulled or covered before the expedition<sup>a</sup> set out. Now *all* glass, metal, plastic, or other bright parts are kept carefully covered. One glint of light has given many a position away. Nature rarely makes a material that shines suddenly in the middle of a forest or in areas that couldn't possibly contain water. The windshields on jeeps and trucks are lowered and covered with canvas jackets. The boys figure that a little wind in the face is better than to flash a signal to an unseen Jap observer on the horizon.

Buildings are built among trees, with odd-shaped roofs sodded. Trees right next to the walls are carefully preserved to overhang and shade the buildings. (As an experiment, several dozen buildings were built this way at a place in this country. Railway sidings were spread to permit trees to remain between them. Roads were painted dark, given looping courses. The effect from the air is excellent. The forest appears only slightly more open at that point. The town nearby stands out like a sore thumb with roads, buildings, and geometric shapes glaringly evident.)

On our hidden island base, fire is a problem. To be safe, all smoky fires are put out before daylight. No flame is allowed to show at night. After buildings are up, the men can have light and warmth in their completely blacked-out quarters. By day everyone becomes a self-appointed camouflage disciplinarian. The proximity of enemy planes, with the impossibility of retaliation once our troops have been discovered, soon sees to that.

If properly handled these precautions, which do not slow up the work as much as might be supposed, permit the base to grow unobserved while it prepares itself for its part in the strategic plan for the area. Submarines now refuel and lick their wounds here, surfacing at night and coming in under a camouflaged roof for repairs. They no longer have to go all the way to the main base. As a result they get back to the enemy shipping lanes so fast that the enemy island nearby is substantially weakened by lack of supply. Now a task force can use the base as a jumping-off place. Ships come in at night and get organized, then take the

enemy by surprise from this hidden base so near at hand. During the engagement our injured aircraft limp back and belly-land in the surf. Plane parts are salvaged; whole planes are lifted ashore and repaired. Pilots are sent off for other planes in other theaters. Even when the base is finally discovered it may not be so easy to reduce it, for a landing strip could quickly be cleared so that our men could fight off attackers with air power.

#### IV

MANY such camouflage jobs are already under way. Others in great number will have to be planned and executed before the war is won. Some are far more extensive than this, with correspondingly more complicated camouflage problems. And no matter what the size, each job has its own distinct characteristics.

Suppose there are *no trees at all*. Suppose our men have to occupy a place for a few weeks with equipment that will undoubtedly show, no matter what they do with it? In such circumstances the only recourse is deception and duplication. A watcher overhead would be amazed to see what happens as the men and vehicles land. While the main body of troops goes straight inland with the matériel and digs in, several identical groups of five or six light trucks fan out in other directions. They pay no attention to the tracks they leave. Right where the real base is being established other trucks make an intentional pattern which has no relation to the shape of the camp itself. First they drive in a large circle. Then they run a long straight line to the northeast. At the end of it the men get out and dig a set of long shallow trenches, and several rectangular clear places. Simultaneously, the other groups of trucks are doing exactly the same thing at points widely separated on the island.

The camp itself is hidden as much as possible. The equipment is kept dispersed at all times. The false clear places are kept clean. Later, if there is time, dummy trucks and buildings will be built of lumber and canvas at decoy camps to duplicate the equipment at the real camp.

The enemy comes over high up. He



can see very plainly that something is going on below. But which of the several locations is the real one? If he drops one salvo on a fake camp he has wasted a trip and a lot of money. Unless the lack of defending planes and anti-aircraft guns is such that he can safely come down and investigate, it may take him several trips to find out just where to strike. Perhaps with weather to hamper him he is able to see down through the clouds only twice in two or three weeks. By that time the camp may have served its purpose and there may be nobody home.

The Army's Chief of Camouflage, Colonel Homer Saint Gaudens, visited England, France, Italy, and Germany on military missions during peacetime. Of the results of his work little can be told.

Apparently the Germans abandoned most camouflage in the field some years ago. They considered it a delaying factor, out of keeping with their new conception of a war of movement, and the success of their tactics has certainly been proven. In a blitzkrieg it is obviously ridiculous to pause to conceal yourself. But the need for camouflage increases with the permanency of the position and the frequency of the enemy's appearance overhead. Our camoufleurs are rapidly learning this balance based on the time factor.

It is quite possible to place too much stress on camouflage. None of the passive defenses will win the war. But there are moments when concealment really counts, and our camouflage engineers know what to do when those moments come.

### *Provincialism Is Good*

IT'S looking as if children would soon be taught the Partition of Germany as we were taught the Partition of Poland. If so let's hope it is called The Restoration, the restoration of local integrities. All in German life that was humanitarian, beautiful, enduring in the arts, in the crafts, in the attitudes toward life, heaven, and hell, came from these little separate integers. Losing them, the German Empire produced only a fanatical rationalization of applied science superimposed, in the name of patriotism, on a cruel betrayal of the beauty the Germanic integers had given.

Loss of provincialism is a dangerous thing. One strength of the British Empire has been the amalgamation of diverse provincialisms which did not lose their singular entities. Let America count ten before desiring too broad a common consciousness. The longer the Cornbelt bucks the seaboard, the longer narrow-minded inlanders say America does not begin till you've crossed the Alleghenies, the longer bookish little Easterners refer scornfully to "those miserable Western States," so much longer will the hybrid vigor of cross-cultures give greater vigor to the whole. I'm not worried about the Balkanization of our States, the high interstate tariffs now effectively levied, the piratical interstate tributes exacted in the guise of licenses, even the massing of troops on State borders to prevent interstate movement of citizens. These transitory stupidities will wash out; no catharsis like Appomattox is indicated. Even the little secessive rumblings from time to time are good. The time for alarm is when such symptoms disappear. Men subservient to imposed nationalism will lose, as Germany must, the nationalism itself, only to start over in local anarchy and chaos from which, through grisly trial and error, provincialism, in the best sense, can reassert itself. ♦ *Thomas Hornsby Ferril*



# THE PEOPLE AT WAR

## *V. New Industries Make New Men*

JOHN DOS PASSOS



**T**HERE's a tingle of electricity about the air of the Employment Office in this great wide-scattered Gulf port city. Under the humdrum surface of bureaucratic boredom, of people waiting their turn and girls answering telephones and office routine and searching in indexes and tabulation of qualifications on filing cards, there's a feeling of decisions and departures. This is the place where the future course of many a man's life is decided. It has become one of the important crossroads; so that the men who work in the office have come to have a sense of the importance of what they are doing that keeps some spring in their step and blood in their veins through the long detours of detail, the endless unsnarling of case histories, the low pay and long hours.

The office fills the whole lower floor of a large frame building with windows opening out on three sides on to parked cars glistening in the sun and stretches of glaring asphalt across wide sun-beaten streets. The dark central part where the interviews take place, under electric-light bulbs, consists of a platoon of desks cut off from the outer section by a broad counter.

It is early, but already this morning a mixed crowd of old men, young men, women, boys is waiting in lines at the counter or sitting on the benches in the

back of the room. A number of elderly men have turned up and surprisingly many middle-aged women. There are children still in high school who have taken courses in metal working, women whose husbands and sons have gone to the war who feel they must do something to help, gray-haired men who have wrenched themselves loose from the habits of a lifetime and gone to school again in the machine shops. There are a few hard-bitten, lanky, lantern-jawed men from the oil fields. By themselves at one end in dusty overalls stand a group of very black back-country Negroes. I have been sitting at one of the desks talking to the personnel manager for one of the shipyards, a tall, burly, red-faced man with black hair slicked back on his head. His eyes have been following my eyes across the bank of faces. "Soon we'll be scraping the bottom of the barrel. Up to now we've done pretty well."

I asked him how many of his employees had ever worked in a shipyard before. He said ten per cent at the outside. That went for foremen, supervisors, vice-presidents, right on up to the top. They came from lumbering and the oil fields and the farms and the garages, some few from the machine-tool industry. The main basis was construction workers. Building ships was construction, wasn't it?



"There were a lot of crews building dams up here in the State. They built a lot of big dams in this flood-control and rural-electrification scheme—one of these river valley authority plans. Luckily they were just winding up when it got to be time to pitch in and build us some new shipyards. The same fellers who built the shipyards went to work to build the ships . . . it's all of it construction work." He paused and leaned back in his chair scrutinizing the faces along the counter through narrowed eyes. "I used to work here," he said, suddenly looking back at me grinning. "A lot of the personnel managers in the new industries around this town were hired right out of this office. Among other things the U. S. Employment Service has proved to be a regular training school for personnel managers."

The short active young man with glasses who had arranged these interviews for me was hovering over the desk. "Sorry to break it off," he said, "but I've got a man waiting for you over there."

"I was telling him I was one of the graduates of this institution," said the tall man.

They both laughed. "Yes, we've had a lot of trouble that way around here," said the young man with the glasses. "But we all seem to come back."

"Gone are the days when the personnel manager used to sit in his office and watch the men line up to beg for a job," said the tall man again.

"Yes, sir, he has to come down here and hustle for his hands."

The new man was standing against a window. He was thin and well dressed and had a kind of polo-playing look. His was a firm that was spread all over the country and that produced machine parts. He said his labor force was about sixty per cent of what it should be; all the local sources were just about dried up; he'd been experimenting with paroled men and ex-convicts and he had had very good luck with them. So far not a single one had gone bad on him. They put them through a training course like everybody else; of course they kept a fairly close watch on them, but so far the results had been one hundred per cent. He said a

funny thing was happening about the women he had hired. At first their rate of absence from work had been far less than that of the men, but now it had begun to go up like nobody's business. He guessed after the first few months the glamour had kind of gone off the job. There was one other department of the training system that was just getting into operation: casualties discharged from the armed services. They had a man from the Solomon Islands and a man from New Guinea. In the long run they expected rehabilitation to be the most important part of their training program.

My friend with the glasses was back again. "This is one of the casualties of the freezing of wages," he said, and introduced me to a ruddy pleasant-looking young man with a frayed shirt and a necktie worn to a string. "I sure am," he said laughing wryly. "Cement's at the bottom of the heap. My job's hiring labor for a cement factory. We just have to take the maimed and the halt and the blind if we can get 'em. Last winter we lost forty out of a hundred men in one month—went off for higher wages, nothin' else in the world. If it weren't for about fifty faithful employees who stick with us we'd have to go out of business. And rents and groceries are goin' up every day. Right now I make two hundred and twenty-five dollars a month myself and it costs me three hundred a month to live. And they ask me to buy War Bonds!"

The man in charge of the place sat in his glassed-in office in the corner and talked about the work, the tracing of clearances for job transfers, the effort to obtain straight records on qualifications and past experience. One thing he could say was that there was no waiting round any more. When a man wanted a job he knew where to come; in fact, if he didn't want to work he'd better keep away. The personnel men were down there waiting for him. They were even taking them with hernias now if they wore a truss. The office was doing its best to try to steer farm workers back to farm work but it wasn't any too easy. The tough problem was deciding just what a farm worker was. There were some right pathetic cases of old people who were just on the borderline



between being able to work and being unemployable.

"There's one right now." He pointed out through the half-open door of his office at a gray-haired man with rather broad shoulders and a gray felt hat on the back of his head who had just come up to the counter and was leaning over asking the reception girl a question. I slipped out of the office and sidled up beside him. He was unfolding a certificate from an industrial school to the effect that he had successfully completed a course in machine milling. He was sixty years old, he was saying with some pride. He'd been a salesman all his life, sold everything from washing machines to chewing gum, but there was no call for that sort of thing now. He'd raised a family but he hadn't managed to lay much money by. Now he wanted to pitch in and do some real honest useful work. No, he didn't want a white-collar job or a job as checker or expeditor. No, sir, he wanted to run a milling machine. His gray business suit was creased and worn. The points of his starched collar didn't meet very well under his sagging chin. He had a pair of glasses that he kept putting on and taking off as he talked. As he turned away from the window to take his certificate to the other end of the counter you could see, in the horizontal light from the window, the tired skin round his intent gray eyes, the anxious twitching of his mouth. He walked with a firm dogged step, his head bowed a little, and the certificate held out in front of him.

## II

DRIVING through the irrigated valley land in the spring you are hardly ever away from the smell of orange and grapefruit trees in bloom. Sometimes it's so strong you can almost feel the touch of it like velvet against your cheek, sometimes it's just an indefinable sugar in the air. Mixed with it is the pottery smell of dry earth sopping up water when you pass a freshly irrigated field, or the smell from a patch of onions where the Mexicans, men, women, and children, are swarming down the rows pulling and bunching, or an acrid smell of bruised foliage under the hot sun if it's tomatoes

they're picking. In the open land between the citrus groves are crinkly green ranks of potatoes, peas, beans, cabbage, young peppers not come to bearing yet. The lettuce is over. Two yellow biplanes are dusting a field of potatoes that reaches to the horizon, skimming so low they seem almost to be knocking the bloom off the plants. When they reach the telegraph wires along the highroad they hop over them neatly and bank and turn and zoom back along the endless rows trailing the white cloud of lead-arsenate dust.

The road climbed up into the dry-farming belt through broad fields of blue-green bearded barley. We turned off into a sideroad through irrigated grapefruit groves, again heavy with the fragrance of blossoms and full of mockingbirds and cardinals singing, and stopped at a great fruit-packing shed to ask where the dehydrating plant was. A pleasant stubby woman told us, but said we'd better step in to see the grapefruit being packed. She led us upstairs, into a sort of balcony at one end of the big shed from which we could look down through the streaky amber light on the fruit bouncing and jostling on the conveyors like a great concourse of people hurrying for different trains in a railroad station. In the course of their travels the grapefruit are washed and waxed and graded and stamped and finally come to rest on the tables on the ground floor where girls pack them into boxes. Just below us there was an automatic table for sorting by sizes where the yellow spheres jigged and bobbed prodigiously like couples on a crowded dance floor. It was comical, like looking down into an amusement park, but what we were looking for was the dehydration plant, so we had to push on.

We drove through the dark-green groves until we came out into a section of flat irrigated meadows planted with grass and alfalfa. Doves and big blue rock pigeons flew up from the road ahead of us. We drew up in front of two large metal cylinders under a shed. They seemed to be heated by some sort of a gas furnace because a roaring sound of flame came from them. This must be the dehydration plant. In a corrugated-tin office at one side we found a long-faced man in his shirt



sleeves. He was buried deep in working out a set of statistics with the help of a worn volume of Mills' *Statistical Method*. He most amiably climbed out from under his charts and began to show us round the plant. Walking along behind this long-legged yellow-faced man in his shirt-sleeves, we got the impression that he must be the man who had designed it. I never asked him so I never did know for sure.

No, he wasn't dehydrating vegetables just at present; he was dehydrating ryegrass and alfalfa to be used in chicken feed, but the principle was the same. We paused for a moment to watch a colored man forking fresh-cut green hay out of the wagon in which the mules had just drawn it from the field into a hopper. In this flash process, the engineer explained, the matter to be dehydrated was forced by a blower through an intensely hot chamber. The paradoxical thing about it was that the process was so fast that in spite of the extreme heat, or rather on account of the extreme heat's producing such rapid evaporation, a little core of steam was kept comparatively cool round each particle of the vegetable material. As a result the vitamins were unaffected. Through a door at the end of the cylinder we could see past the bright glare of the gas the dark hurrying particles out of which the water was being sucked. We went into the shed where the finished product was coming out, dropping in bright green powder down a long pipe into bags.

"Of course this wouldn't be financially practical if we didn't have plenty of natural gas," said our guide.

After he had shown us through the plant he took us down the road to see a great patch of land that was being prepared with overhead pipes for watering and stout-built wooden lattice work every few yards for shade and windbreak, as a nursery for guayule. On the way he explained what he was trying to work out on his charts. He was working to find the relation between watering, fertilizer, and output on the land from which his concern got its grasses for dehydrating. "Intralineal correlation won't give you the right result . . . you have to go to second-degree curve to get it," he said.

We drove on in search of the plant a

few miles away where they used the other dehydration process, the hot-tunnel process. When we found it, set up in an old stucco building of a defunct citrus exchange, we found everything brand-new, in fact so new that it wasn't in regular operation yet. There was nobody there but the girl in the office and the son of the man who owned it, a boy of about sixteen. He showed us all over, exclaiming all the time he wished his dad were there to explain things better. He was evidently immensely thrilled about the whole proposition. If I understood it right, the process consisted in moving the vegetables, left entire and ranged on shallow trays, through a hot tunnel that drew off about half the moisture. Then they were placed for several hours in a chamber of very dry air at a moderate temperature to finish drying them out. The boy said they were having very good results from carrots and parsley. He showed us the dried green parsley packed in cellophane bags for shipment and sample carrots, beets, and potatoes looking somewhat mummified in a set of glass jars.

That night, in the new tree-shaded little valley town where we were staying, we went to call on the man who everyone had told us knew most about dehydration in the whole section. We found him a quiet-spoken little gray man, sitting in his living room with his wife after supper. They brought us out grapefruit to eat.

We asked him to tell us about the comparative merits of the flash and the hot-tunnel systems. He said what he was most interested in was a combination of both. The juice of the vegetable or fruit would be extracted and reduced to crystals or to syrup according to its makeup, and the pulp would be shot through the flash system and reduced to a powder. That was the only way he knew of conserving the highest percentage of salts, vitamins, and everything else.

Then I asked him whether the war wasn't giving a great impulse to dehydration of vegetables. The saving in space and weight would be so enormous . . . the possibilities of shipping by air . . . He nodded and made a wry face. He would have thought so too, he said; in fact, for twenty-five years he'd been work-



ing on this business of dehydration and he'd been waiting for just such an emergency. . . . But now a funny thing had happened. "The price of vegetables has got so high—you know the kind of ceilings we've got. When they phone and wire in from all over the country for vegetables to the brokers down here they don't even ask the price any more. Well, the price of vegetables is just so high you can ship anything you grow at a profit, fresh, so there's no incentive for processing. . . . Isn't that something? This way dehydration isn't getting ahead one bit."

When we came out the night smelled of leaves and distant citrus groves and gardens, with a dusty flavor of dry earth sopping up water. There was a settled cultivated feeling about the little town with its quiet densely overgrown streets and its small houses nestled back among vegetation that you don't often feel in America, at least not north of the Rio Grande. I went into the newsstand to buy a late paper and remarked to the skinny man with a Hoosier way of talking who was sitting behind the counter, reading with his glasses on the tip of his nose, that there was a whole lot happening in this valley.

"Everything's happened since I've been here," he drawled calmly. "I soldiered down here in the valley in 1917. We used to maneuver in the brush and mesquite where this town is now. Some change? Well, things ain't begun to happen down here yet."

A few weeks later I was walking with a friend round a small expanding machine shop on the bank of a stream. The big central shed was being enlarged. Round the edges of the big rusty stock piles, still hooded in canvas, stood new machines about to be installed. The open end of the dark rust-colored shed was shot through with green light from the bright trees along the river bank. The cream-colored rocks beyond seemed to be set in violet, the sun was so bright on them. We had been sitting on the edge of the desk in the dark office looking at a contraption that concern was about to put into quantity production. It was a horizontal spinning-disk saw, adjustable at any level, that could be attached to the

front of a tractor to clear trees. For trees under five inches the tractor didn't even have to stop. It was a contraption a young inventor had been struggling with for many years. At least he'd been young when he started. Various concerns had taken it up and dropped it, but at last it was coming into its own. Many of the machines had proved satisfactory clearing dam sites in the west, and in road building, anywhere that trees needed to be cleared without grubbing up by the roots. It was going into production in a large way. "It's funny," one of us had said, "we used to kinder tolerate inventors in this country, and now it's beginning to seep into people's heads that our mechanical ingenuity is the only thing that's going to save our necks."

"Yes, sir, in this war all the courage in the world won't help us if we don't keep our machines ahead of the other feller's. We have a slight edge on the Germans and the Japanese now maybe. When we are twenty-five years ahead of them we'll have won our peace."

Blinking, we had come out into the strong light at the end of the new shed. The manager, a quiet cosy man in a blue shirt with narrow spectacles on his nose, was taking us to see some precision parts he was making in a smaller shop at one side. He lifted a part up proudly and pointed to its smoothly ground inner surfaces. "They said this couldn't be done west of the Mississippi River," he said. Then he started to talk about labor.

"But my, it's hard for us to hold on to our skilled men! We can't raise our wages and this town has been designated as having a surplus of skilled labor. The Government is absolutely all wet. I don't mean to criticize them. There's nothing left here but boys with nothing but twelve weeks' training. In getting out this stuff we have operations that demand twenty-five years' experience. . . . Well, we make out the best we can. I even took on a man sixty years old with no previous experience. He'd taken a course in milling but I thought I'd better put him on a shaper to try him out."

I followed his glance across the shop and there at a whirring metal-working machine in a line of other whirring metal-



working machines was the gray-haired man who'd been so doggedly waiting that day in the Employment Office. His glasses were pushed up on his forehead and he had on a brand-new pair of blue overalls.

### III

THE magnesium plant is a few miles out from town. You drive out between roadsides blooming with every conceivable kind of wild flower, blanket flowers, paintbrushes, bluebonnets, coreopsis, big white prickly poppies with yellow centers, edging broad blue-green pastures under a bright robin's-egg sky full of small bright clouds. As soon as you begin to see against a creamy bench of hills the low cream-colored outlines of the buildings, the tall brick stack, the curious aluminum-painted outlines of what looks like something in an amusement park that later turns out to be the kiln, you know that it's spanking new.

The low shoebox-shaped administration building with its long windows shaded by white venetian blinds is as neat inside as it is outside. You have a feeling that you are being taken through a perfume factory instead of a foundry. It is rather a surprise to find that the manager sitting behind the desk in the main office is a big strapping football player from Chicago. He talks in a low, almost hesitant voice, a small voice for so large a man. First he tells us how the plant came to be in that particular place.

The first thing that made it possible was the great amount of current being generated by the new dams, the same dams from which the construction workers went first to building shipyards and then to building ships along the Gulf coast. The second thing was that there was dolomite in many of the quarries from which stone had been taken for the dams. Dolomite, when burned in a kiln, is one of the materials which go into the production of magnesium. The town near by had housing for the workers and metallurgists that would have to be brought in. No wonder the place looked new. It was only six months ago that the first metal was poured, and exactly a year before that that the first ground was broken for the site.

The company that is running the plant had been for years in the chemical business, producing phosphates, and somewhat puzzled to know what to do with a waste product called magnesium chloride. Magnesium chloride is now one of the components of what they call the cellfeed (a substance that in one of its avatars is very like the milk of magnesia of childhood days) from which metallic magnesium is made by the electrolytic process. This basic slop can be produced from brine, or sea water, as in the original plant at the brine wells in Michigan, or from quite a list of other substances such as brucite and dolomite. The list seems to be increasing. A year ago the only process available was the brine and sea-water process. Now short cuts have been found. The result is that already more magnesium is being made in this country than there was aluminum made before the war, and if you reckon its price by volume it is already as cheap as aluminum. In fact the whole magnesium program is well ahead of schedule.

"Where did you get your employees?"

"Well, we advertised in technical journals for technicians. There's still a considerable backlog of technicians being let out of some industries that are closing down. Then we sent men from round here up to Michigan for training. That plant up there is the grandfather of all the magnesium plants in the country. That's where they worked out the basic process. Some of 'em had some electrical experience. Some of 'em were just clerks or bellhops or off laundry wagons—about anything you can think of. No, we don't have any absenteeism; I don't know why."

"Could it be that there is a certain amount of excitement in working at something absolutely brand-new?" I asked him.

He paused a minute and then went on without answering my question. Magnesium evidently wasn't particularly new to him. "We have a full set of labor management committees . . . they work all right, they attend to rationing, sharing cars, and things like that too. . . . One thing we can't get the men to do is take the busses—takes 'em about half an hour longer to get home and they just can't



see it." The big manager paused again. "Well now we've got a union. They voted for the A F of L union just the other day." He made a face. He evidently wasn't any too happy about it; probably he thought they'd been getting along pretty well as they were. He heaved his big bulk up from his desk. "Suppose we take a look at it."

We drove down a road of crushed cream-colored rock between laboratories and machine shops and came to a stop near some piles of pinkish rock. There were no workmen in sight. The long inclined tube of the kiln was rotating slowly on itself. That was where the dolomite rock was burned to separate it from its magnesium content. By-products from this process that would be useful whenever they got time enough to put their minds on them would be gypsum and white lime, he told us. Next we walked past an orderly forest of black retorts linked by great black pipes. The big manager made a peevish sort of gesture in that direction. "That's the peskiest thing to keep in order in the whole plant. That's where the stuff is treated with hydrochloric acid . . . it's always getting out of order."

"How about magnesium after the war?" my friend was asking.

But already we were walking up some iron stairs into a great black cylindrical room with a tar floor that was full of the roar of electric furnaces. "Now," said the big manager whispering in our ears, "our cellfeed is ready for electrolysis."

Here in a series of cast-steel cells under a roaring Niagara of electric power the metallic magnesium is produced.

We were breathless. There's something about vast manifestations of electric power that tends to make your knees quake together. It's like the feeling you get in one of the great ancient cathedrals or in a law-court where a man's life is at stake. The power involved is so immensely superhuman, so subtly canalized.

As we were clambering down the iron stairs again my friend from the town asked the big manager what he thought the chances for magnesium were after the war. "They ought to be pretty good. It's a metal that doesn't fatigue. Somebody listed the top industries after the war."

"Yes, I think I read it. Transportation, that is, planes, came first; then light metals—magnesium and aluminum; then plastics; then communications—radio and television."

"I don't think we need worry about magnesium. Why, for engine blocks alone . . ."

So far, except for an occasional truck along the roads, the great plant had seemed as empty of human habitation as a painting by Chirico. On the way over to the building where they mixed the alloys we crossed the railroad tracks and found a crew of men loading the bright neat-looking bars into a freight car. Inside there were more men at work. At each of the round vats of molten metal two men with isinglass guards over their faces were stirring in a gray powder with long-handled ladles. When the ladles came to the surface they set off star-shaped silvery flashes that reminded me of the mysterious magnesium wire that used to burn so brightly and that I remember as part of the paraphernalia of Fourth of July firecrackers as a child. "I think this batch is probably incendiary metal. . . . That's a special alloy . . . about half our production is going into that right now," said the big manager.

The last place we visited was the control room. We had to leave our watches downstairs to keep them from being magnetized. It was a large windowless brick room with great switchboards along the walls. A lean, sharp-chinned, middle-aged man with his hat on the back of his head was in charge, all by himself. He came forward and smiled and nodded.

"We have to be a little careful what we do up here," the big manager was explaining. "We could burn out the hydroelectric plants over there pretty easy."

"So this is the most important job in the place?" we asked as he went down the stairs again.

"It's one of them : : : he controls all the juice."

"Well, this fellow who's in charge right now—what was he doing before he took a job with you?"

"I'm not quite sure. Maybe . . . well, he might have been an electrician in a theater or something like that."



# MURMANSK, 1943

*How It Looked to a Merchant Seaman*

DAVE MARLOWE



THE hum of the plane motor and the hated clamor of the alarm bell came together. A scrambling rush, and we manned our ship's guns, straining our eyes into the midday Arctic dawn. We were dead beat. The last shell from the pocket battleship that had raided the convoy had smashed our steering gear; it had taken hours of killing work to rig emergency tackle so that we could limp on alone toward Murmansk. We expected to get bumped at any second. Planes, submarines, and torpedo boats had been plentiful on this run; we'd be damned lucky if we ever saw Russia. The humming grew louder above the clouds and we tensed, waiting. Then there came a yell from the bow lookout, and there was the plane—and we couldn't believe our eyes. We just gaped at the big red star on the fuselage and felt the tension drain off down through our legs. Thank God!

Joyfully we returned the pilot's wave. He circled us and flashed a blinker message to our captain; we altered course and soon we saw high snow-covered mountains ahead and a Russian gunboat.

We grinned and laughed at one another as we slowly steamed down the narrow Kola Inlet toward Murmansk. Tired and red-eyed, but thankful, we stood on deck, looking at the bleak frozen country on either side. All we wanted now

was to get our clothes off and take a bath.

The inlet widened out into a fair-sized bay and there was the town of Murmansk built in a semicircle on the sloping hills above the small docks. As we moved on in to our anchorage we passed the rest of the convoy that had gone on without us, and their crews lined the rails waving and shouting. They were as glad to see us as we were to see them—almost. They knew what it meant to be alone, drifting and helpless, within range of German sub and plane bases.

Our first impression of Murmansk was a familiar one. From where we lay we could see that this was the same old story as in England—the same bomb-blasted, fire-scarred buildings; gaping roofs and crazy-angled walls of smashed warehouses on the damaged docks; gaunt, blackened remains of houses.

Slim, the tall Scotch-Canadian messman, came along the deck and took a light from my cigarette. He eyed the town glumly.

"They've took a beating here."

I nodded and he went on, "Just up talkin' to the pilot. Says to watch our step. We're only forty mile from the front line, an' Jerry's got an air base eight minutes away. They pull a lot o' sneak raids in daylight, an' they're over almost



every night. They come in over those hills like greased bloody lightnin', dump a couple, an' machine-gun th' town. Six an' ten raids a day."

The customs launch came alongside and we watched with interest as the first Russian we had seen climbed nimbly up the rope ladder, wearing a heavy fur coat, a fur hat, and padded trousers with thick, knee-high felt boots. As he stepped onto the deck, Slim's eyes popped and so did mine. "He" was a woman—a round-faced, dark-haired girl in her twenties—who turned out to be the doctor. She gave the ship a clean bill of health and we up-anchored and went alongside a dock, taking the place of a Liberty ship that had just pulled out. The Liberty ship was due for drydock and repairs; a bomb had smashed most of her bridge and there were gaping holes in her plates, but Murmansk has only limited facilities for that kind of work. She'd have to take her chances going back.

The docks were in bad condition from persistent bombing. They were wooden ones, built up from the original fishing piers. Large holes showed where bombs had hit, and a gang of elderly women were filling them up. It is only the dogged persistence of these repair women that keeps the docks usable. They carry on despite the deep snow and the intense cold, get right back on the job as soon as a raid is over, and work on even during a raid if it is not too heavy. Heartbreaking, slogging labor, but essential if the cargoes are to be got off and away to the fronts.

The Russian cargo workers swarmed aboard and immediately began unlashng the deck cargo of tanks and boxed airplane engines. They took no notice of us, but we certainly kept an eye on their chief. She wore the usual fur coat, trousers, and high boots, and a white fur hat with a red star sat fetchingly on top of her blond curls. She was certainly good-looking. The bo'sun spoke to her, then came along the deck scrubbing his chin with his hand and grinning wryly.

"Hey, Bose, does she come under Lease-Lend?" somebody asked.

"I dunno 'bout that," he said in his slow Dutch way. "But that gal, she no damn fool. She want me rig a jumbo boom

right away. She damn smart girl all right."

It was clear that Bose was up against something new and it puzzled him. And well it might. Few chief stevedores will ever bother to rig the complicated jumbo booms; they prefer to try to get heavy stuff out with the ship's usual winches. Evidently this girl was taking no chances on smashing any of the valuable cargo that we had brought to Russia. Our respect for Russian blondes mounted steeply.

The captain called a muster and gave us our instructions for defense of the ship while in harbor.

Old Yank, a veteran of the Liverpool blitz, got in his usual grouse: "No peace no place no more."

We agreed. All that a sailor lives for is relaxation ashore, and it looked as if we were going to be cheated out of it.

## II

TWENTY minutes later the sirens blew. The Russian soldier who had come aboard to direct our own fire rang "Action Stations" from the bridge.

The snow had ceased and patches of blue were showing overhead. Slim and I stood beneath the protective steel and concrete of the midship gun turret watching those breaks in the sky. Faintly we could hear the drone of plane motors; then there was a slamming *wham!* from a gun on the hill, a whistling rush over our heads, and a puff of white cotton-wool smoke high up. Close to it we suddenly saw a formation of five planes in a V.

The shore batteries opened up with a deafening roar. The old ship shook and quivered, the stunning concussions beat and tore at our eardrums, the bang and crack of exploding shells seemed to rip the air apart.

Tense and anxious, we crouched down, our eyes fixed on those planes. If we got bumped now it would be the toughest possible break. Our gunners were fingering their triggers, slowly swinging their guns, waiting. The five planes circled overhead. Suddenly the nose of the middle one went down; he peeled off and came screaming down in a dive. Now our boys started in with a rattle like a



thousand drill hammers. From all the other ships in the bay and at the dock the red tracers of the 50-calibers streaked upward; the Oerlikons started pumping their sudden death; the deeper boom-boom of a Bofors came from an English ship ahead. The sky was filled with a rain of shells and bullets, all directed at the black cross that was screaming down toward us at seven miles a minute, the swelling whine of its engine piercing our eardrums, pushing us back on our heels.

Down it came, and my knees jellied. I was staring at death and I couldn't move. I gripped the rail and hung on. This was my first Stuka dive bomber. I couldn't breathe. I couldn't swallow. How could it keep coming on in the face of those madly pumping guns? Yet down it plunged until it seemed that it must crash into the bay. The German dropped his bomb almost at the foot of his dive, swooped up, and thundered off over our heads. But I wasn't watching him now. I was watching the bomb. It didn't look big; pear-shaped, silver; it plummeted from beneath the plane. Suddenly I felt huge. I was a hundred yards square and that thing couldn't miss me. I knew it couldn't miss.

"This is it," I thought and shut my eyes, screwed the lids down till flashes came. The bomb hit. It hit a small ship over a hundred yards away on the far side of the dock and the blast ripped my hands off the rail, knocking me hard up against the bulkhead behind. I opened my eyes and saw part of the little ship soaring lazily upward!

I drew a deep breath, swallowed at last, and looked at Slim. He wiped his hand across his mouth and tried to grin, but his lips were stiff.

The Stuka had disappeared, as had the others. The gunfire slackened, stopped, and then we could see Russian planes taking the air.

A curious lightness in my legs, I walked aft, and Map grinned down at me from his gun turret.

"How do they do it, Map?"

He shook his head. "Goddam if I know. Boy, was that guy travelin'! Gave him all I had an' he still came on. Wait till next time though—I'll fix his wagon."

"It seems you're goin' to get lots o' chances."

I went into the ship's hospital where I lived, sat down on my bunk, and lit a cigarette. I looked at my hands. Not too bad; they weren't shaking as much as I'd thought they'd be. So this was Murmansk! The sooner we got out of here the better. Six to ten raids a day, Slim said. What kind of people were these that could stand up to that kind of a beating? Only one or two of the dock workers had beat it ashore to the shelters; most of them, including the blonde, had just crouched down as we had. Gloomily I reflected that it would take some time to unload the big cargo that we had stowed under hatches. Well, if we got it we got it, that was all. I stubbed out my cigarette and went on deck.

By now it was two-thirty, and already the early winter night of the Arctic Circle was closing down, softening the hard outline of the surrounding hills and veiling the gruesome wreckage of the buildings. Snow was beginning to fall, so there was a chance that raids were over for that day. To my surprise, lights were coming on along the docks. The ship's agent was standing near the gangway.

"No blackout?" I asked him.

He shrugged—the Russian gesture.

"We gave that up some time ago. He knows where we are. He finds us often enough. We put them out when he's overhead."

"Hell of a life you lead here," I grunted.

He gave a short laugh. "Gets worse in summer—daylight all the time and he never leaves us alone. Not so many snowstorms then. He gave us hell last year—smashed the rail lines and we nearly starved. Used to go out and scoop up the dead fish from the bay after he'd dropped one in the water."

"Guess there's a few bodies still among the wreckage, huh?"

He nodded. "Yes. In summer the smell gets bad, but we carry on."

"I don't see how you stick it."

"Up here we know what war is and we don't need to be told what to expect if we don't win. We've learned, as you people say, to take it."

The next afternoon I walked or rather



stumbled through the snow up the hill toward the town. What a mess! The bombs had spared nothing; there was not one building that had not been damaged by either a direct hit, a blast, or incendiaries. Among the ruins people still lived, crowded into whatever rooms were not completely unusable. Some houses were gutted by fire, unlivable; many were opened by bombs in shabby intimacy to the street. I was careful to keep to the path in the snow, for on each side were deep craters filled with rubble, remains of houses that must have been very hard to build in a town so far from the centers of industry. Groups of old men and women and young children were stolidly at work clearing debris from battered buildings, sawing wood, and one group was repairing the entrance to an air-raid shelter. Their faces were blank and expressionless; they rarely talked or smiled, just kept working. Both men and women wore the same clothes—fur coat and hat, trousers, and thick felt boots.

Farther along was a large brick building, only partially bombed, and through the heavy wooden doors a line of people—mostly women—were slowly passing. Each carried a string shopping bag inside which were three circular cans that fitted atop one another. These were food kits. Inside I could see a long table behind which women were dishing out some sort of dark soup, and at the end of the table was a stack of black bread cut in lumps. All seemed to get the same amount; there was very little talking, no comment; they just took the meager fare and left. There was no air of hopelessness about it all, just a stolid acceptance. To-day there was food, but I learned that such was not always the case.

### III

THE only two places to go to in Murmansk are the Arctic Hotel and the International Club. The hotel, which has been hit several times, is a newish addition to the town and has about sixty rooms, a dining room, a lounge, and a barber shop run by women. It is the only place in Murmansk where you can get a haircut.

Here congregate the mixed crowd that are in Murmansk to-day—English sailors

from the convoy escorts, R.A.F. fliers, Red Army soldiers and Russian sailors, and of course merchant seamen from all the Allied Nations, speaking a dozen different tongues. We met Frenchmen, Belgians, English, Americans, Chinese. Everywhere there was a picture of Stalin or Lenin or a Red Army general, with a motto printed in several languages: "Smash the Fascist dogs! Down with Hitler!" Russia never lets you forget who it is you're fighting.

Although food was rationed at the hotel we could not complain. They gave us preference as much as they possibly could, even to the extent of chocolate. This surprised us, for candy is like gold to-day in any part of Europe. The children would stop us outside, offer an incendiary bomb as a souvenir, and pipe hopefully, "*Shokolad, Tovarich?*" It was breaking the law, but we would save it for them. Also our cigarettes were in great demand; the Russians smoke one of the worst-smelling tobaccos that I've ever encountered, and it is hard to get even that, for their Ukrainian crops were destroyed last summer; so it was common to be asked for "*papyros tabac*."

The International Club has the same mixed crowd, but the townspeople do not go there much; they leave it for the visitors. The club is well stocked with printed matter on the development of the Soviet Union, and moving pictures are shown there. Most of these are propaganda films—action stories of the Red Army or Navy—or else pictures of Russian historical subjects, but there are occasional American movies, and I saw "*A Hundred Men and a Girl*," featuring Deanna Durbin, whom some Russian sailors loudly cheered whenever she sang.

The young Russian girls who came to the club to talk and dance with the merchant sailors were friendly and danced well, but to the boys' dismay, that was all. Contrary to a lot of reports that we had gleefully heard, promiscuity is frowned on in the Soviet Union. This did not discourage the boys too much though, and I was amused to hear a voice with a strong Southern accent cut through a babble of talk with: "Why, honey, y're the cutest gal Ah ever did see."



Standing in front of a huge wall map showing the position of the Red Army around Stalingrad, I talked with Nickolai. He was a strong-looking, dark-haired Russian about thirty, who spoke excellent English, as did so many of the younger Russians. He was an engineer on a Russian ship that had been torpedoed in the Barents Sea, and was staying at the club until he found another berth. He asked me if I had seen the town, and offered to show it to me.

We walked the length of the Stalin Prospekt, which is the main street. Before the war it must have been a handsome thoroughfare, with its five- and six-storey apartment houses. I was particularly struck by the modern appearance of what unsmashed buildings there were; they contrasted so strongly with the wooden houses of the earlier period. The last things I had expected to see north of the Arctic Circle were chromium shop fittings; but there they were, even if the shop didn't have a front wall. Some of the stores and houses would have graced any American main street, but now the glassless windows were boarded up, gaping spaces showed where others had stood, and over it all hung an odor that I was beginning to know—the acrid, dead, musty smell of charred wood and bodies. The rubble from a house hit two nights before still spewed out into the sidewalk; within the twisted and tangled interior men and women were digging, and on a sleigh were some dark bundles wrapped in sacking.

"I knew a man who lived here," said Nick. "Was torpedoed on the same ship as I was. Came home to his family and this happened."

There was a slur of feet coming down the Prospekt, and almost silently a line of white-clad figures, each carrying a rifle, passed us. A pair of skis was strapped to each man's back. In their white-hooded coats, white felt boots, and white gauntlets they looked like so many ghosts.

"Ski troops," Nick said. "Those are the boys the Nazis don't like."

We entered one of the few stores still open, but there was little to buy. A few phonograph records, some homemade children's toys, a few fur hats, and, for some reason, quite a big pile of record

wipers, the ones with brushes on that you attach to the sound box. As these were in bright paper boxes, they had been ranged round to form a decoration. We walked back to the club, passing knots of people reading the wall newspapers, and I noted that loud speakers were common. Nick said they used them for air-raid warnings.

Nick explained to me that Murmansk, so far up here in the Arctic Circle, had been a hard place to get people to settle in, and the government paid heavy subsidies and gave extra wages and privileges to any who would come. And well it might, I thought. To me this was another world, a bleak world of semi-darkness and such bitter cold that my face ached with it. A world hard for me to imagine, where life was a long bitter fight against both nature and man. A world where a cigarette was a luxury, a square meal something only to be dreamed about. You would have to be tough to stand it even in peacetime. And now with the lack of food, heat, and decent shelter, with the front line only forty miles away, with the eternal night bombings and the ever-present risk of being shot down in the street by a strafing plane, it was just about my conception of hell on earth.

Back at the club, Nickolai introduced me to Ilyana. She was a dark-haired girl in her middle twenties, oval-faced and brown-eyed. She used lipstick; plucked her eyebrows, smoked, but did not drink. She had been a schoolteacher in Leningrad and had come to Murmansk at the outbreak of the war to act as an interpreter, since she spoke several languages. Her English had a stilted, precise quality, but her accent was pleasant. Her left hand was bandaged (she had hurt it in a raid), and pinned to her shirtwaist was the badge of the Russian air-raid worker.

"So you have been seeing the town," she said as we sat in the restaurant, she with a glass of the usual sweet tea, Nick and I drinking vodka. "It is a pity that you cannot get to Moscow or Leningrad. There we have so much more to show. But it would take too long; our trains are slow now."

"I'll pay you a visit after the war," I said.

She smiled. "After the war. How we are all living for that! Then we can



carry on where we had to leave off. Things were going so well until this beastly fighting started. I hate it."

I leaned back and looked at her, slightly surprised. Here was a different type from the usual phlegmatic Russian. She vibrated with an intensity that could be felt.

"Then we can go on building all the things we planned. Parks, buildings, homes, hospitals—oh, there is so much to do! Just to be left alone to build up our country, that is all we want."

It occurred to me that I didn't know many young and pretty girls who would get excited over building a park!

"We have lots of building to do in America too," I answered rather lamely.

"I have seen pictures of your big towns. They are wonderful. But"—here her brow wrinkled—"do you know, I am surprised a little at some of the men I meet from your country. All they seem to be interested in is vodka and women. They don't talk very much about the pressing questions of the day."

"Well," I answered, hoping that I wasn't grinning too much, "they've just come in from a tough trip, you know. They want to relax. Besides that, seamen don't represent all the people."

"I realize that, but quite a few of the Americans are college men. They are not even interested in politics or social economy. Don't they teach that in your colleges?"

"Yes, of course they do, but not all of us are so vitally interested as you seem to be."

"Not me alone. All of us take a great interest in politics. They are so wound into our life to-day, they are our life."

We talked on for a while. Nick and Ilyana told me about Russian life and customs, and I remember Ilyana telling me, when I asked about religion, that "if there is a God in Russia it is Mr. Stalin." Then I left them for I was due to go on watch.

I walked slowly back to the ship, huddled inside of my heavy fleece coat against the bitter wind. Just outside the dock gate was a crater so large that I shivered as I looked down into it. I had heard at the club that it had been made by a land mine; it had wiped out a seven-storey workers' apartment house and killed three hundred people. It was so huge that a

smashed truck at the bottom looked the size of a baby carriage.

A moment later I carelessly stepped off the path as I turned shipward. Immediately I was at the bottom of a ten-foot crater with the daylight scared out of me. Murmansk is no place to be absent-minded in, I figured as I scrambled out and hurried aboard.

#### IV

THAT night we had the first of a long chain of high-level raids after dark. Three times in the first week we had to back the ship clear of the docks. We all had the jitters; the Nazi planes gave us little peace, day or night, and there was little time to go ashore. Our idea of good weather was a howling blizzard, for then the Nazi planes couldn't fly. We grew to hate the occasional clear days and the weak sun. We got used to day raids—it's easier when you can see who's trying to murder you—but the night raids were harder. Somehow the barrage seemed louder; you just had to stand there and hear the hum of a motor overhead, and you never knew what second he was going to get you. All you could do was curse his black soul and wait for it, while you looked at the wrecked and bombed town lit up by the gray-green flares, the gaunt outlines of the buildings showing in a macabre silhouette. Now and then would come a shuddering boom, a vivid flash of orange flame, as pieces of a house shot skyward. All we could think about was getting the hell out of Murmansk.

During the two months that we were there we all had narrow escapes. Standing on deck one night on watch for incendiaries, I was hit in the shoulder by a piece of shrapnel that luckily struck the boat deck and my steel helmet first. It buried itself in the heavy coat I was wearing, and my arm was numb for an hour.

There was a pregnant laundrywoman who came aboard one morning to get the dirty linen. A lone plane appeared, and we ducked. We called to her and she came under cover. I pointed up to the plane.

"No good," I said.

Her face expressionless, she too watched it. Struggling with her meager English, she muttered, "No—not good. For me



all right. For him" — here she patted her swollen body — "we fix."

"She damn well will too," chuckled Slim as we watched her haul away the bundles on her sled.

The Germans were trying for a gasoline ship near us. Twice they ringed her with incendiaries; they hit and sank a ship ahead of her. Old Yank and I had to go aboard her to get some meat one afternoon and found an anxious crew.

"What a place!" groaned the chief steward as he gave us a drink of rum in his cabin. "Boy, I've been in some spots, but this is the worst. Let's get out of here or I'll be a bloody wreck."

"How about a steady job here, Chief?"

"Say, are you crazy? You got to be a Russian to stick this. Did you ever see a bunch o' people like these? When the bomb hit that ship ahead of us the other night I was hiding down behind some cargo. Another bomb hit the warehouse and killed twenty Russians. I went over to give a hand and they said it was all right, they'd have more men there soon — and damned if within an hour they weren't carrying right on with the job! The only thing that I'm thankful for is that we don't have to fight *these* birds."

We nodded. We could see the kind of a fight that these people were putting up. We could see too that they had a sense of values that took no account of superficial things—something that was vital, alive, all-absorbing, something that did away with so many of the energy-sapping fripperies that don't mean a thing. Sometimes their stoicism chilled me. I saw a dock worker killed by a crate that slipped. He was a mess, crushed and bloody, sprawled on the dock. The others made little comment, just cleaned up the mess as if it were only a broken melon, and carried on. I did not like this coldness but I wondered if it wasn't the only alternative to cracking up.

Bit by bit we finally got all the cargo unloaded. The Russians worked slowly but they kept at it. Twenty-four hours a day they hauled and pulled, working twelve-hour shifts with no time off, working in a week-long blizzard toward the end, for which we were grateful. It was nearing time for us to leave when the Germans

finally hit the gas ship. They were too late to get the cargo, but they certainly smashed her hard. A hundred-pounder landed on her stern, killing two gunners outright, tearing another's hip away, and blowing a fourth onto the dock. It could so easily have been us; another second's delay in pressing that bomb release and it would have been, for we were dead in line.

As it was, one of our boys was shot in the arm during the following strafing, and the woman who checked cargo had an ankle smashed. I fixed it up as best I could and she was grateful. She was more worried about her two children. She followed the usual custom of the women in Murmansk with children—she took them to the public crèche as she went to work in the morning, and there they were cared for until she picked them up at night. She would draw her meal from the communal kitchen and heat it up at home. Then, she said, they all went to bed because there was so little fuel to keep the place warm. She had been bombed out seven times, until now there was nothing left of her furniture and she was living in a partially demolished house.

I met her two afternoons later in the Prospekt, and she asked me if I would like to see her children. She hobbled with the aid of a stick into a house that was not too badly smashed. Carefully avoiding the broken steps, I followed her up two flights of stairs. I asked her why there was a rope hanging down the air shaft and she said that it was very handy when you wanted to leave in a hurry. Shades of the old firehouse pole!

She pushed open a sagging door that had pieces of shoe tongues for hinges, and I followed her into a medium-sized room bare of all furniture except a wooden table and a box that served as a chair. Against the walls there were four mattresses, and on two of these two women were sleeping wrapped in blankets, their fur coats spread on top. Night workers, the woman said, and two day workers used the mattresses at night. Sitting on another mattress, also wrapped in blankets, were two young children who stared at me from bright round eyes. The boy was five, his sister a year older. They looked healthy and intelligent. Their



faces lit up when I produced chocolate. Their mother told them in Russian to say thank you.

"*Spasiba*," they mumbled with their mouths half full.

I looked around the room. On the table was a piece of black bread, half eaten; on top of the old-fashioned wood-burning stove at the far end sat a pot with a little soup in it. Paper and rags had been stuffed into the bomb-cracked walls and round the boarded-up window. A print of Stalin and a snapshot of a Red Army soldier were the only pictures. The soldier was the woman's husband and he was at the Finnish front, forty miles away. It was very cold in the room; it smelled of sour milk, Russian tobacco, wood smoke, and sheepskins. The place was dirty, she said, but soap was very scarce.

"Before the war we have nice little house—yes. But now—" She gave that Russian shrug.

"You could leave here now that you have been hurt," I said.

She shook her head and smiled slowly. "Why I leave? My man"—she inclined her head in the direction of Finland—"he no can leave. I no leave."

In a few days she was back on the job, hobbling around on her splinted foot and doing her usual twelve hours a day.

We moved to the ballast pier, where we took on two thousand tons of rubble.

On the last night I went up to the club to say good-by to Ilyana and Nickolai. Nick gave me a beautiful knife that he had made with metal from a smashed Messerschmitt. I didn't want to take it, but he insisted.

"I'll get more material." He smiled. "That's some that we didn't get under Lease-Lend."

On the way back aboard I passed the last of our tanks being driven up to the front line. I stood and watched them go up along the winding road that led to the front—Burma Road, we called it. I was glad that I'd helped to get them here. They were in good hands.

We dropped downstream the next morning and anchored to wait for the rest of the ships. Another convoy was coming in to take our places, loaded down as we had been. All morning German planes kept diving overhead; they sank two of our freighters—tough luck so late in the game. But as Slim and Yank and I stood on the deck watching the raid I reflected that it wouldn't be Murmansk unless there was one. Slowly we wound our way out of Kola Inlet, the guns sounding more faintly, the flashes getting paler. An hour later, in the Barents Sea, the escorts were dropping depth charges against submarines. As Old Yank said, "No peace no place no more."

If it ever does come back, let it come soon to the people of Murmansk. They deserve it.



# QUININE—REBORN IN OUR HEMISPHERE

CHARLES MORROW WILSON



ON THE high slopes of a volcanic mountain in western Guatemala one can now observe a unique harvest. Indians are at work in a grove of tall gray-barked trees. They fell the trees and, swinging their sharp, broad-headed axes, slash away the small limbs and twigs, then chop the trunk logs and larger limbs into "junks" four to six feet long. Thereupon they take sharpened tools and dig up the stumps and roots and scrape away most of the earth or mud. Then they lay down hoes and axes, take up wooden mallets, and begin pounding the wet logs and the cleaned roots.

That done, the Indian workmen begin peeling off the bark in thick layers, which they leave to dry in the sun. Not all the bark can be loosened by the mallet blows. Sometimes, particularly in knotty areas, knife work is required. In such cases the workmen employ stubby thick-handled knives, the blades of which are made of bone. If you ask them why they don't use steel knives they will nod solemnly and advise you in peculiar dialect Spanish that the "bite" of the bark (meaning the alkaloid content) will quickly eat away any metal, including, alas, the cutting edges of axes, which at best are short-lived. Or, if they do not speak Spanish, they will merely nod in solemn politeness and go right ahead scraping.

They call the tree under annihilation "quina"—after the Dutch "kina." The tree's usual name is cinchona, or fever tree. Its bark provides people with quinine, man's surest and best proved defense against malaria.

Because of their work and the astonishing if paradoxical tree which occasions it, these Guatemalans have become particularly significant to us. For they are assisting in the rebirth of quinine as a valid Pan-American cultivated crop at a time when malaria remains mankind's most widespread communicable disease.

Malaria is endemic in seventeen States of our own South and Southwest, and in all South American countries north of the Rio Plata. It intermittently smolders and flares throughout northern Africa and much of southern Africa, in all countries fronting on the Mediterranean, in most of southern Asia and Asia Minor, Malaya, and nearly all the Pacific tropics. India remains the number-one hell of "tropical fevers"—with a normal yearly toll of about one million five hundred thousand malaria deaths. There, as in most other malaria lands, the toll increases alarmingly. Sonya Tamara, the New York *Herald Tribune* correspondent, recently reported from Delhi that malaria has again reached "epidemic proportions" throughout most of India. To-day it seems probable that



throughout the world at large people are dying of malaria at the rate of six million per year instead of the usual four million. And it is virtually certain that the return of millions of fighting men to their homes in the temperate zone will broaden still further the savage swathes of the disease.

This war swings farther and deeper into the tropics, anti-malarial drugs become crucial ammunition for our armed forces, and quinine still leads the list. The synthetics called atabrine and plasmochin are able complements, but quinine stays far, far in the lead.

Our present supplies of quinine are not sufficient to meet urgent human needs. Even disregarding the millions of underprivileged people in the tropics who quake and rot with malaria, one cannot forget that even in the United States, according to U. S. Public Health Service estimates, we have about a million more or less chronic malaria cases, causing a loss in working time alone of at least three-quarters of a billion dollars per year. Every State—and even southern Canada—has one or more types of Anophele mosquitoes capable of transmitting the blood-poisoning parasites of malaria from sick people to well people. The situation becomes more ominous each day of this war. Since the Japs grabbed the Netherlands Indies, Japan holds more than nine-tenths of the world's established quinine supply and our enemy is using this drug to his best possible advantage. He is refining it and storing it for future needs and using it to bait and bribe the more apathetic of Far Eastern tropical peoples.

Therefore it is good news that for the first time in half a century the Americas can and will become independent of Far Eastern sources of quinine. For this, honors are due many Americans and several American nations; among others, Guatemala, a leading banana stronghold of the world which now reveals one of the most important supplies of harvestable quinine in the Western Hemisphere or the free world. Inside Guatemala there are an estimated 1,600,000 cinchona trees, some of them planted as long ago as 1884, most of them old enough to yield the bitter-tasting bark which has saved tens of millions of people from painful and lingering

death from malaria and which can save tens of millions more. On the Pacific slope of the Santa Clara volcano—just west of the world-famed crater lake, Atitlán—Guatemala has established the world's most effective cinchona-research farm.

Credit is due also to earlier pioneers in Guatemala—men like Julio Rossignon, a Belgian coffee planter who first set out cinchona back in 1860; Franz Sarg, who planted more quinine trees in 1875; Guatemala's late President, General Justo Rufino Barrios, who worked valiantly to establish the fever tree in his country, and to this end employed the world-renowned British Indian cinchona expert, Colonel W. J. Forsyth, to supervise experimental plantings; and the present President, General Jorge Ubico, who, probably more than any other American, has facilitated the work of expert agronomists, botanists, geneticists, and chemists in restoring cinchona horticulture to our hemisphere.

Until recently Guatemalans had almost lost interest in quinine as a crop. In some instances they had felled the trees and left them to rot or burn or had used the wood to build bridges and houses.

But a change began during the early 1930's. In 1932 Mariano Pacheco Herrarte, working with Dr. Francisco Cruz, then Minister of Agriculture, began collecting bark samples from all known cinchona trees in the Republic, wild trees included. By examining about 150 bark specimens Herrarte found that 29 were true cinchonas containing quinine sulphate. In 1934, under President General Jorge Ubico, Guatemala's Department of Agriculture began helping with the planting of selected quinine seed on several well-managed plantations. The outbreak of the war in 1939 stimulated the work. And now, in 1943, cinchona trees are being harvested in 16 different producing areas in Guatemala, and are providing enough quinine for millions of Americans who now need the drug as they never needed it before.

## II

SOME of these trees grow in the old plantings which are widely scattered throughout Guatemala's almost fantasti-



cally beautiful highlands, particularly on the Pacific slopes of the volcanic mountains. But there are also new plantings of hardy roots bud-grafted to Javan strains of Ledger cinchona which are particularly high in quinine content. Several thousand young trees planted in the middle 1930's are already big enough for harvest, or at least for bark analyses which indicate quinine-sulphate recoveries as high as 12 or 13 per cent of bark weight at "maximum quinine areas"—about three feet above the ground. That is an excellent quinine recovery for any locality. And Guatemalan planters are taking new lands for quinine. The altitude range of the earlier plantings was under 5,000 feet. New plantings are being made at higher levels—up to 6,200 feet—in efforts to test their possibilities.

The chief hero of the revival of the inter-American horticulture of cinchona is the youthful and little-known scientist Jorge M. Benitez, who directs Experimental Plantations, the all-Guatemala cinchona experiment center on Finca "El Narayano." Ecuadorean by birth, Dr. Benitez has studied and worked at the Lancetilla (Honduras) Tropical Experiment Station, which is now a rubber-research stronghold of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. From Lancetilla he went to Guatemala and took over what experts consider the most exacting cinchona-propagation venture yet undertaken. Here Dr. Benitez occasionally puts aside his mountainous records—he keeps a detailed "biography" of each one of tens of thousands of seedling cinchonas—and speaks with mature skepticism (he is almost thirty) to the effect that he is only a minor paradox seeking to discover a major paradox—the latter being the fever tree.

Here, in part, is why he feels that way. Cinchonas must be propagated from seed—so tiny that it takes 2,500 to weigh a gram and about 75,000 to weigh an ounce. During the germination period (three to four weeks) the seed require a little moisture and a great deal of shade. The seed beds must be well ventilated and are usually placed east to west so that light can be admitted with gradually increasing intensity from the north side.

While the seed are germinating, the ends of the seed beds must be blacked out with mats of cane or bamboo, so that the light can be gradually increased. On the south sheet-iron roofing ("lamina") protects the beds from direct rays of the sun, and diligent spraying must defend the seedlings against insect and fungus enemies, since the seed beds must be surfaced with an inch or two of rich, bug-luring leaf mold. After a nursery period of from six to ten months—or as soon as the mid-gut trees are about two inches high and "hardened" by gradual exposure to light—they are ready for transplanting to shaded nursery beds to "harden up" for bud-grafting (which is accomplished much as we accomplish it with apples, peaches, pears, and other fruit trees). Thus an outstandingly hardy adult tree must grow from the puniest seedling known. In about one year's time the grafted plant is ready to be moved to its permanent location in the field.

So far as we now know, there are no formidable natural enemies of cinchona in the American tropics except careless, greedy man. Jorge Benitez is out to erase this exception. He nurses every seedling. On the story sheet of each he notes the rate of growth, the thickness of the bark and the quinine content, the branching habits, age of first flowering, the leaf form, and so on. After the tree is two inches in diameter three feet above the ground, he inaugurates bark sampling. The tree comes to flower during its fourth or fifth year, and as a rule the bark harvest begins at about the same time. The harvest is a matter of "selective logging." The first trees to be uprooted are those which have started badly; as an average, they amount to about one-fourth of the total stand. First yields rarely exceed 125 pounds of dry bark per cultivated acre. Each year thereafter the trees are thinned until in 15 to 30 years all of the original trees are removed.

As already noted, the harvest of quinine bark is a process of complete annihilation of the growing crops. A good average yield from healthy mature trees is eight tons of bark per acre; 16,000 pounds—good for some 16,000 ounces of effective malaria cure.



The varieties of cinchona with the highest quinine content came originally from regions in the Andes where mountain sides are covered with a thick layer of humus (the accumulated leaf-fall of centuries), and where clouds piling up from the lowlands keep the air and leaves more or less perpetually moist. Throughout the world most commercial quinine plantations are situated on the slopes of volcanoes—in Java on the slopes of the Preanger volcanoes and the plateaus between them; in Guatemala on the Pacific slopes of the volcanoes. Plenty of rain is another requirement—100 inches a year preferably; in some parts of Java the fall is 210 inches.

Ten years is the average time required for the cinchona to reach its maximum yield. The Java plantations are ordinarily operated on a "rotation" schedule. A ten-year rotation for instance would direct that one-tenth of the total acreage be felled for harvest each year after the fourth or fifth, with a similar amount of land planted to new trees. Preparation of the bark for market is simple. It is dried and then ground to a coarse powder for shipment to the manufacturers, who use chemical formulæ to extract the quinine and the minor alkaloids such as cinchonidine, quinidine, and cinchonine, which also have considerable medicinal value.

Thus far, the Ledger types of cinchona are the best quinine yielders. But the distinguished tropical botanist, Dr. Wilson Popenoe, points out: "There may be in Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, or elsewhere in Latin America wild forms which when brought into cultivation will prove even more productive and disease-resistant."

### III

THE newest chapter of the paradoxical story of cinchona is rooted deep in New World history, for it so happens that all trees which yield quinine are native to the American tropics—from southern Bolivia north to Costa Rica. Until about 1750 practically all the world's supply of quinine bark came from the forests of Loja near the Ecuador-Peru boundary. Thereafter demands continued to climb

as men struggled to fight malaria; as more and more valuable alkaloids were recovered from the bark (at present about thirty are extracted, some of which are used non-medically in vulcanizing rubber, mothproofing furniture, etc.); and as medical workers discovered the efficacy of quinine in treating colds as well as malaria.

Beginning about two centuries ago, the harvest of quinine bark became a specialized trade among various South American Indians. The "cascarilleros" hunted out the cinchona trees, felled them, stripped off the bark, dried it in the sun or before fires, and carried the dry bales *via* burro or mulepack to market ports—to Arica (from Bolivia and Peru); to Guayaquil (from Ecuador); to Barranquilla or Cartagena (from Colombia); and to Puerto Cabello or Maracaibo (from Venezuela). From these ports buyers shipped the barks to the dominant drug markets of New York, London, Hamburg, and Paris.

It was a pellmell grab-bag. The more valuable fever trees were destroyed without replacement. The quality of the barks was irregular; the supplies were erratic, and immigrant traders profited outrageously. Even before the American Revolution demands had leaped ahead of the wilderness supplies. And so in due time British and Dutch speculators began collecting seed for planting in India and Java; for they saw that this could be a lush money crop—suited to the rainy slopes of volcanic mountains too high and steep to accommodate most other tropical crops.

In 1852 quinine seed collected in Bolivia by John Weddell were first dispatched to Java. Seven years later the British government made plans for establishing cinchona cultivations in India and handed the plans to the aristocratic botanist, Clements R. Markham, who went to South America to collect the seed. Markham succeeded with the expert aid of Charles Ledger, a respectable Londoner who had lived for twenty years in Peru and Bolivia. In the latter country Ledger carefully picked the seed of superior-yielding trees. The seed were sent to Java. There they provided the parent-



age for more than 50,000 acres of Ledger cinchona orchard which, before Pearl Harbor, supplied most of the world's quinine *via* the Kina Bureau of Java and Amsterdam, the most audacious and fabulously successful cartel which the world has ever known. By 1920 Java and its Dutch colonial neighbor, Sumatra, were producing about ninety-seven per cent of the world quinine supply.

Now notice what happened to Latin-American production in the meantime. As late as 1880 Colombia had been the world's leading source of quinine bark—exporting 6 million pounds against a little over one million from India (the runner-up); 950,000 from Bolivia, Peru, and Ecuador combined; and a mere 70,000 pounds from all Java. But by 1911 Colombia's exports had fallen to a mere 35,000 pounds; India's to less than a half-million; while Java's had spurted to 20 millions—proving once more that wild-growing crops simply cannot compete in international trade with skillful cultivation of the same crops. In 1938, however, records of the U. S. Tariff Commission showed that Latin-American production of cinchona bark was beginning to increase again: it totaled somewhat over two million pounds (or 7.4 per cent of the world's supply)—most of it from Bolivia—as compared with 464,000 pounds (or 1.7 per cent) in 1929.

Luckily during 1941, before the Dutch East Indies fell to Japan, the United States government succeeded in securing large stocks of East Indies cinchona—enough to make at least 6,000,000 ounces of refined quinine sulphate. Our Allies were not so lucky. Our armed forces now hold practically all the refined quinine in the world—outside the Axis. But quinine sulphate is no longer on our civilian markets. If you require quinine you must now have a doctor's prescription, and even with that you will probably get only the ground-bark solution called "total-quinine"—which contains in various proportions the entire list of quinine alkaloids. During 1942 our imports of Latin-American cinchona climbed sixfold, from 23,000 to 149,000 pounds. The latter total now increases by the month and week.

To-day Latin-American planters and

governments, including Bolivia, Mexico, Peru, Colombia, Costa Rica, and Guatemala, are definitely interested in cinchona as a durable Pan-American crop. During 1939 the U. S. Department of Agriculture sent 1,000 seedlings of Ledger cinchona to Brazil for planting at the Agronomical Institute at Campinas, São Paulo. On March 13, 1943, an official announcement from San José stated that the United States and Costa Rica had signed an agreement granting the former a 25-year concession of 10,000 acres (about 15 square miles) of land for planting of cinchona trees, with the understanding that all the properties will revert to Costa Rica at the end of the 25 years. In Colombia experimental growing of cinchona—in the modern manner—is being carried on at the Coffee Experiment Station in Chinchinas, Caldas. Here seed and planting stock were recently brought from Guatemala by Dr. Gilberto Zapata. Our Department of Agriculture is detailing expert foresters to survey the quinine resources that can be developed in Colombia, to "scout" the stands of wild trees and work out plans for getting the wild bark to seaport. But as we have already seen, it is Guatemala that has effected the most impressive renaissance of quinine horticulture in the present-day world.

#### IV

RECENTLY, when Corporal Barney Ross, Marine fighter on Guadalcanal, told how the shortage of quinine had cost the lives of many of our fighting men in the Solomons, scores of American druggists, following the lead of Oscar Lasky of Los Angeles, began to donate millions of capsules of quinine in stock for the use of our fighting men in faraway tropics. Officials of the Red Cross received the donations with the comment that the gifts of quinine were infinitely better than any comparable gifts of money.

For, quite regardless of what the real or would-be science columns may say, there is no synthetic quinine. The molecular structure apparently cannot be duplicated. Of the two extremely important quinine substitutes or partial substitutes, plasmochin lacks the curative power



of quinine, but helps greatly in stopping the spread of the disease; atabrine is proving itself a valuable anti-malarial; but neither atabrine nor plasmochin, nor both together, take over completely the role of quinine, because quinine remains the best-known defense against malaria—a group of infectious fevers caused when red blood cells are destroyed by malignant parasites which are spat into the human blood-streams by Anopheline mosquitoes. Quinine helps destroy within the blood the schizonts or asexual forms of the parasite and thus “cures” the patient of the fever attacks. It destroys also the gametocytes or sexual forms of the parasite which transmit the disease through the agency of the infected mosquitoes.

Plasmochin and atabrine are proving of enormous worth as tideovers in the most crucial of quinine shortages. We are getting them, particularly atabrine, by the hundreds of millions of tablets. But we still need quinine in unprecedented amounts, since its ability to double-score against the cycle of malaria assures it a lasting place among the essential therapeutics.

At this time when all workable anti-malarials are so essential to victory in our global war, the malariologist's dream of freeing the world of malaria without seeking the impossible—the literal destruction of mosquitoes—seems nearer realization than ever before. And more imperative. For our all-decisive war sweeps ever deeper into tropical lands where malaria is rampant and into which we send hundreds of thousands of temperate-zone fighting men whose resistance to the number-one scourge of the tropics is at a minimum.

Fortunately, our medical corps is aware of this dilemma. Both Surgeon General James Magee of the Army and Surgeon General Ross T. McIntire of the Navy state openly that malaria is one of the most serious menaces to American fighting forces throughout the world. When Bataan fell, United Press correspondents reported that more than half of our American troops were out of action with malaria.

But when one grants the importance of malaria control to United Nations victory, one all but inevitably finds oneself pre-

dicting that the malaria curve is likely to keep ascending after the war is done. Troops who come home from the tropics or subtropics are likely to bring malaria to most if not all temperate-zone countries. That happened to us after the Mexican War, the Civil War, and the Spanish-American War. In 1899–1900 the return of our Cuban expeditionary forces resulted in serious malaria epidemics in such northerly points as Greenwich (Connecticut), Duluth, Buffalo, Syracuse, and Cleveland, and the Cuban Expedition veterans numbered only a few thousands—not millions.

More fervently than ever before American medicine prays for God's own plenty of anti-malarial ammunition: billions of doses of atabrine; more billions of doses of quinine, all of which can and must be made available at low prices. In the past there has never been enough quinine to supply the crucial needs of the impoverished millions who suffer from malaria. During the past two decades League of Nations medical statisticians insisted that Kina Bureau prices, effective throughout the world, kept quinine out of the buying range of nine-tenths of the malaria sufferers. (As a long-term proposition malaria is a poor man's disease, and usually it is worst where food supplies are worst.)

Malariologists, particularly those with long experience in the tropics, are growing more unanimous in the belief that malaria can never be really beaten down without plenty of drugs—inexpensive therapeutics of standard strength and uniform quality which will not be adequately supplied by power-politics cartels. Quinine, so long dominated by a cartel, now has a chance to be free again. Of course the war-battered Kina Bureau is still fighting for vested rights. Its agencies are to be encountered in most of the principal cities of this hemisphere; its propaganda is still emitted from beneath strangely diverse letterheads. But the fact remains that climatically, botanically, legally, and morally quinine can be and is being grown by free men in the relatively free Americas.

Our southern neighbors have begun to realize this. Therefore the new bud-grafted cinchonas on the hillsides of Guatemala can very well be the most significant trees in the world.



# WHY NOT TRY FREEDOM?

HENRY M. WRISTON



PUBLIC opinion has sensed the vital relationship between the war and the peace; it recognizes that victory alone will not guarantee the fulfillment of the purposes of mankind. Victory is the first necessity, but only the first. A great deal is required beyond victory to assure a stable peace.

The most important need is to recover a living faith in the institutions we are fighting to preserve. As defensive warfare will not bring victory, so a defensive attitude about our institutions will not bring peace. Every negative mood must be avoided; our national program must be oriented about positive and fundamental ideas.

The war brings many situations into liquidation. The tragic fruits of mistaken policy are revealed with naked clarity; there is a sharpness to perspective upon the past that less dramatic moments lack; it is a time when old objectives and familiar methods can be reassessed. Likewise during war new purposes can more readily be shaped. Now is the time to renew the bases of democratic government, to clarify and reformulate its principles, to strengthen faith in the worth of the individual, to enlarge the opportunities for freedom.

A "brave new world" however is not a requisite of peace; indeed, blueprints of Utopia are much better described as evidences of irresponsibility and open the way to "realistic" reaction. We can best

reach the goal of peace by helping the brave *old* world abandon the sins that made it weak and recover the courage that made it heroic. Not by escapist dreams about the future, but by building upon the deep and firm foundations of the past, can we bring peace to the earth.

This is not a work for the élite alone; it is not a task primarily for experts and specialists. Their contributions have an important place, but they are subsidiary. It is far more essential to estimate the moving tides which are the hopes of the plain men and women who have made America. The wisdom of the world is not always with the learned; often it is to be found in the perceptive common sense of the man in the street. He is neither a dreamer nor a drudge; he lives in a real world, but has ambitions for himself and even brighter ones for his children. Those insights and those hopes are not to be measured by his schooling; literacy and good sense are far from synonymous; on public matters the common man has many shrewd judgments.

## II

A POSITIVE attitude requires a fundamental reversal of strategy. For years business and government have been working at cross purposes. Each has been dominated by negative ideas about the other. Their common stake has too often



been forgotten in mutual recriminations. The common faith of all has been imperiled by their destructive frictions.

Evidence that government has taken a defeatist position regarding our economy is overwhelming. Nothing has been more common than assertions that business has "failed" to provide full employment, that it has "lost" its democratic character, that it has gained its successes by "exploitation." Projects of regulation and reform, subsidized competition of public agencies with private enterprise, promises of the extension of public ownership—these and many other manifestations are familiar. That there have been serious maladjustments in economic as in other phases of life no one can doubt, but political leaders with the defeatist point of view have seemed eager to abolish the economic system along with its maladjustments; they seemed concerned not so much with improvement as with substitution.

Thus during the past ten years political defeatism had particularly disastrous results for enterprise. Government maintained possession of the initiative and business waged a rear-guard action. Sometimes its retreat was not to a "prepared position." There was a domestic war of attrition, and at the moment we entered the world war of attrition business had fewer assets, less favorable access to equity finance than in 1932, and its labor relations had been needlessly bedeviled by partisan laws. The defeatism of the past decade surely provided no "physical fitness" program for our productive energies.

The difficulty arose not so much from the substance of government action as from the tone and temper in which action was taken. Essential reforms were cast in a language so revolutionary, a tone so minatory, a temper so punitive, a manner so overbearing as to give the impression that all business was, in the expressive language of the street, "in the doghouse." The psychological effects ran beyond reform and constituted a political terrorism disruptive to economic progress.

The war reveals the folly of governmental defeatism about business. Total war calls for industrial power and business efficiency fully as much as for fighting men and an aggressive spirit. It suddenly be-

comes clear that government needs business and needs it desperately. There can no longer be any doubt that harassment of business impedes the war effort. There is a fundamental community of interest; if business cannot function, government cannot succeed. The spirit of vendetta between them is mutually destructive; domestic peace is the only sensible course.

If that is true amid the exigencies of war it will be just as true during the tensions of reconstruction. Demobilization is only partly military; its more essential aspect is industrial remobilization. If there is to be any hope of satisfactory readjustment it will require the wholehearted co-operation of government and business.

There have been some encouraging signs. In its final report the Temporary National Economic Committee declared, "We reject as un-American and unrealistic the belief that the limits of economic achievements have been reached in the United States." Moreover the Vice President has been speaking about production in the postwar world. That is a new emphasis. "Everywhere the common man must learn to increase his productivity so that he and his children can eventually pay to the world community all that they have received. . . . As they [the masses of India, China, and Latin America] become productive mechanics, their standard of living will double and treble." Mr. Wallace recently described the "new democracy" as "supremely interested in raising the productivity, and therefore the standard of living."

It is heartening to have a high government officer recognize production rather than "buying power" as the key. Until the emphasis is shifted from having the federal treasury scatter artificial "buying power" to the creation of things men need depression will be forever with us.

Defeatism, however, has by no means been one-sided. Political leaders were not alone at fault. Business, for its part, became disheartened about our politics to the point of raising doubts that democracy was the best form of political organization. It became a stock remark among business men that "you can't expect to beat Santa Claus" in an election. No statement could more fully express the defeatist point



of view. It is utterly destructive of the democratic thesis to suggest that the mind and heart of man are governed solely by his pocketbook.

In any event this defeatist attitude on the part of business, like the parallel defeatism of the politicians, has suddenly become an anachronism. We are at war. Nobody expects war to create wealth. Surely it was no vote for Santa Claus when we went to war as a united people. Nobody expects a soldier to make money; yet we expect him to hazard his life. That ought to demonstrate the absurdity of economic determinism as the key to politics—or life.

Of course money has some influence upon a man's mind. But the plain facts of history stare us in the face; spiritual values, love of home and love of country, patriotism and faith in ideals (even mistaken ideals) have often been both more dramatic and more powerful than economic interest. American unity regarding the war is much more than a mark of intelligence; it is a triumph of character. For sacrifice replaces plenty; hardship is accepted instead of comfort; the things of the spirit are preferred to the pleasures of the moment. This is evidence that the American people have not lost their sensitivity to concepts of justice and human dignity.

There is a third aspect of defeatism which has distracted America. Politics and business met on common ground in a defeatist attitude toward the fundamental moral presuppositions upon which our democracy has been built. Both abandoned the idea of an absolute standard of morals; both reduced conduct to an amorphous relativism—elaborate words to describe moral confusion.

This loss of faith in fixed ethical standards explains the other two aspects of defeatism. In every period of moral confusion the state gains in authority. When the state becomes too strong the exercise of power becomes an end in itself. Moral restraint disappears. It has gone to its logical extreme in the Axis: truth and falsehood are used alike to deceive; promises are made to be broken; negotiation for peace is a cloak for treacherous assault.

That experience is not new to the world.

It has appeared again and again in history. Machiavelli developed the explicit blueprint of power politics at the beginning of the sixteenth century. He said, for example, "One prince [Führer] . . . never preaches anything else but peace and good faith, and to both he is most hostile, and either, if he had kept it, would have deprived him of reputation and kingdom many a time." If you accept the postulate that there is no absolute except power, Hitler is justified; so also are Mussolini and the Japanese jingoes. Unless there is a moral absolute the totalitarians are right. If Machiavelli was correct in asserting that after conquest succeeds "the means will always be considered honest," our nation was launched on the wrong basis.

### III

NOT in America alone, but even more elsewhere in the world, there has also been a conspicuous failure to believe that men are governed by reason, and a consequent unwillingness to depend upon discussion and common sense for the solution of the world's problems. That has had evil consequences everywhere, but it has been particularly disastrous here. We find ourselves in the middle of an ideological war with our own ideology clouded and defensive. Our structure of ideas was built upon belief in reason and now we appear to have accepted, by inference, an interpretation of psychology which undermines reason, which regards it not as a great moving force but as a mere rationalization, explaining, or more likely obscuring, behavior that really arises from deep-seated drives. Reason, in this setting, becomes only the public apology for secret sin—a device, at best, for explanation and, at worst, for obfuscation. That is the cynical technique of the totalitarians.

Democracy cannot long survive in such a moral and intellectual miasma. For democracy is founded upon two fundamental postulates which, once compromised, leave it defenseless. The first is that reason governs mankind. Of course men are influenced by many emotions—by desire, by greed, by love, by hate. The "drives" that have so befuddled modern thought are real enough. They have



been recognized throughout human history as not only real but powerful. Democracy, however, is founded upon the assumption that ultimately—not necessarily at a given moment but over the long pull—man will do the reasonable thing. That is what Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes meant when he said: "The ultimate good desired is . . . reached by free trade in ideas. . . . That at any rate is the theory of our Constitution." Edmund Burke summed up the democratic process: "He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill." Because the retreat from reason is premised upon the notion that man is not to be trusted to do the reasonable thing, it has had desperate consequences.

The second postulate of democracy, equally fundamental, is that the individual is of infinite worth—so towering in the scale of values that he has rights even against the state. Democracy, that is to say, is based upon a moral absolute—not the relative worth, not the financial worth, not the economic potential, but the spiritual worth of the individual human being. Walt Whitman, American to the core, phrased it with all the passionate intensity at his command: "In the center of all, and object of all, stands the Human Being, toward whose heroic and spiritual evolution poems and everything directly or indirectly tend, Old World or New."

The essence of the democratic process is the moral, intellectual, and social integer—the individual—living his life with a maximum of freedom and a minimum of external restraint, with the accent upon accommodation and consensus rather than plan or enforcement. Democracy, therefore, does not rest upon governmental forms or upon constitutional provisions. Its reality and effectiveness are dependent upon the self-reliance and self-discipline of the citizens; its quality is the reflection of their cultural maturity.

The fertility of the individual mind remains one of the mysteries of the universe. No philosopher or scientist has ever solved the riddle. Somewhere from out the void an idea which did not exist springs into the brain of man. In a really free society a man can put that **idea on the market, intellectual or com-**

**mercial; if it is poor the loss is his; if it is good he benefits, but the world benefits even more.**

It is precisely because the individual is a moral unit and a social integer that he is the political ultimate. Once that absolute is compromised into relativity it disappears entirely. There is no middle ground; it is all or nothing. Once that absolute is lost, the foundation is withdrawn from our familiar economic system, as well as from the political structure within which alone an economic order based upon free enterprise is possible.

By a process of erosion, any stage of which would be difficult to identify, there has been a steady loss of faith in the individual. It has been boldly asserted "as historical fact that the era of individualism is closing and the era of collectivism is opening." It has become a "liberal" dogma that the center of gravity has altered, and that even in America "we may detect a shift from preoccupation with the individual to concern for society as a whole." Radicals go farther to assert that the war culminates a trend and "will mean the liquidation of the basic human value, of the ruling sense of man's meaning to himself as an individual within the mystery of life, which has subsumed and shaped the modern era." Indeed the phrase "rugged individualism" has been one of mockery these many years.

This loss of faith in the only moral being in the universe, the individual man, is the final evidence of democratic defeatism. It is revealed in a thousand ways. It appears in fear of the machine, though the machine has brought the individual vast new resources. In sheer intellectual panic it has been assumed that the mind which created the machine cannot remain its master. Retreat from reason becomes, on that premise, a disastrous rout. But the machine does not dominate this age. Men and men's ideas, men and men's ambitions, passions, strengths, and weaknesses dominate this, as every other age. The monster which wreaked vengeance on Frankenstein was the product of Mrs. Shelley's imagination, and the robot of R.U.R. never existed. The machine is never dominant; man is in control unless terror or stupidity destroys his capacity to



function rationally—or to function at all.

The same sort of defeatism has been revealed in our fear of want—at a time when plenty surpasses the imagination of a few decades ago, and when famine, man's historical neighbor, is vanquished. It passes the boundaries of sanity when men stand in fear of the good earth's bounty, damned with the epithet "surplus."

If ever there was danger that we should so emphasize the individual as to lose sight of social needs, surely that danger is now completely reversed. The pendulum has swung too far. Only as a grand gesture of defeat will men creep into the arms of the state and seek refuge in its power rather than in their own courage.

The drift to statism has run its full course in Germany and Italy and Japan. If it has made them too powerful to be beaten we should stop fighting now and join their shabby "new order" and their jerry-built "co-prosperity sphere." But if we are ready to sacrifice to overcome them we should certainly repudiate their basic postulate. There can be no gain in physical victory coupled with spiritual defeat; that lesson we should have learned from the last war. Compromising our ideal during the past twenty years brought us disunity, class consciousness, economic strife, political bankruptcy, and finally war. As we overthrow the Axis we must reject its philosophy—and all its pale imitators.

#### IV

THE crisis of our time is moral. Japanese aggression in China, the conquest of Ethiopia, the interventionist revolution in Spain, the destruction of Czechoslovakia—all these events posed moral even more than political questions. And the economic significance was less than either the moral or the political. The rape of power by dictators, the suppression of freedom, the capture of labor, the impressment of property—all these manifestations of the last quarter century were evil. Their moral corruption was obvious.

It is abundantly clear that the available moral force has been the inner perceptions of the common man and not the courage of political or intellectual leaders. It was the sophisticated leadership of Sir Samuel

Hoare as British Foreign Secretary and Pierre Laval as French Premier that sacrificed Ethiopia. It was the outraged public opinion of the British and French people that retired them both from office, reduced Hoare from a prospective prime minister to an obscure politician, and left Laval without office until he was fain to accept it at the hands of a brutal conqueror.

In both Britain and America, it has become in the past ten years a cliché in many intellectual circles that "liberal democracy has broken down," that "the defense of democracy . . . is dead and barren," and that democracy "has lost belief in itself and become an inert instead of a dynamic force in world affairs." One of the British "liberal" leaders most influential in American thought, Harold J. Laski, recently wrote: "It was possible to believe in the permanence of the democratic ideal in the brief hour of its triumph in 1918. Since then events have increasingly proved that it was unsuited to the conditions of our age."

Whenever I meet this defeatist spirit touching democracy there comes inescapably to my mind a conversation with a Norwegian gardener in the Hardanger district in the summer of 1939. With a primitive kind of scraper he was digging grass out of the gravel path of a little garden in front of our hotel at the end of a calm and beautiful fjord. His formal schooling had consisted of very little. He had learned English by listening to the radio. In terms of money, in terms of opportunity, in terms of housing and plumbing—in short, in terms of any of the material standards which we so commonly accept—he would indubitably be damned with those glib hypnotic words, "one of the underprivileged." But in his comments there was sanity, a lucid and penetrating simplicity; there was wisdom.

Perhaps he was one of those described by Leland Stowe as "too civilized" effectively to resist the German invader. Certainly he was not equipped for blitzkrieg. But surely also, when the hardships and horrors of occupation are over, he will be the one, if any, to defeat the gloomy prophecies of social and moral and intellectual disintegration. He will help maintain



the fabric of the world: He will be lost neither in cynicism nor in utopian schemes of revolution. Never having misinterpreted life as a joy ride or a world's fair, never having fled from reality, he will not have lost his bearings in a sea of trouble. And when, in the course of time, the democratic process can reassert itself in his native country, he will be both its justification and its guarantee.

The *American White Paper: the Story of American Diplomacy and the Second World War* was largely a public record made available for private profit. Reading it with a mounting sense of indignation, I learned how one of our "policy makers" recorded his "feeling of seeing a civilization breaking, of seeing it dying before its actual death." The magnificent arrogance of this banality was the fruit of overemphasis upon knowledge and intellectual power, and a lack of perspective—knowledge without wisdom. I suspect that Norwegian gardener with his earthy wisdom sees the realities more clearly; I doubt he would be so ignorantly despairing as to say, "We are ending our death watch over Europe." Perhaps he never took freedom so much for granted, and is more patient to achieve its fulfillment.

The defeatist assumption that democratic competence is impossible for the millions is not borne out by experience. Many a Yankee farmer has the same qualities of shrewdness, tolerance, common sense, and wisdom that characterized the Norwegian gardener. The spiritual and cultural potentialities of men and women cannot be gaged by economic opportunities, by years in school, or by any other formal and pseudo-scientific measurements. Indeed, these often blind us to the profound common sense which is the characteristic heritage of the man in the street.

It was the French intellectual class which proved to be defeatist about the Third Republic, not the common people. If ever that nation is to rise again to its proper post of dignity and leadership in the world, it will not be through shuffling offices among the shoddy politicians or even through the glamour of a military leader. Its regeneration will come from the steadiness and the love of country of

the peasants, about whom Captain André Chanson wrote so movingly in his diary of four months at the front fighting for his beloved France "with her peasant's stride—reasonable and balanced." That self-reliant and stable element will be the real foundation of France's return to greatness.

The Yugoslav who lost his life in the guerrilla warfare against the Germans achieved a moral insight keener than that of any statesman of our time in a letter to his unborn son: "The spirit of wonder and adventure, the token of immortality, will be given you as a child. May you keep it forever, with that in your heart which always seeks the gold beyond the rainbow, the pastures beyond the desert, the dawn beyond the sea, the light beyond the dark. May you seek always and strive always in good faith and high courage, in this world where men grow so tired. . . . Keep your love of life, but throw away your fear of death. Life must be loved or it is lost; but it should never be loved too well. . . . Keep your wonder at great and noble things like sunlight and thunder, the rain and the stars, the wind and the sea, the growth of trees and the return of harvests, and the greatness of heroes. Keep your heart hungry for new knowledge; keep your hatred of a lie; and keep your power of indignation."

He was touching the wellsprings of life, he was not overwhelmed by the complexities of modern civilization, he was not confused by the mechanisms of the economic system, he was not blinded by the technicalities which loom so large in the minds of the experts. The picture he drew was in far better perspective than that of any of the tiresome planners who would regulate us into an anthill. Those who would substitute expertism for democracy should be humbled at the thought of the greatness of the common man whose wisdom, in their intellectual arrogance, they have so stupidly disdained.

The Cockney with his thumbs up in the midst of the blitz revealed a moral stamina, a self-confidence which ought to show that his sense of values was sounder than that of those learned appeasers and those sophisticated leaders who brought disaster



upon the world by failure to pay the price of peace, though it was infinitely less than the cost of war. No wonder the most perceptive democrat in American history, Abraham Lincoln, could exclaim: "Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world?" The call of our time is for a renewal and refreshment of that faith.

## V

HERE is a program. Root out of American life every manifestation of the retreat from reason. Make the common sense and the common honesty of the common man our common reliance. Revive faith in the individual as the key to values, recognizing that man was created in the image of God; it is so written in the very first chapter of the very first book of the Bible. All the classical apologists acknowledge that as the foundation of freedom. Jefferson, in the Declaration of Independence, proclaimed that "all men are created equal," "they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights." Neither in Scripture nor in the writings of any great political thinker is it written that society or the state has divine attributes.

Establish the democratic process as the guide to action. Repudiate administrative management; insist upon government by the people as well as government for the people. Accept boldly the dangerous doctrine of freedom, and repel every suggestion that safety is more important. Stop the alternate coddling and sacrifice of youth; open to them avenues of opportunity for experience and adventure. Eschew privilege, banish privilege, accepting for yourselves and offering to others success or failure as talents and industry warrant.

The problem of abolishing want is not a problem in division, as the politicians so often aver; it is a problem in multiplication. Conquer poverty by the only credible method, by production upon a basis so efficient, upon a range so vast, upon a scale so magnificent that the real wealth of the world flows to the common man.

We have been living in a world where,

by a kind of double talk, the vocabulary of liberalism has been stolen by the real reactionaries. Only in a world where values have become topsy-turvy would it be possible for Hitler to describe tyranny as a "new order," or for bureaucracy to masquerade in the habiliments of liberalism, or for the planned economy to make a pretense of "economic democracy." Government by bureaucracy, control of business by administrative regulation, manipulation of the economy for political purposes—these are stark reaction. Not all the cascades of beautiful words about "new social goals," "bold social engineering," "security from the cradle to the grave" can wash away that ineradicable fact.

Bureaucracy is intrinsically reactionary. It gets its start as "reform," but its structure and method are so clumsy that it becomes reactionary in spite of itself—not at once, but when its technique bogs its zeal. Bureaucracy is founded upon an anti-democratic principle. We can set it down as a general rule that if a policy is based upon doubts of the capacity of the citizenry to understand and control it, its operation is likely to prevent that practical education in public affairs on the part of the citizens by which alone democracy can survive.

There is an acid test, an infallible test of a reactionary. He is the man who plans to return the citizen living under self-discipline, freedom, and free initiative to the authority of experts at a distance, to the regimentations of the planner, to the grip of the state. He is the man who rejects the dictum of Justice Brandeis: "The makers of the Constitution . . . sought to protect Americans in their beliefs, their thoughts, their emotions and sensations. They conferred, as against the Government, *the right to be let alone*—the most comprehensive of rights and the right most valued by civilized men."

Having fought the long battle to unshackle himself from complete social control through the utter dominance of the clan, having worked himself free from his obligations to his feudal lord and broken his bondage to the land, his trade, or his guild, having overthrown the tyranny of the "grand monarch," having broken the power of the old bureaucracy, man



achieved freedom. He emerged into that state where even a crusty Federalist like John Adams would say: "Let us see delineated before us the true map of man. Let us hear the dignity of his nature, and the noble rank he holds among the works of God." Now, in the name of liberalism, in the name of reform, in the name of freedom from want, there are those who would return him to that subjection from which he has with such pain and difficulty escaped. That is black reaction.

To call upon man to reassert his individual dignity, to meet the hazards of freedom manfully, to suffer without complaint in the interests of liberty—that is historically and intrinsically the radical program.

The decisions of arms are transient; it is the wills of men we must trust, for the wills of men are stronger than steel and the hearts of men are stouter than weapons. Woodrow Wilson's words will be true in the future as in the past: "The best form of efficiency is the spontaneous co-operation of a free people."

This is no time for timidity; danger calls for boldness and for accepting responsibility. There is a cost of war more terrible than taxation. There is a cost of war much more dreadful than a lower standard of living. Ten million men and women have already died—and the end is not yet; American casualties are just beginning. A hundred million people are refugees from their own homes. Those tragic costs can be recompensed only by a new birth of freedom.

Once before, in easier times, this opportunity was ours. A youthful poet, before he died in battle, flung the challenge:

To you from failing hands we throw  
The torch; be yours to hold it high!  
If ye break faith with us who die,  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
In Flanders fields.

Faith was broken, the torch extinguished, and a new generation needlessly pays the awful price. If this time we break faith with those who die, we will not have another chance, and we shall not deserve it.





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## THE FACTORY MANAGER LEARNS THE FACTS OF LIFE

A. G. MEZERIK

THE mass-production industries never liked the idea of employing women. In peacetime, with plenty of men available, the factory manager would not have dreamed of placing women on the assembly line. He had no special objection to using them in offices but, aside from that, it seemed to him that they ought to stay home and take care of the men and the children. The war has changed that.

Four million women are now employed in munitions and essential industries. Before the end of 1943 another million will be added. To the plant manager this adds up to a situation for which he was almost completely unprepared. He has had to learn nearly all the facts of life directly from the women. And he is still learning the hard way, which seems to be the American way—every manager for

himself and with almost no research into how his current problems were met during the last war or how other companies are solving them in this one.

The first question he had to face was "Can a woman do a man's work?" At first the manager tended to assume that all women are weak and can do only light work. But as the shortage of male workers intensified he was forced, willy-nilly, to let women try other jobs—with surprising results. At Sperry Gyroscope, making precision devices, 13,000 women work beside 17,000 men and there is no type of job in the whole plant that women are not doing. In steel, heaviest of all industries, women work at the open hearth and alongside the blast furnaces, tear down and rebuild steel furnaces, and work as laborers in many other jobs. In the Bethlehem



plant they swing eight-pound bricks to waiting bricklayers—this in spite of the fact that women are supposed to be unable to lift. In shipyards women comprise 15 per cent of the total work force and in some large yards the percentage is 25 per cent.

Experience is proving to the plant manager that a woman can do almost all of the jobs he thought were exclusively masculine. But he does run into limitations on heavy lifting and continuous muscular strains, and here he begins to utilize his experience and turn to the making of job classifications so that he can fit the job to the worker instead of the worker to the job. The fact that, pound for pound of body weight, a woman can lift only a little more than half as much as a man is canceled if the woman is given a mechanical hoist to lift the work up to her. Once the work is in place she will do the job as well as a man—better if it is routine, monotonous, repetitive, painstaking, and intricate, as most mass-production jobs are.

But the mere fitting of work to women does not solve the manager's problem. The differences between men and women are not only physical; they are psychological and social as well. The plant manager first caught on to that when he dealt summarily with women about their defective work or about their dress. He was met with tears and he did not understand them any better than he does his wife's or his daughter's. The barrage of tears was so effective that, in desperation, the manager began to employ women as counselors. Most of these women had little to go on except tact and a college education. But they knew that a woman will cry under most of the stresses which cause her male fellow worker to curse—a piece of work that won't shape up right or a foreman's ridicule. Starting with these counselors, a whole new classification of administration has sprung into being. Women are now installed as personnel executives, and under them there are counselors who roam the plant floor, straightening out snarls before they cause tears, acting as the working woman's agent in getting household help, housing, and child care for her, and even filling the role of adviser on pregnancy and marriage problems. The plant manager made

a ten-strike when he stumbled into hiring women counselors, for more than any other factor they ease the way for him. But there are, as yet, too few of them to affect the situation profoundly. The problems are still with the manager.

## II

WHEN the factory manager hires a man he does not think about what the man wears, but when he began to hire women it was different. Instantaneously he became aware of jewelry: rings, bracelets, and the like. What he had formerly considered merely an adornment now became a dangerous hazard. A ring near a spindle or other moving machinery might mean a lost hand. Accidents were so alarmingly frequent that the ban on jewelry had to be made absolute. It then became apparent that devout Catholic girls would not easily be parted from wedding rings, and the manager had to invoke the co-operation of the priests—who promised the girls that when the war was over they would again bless the rings, whose sanctity meanwhile would not be impaired.

Readers of glamour stories in newspapers and magazines about beautifully dressed women at work may think that slacks, coveralls, and caps are simply the result of a new fashion craze inspired by wartime work—a craze like that for Egyptian designs after Tutankhamen's tomb was discovered. Managers know better and they are sadder and wiser for the knowledge. For instance, a manufacturer of watches who employs women to make precision instruments for the air forces is trying to outfit these women with slacks which are completely lintless. Dresses will not do, since skirts may be caught in the de-duster machinery in use throughout the plant. Forty manufacturers are working on the problem, but none has yet solved it. Or take the aircraft manufacturer who tried to get proper clothing for his women workers, clothing which would be "safe, sturdy, and reasonable." The manufacturers of women's clothing offered glamour and beauty but did not seem to have heard of functional requirements; manufacturers of men's clothing didn't



know anything about sizing for women.

A shipbuilder—a newcomer to the ranks of employers of women—has found that the hardest job is to get work clothes which *fit* and are made of the right material. Welders and burners, best advertised of women shipyard workers, wear leather pants; and it seems next to impossible to get a pair which leaves room for the hips and yet is not too big round the waist. This gave rise to an incident, far from harmless, which entertained newspaper men not long ago. A welder was working clad in ill-fitting leathers which she held up by a belt. Every fifteen minutes or so she had to put down her welding arc and pull up her pants. Finally the belt gave way under one last jerk, the pants fell down, the woman dropped her iron in an effort to grab up her pants and received a nasty leg burn together with a lot of embarrassing snickers. Fabric and fit, the shipyard has discovered, are important. Will wind-resistant fabrics be practical during the summer months? Will they be too hot? Will sizes that permit the worker to wear sweaters and woolen underwear underneath their work garments in winter be baggy and sloppy in summer?

But slacks and coveralls are not the manager's only problems. For instance, up to now I do not know of a single manufacturer of women's gloves who has gone into the manufacture of women's work gloves; yet at many plants steel-reinforced gloves are essential for routers, press operators, and stock chasers. The manager who is trying to persuade the women's glove manufacturers to make what he needs must in the meantime supply his women workers with small-size men's gloves. Shoes also offer special difficulties. A man's ordinary shoes are fairly heavy and, where there are no special hazards, offer sufficient protection against a dropping tool or a stubbed toe; but women's flimsy slippers and especially their open-toed shoes are invitations to accidents. A suitable woman's work shoe is hard to find.

And then there is the problem of hats or head covering. In the first place many workers need caps with bills and visors long enough to warn them when they get their heads too close to moving machines.

Furthermore, even a single wisp of long hair, if left uncovered, may catch in a rapidly moving machine spindle, and if it does the entire head of hair may be yanked in too. But a hat which covers the entire head is uncomfortable and hot, and women prefer to wear nets. The nets in general use however are of so large a mesh that hair can be pulled out through the holes by the static electricity which machines create, and mesh offers no protection from dust and dirt. There is the problem: fully enclosed hats are too hot, so some concession to the mesh must be made—but how much? Who would have thought that factory management in order to fill its war contracts would have to learn a lot about the care of scalps and hair?

The manager by trial and error—mostly error—has reduced his needs to a set of requirements which he works out with a garment manufacturer. He knows now about function and fit—he wants a garment which gives the woman free movement and play for the type of work she is doing. If she bends much, a coverall may be unsatisfactory since it may pull in the crotch. If she is to work outside in winter the garments must be roomy enough to allow for sweaters and heavy underwear. If she is to do light work in an air-conditioned space turbans and smocks or aprons may be suitable.

He thinks first of all in terms of safety. But he soon learns that the most important thing is that the garment should be functional. For if it is ill-adapted to the job it will be a source of danger anyhow. If a garment has large lapels or a belt has loose ends, obviously it is not right for work at machinery. Flaring skirts are out for the same reason. If a woman is working with machinery in which buttons may get caught she will need a fly front or slipover. Short sleeves may offer less danger than long ones and trousers without cuffs may help too. If she is going to work with flammable materials her garments must be flameproofed. Pockets should not bulge and may well be chain-stitched, so that if an end does catch, the pocket will come off without dragging the wearer with it.

These new costumes must be laundera-



ble. They cannot, as yet, be made of synthetic fabrics, for most of these will not give long enough service where dirt and grease are heavy. They must fit, which means probably a two-piece garment, for, as sizes run now, a one-piece garment may not do so. As older and larger women come into industry—and that's the trend—two-piece slack suits will probably be more popular than ever—for reasons all too obvious.

But after he has made all these decisions many a factory manager has found that women would have nothing to do with the completed design. They called it unattractive or rebelled against the monotony of wearing the same thing every day. Or it was brought home to the manager that he had a union contract which committed him to provide equal pay and working conditions for men and women; must he enforce the wearing of special clothes by women when he made no such regulation for men? Some plants have already solved this awkward problem to their own satisfaction and, in doing it, have won wide approval from women employees. Allis Chalmers has prepared a booklet as dashing as a copy of *Vogue*; in it the management has pictured the clothes it recommends and outlined the jobs at which such garments are to be worn. Incidentally, the booklet adds safety tips, diet hints, and even pictures of exercises which will keep the Allis Chalmers girls' lines and curves streamlined. Sperry Gyroscope and Boeing have done such a thorough job of design and persuasion that their women like the way they look and are buying the recommended costumes to save wear and tear on their more expensive clothes.

Yet here and there women stand up to rebel—and often with reason. The managers at the Ford plant, historically slow to remember that workers are human beings, learned about slacks. If slacks are good for workers at machines, they decided, then they are good for everybody, including the office staff. The office girls promptly struck—though as strikes are outlawed in wartime they put up only a token resistance. "I never heard of any stenographer getting her skirt caught in the gear of her typewriter" is the way one

of their leaders put it. The managers learned another lesson in their education in the facts of life.

Men workers took a little thing like goggles in their stride—wore them because they protected the eyes and let it go at that. It wasn't so simple with women. Goggles are heavy. They get dirty. Greasy hands cannot clean them. And some of the younger women seem to take seriously that quip about men not making passes at girls who wear glasses. Yet the manager knows that a steel chip in an eye means that the company will have to pay compensation, or at any rate the worker will have to take time out in the plant hospital. So Sperry and other plants, using good advertising technique, installed a little white wagon, operated by a girl attendant, which makes the rounds all day, fitting goggles and cleaning dirty lenses. It was a woman who thought of that. Wherever the cart is used it is saving many a valuable eye.

### III

FRESH skins and lovely faces have always pleased men, and the plant manager is no exception. He got a shock—and not just an æsthetic one—when the first reports came in from the plant hospital. He found that women's faces and hands, and their bodies too, were easy prey to skin disease. Dermatitis was incorporated into the industrial vocabulary. What caused it? Many industrial poisons have a much more serious effect on women than they have on men. Lead and ingredients containing lead, TNT, dinitrobenzene, sulphuric ether, mercury, arsenic, oil—the list of things that may cause trouble is long. In some plants precision parts preclude the wearing of rubber gloves during the cleaning operation. The plant manager does not want to have to cure dermatitis: he wants to prevent it and forget it. And so he has been forced to turn to the specialists in cosmetics. Now he gives protective creams to the woman worker and urges her to use them freely.

And where she uses them is important. The prewar type of factory washroom with open closets, wash troughs, and tiny lockers was rejected from the very day women



went to work. They just wouldn't stand for a place like that. What they needed and are getting from an unwilling manager, helpless in the face of a labor shortage, is a washroom in which the closets are fully enclosed and private, and there are individual wash bowls with mirrors above them. Women want a lounge where they can relax, and they need spacious lockers, since most of them make a complete change of clothing for street wear. To the manager all this seems an unheard-of luxury, particularly if he must provide a matron too. But he has to do it—and the matron has turned out to be an economy, since her presence has reduced the number of voluntary visits to the washroom as well as the loitering.

Having given the women workers what were, to his mind, lavish washrooms, the manager felt he had about reached the end of that problem, but he found he must also add a dispensing machine. For he is faced with the major necessity of providing for menstruation and the difficulties that attend it.

To many companies of course this is an old problem. The telephone companies and life-insurance companies have devoted years of study to it. But most plant managers didn't ask them what their experience had been. It seemed as if the nice new lounge and the dispensing machine ought to suffice. That would have been fine, but many women didn't see it that way. While a majority of women go right along about their work without any apparent change at such a time, a minority, large enough to disrupt plant operation, cannot. Some women suffer incapacitating pain, and even those who merely experience mild distress must have aid. If the factory is to avoid losing their services it must provide compresses, sedatives, cots, and time to use them. For more serious cases it must rearrange work schedules.

Managers who have learned that they must do something about this problem are offering physical-culture classes, teaching women remedial exercises, and giving them instruction in diet. Some plants teach their employees how to carry themselves to correct relaxed abdominal walls and exaggerated lumbar curvatures. One large plant, doing a good job of instruction, de-

creased the time lost from menstrual difficulties by fifty per cent—which shows you why plants do it.

A menstruating woman, suffering inconvenience or worse, is likely to stay at home if she thinks she will feel no better during the day. That means a full day lost to the factory manager. In some cases his answer has been to provide cots and give the worker an hour off to relax in. That works.

#### IV

BECAUSE the manager has not been quick at understanding women he thought, at first, that all the women in the plant who showed signs of real exhaustion were menstruating—that is, if they seemed otherwise physically capable of doing the work. It dawned on him after a while that fatigue has many other causes for which he would have to find the remedies.

The cause may not be in the plant at all. The commonest of all reasons is housework. A man coming home from his job relaxes, puts on his slippers, and turns on the radio. Married women with hungry children waiting and with a house to tidy up are not so lucky, and they show it in their work. It is often difficult to find anybody to help the worker housewife, especially if the plant draws its workers, as many do, from a wide area—with a radius of as much as fifty miles where the population is diffused. The most tired healthy women are those faced with problems of domestic and child care and housing problems. These seem insurmountable to the woman worker. She feels she must take time off and she may even give up her job when the weight of any of them becomes too heavy.

It is precisely in this field that the counselor has proved most valuable. Though she is likely to have been chosen simply for her sympathetic attitude, she is more likely than not to be a mother herself. The workers, in desperation, take their child-care problems to her. "My aunt is going back home and if I can't find someone to stay with the children I'll have to quit" is a typical complaint. In some plants nurseries were established to meet this problem, but since they aggravated the transportation problem and took the child



out of his or her community they didn't work too well. To-day the counselor is proceeding through community agencies, locating women who can stay with the children, or foster parents, and urging established nurseries to expand and stay open from seven to seven instead of the conventional time, from eight to five. Progressive counselors are also urging managements to give financial support to agencies which receive Federal help through the Lanham Act.

Each counselor spends a great part of her time at the telephone running down leads not only on child care but on housing and domestic help. She is in touch with every real-estate agency in all the communities from which employees are drawn and is constantly asking them for help. She turns to government agencies too, to solve the employment problem for domestic help. The new reliance on the part of the plant, not only on these community services but on health and medical agencies too, may have far-reaching postwar implications. American factories notoriously have been isolated from their communities. If an interdependent relationship is built up our social agencies may be able to move forward at a much faster tempo than ever before. The hitch is of course that the factory manager is operating entirely under economic compulsion, and when that has abated may again wash his hands of the whole responsibility.

The community agencies are responding in varying degrees to the calls from the factory. Colorado and New York both report an interesting approach to the solution of the war worker's home problem. In these States family and child-welfare services recruit middle-aged women, unable to compete for war jobs, into a homemaker service. These women all take Red Cross and CDVO courses in home nursing. They participate in group meetings which keep them up to date on war-time planning of meals, point rationing, and the use of substitute foods for adequate nutrition. These women do not undertake regular domestic service; they are known as homemakers and act as emergency "trouble shooters." The homemaker will take over if the father or the person who usually looks after the children

is taken ill, thus enabling the mother to go on with her job. She can also be counted on to take care of an ailing child or to relieve foster mothers who are caring for the children of war workers. The factory finds these homemakers a godsend in emergencies which would otherwise deplete the strength of anxious, tired mothers.

## V

THESE drains on the woman worker from outside the plant can be met only in small part, but inside the plant the alert manager has found much he can do to keep the worker in condition. For one thing, he can feed her well. Before the war few if any plants gave much thought to feeding their employees. The male worker brought his lunch or bought a sandwich outside the plant gates or—in a few well-run plants—ate a box lunch purchased from a wagon which came to his bench. Only a few plants had cafeterias and even these were run by concessionaires primarily for profit and not to meet the workers' nutritional needs. Now the plant manager is beginning to wake up to the fact that a hot balanced meal is essential to keep production up. For some workers have not enough to eat at home, what with shopping difficulties and the limitations of ration points. Sperry has a modern cafeteria seating fifteen hundred people, with five lines operating simultaneously. Counters are divided so that workers can get quick service whether they want sandwiches, cold foods, or hot foods. A company dietitian controls the menus, though the cafeterias are operated by concessionaires who still have much to learn about the preparation of food. Snack bars operate all day to permit the worker to buy a chocolate bar or a coke when tired. At Boeing a white tractor pulls a train of cafeteria trailers, each a self-contained unit. These stop every two hundred and fifty feet along the half-mile-long aisles. Government agencies, including State health departments, the U. S. Public Health Service, and the National Restaurant Council, help plan such installations. The Food Distribution Agency and the Federal Security Administration provide information on nutrition.



In his search for pánaceas for keeping the vitality of workers high, the factory manager has also succumbed to vitamin-pill advertising. At first many plants gave away these short cuts to blooming health; only a few still do this now that the American Medical Association and government agencies have decried their efficiency except in special instances prescribed by physicians. But one Ohio plant is feeding several thousand workers Vitamin A rations to improve their sight and protect them from eye fatigue, and in a great many other plants the demand for vitamin tablets is so great that the plant hospital sells them.

But the innovation which seems most useful of all in increasing productivity is the rest period. Rest periods are recesses lasting twelve to fifteen minutes, one of them breaking the first half of the day, another breaking the second half. The public-address system, now a fixture in these plants, pipes soft music to the workers while they are at the bench, but it brings no more welcome sound than the buzz with the announcement, "Rest period for Departments G and E." This break in the day's work seemed outrageous to old-line managers, but comparative figures of production have shown that it more than pays for itself. The woman worker especially enjoys the rest period as a time of social relaxation, many times more exhilarating than any break in her lonely household duties at home.

But she works on a concrete floor and the sole of her shoe is thin. The weight of her body rests directly on the concrete, since the ordinary shoe provides little support. This continuous standing is particularly bad for women, since it aggravates their temporary disabilities and increases a natural susceptibility to varicose veins. The telephone companies long ago learned to have their workers sit down, devising for their operators a chair—adjustable in height—with a flexible cane seat, a circular footrest, and a rigid semi-curved back. Industrial plants have copied this successful experience, devising special "sit-stand seats." Installed in a metal-polishing unit of a large plant, these seats increased production by 32 per cent. And it has been found that if a woman can alternate between sitting and standing

her muscular ability will be increased by from 6 to 15 per cent!

This is an especially valuable practice in the light of the fact that a woman has one and one-half million fewer red corpuscles per cubic millimeter than a man. Since the red corpuscles carry oxygen, women recuperate from muscular fatigue much more slowly than men. The intelligent plant manager has learned that tired women are a liability.

Just as fatigue decreases production, it will increase accidents—startlingly. When women are fresh they have as few accidents as men. When England worked women long hours without rest periods their accident rate in the latter hours of the day skyrocketed to 173 per cent more than that of the men. In some kinds of work in the United States an accident rate for women of 45 per cent more than for men is attributable to fatigue which sets in about the seventh hour. Night work and split shifts ordinarily increase fatigue, and therefore the plant manager tries to employ as few women as possible on these shifts. When he fails because of a shortage of available men he must provide rest or suffer the consequences in decreased production, increased hospitalization, and greater compensation payments!

## VI

THE plant manager's knowledge of women is not complete until he has learned about two cardinal facts of life—pregnancy and abortion. He has to be prepared for both. In every large factory pregnancy and abortion are constant topics of discussion among workers and also among members of the management. The workers talk about pregnancy and how to avoid it for the obvious reason that women like and need the money they earn, do not want to have to leave or be fired because they are pregnant—and in most cases will be fired. The management talks about the subject because nearly every large plant is staggered by the problem of pregnancy and only a few have worked out any policy to cope with it.

Of 73 plants employing 273,000 people observed by Dr. Charlotte Silverman of the Children's Bureau, 64 did something



about pregnancy—but what they did was not very enlightened. Thirty-two discharged the employees as soon as they heard they were pregnant or within the next three months. Three plants discharged pregnant women on their physicians' advice. Only one gave leaves of absence. Of the 73, only 26 could furnish any record of the extent of pregnancy in the plant. How big the problem is can be gaged from a dependable estimate that each month as many as five out of every 1,000 women in the war industries become pregnant.

There are three chief reasons why plant managers have been backward in tackling the problem of doing something about pregnancy. First and foremost is fear of the corporate risk involved. Compensation responsibility for sickness and mishaps growing out of pregnancy has not been defined; this fact worries the hard-boiled executive, though only one case has so far been discovered in which an insurance action has been based on a miscarriage in the plant. Involved here too are conflicting State laws on the employment of pregnant women.

The second reason has to do with the antidote for pregnancy, abortion. Women who are pregnant and do not want to be do not often confide in the management, nor even in counselors to whom they run with less personal problems. If they do the counselor usually doesn't dare offer general birth-control information for fear of antagonizing both employees and the Catholic Church.

The third reason is that if a pregnant woman is shifted from a job for which she has been carefully trained to a job which involves neither lifting nor contact with chemicals which might prove dangerous, this leaves a vacancy where she was—and no manager likes that.

Plant managers who hope that this pregnancy problem is not here to stay—especially in their plants—sometimes go to amusing lengths to justify discharging the women. Foremen may be instructed that since women receive equal pay for equal work, men should not do lifting for pregnant women. And one plant manager fired women with the chivalrous explanation that though we are at war “this coun-

try does not need to employ the services of women who are pregnant.”

But not all plants are ignoring the issue. The truth is that the manager is finding it won't stay ignored. A few plants are publicly removing the ban on pregnant women and in its stead are offering leaves of absence to take effect after five months and to last until the child is two months old. Naturally, however, women suspect that if they go to the plant doctor for leave they may get fired, so even where this rule has been instituted the results are not yet satisfactory. They probably will not be until more confidence has been built up, perhaps with union co-operation.

Meanwhile, where the manager has decided to face the problem, counselors are providing prenatal information to the mothers. They are using booklets provided by insurance companies and are sending the women to classes approved by local health and medical authorities. One of the beneficial by-products of this open recognition of pregnancy seems to be a renaissance of chivalry on the part of male workers. In nearly every case pregnant women are relieved by adjacent men workers of all the heavy work. Some plants encourage “showers” and parties for the expectant mother and the sending of little gifts after the child is born.

Perhaps the problem would be solved more easily if every pregnant woman wanted her baby, but more don't than do. Unmarried women obviously don't and many a married woman wants to continue at work without the burden of another child. Their way out of their predicament is dangerous and sometimes foolish. In one industry medical certificates for insurance revealed twenty-two and one-half abortions to each thousand workers applying for benefit, and this figure probably reveals only a small part of the total. Some women rely on home methods—hot baths, charms, and concoctions as evil-tasting as they are dangerous. Some deliberately strain themselves by lifting heavy objects while on the job, to the disgust of neighboring workers. More go to abortionists. The result is that abortion rings are doing a land-office business—less dangerously than of old now that the sulfa drugs have lowered the death rate. And



in Rochester, New York, a group of doctors set up a private hospital and performed abortions legally, therapeutically, and effectively, giving in each case their reasons: death might have resulted from a kidney, heart, or other physical deficiency if the abortion had not been performed.

A somewhat similar method is used by the counselors in one plant. When they are talked to about an impending abortion they say candidly that they cannot recommend an abortionist but they do suggest a psychiatrist. In one case the psychiatrist was so convinced that a healthy, normal, unmarried woman could successfully rear a child that he advised her to have her baby; she did and, according to reports, is happy. More often he finds that serious mental upsets may attend the birth of a child to an unmarried mother. For these he recommends an abortion and arranges for it under proper medical procedure.

You can judge the magnitude of this problem when you read this recommendation of the United States Public Health Service: "Counselors should refer married women workers with special problems to the medical service or a private physician for advice on the proper spacing of children as a means of protecting the health of the mother and the child." Counselors cannot and do not want to exclude unmarried women from the benefits of child spacing, which is the accepted term for birth control. Actually the counselor, like the plant manager, has quickly come to the realization that sound birth-control information is the answer to most of the problems of abortion and a good share of those of pregnancy.

The need for this information has finally brought the former Birth Control League into a position of prominence. Now called the Planned Parenthood Federation, it serves an increasingly important role in industry. Business papers recommend to plant managers that they seek out the Federation, which has proposed a complete program and can feed its information to the counselors and plant physicians as individuals and dispense its services directly to the employees through its own local branches. The only direct service

that the National Office of the Federation offers to plants is the preparation and supply of booklets and information which give pregnant women suggestions about their health and incidentally provide help to them or their sisters in the plant on how to get guidance about birth control. Counselors usually start by talking over the whole problem with a solid type of mother in each department. She spreads the word, and the results seem to have been beneficial as far as they have gone.

But they have not gone far for fear of objections from the Catholic Church. The Church has not yet been heard from on any wide scale, but that may be simply because the issue has not yet come into focus. In Detroit, where Dr. Eva Dodge, consultant to the Alabama State Health Department and on the staff of the Planned Parenthood Federation, did some work, the Church did hear about it. Promptly the newspapers reported that a leader of the Church had said he had been waiting for some group to propose birth control as the real key to victory in the war, and that in an attack upon birth control and its advocates, as immoral, he had labeled the sedate Dr. Dodge as a "moral degenerate."

Obviously the Detroit outburst is only a skirmish in what may be a rousing battle. The situation is different however from that involved in the usual legislative wars over the sale of contraceptives or the legalizing of public information about birth control. In recent years the Church has again demonstrated its ability, in both Connecticut and Massachusetts, to forestall the passage of liberalizing bills; but the economic welfare of both Catholic plant owners and Catholic workers is now directly involved in the factory employment of women, and it may be that the Church will not choose to make a major issue of the fight.

As you may have guessed, the plant manager never dreamed that he might find himself in conflict with the Church. But no more did he dream that he would have to face enforced employment of women. He has been learning the facts of life fast.



# HOW'RE THINGS AT HOME?

*A Story*

CHRISTOPHER LA FARGE



*This is the third story in Mr. La Farge's series, "East by Southwest." The first two appeared last month. — The Editors*

IT WAS dreadfully hot when we were finally shut into the plane at Val des Naoulis, which is at the northern end of the island of Balade. It had rained hard that morning, and the red volcanic soil had turned to deep mud that was very adhesive and stained your khaki with its iron. Then the sun came out and fell on you as a substance, and it heated that Douglas two-motored transport into a Turkish bath. There were two huge airplane motors inside, covered with thick grease, and so the six of us passengers perched where we could to avoid the engines, and inevitably we spread the red mud on every spot that had been missed by the loading crew.

"It'll be cooler when we get going," said the pilot, making his way forward past our legs. "Pull those stoppers out of the windows. That'll help." Then he disappeared into his flight cabin and shut the door.

We pulled out the round rubber stoppers, of a size to let a gun through, but it made no difference. We sat and dripped. We didn't talk, it was too hot. There were four of us who had flown in the day before, coming from home. The other two had just arrived from the island they

call by the code name of "Zipper," where the real trouble starts. Both were Marines, a private and a sergeant. If you'd looked at the lot of us casually you'd have had difficulty in spotting the veterans from the newcomers—we were all so dirty. You'd have had to look carefully at our faces to notice how fresh the four of us looked and how deep were the lines of fatigue in the faces of the two Marines.

Even when the pilot tested the engines and the propellers moved the air through the gun ports it didn't help; the air was too hot and humid. We got no relief till finally we were off the ground and had climbed to about four thousand feet. Then the air got cool and it dried our sweat, and we felt as though we could breathe again. We peered uncomfortably out of the little windows, watching the coast line that we followed.

It was a fine country, from the air. Over to the east were high mountains of red rock that rose to a jagged skyline, covered with a heavy green vegetation all the way to their summits. Below the mountains lay a narrow coastal plain, rolling down in waves of gray-green grass to the shore below us. To the west was the sea, calm and brilliant inside its barrier



reef, lying three or four miles out and roughly parallel to the shoreline. Within the reef the water was all colors: it was a deep and penetrating blue in the channels, and ran from a dark pure green through ochre to a light and coppery yellow, delimited into zones of color by the wide bronze ribs of underwater coral that had grown near to the surface. Within the multiple shallows of the ribs themselves the color was an aquamarine that was at once pale and brilliant, as only the color of water and jewels can be. Over the far ocean lay an infinite number of small clouds, white tinted to pink even in mid-afternoon, and they faded in the distance to a pale lavender-blue that ran so imperceptibly into the color of the sea that it was impossible to distinguish the horizon.

I suppose we should have been silent the whole way, looking with curiosity (or relief) at this landscape, if one of the crew hadn't come aft and said we could smoke if we wanted to. We all did want to, and smoking distracted us and soon we had introduced ourselves. The Sergeant of Marines spoke to me then.

"You're just out from the States?"

"Yes," I said.

"How're things at home?" he asked. There was in his voice almost no curiosity, but a great bitterness.

"They're doing all right," I said.

"All right," he repeated. "All right." He looked at the Private. "He says they're doing all right."

The Private said nothing. He merely smiled wryly and shook his head.

"Must be hard on them to have to give up the movies now and then on account they ain't got the gas to drive there," said the Sergeant.

"Must be tough," said the Private. "Must be terrible you can't have a beef-steak every night for supper, workin' forty hours a week."

"Let them eat Spam," the Sergeant said.

"That'd be tough for them," the Private said.

"You've been hearing the squawks," I said. "In letters?"

"Hell, no," said the Sergeant. "But we hear the squawks O.K. Plenty."

"You always hear from the few squawkers," I said. "It's hard to remember the millions who take it quietly and are glad to."

They both looked at me. I could see that this not only meant nothing to them, but that their minds were not open to it.

"Must be hell to have only one cup a coffee each meal," said the Private. He turned and looked out the window. So did the Sergeant. After a moment, so did I. The other three passengers were not listening to us. They were carrying on a conversation I could not hear over the noise of the motors.

The coastal plain widened and flattened out after a bit, and the earth below us, where it was free of grass, was a whitish gray. The mountains to the east grew softer in outline and were less high and lovely. The barrier reef drew far out from the land and was broken by channels marked in the blue of depth. An hour from our take-off the plane landed at Donbouha on the wide, long runway paved in iron mesh. The crew opened the side doors and we piled out into the heat again. And into the mosquitoes.

I have been made fairly acquainted with mosquitoes, but never with any like these. They were very small, terrifyingly persistent, and they swarmed. I remember building smudges on the moors in Scotland to keep off midges that attacked in gray clouds, and the midges were hardly more numerous than these insects. After a while, you developed a curious immunity to them and merely brushed them off from time to time. But at first they were upsetting.

We were put in a truck and driven, in a cloud of thick white dust, up a hill to a place where there were three unpainted Quonset huts in a row. Each had a sign on it. One said SCAT OPERATIONS HQ, *No Admittance*. On the others were written SCAT ENLISTED PERSONNEL, and SCAT OFFICERS, *Information*. Here our party separated and I entered the officers' hut. It was screened and so there were only a few mosquitoes in it. It was very hot in spite of the fact that its interior (shaped like half a tube some ten feet in radius and about forty feet long) was insulated with brown fiber wallboard. About midway of the



hut was a counter that ran from wall to wall, and behind the counter was another Marine, a corporal, one of the best-looking men I've ever seen. He was tall and very dark, with an olive skin and very black eyes and eyebrows. There were about fifteen officers seated on benches in the forward part of the hut. It is hard to tell the Army from the Navy down there, for no one wears a tunic or even a necktie, and the collar insignia of rank is the same. One has to spot the naval emblem pinned on the overseas cap, or, for the Army, the branch insignia on the left side of the collar.

These officers, I discovered, were all Navy men. Some were asleep. Some were reading almost disintegrated magazines or comics. From time to time the white dust of a passing truck would blow thickly through the screening.

I went back to the counter and I handed my orders (in triplicate) to the Corporal. He looked at me and took the orders and glanced at them.

"How soon can I get a ride in to Touébon?" I asked. "How far is it?"

"About fifty miles, sir," he said. "They'll be a truck along soon for all these gentlemen and you can ride in on her with them." He looked at the orders again and he took them over to a desk and made a notation in a ledger and checked my name on a list there. Then he came back and handed me two copies and the third he clipped into a folder.

"Just in?" he said.

"That's right," I said.

"Come straight down from the States?"

"Almost without a stop," I said.

"How're things at home?" he asked. He smiled at me, a wide, derisive smile that showed his big, even, white teeth. His tone was less bitter than that of the sergeant in the plane, but the question was still a challenge, not a request for information.

"It's coming along," I said.

Two of the young officers, an ensign and a lieutenant j.g., rose and came and leaned on the counter.

"Did you say you just got in?" asked the Ensign.

"Yes," I said.

"He says things at home is coming

along," said the Corporal, as though he were including them in a private joke. They grinned at him. To me he said, "Must be tough at home now."

"No," I said. "It's not. Except for a few people."

"No cuffs on trousers," said the Corporal.

"No gas for the joy ride with the little woman," said the Lieutenant.

"An eight-hour day and time and a half for overtime," said the Corporal. "Boy, life must be terrible at home."

I reckoned the only thing to do was to skip it, so I laughed. "It must seem so to you here," I said.

"Oh, here!" he said and slapped a mosquito. "Here we got everything. We got everything in the world but strikes. We even got the Army now." Suddenly his tone changed, he stopped smiling. "Yes, sir, not a strike. No God-damned strikes a-tall. Sure would like to see some of those by-God strikers set down here a while. They'd all ought to be in the Army. Which is just what them poor Army bastards gets for men, at that." His tone changed again, grew less vehement, lighter. "Seen the pome there?" He pointed to the sloping wall behind me. There was a sheet of paper pinned up there, covered with typescript. "Better read that while you're waiting."

Two more naval officers came in the door then and walked to the desk.

"Yes, sir?" said the Marine.

I turned and went over to the paper pinned on the wall, followed by the Lieutenant and the Ensign. I read the poem printed on the paper. Its author was given only as "A Captain of Marines," and it was entitled "Our Fighting Men." It was quite a poem.

I'll quote you the last verse of it, just to give a taste of its quality. It would not make you happy to hear more. All you need to know beyond those four lines is that it was a conversation in eight verses between a sailor, a marine, and a Seabee, who had all been long (perhaps too long) at Guadalcanal, on the day the Army arrived to take over there, and that the phrase, "our fighting men," referred to the Army. The last verse went like this:



"We can take it," said a raider. "It won't be long  
Till the Admiral bellers, and we'll all  
shove on.  
And a little while later, we'll be landing  
again,  
To make Bougainville safe—for our  
fighting men."

When I had read it I moved out of the way to let the two officers have my place. I watched them for a moment. They smiled as they read it, and when they were through they turned and called out to the Corporal.

"That's telling them," they said.

I didn't wait to hear what the Corporal said but went out. I had a feeling of being constricted in that hut.

Seated by the road, on a suitcase, was a Commander. I went over and sat down next to him, and we fell into conversation, as one does so easily on those islands. It turned out that we came from the same part of the world, and we talked of that for a while.

"What brings you here?" I asked finally.

"I've had a slight go of malaria," he said. "I'm going to rest up. I'm off to the naval hospital at Touébon, the one they call Mob 7. There's a car coming for me. Soon, I hope."

"Where'd you get it?" I asked.

"Zipper," he said. "I was there a bit too long. It's good to get down here." He smiled. "Comparatively speaking, it's peaceful."

"Yes," I said. "I suppose it is. Why don't you go in out of these mosquitoes?"

"I don't feel them any more," he said.

"It's not so close out here. In there the heat makes me feel ill."

Just then a large open truck drove up in the usual choking cloud of dust. Thinking it might be mine, I rose and went inside the hut to inquire. Most of the officers there were picking up their belongings as I entered. The Corporal was by the door.

"Is that the Touébon truck?" I said.

"Yes, sir," he said. "Did you read that pome?"

"Yes," I said.

"That's some pome, isn't it?"

"See that Commander outside?" I said.

"The one you was talking to?" he said. "Yeah?"

"He's ill," I said. "He's got malaria."

"We get lots of them," said the Corporal.

"He's just back from Zipper," I said.

"He's been there too long. Suppose he'd been an Army officer?"

"Well?" the Corporal said.

"And had read that poem?"

He looked at me, smiling and saying nothing. He was enjoying the effect of the poem on me.

"You're the one that minds strikes," I said. "At home."

He looked puzzled. "I don't get it," he said. Then he added quickly, "Show me where at is your stuff and I'll give you a hand with it." He held the screen door open. We went out and he put my stuff on the truck, and he gave a hand to the other officers. As soon as we were loaded up we drove off. I could see the Corporal standing by the side of the road, near the Commander, looking after us till the dust hid him.

We were driven in to Touébon—a long and beautiful and dangerous drive through mountains. All the vegetation was new to me, and so were the flowers that grew here, even in late autumn, in profusion by the roadside. In the dusk the country had great beauty and a singular smell of slightly musty hay. But with all the novelty of it, I kept thinking of the poem on the wall, and "How're things at home?" I said to myself over and over, like a tune you can't get rid of.

It was a long time before I got to Donbouha again, and I had been many places and seen many things. I drove up this time in the late afternoon in the great comfort of a command car—a far different trip from that wild ride down in a truck that fled in the dusk over what used to be called, on the gasoline maps of home, an "old-type mountain road." But the place looked just the same, and the mosquitoes were just as bad as before, and when I entered the Quonset hut, the dark and handsome Corporal was still behind the desk, and the poem was still on the wall.

I gave him my orders, and he checked me off for the SCAT plane north to Val



des Naoulis, which was to leave in an hour. Then he took a copy of my orders, as before, and clipped it into his folder.

"Going north?" he said.

"No," I said. "Home."

"You was through here before," he said.

"You and a friend of yours had malaria, a Commander."

"You've got a good memory," I said.

"Can I get something to eat?"

"Sure," he said. "Follow the road uphill to the right and take your first right turn. Second hut you come to."

I had hardly got down the steps of the hut when I ran into Arthur Flaggen. Arthur and I were at school together. I could see he was a major in the Infantry now, and that he looked ill and gray.

"For God's sake!" I said.

"For Christ's sake!" he said.

He held his left hand out to me. I noticed then that his right hand was bandaged and that the dressing ran half way up his arm, for his shirt sleeves were rolled back to the elbows. When we had got over exclaiming at meeting each other and I had told him all I knew of home news I asked him to come along and have some food.

"I just can't eat," he said. "No appetite. I should go in there and get checked in for transportation to the hospital in Touébon."

"Oh," I said, "that can wait. Come and watch me eat. It's hot as hell in there."

"All right," he said. "I guess there's no rush."

We walked up to the mess shack and he sat with me while I fed.

"What did you get in the arm?" I asked.

"Oh, that!" he said. "Shucks, that's nothing. I got a little wound in the hand and one through the arm. That'll be O.K. in time."

"You don't look too robust," I said.

"No," he said. "And I feel like hell. I was up on Guadalcanal for a while and I got malaria and then I got this little business, and later on the malaria came back on me. That wasn't so bad, but now it's hit me again, and they say that's not so hot the third time."

"You'd better get a rest," I said, "and shake it altogether."

"That's it," he said. "I tried to stay too long. You hate to leave. I have a fine outfit. They're *good* now." The pride in his voice was pleasant to hear.

"Did you go up to Guadalcanal with the first lot?" I asked.

"Yes," he said. "We were lucky."

"That's one way of looking at it." I paid for my food and we left, walking back to the Quonset hut. I was slapping at the mosquitoes half the time. I had been at sea and had grown unaccustomed to them. He paid them no attention. On the way back we talked—of home, of school, of the last war—but I was wondering all that time whether I had the nerve to take that poem down before he should see it.

"Have you been here before?" I asked.

"No," he said. "First time here at Donbouha."

"Have you been in to the SCAT hut to ask for transportation?"

"Not yet," he said. "But they telephoned about it. I went up to see the officer in charge, up the hill there, because I'd had one cable and I wondered if there'd be another."

"Was there?"

"Yes," he said; and then suddenly, "My father has died."

"Your father?" I said. "But he wasn't old!"

"No," he said. "He was the youngest man I ever knew. No one at home with my mother now."

"I'm sorry," I said. "Poor feller."

He walked along beside me in silence for a while. Then he said, "I feel better for having had someone to spill it to. It's not been easy to take. I'm not in shape for it."

"No," I said. "You're not. It's hard enough anyway. Will you go home?"

"No," he said. "What's the use? I'd rather keep at it here. My sister's not married. She can look after Mother. I sort of like my outfit. I think they like me. It'll be easier to be at the job here."

"That could well be," I said.

We were at the hut now. The late afternoon sun slanted into it. The Corporal stood just inside the screening, lit by the sunlight.

"Sit here," I said. "I'll find out for you."



"Oh, no," he said. "I'll go in."

"It's hot as hell in there," I said. "Sit here. I can do it easily."

"No," he said. "I'd better do it myself. They like to see you as well as your papers."

Together we went up to the hut. I saw the Corporal looking at us and then he disappeared. I knew then that I should either get that damned poem down or get Arthur out before he saw it. We mounted the steps and went in. He walked straight to the desk.

I heard the Corporal say, "Yes, sir, Major?" I turned at once to the wall. The poem was gone.

I waited. When Arthur was through he came back to me.

"I'll sit outside," he said. "It is hot here."

"Yes," I said. "Go on. I'll be right out."

He went through the screen door and down the steps and sat on the ditch edge by the road, in the shade of the next hut. When he was out I turned to the Corporal, who was busily writing at his desk.

"You took it down," I said.

He looked up at me briefly, and he said, "He looked real sick. They telephoned me about him and all."

"Yes, but why?" I persisted.

"I recalled what you said about strikes," he said. "At home and here. I aim to burn it up. So you're going home now?"

"Yes," I said.

"Tell them how're things out here," he said.

"I will," I said. And I went out into the mosquitoes to join the Major. I sat down by his right side. He had his cap off, and with the gold leaf on his opened shirt collar he might as well have belonged to the Navy.

[Another story of the South Pacific by Mr. La Farge will appear next month.—The Editor.]





# SWITZERLAND: FOSTER MOTHER OF CARTELS

W. V. ARCHAWSKI



NOT long ago a European refugee living in New York City was called on the telephone by the office of a large and well-known law firm. The firm asked for an interview about a matter of great importance. The interview was granted. The lawyer revealed that he had received instructions from Switzerland to approach the refugee and to offer him a large sum of money in dollars on deposit in South America—easily transferable to New York—in exchange for a written assignment of certain securities. These securities constituted the assets of a Lausanne holding company of which the refugee was the sole stockholder; the securities themselves were in a Swiss bank.

The fact that these securities were in the Swiss bank was known only to the bank and to the refugee owner. It was scarcely possible that the bank had revealed the fact, for the Swiss do not reveal confidences. But the refugee when he fled his native country had left behind some confidential papers in a safe. It seemed clear that the German occupation had discovered these papers and forthwith, operating through a bank in a neutral country, had set out to get control of this holding company. They could not confiscate because the company was Swiss, but they could buy.

There is practically no other country in the world where such a transaction could be made. It was made in Switzerland because in the passage of time Switzerland has become the clearinghouse and legal residence for uneasy capital, for money constantly on the move in a troubled world. This capital is owned by persons of all nationalities; these persons may love the nations of their birth but they do not trust them. Business is business and must continue to be, even though the heavens fall. And Switzerland is the country where money loses its national color and, perhaps, taint, and becomes an international medium of exchange between men who understand one another, even if their respective countries are at war. Switzerland has offered a refuge both to the individual who wishes to protect his private fortune—like the refugee just described—and to the corporation with international affiliations which might without Swiss assistance be broken up because of war.

During the past two or three years American newspapers have carried from time to time stories about international cartels. Much of this information has been derived from investigations carried on by the Anti-Trust Division of the Department of Justice. These investigations were provoked primarily by the fact that numerous American business men and



corporations had had very close business relations with German industry and that these relations, in many instances, involved the use and control of articles and processes essential to a nation at war. It was not remarkable that this should be so. Total war means total war, and international business dealings could not escape involvements of this character. As the investigation proceeded it appeared that the reputation, if not the loyalty, of numerous Americans had been compromised in these deals. The nature of these deals might in many cases be described as that of prewar agreements with an anticipated enemy. But it is not so simple as that. This whole situation is the result of a tolerably slow evolution.

This process went on simultaneously in both Europe and the United States. In the United States the trend began before the 1880's with the formation of the first trusts, the assembling of independent firms into either a pool or one corporation for the purpose of eliminating competition and pegging prices above a competitive level. The result of these moves in the United States was the passage of the Sherman Act in 1890 and intermittent prosecutions with the ostensible aim of restoring competition. In Europe and Great Britain the same trend resulted in different types of organization. In France, for example, the manufacture of steel came to be controlled by the Comité des Forges; in Germany the so-called rationalization of industry was carried to even greater lengths.

Originally these trusts and cartels were organized within national boundaries and, in the event of a war, the trust went to war on the side of its own nation. In time of peace great corporations of separate nations fought trade wars of their own. One of the most memorable was the fight in the 1920's between the Standard Oil and the Royal Dutch Shell for foreign markets and sources of petroleum.

But in time it was perceived that the idea that agreement and a high price were more profitable than a trade war and price cutting had just as much application internationally as it had had in other days inside of national frontiers. International price-fixing agreements became common.

This tendency was reinforced by the enormous expansion of the applied sciences. Over a period of years Germany was the headquarters of experiment and discovery of this character—particularly in the various chemistries and in metallurgy. While international corporations were being set up in Europe with citizens of various nations on the boards of directors, simultaneously a cross-licensing of patents was going on, the registration of processes and the cutting up of the international market by agreement. These were transactions of a global character before the word global was commonly used. Of course the sum total of the corporations and individuals was relatively small, but the power they exerted was enormous. It is enormous now and is increasing rapidly.

Though the participants in these deals and agreements might from time to time exert political influence and influence political decisions, their prime motive in making the arrangements was the transaction of business and trade. Since 1920, as international relations of this character became closer, those who managed and directed these enterprises found themselves in a position where their paramount interest lay in the maintenance of the international connection. These individuals, whether they knew it or not, had entered into a dual-citizenship status. A man might be a citizen of the United States, but simultaneously he was a citizen of a small international community of business men. So also Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Germans might find themselves in a similar situation. In the drawing up of international cartel agreements the possibility of war was never forgotten and much thought was devoted to the problem of how connections might be maintained even though war should intervene. The experience of the First World War and later events made it clear that there must be at least one "neutral" spot on the globe where cartels could do business whether there was a war or not.

And where is "neutrality" more traditionally at home than in Switzerland? Where can one be more assured that conflicting national interests will remain blended than in Switzerland, the tradi-



tional home of national internationalism?

Switzerland, adapting a long tradition to the necessities of the period between the two World Wars, proved to be the ideal ground where internationally owned holdings, investment funds, patent pools, license agreements, and multiple contracts grew and prospered.

By 1939 official Swiss data showed that 2,278 international financial corporations had been registered there, with total capital assets of 3,925,855,000 Swiss francs. Two hundred and sixty of these corporations, with capital of 245,750,000 Swiss francs, were registered during 1939 alone. There were 214 banks with total capital and surplus of 1,467,322,000 Swiss francs. The number of holding companies, investment trusts, and personal corporations (the latter formed to care for and manage private fortunes) was 2,026, with an aggregate capital of 2,154,994,000 Swiss francs. Switzerland had also, in 1939, 38 insurance companies with capital of 303,539,000 Swiss francs. These figures may not seem large to American minds, accustomed to skyscraper statistics. But for a country smaller than New York State, and with a total population equal only to that of Manhattan and the Bronx boroughs put together, to marshal such an imposing array of financial institutions must arouse even American curiosity. In a word, what goes on here?

Something must have happened to create a state of affairs where 214 banks need 1,500,000,000 Swiss francs in capital to handle the business of so small a country. Something did happen.

## II

THE Swiss were the first nation to emerge from the chaos of European feudalism. When their proud cantons stopped waging wars against one another there remained the unsolved problem that bedevils all tired belligerents: how to demobilize.

The Swiss found out that an excellent way to demobilize is to export one's soldiers. Swiss mercenaries became the best troops that any prince, king, or archbishop could buy. Swiss soldiers were hired out all through the Middle Ages. These mer-

cenaries often fought against one another just as to-day two executives of the same cartel fight each other if, by chance, they happen to be nationals of two belligerent and enemy countries.

Who, of right, could be more internationally minded than an invalid mercenary retired to his peaceful Alps? The "Swiss Guards" who came back to their native mountains with their savings and their loot settled down to become the internationally-minded forefathers of their neutrality-minded great-great-grandsons.

These free people—this confederation of cantons—were intimately concerned with the rise of Protestantism. Luther and Huss numbered a large fraction of the Swiss people among their first disciples; later Melancthon also gathered a large following in Switzerland, and John Calvin was a citizen of Geneva. (Incidentally Rousseau was also a Genevan.)

Thus Switzerland became, through Protestantism, the refuge of all those in Europe who rebelled against feudalism, royalty, and the Inquisition. Basel, Geneva, and later Bern and Zurich became the capitals of free thought and of free printing, the abode of revolutionaries, of philosophers, of propagandists.

Soon it became apparent that there were two coexisting Switzerlands: one, of strongly democratic but as strongly conservative people, respectful of the liberty of other people and very jealous of their own, and another Switzerland of traders with the outside world. But the Swiss were traders of a very special kind: they traded in their own hospitality, in their own freedom, in their very helplessness which made them safe from all the surrounding powers. Neither Italian dukes nor German princes nor Austrian emperors nor French kings were prepared to allow any neighbor to occupy the Swiss valleys and mountain passes. They had to remain no-man's-land.

As early as the seventeenth century Switzerland was reaping a profit from its state of relatively constant peace. It became a place of exchange for capital. Geneva bankers became opulent and were often called upon, like Necker, to re-establish the finances of monarchs impoverished by wars. Refugee capital came



to the Swiss banks for the first time during the French Revolution.

Having few resources for growing her own food, no opening on the seas, no coal, no mining of any kind, Switzerland was bound to suffer a severe crisis at the beginning of the nineteenth century's industrial era. But she made the best of the situation. Her people, who could not all be fed at home, began emigrating again. They became bank employees, many of them specializing in foreign exchange when monetary systems were established on firm national bases. With the advent of railroads the Swiss began to export their only product: Swiss cheese, known the world over as Gruyère or Emmenthal, made from the excellent milk of Alpine cows. Then they began to build up three industries: the watch industry, which utilized for its manpower the mountaineers during the long months of their en-snowment; the embroidery industry of the St. Gall region, which exported all over the world the beautiful work of Swiss women; and a third and more special industry, the tourist and hotel industry. Switzerland made tourism and hotel management into an industry of large financial dimensions. (To this day leading hotel specialists all over the world are Swiss.) The Swiss derived from such inexportable natural assets as the air of Davos, the snow slopes of St. Moritz, the blue waters of the Swiss lakes and the majesty of the Alps the same tangible profits in foreign exchange balances, foreign contacts, universal goodwill, that other industrial countries, at a heavy expense in toil, secured from a most elaborate, most competitive, and often most ill-will-breeding system of export, industry, and trade. Switzerland made a specialty, and a very profitable one at that, of all the deficiencies of her geography and her economy.

So, through a carefully built up international goodwill, through her honesty and hospitality, through her neutrality since the Treaty of Vienna in 1815, Switzerland became the traditional haven of rest and peace for torn and impoverished Europe.

Her neutrality opened for her new possibilities. She became, as of vested right, the trusted representative of belligerent

countries, the source of information on what is going on in places where one cannot go himself without grave danger. Thus Switzerland was made the headquarters of the International Red Cross. Prisoners were exchanged through Switzerland; diplomatic contacts, inevitable as they are between enemy countries, could not take place in a more propitious atmosphere than that of Switzerland. Agents simple, double, or multiple, could not work in more secure surroundings.

Zurich, Basel, Bern, Lausanne, Geneva, Lugano! Where could anyone be closer to those places in which he is so vitally interested and where he cannot possibly take the risk of going? This was particularly true during the war of 1914-1918; and there is no possible offense to the people of Switzerland in saying that traditional hospitality carries with it in wartime the inevitable risk of harboring spies, agents, and all the species of human beings who make it their business to thrive on wars without taking the risk of fighting them. Switzerland harbored the revolutionaries of Italy, Germany, Russia, and the Balkans before 1914. The Swiss gave refuge to dethroned princes, to both disillusioned empresses and assassins—as, for example, the wife of Franz Josef of Austria and the anarchist Luccheni who killed her at Vevey. Lenin and Bukharin and Lunacharsky went from Switzerland in the famous "sealed train" to the Russian border to wage the Communist revolution of December, 1917. Switzerland was by tradition and by right of precedent the normal place to domicile a newborn League of Nations.

### III

THE Armistice of 1918 and the signing of the Versailles, Neuilly, Trianon, and Lausanne treaties did not bring a feeling of universal and lasting peace to Europe. Instead a deep feeling of unrest and instability pervaded the entire continent. As a result of this feeling, brought about by the revolution in Russia and exploited with great skill by all the factions of the German leading classes, a great fear took Europe into its grip. In France the fear of taxation was added to the fear of



revolution. In Germany, to the fear of Spartacists and some kind of revolution was soon added the fear of inflation. In the former Austro-Hungarian Empire, which was crumbling to pieces, there was the fear of ruin and massacre. Among the Swiss themselves there was a fear of having too many White Russians, Austrian generals, and German industrialists on their hands.

The result was a tremendous importation of capital in all its forms into Switzerland. Large banks like the *Crédit Suisse*, the *Société de Banques Suisses* (*Schweizerische Bankverein*), *Union de Banques Suisses* (*Schweizerische Bankgesellschaft*), *Banque Fédérale*, *Banque Populaire Suisse*, the *Banque Commerciale de Bâle* with luxurious offices in all Swiss cities, the various *Banques Cantonales* (*Vaudoise*, *Genevoise*, *Bernoise*, *Neuchâteloise*, etc.) became the centers of feverish activity. The Swiss genius in managing banking and foreign exchange showed itself understanding, ingenious, and helpful. The government had the wisdom not to try to take advantage of this incoming capital. It was businesslike enough to be content with the by-products of the importation through the increase in banking activity, the increase of the gold balances of the Bank of Switzerland, and the profit from the presence in Switzerland of entire families living and spending their money at winter sport resorts or at mountain hotels. French industrialists and rentiers, German business men, Italians afraid of the labor movements that preceded the advent of Fascism, Austrian and Russian refugees, all sorts of people from everywhere acquired the habit of residing in or of coming to Switzerland at regular intervals. They opened joint accounts; they smuggled into Switzerland automobile-loads of securities. This invasion of capital increased as panicky postwar governments, unable to cope with the problems of reparations and inter-Allied debts, forbade the export of capital and feebly strove to stem the tide.

In addition to joint accounts, Swiss banks offered accounts designated by number only—for instance a corporation, say the General Excelsior Corporation, would not be listed under its own name

but under a figure of four digits. Swiss banks began sending representatives into neighboring countries to further this service to worried foreign business men, some of them—as in the case of the representatives of the *Banque Commerciale de Bâle*—going so far as to smuggle securities or bullion into Switzerland themselves.

As protests were made to the Federal authorities at Bern in the years when inflation took most of the Continental countries and finally Great Britain into its grip, new devices were found. The main object of fleeing capital was to secure such a position as to avoid disclosure in case the Swiss government should suddenly decide to publish or tax or otherwise endanger existing foreign accounts in currency, bullion, or securities. Any such move would have been disastrous, for most of the owners were in some way or other delinquent in their own countries. They had dodged taxes; they had even broken criminal codes.

Means to alleviate this situation were found in the creation of investment trusts and personal corporations. An extremely supple and inexpensive system of Cantonal Corporate Statutes enables any foreign capital in Switzerland to be invested in a Swiss corporation. The cost is a relatively small fee plus legal expenses which are extremely modest compared to what similar operations cost in other countries. Cantons competed to create legislation which would encourage incorporation under their own laws (somewhat as States—with Delaware in the lead—competed in the United States for the incorporation of our domestic businesses). Punctilious and modest lawyers began specializing in drawing charters, attending to all details of incorporation and transfer of assets, finding, together with the banks, the necessary qualifying shareholders and dummy directors. Domiciles of aliens were established at the offices of these lawyers, meetings held, and accounting organized. There are instances where German or French fortunes have been moved into Switzerland, transferred to Swiss corporations, managed, invested, disposed of in favor of joint beneficiaries, in spite of heavy inheritance taxes in the country of origin. All this has been done without



is being necessary for the owner of the original funds to travel to Switzerland or meet the directors of his entirely owned Swiss company. One Swiss corporation was organized to receive a block of Italian stocks; it transferred them almost at once to a Dutch corporation. The existence of this Swiss corporation lasted less than two hours. The transaction finished, the corporation ceased to be.

Shares of such Swiss corporations would be deposited in one given Swiss bank. In addition to the large banks already enumerated, private banks, especially in Geneva and Basel, offered cautious capitalists the services of expertly managed Swiss houses, among them Messrs. Hentsch & Co.; Ferrier, Lullin; Lombard, Odier & Co.; Pictet & Co., and other private banks. Big and little, all of these banks enjoyed an unheard-of prosperity. Basel, just across the Rhine from both the French and German border towns, attracted millions and millions of Swiss francs in foreign capital.

Both the large commercial banks and the private bankers have branches or entirely owned affiliated companies in London and in New York. A history of the Swiss Bank Corporation of London—a subsidiary of the powerful Société de Banques Suisses—during the years 1920–1939 would provide a revealing study of the financial and economic status of Europe between the two World Wars. Large brokerage houses have prospered on Swiss orders, not ten per cent of which could possibly have come from bona fide Swiss speculators or investors.

Such being the evolution of foreign private capital in Switzerland, it was inevitable that the Swiss capacity for confidential, discreet, and efficient handling of all matters pertaining to capital management should sooner or later attract the attention of those whose function is to preside over the destinies of international cartels. "To manage is to forecast." In the instability that was chronic in Europe between the two wars—especially after the Wall Street crash of 1929 and the beginning of the world depression—anxiety and worry increased by leaps and bounds among those in the Sanhedrin of cartel management.

This was coincidentally the time of new discoveries, of new patents, of the licensing of new processes in many fields, all of them directly or indirectly connected with munitions of war. The cartel managers were producing for war and were afraid of what war might do. The most strenuous efforts were made by cartel managers in Europe and America to design the organization of the cartels so that, in the event of war, the component parts of each cartel could go on functioning and be easily reassembled when the war was over. Nothing could be more natural than for these managers to utilize the facilities of a neutral nation like Switzerland. International law firms of high standing with offices in London, New York, Paris, Berlin, or Amsterdam were prompt to see all the advantages offered them by their Swiss colleagues at Lausanne, Zurich, and Fribourg.

If for some practical reason it was necessary that the ownership of patents and processes should not be made public, nothing was easier than to have a succession of corporations inherit, one after another, assets which had to be so discreetly handled that not only the beneficiaries of the transfer but even the intermediary trustees could not possibly trace the course from the original owner to the final beneficiary.

All through the years after 1920 this activity went on until now, in 1943, Switzerland itself has become an enormous cartel of international interests of all descriptions. These involve not only patents and licenses, funds and securities, but also Swiss insurance companies which have interests in all belligerent countries and benefit enormously from the present world situation. The stockholders of these corporations—American, British, German, French—draw dividends from a world conflagration. Here indeed is an internationalism of a sort which the idealists do not discuss.

#### IV

How is Switzerland, in her strange position, now being used by belligerents and how does she, in return, use the belligerents for her own need and profit?

First of all it must be said that, what-



ever huge profits Switzerland may derive or has derived from her very peculiar position, the Swiss entertain the deepest contempt for the Nazis and would fight for their independence should the Axis powers attack them or trespass upon their neutrality. This makes the Nazis furious.

As long as Germany was waging an offensive war two facts dominated the relationship between her and Switzerland. The first was that Germany would allow Switzerland to survive only so long as the total sum of advantage derived by Germany from such a state of affairs was larger than the total sum of disadvantages for Germany. Switzerland's industries are kept alive only through the importation of German coal; Swiss goods go back to Germany in return. "We consider you as brothers by race," said Hitler to the Swiss, "and will treat you as such as long as you behave as such." But if Germany had succeeded in establishing the New Order in Europe there would have been no place for Switzerland in it. The existence of Switzerland depends on a balance of power among European nations. If there are no hostile countries there is no need of a neutral to act as broker.

The second fact is that Switzerland cannot avoid remaining in this war what she has been traditionally and for centuries—a land of refuge, a land of hospitality for all, based on political neutrality and the categoric imperative of *Primum Vivere*.

Switzerland cannot, as long as Germany and Italy stand barking at her doors, attempt to prevent the Axis powers from making use of her in every possible way—using her large industrial power, her production of precision mechanical tools at Winterthur, her production of measurement apparatus by the watch industry, and so on. Authorizations and licenses have been granted by Germans to Swiss industries for the sale to the British of machine tools without which certain parts for planes could not have been manufactured in England. But these sales were made with the express condition that the British

would pay in *refined copper*. This illustrates how a neutral country can be and is used in modern global war for collusion between belligerents when such collusion is to their mutual advantage, but for obvious reasons cannot occur directly and in plain sight.

Thus, while Germany as a military power oppresses the Swiss and extracts every possible advantage from them, Germans themselves are in Switzerland—along with the representatives of Americans, Englishmen, and Frenchmen—engaged in cartel management. How much of the spoil of western Europe is being "switzerized" no man knows now, but the problem this will present at the end of the war is staggering to contemplate. How many German patents, licenses, and processes will turn out to be Swiss-owned and beyond reach? What proportion of German wealth has been or is now being taken to Switzerland, there to be camouflaged, by ingenious corporate devices, out of all recognition? How many German assets are being transferred right now from German companies to Swiss holders of legal title?

*These maneuvers constitute the German insurance against military defeat.* Switzerland-for-the-Swiss carries on in the old way; it approaches as nearly as any country in the world the norms of democracy. The republic itself is not corrupt. Yet it is possible that, through Swiss devices, the German cartels, and the cartels in other countries associated with them, may win the victory. Rationalization began with cartels; the Nazis rationalized the state. Ideas are powerful, and it may be that, in its last stages of collapse, the Nazis will have found a way to perpetuate the very basis of their order.

Then, indeed, we shall awake to find the cartels throughout the industrial world—in Germany, in the United States, in England, and in Japan—in the open exercise of their tremendous power. And just exactly how will the democratic governments deal with this situation?



# CONGRESS HAS A POSTWAR PLAN

EUGENE HABAS



CONGRESS has done an important piece of postwar planning which nobody seems to have noticed. Apparently Congress itself doesn't realize what it has done. At all events, no one has yet come forward to take credit for one of the neatest, simplest, and most practicable plans for sustaining postwar employment that have yet been devised.

This plan is not just talk, like so many of the plans we hear about. It is on the books; it is the law of the land, duly enacted by Congress. It needs no further authorization.

Specifically, this is what the plan amounts to. Suppose that the war has ended at last, and that the company you work for is suddenly faced with the problem of reconverting from war work to peacetime operation. Maybe the company has ideas about what it would like to do now that the long-awaited postwar period has really arrived, but it will take time to get reorganized, and meanwhile it looks as if a number of employees will have to be laid off. Where is the money coming from to meet the payrolls?

The answer can be found in those sections of the 1942 Revenue Act which deal with "Carryback of Losses" and "Carryback of Excess Profits Credits." Those sections provide in effect that if a company paid *big* tax bills during the war the government will underwrite for a limited period about 80 per cent of any losses which

the company may sustain. It does not make any difference whether these losses result from the actual expenses of converting machinery and plant, or from the cost of experiments in the production and sale of new products, or from giving employment during conversion to more workers than there is actual need for. The government will pay up in any case.

Here is how the carryback provisions of the 1942 tax law work:

Corporations pay two important kinds of taxes. (There are lots of "unimportant" taxes that they pay, but we will skip these for purposes of simplification.) A 40 per cent tax is paid on "normal prewar" earnings, or the earnings that Congress says may be considered normal for the prewar years. Another tax of 90 per cent is paid on all earnings in excess of "normal" earnings. This is the tax on war profits—the excess profits tax.

Let us make this specific. Suppose a company that produces \$100,000,000 worth of steel during a war year ends with \$10,000,000 profit before tax payments. Suppose that its prewar average (or assumed normal) earnings, before taxes, were only \$4,000,000. Taxes will be figured by the company like this (we are over-simplifying of course):

Profit.....	\$10,000,000
Reduced by amount of "normal" earnings.....	4,000,000
Leaving an "excess" of.....	\$ 6,000,000



The company pays 90 per cent of the \$6,000,000 figure or.....	\$5,400,000
And 40 per cent of the \$4,000,000 figure, or.....	1,600,000
A total tax bill of.....	\$7,000,000

While \$7,000,000 is the amount of cash money the company will have to pay, the law says that it will get back 10 per cent of the excess profits tax in a kind of savings bond not convertible into cash for several years after the war, but convertible then. So let us consider that the excess profits tax is reduced by \$540,000, making a total tax bill of \$6,460,000.

Now suppose that two years later, in 194-, the war has ended and business has been plunged into the uncertainties of the postwar market. Many of the steel company's best customers—the makers of automobiles and refrigerators—are busy converting their plants to peacetime manufacture but have not yet gone into production. Orders for steel are slow, and when the year ends, the company winds up with a \$5,000,000 loss.

One way to keep down the loss would be to fire a lot of workers and cut down on the payroll. But there is no need to do so. The officers of the company know that they can recover most of what they have lost by filing an amended tax return for the war year in which they made that \$10,000,000. Here is how the amended return will work out:

Income (\$10,000,000 minus the \$5,000,000 loss "carried back")..	\$5,000,000
Reduced by amount of "normal" earnings.....	4,000,000 same as before
Leaving "excess" earnings of.....	\$1,000,000 instead of \$6,000,000
The company pays 90 per cent of the \$1,000,000, less 10 per cent, or	\$ 810,000 instead of \$4,860,000
Plus 40 per cent of the \$4,000,000, or.....	1,600,000 same as before
A total tax bill of.....	\$2,410,000 instead of \$6,460,000
Refund due.....	\$4,050,000 *

Generally speaking, the carryback provisions of the 1942 Revenue Act mean that many (though not *all*) corporations can count on having 40 to 100 per cent of their *losses* in a postwar year covered by tax refunds, and that even if they show a small *profit* their tax refund will be sizable. If, for instance, the hypothetical steel company discussed above should earn a million dollars before taxes in 194-, instead of losing \$5 million, it would be able to put in a claim for a tax refund of \$1,230,000.

## II

IT WOULD of course be nonsense to maintain that these provisions of the Revenue Act are a certain cure for unemployment. At best they are only one of a series of possible preventives. But it is worth noting what the prospect of partial or (in rare instances) total reimbursement of losses would permit corporations to do during the postwar shakedown period.

Suppose, for instance, that a railroad company has freight cars in perfectly good shape for another ten years' use. It figures that if it junks the equipment or sells it, say, to Mexico, and in so doing writes off the remaining value as an expense, a tax rebate will be made available that would pay 40 per cent of the cost of new cars—made of aluminum and steel. The saving in costs resulting from the installation of the new light-weight equipment would make the move an economic one, which would not be true if 100 per cent of the price of the new cars had to come "out of the till." So the cars are disposed of, new ones are ordered, and jobs are created in aluminum plants and in the rail equipment shops—jobs which probably would not be there except as an indirect result of the government's tax refund to the railroad company.

An aviation company, with its business shrunk to five per cent of wartime volume, is faced with the prospect of discharging

three-quarters of its employees. It decides to enter the automobile business. It realizes that its newly designed, ultra-modern, low-priced model may be ten years ahead of the public's style demands; but it is willing to take the chance of losing money in order to introduce a low-cost car, economical to operate. Its willingness to take that chance—which might bring about in

\* In actual practice there would be an additional refund of \$410,000, making a total of \$4,460,000, but there is not room in this brief article to explain all the intricacies of corporation taxes. Anyone who wishes to pursue the matter can consult the Internal Revenue Department or a qualified tax expert.



three years the improvements that otherwise would be ten years coming—is due altogether to the fact that any losses incurred through maintaining a large number of employees will be shared with the government if the idea should prove a flop. If the new model goes well the public benefits, as does the working community in which the company is located. If it is a failure a large number of people will have had employment for a year or two anyway.

An oil company, concerned with the need to open up new sources of petroleum supplies, decides to increase fourfold its expenditures on drilling for new wells. This would mean a subnormal profit in a year in which other oil companies were doing fairly well. However, of each extra dollar spent for this purpose, forty cents would be contributed by the government via the tax refund procedure; furthermore, if the money had not been spent but had instead been included in profits, the then prevailing tax rate would absorb perhaps 35 per cent. Thus the net cost of the extra employment in a worth-while, even if self-ish, cause would be only twenty-five cents on each dollar. That might be a small enough risk to justify the undertaking.

A manufacturer of razor blades or chewing gum or steel decides that money spent for advertising in South America might result in a much better export business. The company is fortunate enough, under the provisions of the tax laws, to be able to defray part of the advertising expense through tax refunds—should the venture be unsuccessful. If successful, no claim could be made against the government nor would its help be needed. So a bid is made for this new market—another way of saying that a bid is made for steady jobs for the company's workers.

Of course not every company in the nation will be in a position to call the government in as a partner when a deal

is not successful. An examination of the details of the Revenue Act makes that quite clear. Refunds can come only out of taxes previously paid by the corporation. Moreover, if earnings in the postwar years exceed the prewar "normal" as defined in the tax laws, no refund whatever can be had. But the knowledge that the government will share risks of loss should encourage many companies to spend money in ways which will maintain or increase employment.

Thus far only the bright aspects of Congress's plan have been mentioned. There are some drawbacks to it. For one thing, it gives competitive advantages to long-established companies—especially those which paid huge wartime taxes—as compared with newcomers in the field; for the newcomer cannot afford to lose money. Furthermore, the plan makes no distinction between companies which sustain losses through expenditures that maintain employment and those whose losses result from incompetent management or waste. Under the 1942 Revenue Act both are entitled to refunds if they meet the technical requirements of the law.

These are weaknesses in the setup, but they should not obscure the fact that the plan has real advantages which should be borne in mind when the 1943 Revenue Act is being written. In wartime there are frequent changes in tax laws, and it is possible that the "carryback" provisions of the 1942 law may be omitted from this year's bill. If they are, the postwar plan that they embody will also be dropped, for—as the law now stands—tax payments made on 1941 and 1942 income can be recovered only in 1943 and 1944. Extension of the refund privilege beyond 1944 will have to be written into future revenue acts if Congress likes its plan well enough to stick by it.



# “MARINE, YOU DIE!”

LIEUTENANT EDWARD LINCOLN SMITH II,  
M.C., U.S.N.R.

*The opinions or assertions contained herein are the private ones of the writer and are not to be construed as official or reflecting the views of the Navy Department or the Naval Service at large.—The Author*



IN MID-SEPTEMBER, 1942, I was on a ship headed for Guadalcanal. In the darkness before dawn we were slipping silently into Sealark Channel. Over across the narrow stretch of watery darkness lay the mysterious and dreadful island. I stood on deck with my fellow officers and peered anxiously at the shadowy massive form that was taking shape out of the cool night and at the two lonely planes that were circling above the beach on which we were to land.

It was our mission to land on Guadalcanal and to reinforce the Marines who had captured the island the month before and who were holding it doggedly against savage attempts by the Japs to retake it. We were anxious about the fate of the men ashore, whose ammunition and food supplies were thought to be nearly exhausted.

“H” hour had been set, and the time of departure came at last. Out of the dark, crowded holds of the hot ship climbed the sweating, cursing Marines, glad at last to be on the threshold of action. We slipped down the cargo nets and dropped into the bobbing landing boats which carried us, wave after wave, in orderly fashion to the distant white beach. We expected and received no

opposition from the Japs ashore; for the men already there were protecting us from attack on both flanks, but we thought it a piece of good luck that the Jap air force did not come to harass us as we unloaded the ships of our convoy.

The scene that greeted us as we waded ashore and picked our way through the complicated barbed-wire entanglements was a nightmare. The once beautiful coconut grove which had gracefully lined the gentle curving beach had been blasted to hell. Now scarcely one tree remained untouched. Between the torn and splintered stumps flew shrieking and wildly screaming birds, white and blood-red. Deep zigzagging trenches split the ground, and on the edge of the jungle were camouflaged gun emplacements, dugouts reinforced with Jap matting and sandbags. Scattered through the pock-marked grove were the charred remains of Zeros that had crashed and burned with their pilots in them; and along the shore were the ruins of wrecked enemy trucks and landing barges. Peopling this violent scene were bearded, gaunt, hungry, and lonely-looking Marines who welcomed us with no outward show of emotion.



When the convoy weighed anchor that evening the beach was piled high with huge stores of ammunition and gasoline, food and medical supplies which would have to support us through an uncertain future. Jap trucks which had been converted to our own use had been nibbling at the matériel all day and carrying it away to a place less vulnerable to bombing attacks. When night came we dug our fox-holes far back in the grove and fell wearily beside them. The password had been announced and the sentries posted. We lay on our ponchos and tried to sleep, though the grotesque shapes silhouetted against the starlit sky warned us of danger and even the Southern Cross seemed strange and unfamiliar.

Not long after midnight we heard the disquieting drone of enemy planes and focused our attention on the intangible wisps of sound that came to us from the spaceless skies. Then there was silence. Motors had been snapped off and the aircraft were gliding in over us. Suddenly they dropped their load—not bombs but parachute flares; and instantly our grove was illuminated with a fantastic green light. We were bivouacked between Henderson Field and Lunga beach, and it was impossible to tell whether they were trying to spot the airport or the precious supplies, but in either case we should be on the receiving end. The attack however did not come from the air as we had anticipated, but from the sea. Out there where our ships had been anchored conspicuously in the sunlight that morning, Jap destroyers were now sneaking through the darkness. Before the brilliant flares had reached the earth the Japs opened fire and their big guns roared and ripped the night with flashes and explosions.

All about us fell the whistling, crashing shells, smashing into the trees and splattering shrapnel over the ground and in the shallow fox-holes. Blankets and ponchos, where men had lain before they had leaped into the ground, were cut to shreds. Some of the armor-piercing shells sailed over our heads and landed on the bomber strip on Henderson Field. Some struck dangerously near the ammunition dumps several hundred yards away. Trees were cut in two and we could hear

the cries of men who had been hit by the murderous flying steel. I could hear the calm steady voice of our battalion commander, Lieutenant-Colonel Puller, through the thunder of battle, ordering his men to remain quiet and in the ground.

It was over at last. The Japs had fired their last shell and now left us to our dead. In the moonlight Dr. Shuster and I edged out of the ground and crept among the bewildered troops looking for casualties. The first one that I found was Pharmacist's Mate second-class Grover Cleveland Jennings, one of the finest hospital corpsmen I had ever known. His left wrist had been shattered. Round his arm was a tourniquet which he had applied himself during the height of the attack. Despite his hemorrhage he had remained conscious and had cautioned the men near him not to leave their fox-holes until it was all over.

A boy near him attracted our attention by his moans. The pain that he was suffering was so intense that he could not speak. Sweat was pouring off his face. Part of his heavy shoe was still on his left foot, but where his heel should have been was a large hole dripping with blood and macerated flesh and bone. I applied a generous battle dressing and eased his pain with morphine. He thanked me with a nod and a smile.

We examined and treated the others, applied bayonet splints to broken arms and legs, and made them as comfortable as possible. To-morrow, when daylight came, they would be taken to the little field hospital, and in the dugouts where they would be safe they would get blood plasma to support them during the long plane ride to the base hospital.

As I was returning to my fox-hole I saw, lying in the dirt, the lifeless bodies of two more Marines. With outstretched arms the first was staring wildly at the sky. His clothes had been ripped from his trunk, and he lay disemboweled in a great pool of sticky warm blood. The heavy night air was saturated with the odor of freshly spilled blood. I rolled the remains of his body in a poncho and went on to the next. This boy had been struck in the head. I covered him too and stepped wearily into my fox-hole.



Exhausted with nervous excitement, I fell into a fitful sleep—and was awakened shortly afterward, to my horror, by a shadowy form that was leaning down to grab me. With what I expected might be my last breath, I leaped out of the ground to elude him. Startled himself, he cursed me, and then I knew it was only my good friend Captain C. B. Cross. He had been poking around to see if I was all right. It was a good lesson, and fortunately this time not a costly one.

The next morning I sat on the edge of my fox-hole with three Marine officers. Among us we were sharing a can of cold, greasy vegetable hash and some hardtack. Captain "Chuck" Beasley had tried half-heartedly to brew some powdered coffee in a tin can over a pitiful little fire. I tried but I could not eat. I had no appetite. The smell and the sight of blood which stained my hands and my dungarees, and the agony of the long night lingered in my mind. I looked at the faces of the young men who sat speechless beside me. Already they seemed older. The swiftness and the fury of death which had struck our boys that night left its mark on even the bravest. Captain Joe Griffith asked hesitantly, as if he feared that the answer might wound him more deeply, "Did my men suffer long, Doctor?" We watched a silent burial party lift the bodies gently into the back of an old truck and carry them down the jungle road and disappear.

## II

FROM that first terrifying night until the last morning three months later, when I left the island in a transport plane with other sick and wounded men, I witnessed the horror and misery and the suffering that was the lot of those boys who were fighting a tropical war, worse, I suspect, than anything ever imagined by the human mind. They fought and cursed and labored and died in the hot, impenetrable, disease-ridden jungle. They tried to dodge the spray of machine-gun bullets with which crafty snipers repeatedly showered them, and when they were unlucky and came crawling to us on their bellies with ugly wounds in their arms and legs they had the guts to laugh and say,

"It's all right, Doc, it will take more than a God-damned Jap to kill me!" They would lie in filthy swamps, swarming at night with angry malarial mosquitoes and in the heat of the day with masses of flies that could not be brushed away but had to be picked off their faces and out of their chow. They ate their cold hash and beans out of dirty, sweaty steel helmets, and often boiled coffee, or what passed for coffee, in tin cans and thought it great.

Without water to use for bathing and shaving for weeks at a time, and without the socks and underwear which they had long since discarded because they were worn out or too filthy to wear, the men developed nasty ulcers and skin infections which would not heal. Their legs would swell and the lazy flies would hound them and crawl over the foul dressings crusted with pus. There was the "Tree of Death" which the natives warned us against but which the men could not avoid. They broke out with maddening itching and burning rashes. But the men did not complain nor did they ask to be sent down from the front lines. Their buddies would think that they could not take it.

Sometimes they supplemented their meager diet with captured rice and bamboo shoots. Rice, rice, and more rice! We had it garnished with a little hash or corn willie, occasionally mixed with dehydrated potato in a fried cake, and often mixed with canned peaches or prunes. We got so that we hated the sight of rice as much as we did the faces of the Japs from whom we had captured it. But somehow it eased the pain of hunger which never entirely left us. And although the Marines did not like it, they accepted it with their good-natured griping, asked for seconds if there were any, and called the cook a slant-eyed bastard for getting in such a rut. Sometimes we got oatmeal, spiced with a few worms to give it character, and there was an occasional bar of moldy chocolate. Those with strong stomachs would keep it down, and those with weak ones would go off behind a tree and vomit guiltily to the amusement of their comrades.

These men lost thirty and forty pounds



in weight, and nearly a comparable amount in strength, but physical hardships and suffering seemed only to make them fight more stubbornly than ever. It sharpened their wit, which is always good-humored and the most likable and astonishing thing about them, a perfect match for the pride and physical prowess for which they have long been famous.

Sometimes the men could hardly walk, they were so worn and sick from the aches and chills of malaria. We would send them immediately down to the medical companies near the edge of Henderson Field. These medical stations were set up to give emergency treatment—transfusions and plasma, amputations, and abdominal surgery if it was indicated. Men who could not recover enough to be sent back to the lines in ten days were generally flown out by plane the morning after they were received. The yardstick by which the doctors measured a man's physical fitness and his readiness to return to the battlefield was a simple one. If he could walk and shoulder his rifle, and if he was free of the acute symptoms of his disease, he was ready to be sent back to us. The men did not like to remain on the sick list. Furthermore, although the medical companies were fairly well protected from land attacks, since they were in the heart of our little territory, their proximity to Henderson Field made them vulnerable to shelling from the sea and to bombing from the air. Frequently patients thought they were safer on the front lines.

The average malarial cases, diagnosed by us in the swamps and in the jungle, were sent for rest and treatment to the medical companies where they were kept for forty-eight hours, or longer if necessary, and returned to the front lines with a pocketful of quinine and atabrin and a haggard look as if they were ready for the grave. They would curl up in a rat-infested dugout while their buddies would stand their gun watch in the burning heat of the sun and bring them water from hot canteens to wash down the bitter medicine. They would rather die than give in. One evening a lad was carried to the doctor on the front lines to the west of us. He was delirious when he arrived at the

aid station. An hour later he was dead. Disease had struck as swiftly and accurately as a bullet.

At seven o'clock in the evening a handful of us who could be spared from other duties would gather in the twilight just back of the front lines. We had one radio in the regiment and this we used sparingly to pick up short-wave broadcasts from the United States. Our planes would be returning to Henderson Field from bombing missions in the north. As we watched and counted them eagerly while they skimmed the trees over our heads we would know that one more pilot had made his last flight. Over the radio we would hear the announcer describe the latest developments in Africa; then he would turn to the Pacific theater and in a mournful voice tell us that we were in grave danger, that Washington was deeply concerned about the plight of the men on Guadalcanal. The little island fortress might fall at any time. This announcement would be greeted with laughter, and some private would pipe up, "Well, I'll be a sad son-of-a-bitch! Don't they know we got Marines on this island?"

There would be a pause. The announcer had something more to tell us. In a tone so matter of fact that we wondered if he understood what he was saying, he broadcast that there were new strikes in war industries at home, that absenteeism and week-end sprees were interrupting the war effort. In shocked silence the men listened. Then in the gathering darkness they melted into the jungle to man their guns for the night watch which might be—who could know?—their last. Life here was too short to waste time with the problems back home.

### III

**D**URING the month of October the enemy increased the intensity of their attacks by land, sea, and air. Daily bombing raids, which had been discontinued for several weeks, now came like clockwork at twelve noon. By the 13th of October it was obvious that they were trying to soften us and destroy the field and planes as a prelude to something big, perhaps an all-out assault. On that day



we were subjected to not one but many raids.

After having spent some time in and near the front lines, I was then a patient at a medical company near Henderson Field. Only the swiftly flowing Lunga River and a small patch of jungle separated us from the bomber strip. Dr. Bill Neff had called Division Headquarters that morning to inquire why the working party had not been sent over to dig more shelters and dugouts. The wounded had been arriving in larger numbers than we had room for. The answer was simple: recent and heavy rains had swollen the river and washed away the bridge. Trucks and ambulances could not cross the river. The Navy corpsmen dug as many extra fox-holes as they could in the little time they could spare from the patients.

That night we were lying on our canvas cots under our nets. On one side of me was Lieutenant "Red" Benner, a husky Easterner who had recently been promoted from the ranks. On the other side was Captain Joseph from New York State; Joe was in love and he spoke often of the girl he was to marry. A few feet away Captain Buckley was telling us amusing stories about his experiences in China with the "old" Marine Corps. He was a living example of everything that was great about the Marine Corps: he was a hard fighter, a wit, and a gentleman. As we listened to him we suddenly heard a piercing whistle and then an explosion in our grove.

Instantly we leaped through our nets and warned the others quickly to get to the dugouts. Stumbling and falling in the darkness, we managed to carry the stretcher patients underground with us.

In the shelter in which I found myself there were nearly a hundred men where only thirty should have been. There was not room enough to sit down, and the roof of logs and sandbags was too low to permit us to stand. We could not move and the air got so thick and foul it seemed as if we would suffocate. Jammed beside me was a corporal with a nasty compound fracture of the right leg near the hip. The dressing had been torn off while he was being huddled into the dugout. On

the other side of me was a Marine private, unconscious and incontinent of feces and urine. Dr. Kintzing was sweating over him and trying to support him with blood plasma. The thundering above us took our minds off our immediate physical discomforts. The Japs were firing on us point-blank from cruisers and battleships, and we could hear the fourteen-inch shells sweeping closer and closer, raking our area, and landing in the trees over our heads. The walls of our dugout shook violently. We were covered with dirt that fell in showers from the ceiling. Some of the men were cursing; others were praying. Hour after hour it continued.

Just before dawn the firing ceased. We crawled out of the narrow opening and looked at the broken trees, and at the smashed galley and tents that had been a medical station. The unconscious boy was lifted out of the darkness. He had lived through those interminable hours. During the following days he had to be kept underground in that dismal, filthy hole to escape the rain of bombs that the enemy dropped at frequent intervals, but later he regained consciousness and was flown to safety.

During the attack one of the shells had landed close to a dugout in a bivouac area near our own. There had been eleven men in the ground. Four came out alive. I learned later that two of the dead were Lieutenant Pete Richards and Lieutenant Jake Iseman, officers whom I had known intimately for a long time. I remembered the night, a few months before, when Jake and I had stood in the tropical moonlight on another island, and in his warm Southern drawl Jake had talked of home.

#### IV

DISCONCERTING news of what had happened in the night reached us by mid-morning. Up near Cape Esperance were four Jap transports surrounded by landing barges. Our planes had attacked them and the ships were burning and sinking, but the size of their landing force and what they had ashore in the way of weapons and supplies we did not know.

I received a new assignment, and that



morning I returned with Captain Joseph to his battalion, which was dug in along the ridge that looked down on the Matanikau River. We held the barren hilltops on the front lines farthest to the west. There was no cover here and, like the historic cliff dwellers, we dug our homes in the coral earth on the protected side of the ridges. The soil was baked dry and solid, and not even a blade of grass grew here. On our hill there was one pit for the radio equipment and another for the medical gear, such as morphine, sulfa drugs, dressings, and plasma. On the ridge beyond us was set up the observation post for the artillery and the command post. Behind the knoll to our rear was the mortar outfit.

Our advance position gave us an unobstructed view of the expanse of jungle now held by the enemy, and of the beach that stretched westward to Cape Esperance. We could see our planes bombing the Jap ships despite heavy anti-aircraft fire. Huge fires on the beach indicated that their supplies had been hit.

The next few days were restless ones. We knew that the Japs were pushing toward us down the narrow beach road. They had begun to fire at us with their artillery, which was hidden in the jungle and could not be spotted. The opposite side of the hills was pockmarked and we began to feel less secure. Mortar shells whistled over our heads and crashed in the valley below. One night our galley was demolished and we had to open our packs for canned rations.

By day Jap fighters and bombers tried repeatedly to attack Henderson Field and destroy our air support. We listened to the air battles over the radio. The squadron leader directed his men as they waited in the sky for the attackers.

"C'm on, men, let's find another cloud. This one is too damned small!" His voice was crisp and tingling with excitement.

While they hid we heard the roar of enemy planes coming louder and louder from the northwest. Suddenly over the radio a yell: "Tally-ho!" and out they would fly to intercept the Japs.

"Look out, Joe. There's one of those bastards on your tail!"

We could see them twisting and diving up there in the sunshine, with motors whining and exhaust streaming behind in graceful patterns.

Then Joe would howl, "Yippee! I got the son-of-a-bitch!" And we would see the Zero falling, falling, falling. Long before it hit the blue water of the channel it would explode into a million pieces. Sometimes there would be half a dozen Zeros plummeting to earth at once. Occasionally one would fall into the channel without disintegrating, and then would sink like a rock and be gone forever.

One day there were dogfights closer to us than usual. After we thought that the battles were over one of our own fighters zoomed up through our draw with a Zero hot on his tail. We flattened ourselves on the ground as the Jap, not twenty-five feet over us, sprayed the hill with machine-gun bullets. Our plane could not get away. It crashed into our lines and the pilot burned to death before he could be rescued.

A few days later we were overjoyed when we looked down on the water below us and saw two of our sleek destroyers cockily and gracefully sailing through the calm channel toward enemy territory. With deadly precision they opened fire and with one broadside after another raked enemy positions and started billowing columns of smoke rising toward the sky. In the distance the familiar drone of enemy planes warned of danger. The destroyers came about and began to head for the open sea. But the Jap bombers had caught them in their sights. The bomb-bay doors clicked open and we saw the long chain of bombs drop directly in the path of the destroyers. Not a gun was fired from the decks of the warships as they twisted and turned like animals caught in a trap. The bombs narrowly missed them. The planes wheeled about and circled lower for the kill of their apparently helpless victims. We watched excitedly and prayed for a miracle. Then there was a tremendous burst of anti-aircraft fire from both ships simultaneously—and out of the sky came tumbling five of the six bombers! The Marines cheered wildly as they waved



good-by and good luck to the proud little ships that were racing away.

The Marines had no doubt that the Navy was protecting them. We saw the fiery sea battles from the hills at night, heard the roar of thunder as it swept across the water, and looked with pity and horror at the burned and disfigured bodies that were brought ashore next morning after they had been floating in shark-infested waters all night. They had no doubts either about Admiral Halsey. He was a fighter who understood them and talked their language.

## V

**B**UT the enemy was gradually closing in. A week after the landing of Jap reinforcements our patrols brought word that the enemy had heavily infiltrated the miles of ground that separated us from their beached ships. We realized that they would attack at the earliest opportunity, before disease and diminished food supplies could hamper them, and before reinforcements could arrive on our side. The men tightened our defenses, brought up extra ammunition, sharpened bayonets, and rested as much as possible.

One night after dark a Marine crept up the side of the hill to my fox-hole and warned me that the attack was imminent. He could not return to his ridge, so he squeezed into the ground beside me. We had not long to wait before the battle began below upon the river. Through the roar of heavy mortar shells whizzing over our heads and exploding around us and through the din of bursting grenades and machine-gun bullets came an even louder and more terrifying racket—tanks. Down the beach and jungle road they came hurtling at our lines, straight for the mouth of the shallow river. With a precision and a fierceness that must have surprised the Japs our men fired their anti-tank guns at the onrushing machines. It was impossible to recognize any distinguishable sound in the bedlam that ensued. Tracer bullets streaked up through our draw. By the light of green flares that fell over our heads we could see the silhouette of Marines on the opposite hill waiting with fixed bayonets.

In periods of quiet we could hear the Japs gathering themselves for a thrust across the river at us. It would begin with the challenge, "Blood for the Emperor!" and "Marine, You Die!"

Planes from Henderson Field dived onto the attacking force and blasted them with bombs and strafed them with lead. Again and again they tried to cross that narrow stretch of water and each time they were stopped dead. The hours went by and as dawn approached the Japs withdrew. Their tanks, which numbered close to fifteen, lay smashed and burnt in the mud.

On the following evening, just before dusk, I was sitting in my fox-hole reading a letter from home. The last relay of men to eat chow had finished and was beginning to disperse. Suddenly what we had been fearing for days finally happened. The artillery had found us, and with a salvo of direct hits they tore our hillside apart. Two Marines jumped in on top of me and we hugged the ground while it bounced and rocked beneath us. Our ears rang with the deafening explosions and our eyes filled with smoke and dust. One of the men on top of me was slightly wounded. As I jumped out of the hole I tossed my first-aid pouch to the other man and told him to patch the wound.

I ran into the thick cloud of smothering powder and smoke where I could hear but not see the wounded men calling for help from the ground where they had been thrown in reckless confusion.

Our Navy corpsmen materialized through the haze, and while they applied tourniquets and battle dressings and morphine, Dr. Slossberg and I broke out the plasma and administered it to the dying.

Our message center had been knocked out of action but by radio we were able to get in contact with the rear echelon in the jungle two miles behind us, and they immediately dispatched jeeps along the vulnerable crests of the mountain ridges to carry our wounded six miles through the jungle to Henderson Field. There were more than a score of the wounded, and I moved among them as quickly and as quietly as I could, reassuring them and making them as comfortable as possible. Simply to know that the doctors were there



and looking after them was enough to quiet many.

I stooped over one Marine whose young face, full of anguish and pain, was so blackened and disfigured that I did not recognize him. His left leg had been blown off, and on his cheek lay dangling what had once been an eye. He was asking for a last cigarette.

I saw Captain Litton hanging onto his arm, which had been broken at the elbow. The bleeding had been stopped with a tourniquet and the pain, he said, was nothing. He begged me to leave him and look after his men.

A few yards away a crumpled body lay curled beside an overturned jeep. I turned the body over. Beneath him lay his helmet, flattened into a plate of jagged steel with a few wisps of bloody hair still clinging to it. His identification tags had been blown away too, but out of his pocket I drew an old letter, crumpled and muddy, from his mother.

Captain Joseph, the boy in love, lay gasping on his back. With his comrades he lies now beneath the rough little crosses in the hallowed ground that holds our dead.

The following afternoon our lines were subjected to a bombing attack from low altitude. We saw the bomb-bays open and out of them fell the "eggs" in a terrifying arc. They landed a hundred yards away on the hill behind ours. Marines appeared on the brow of that hill and beckoned wildly. Their voices could not be heard above the noise of the diving planes. With armfuls of splints and plasma we ran to them. In the hollow of the hill the dust had not yet settled, but it was obvious that at least two bombs had fallen squarely on the mortar platoon. From their protected position they had not seen the oncoming planes.

The men lay with their clothes ripped off, their arms and legs broken, their arteries spurting and covering the ground with jellylike masses of blood. Blankets and stretchers and brandy were brought quickly, and while we waited for the faithful little jeeps that climbed up to us out of the jungle, we relieved their symptoms of shock with morphine and plasma.

The only man who could not control

himself was the gunner. Uninjured, he was overcome with the pitiful sight of his wounded and dying men who lay helpless all about him. Like Jove he stood on the side of the hill and, trembling in the fury of his anger, shook his fists at the heavens and threw his curses at the distant planes.

As the last man was lifted into the back of the jeep it began to rain. Stinging sheets of water blew in from the sea. My trousers and my hands were washed clean and even the ground lost its angry stains. Then out of the storm came little, wiry, energetic Dr. Kimball with word that I was to return to the Regimental Headquarters. I told him where he could find my fox-hole on the other hill. I wished him good luck and turned and walked down the road in the storm.

## VI

THERE was a steady movement of troops and an air of restless excitement. As the day went on and I approached my station, the more apparent was the look of suspense on the faces of the men I met. The Regimental Commander, Colonel Sims, had moved one of his battalions to the west and Lieutenant-Colonel Puller's battalion was thinly spread out over an area previously defended by two battalions.

When I arrived at the aid station I found half a dozen patients recovering from the acute symptoms of malaria, Vincent's, and leg ulcers. It was raining and dark. We all knew that this would be a perfect night for an all-out assault by the enemy. Someone reminded us that the radio announcer was more than usually pessimistic about our fate. Clouds obscured the moon. Weird jungle noises and haunting cries in the trees kept us alert. Sweat poured from under our helmets, and mud seeped into our shoes. In whispers we spoke of the thin line to the east of us where Lieutenant-Colonel Puller's outfit was dug in. I thought of the tin cans, with pebbles in them, that I had once seen Puller's men hanging along the barbed wire. To-night they might work. No one could see as far as the barbed wire in the darkness.

Suddenly came the shrill and angry



battle-cry: "Blood for the Emperor! Marine, You Die!" and then the charging enemy. A quick-witted Marine rallied his astonished men. With superb bravado he hurled back the challenge, "To hell with your God-damned Emperor! Blood for Franklin and Eleanor!" and aiming his machine gun at the rattling pebbles, he blazed away.

Lieutenant-Colonel Julian Frisbie sent a runner to us with an order for all the patients who were able to come at once to the crest of our knoll to stand by for action. With them I sneaked up the muddy trail to the Colonel's command post. I waited there and listened to him talking with Colonel Puller on the field telephone. I heard some private near me whisper, "Can you beat it! The crazy yellow bastards have attacked Puller's men. They'll have their revenge to-night!" From the west too, where Colonel Sims and Lieutenant-Colonel Hannekin were operating, came the thunder of battle, and it echoed through the hills and valleys. Colonel Frisbie kept wires of two telephones hot, organizing and integrating the demands and orders of various units. At last came the word that the Japs had broken through—how many no one could estimate—but they were behind our lines. There was a reserve battalion across Henderson Field waiting for such an emergency—a battalion of fresh Army troops who had not yet had experience in jungle fighting and who did not know the terrain of the island. Navy Chaplain Keough volunteered to lead them along the shortest and quickest route to the battle-front. One of the Army officers was argumentative, but Chaplain Keough convinced him with a few precise words that he knew what he was doing. They followed him in mud up to their knees and arrived in time to block the gap.

The battle continued all night, but shortly before dawn firing ceased on both sides.

By the light of the rising sun we gathered our wounded. Some of them lay beside their fox-holes, unable to move and covered with blood that flowed from multiple stab wounds. Dr. Taubenhause had collected nearly seventy-five casual-

ties in his aid station deep in the jungle. With the help of his corpsmen he was using every available means to keep the men alive who lay in the mud around him and waited patiently for help. Plasma jars were strung on trees and on bloody bayonets. The Japs who had managed to sneak through our lines were now beginning to operate as snipers, and the jungle echoed with the high-pitched *p-i-n-g!* of their .25's as they took pot shots at the wounded men. Ambulances had been requested, but the hours slipped by and they did not come. Only jeeps and an occasional truck were able to get out to the front lines along the twisting muddy jungle road. I stopped the first one that came along and told the driver to help us get the dying men down to the field hospital. With a hopeless look on his face, he shook his head. "I'm sorry, Doctor. We're going after more ammunition. It's urgent. There may be another attack." One after another the jeeps went by.

The patients watched and understood. How easy it was to die for one's country! Our little island fortress had to be defended at all cost. Even life was a small price to pay.

## VII

AT NOON the anticipated attack began and it came from the skies. Waves of Jap fighters and bombers circled over us, diving and spraying the lines with bullets and zooming low over Henderson Field. The Marines on the hills turned their guns on the enemy, and from their camouflaged nests caught one plane after another as it tried to crack a hole in our lines.

We learned later that the Jap air force had been told that Henderson Field would be in the hands of their own infantry by noon and they could land unopposed. Now that their plans had been upset by the unexpected turn of events, the Japs could neither alter their course of action nor meet the difficult problem which presented itself. They flew angrily over the treetops, confused and disorganized. Bombs were falling haphazardly to the north and east of us near the fighter and



bomber strips, which were now empty of planes. They had taken off many minutes before and were soaring high above in the Pacific sky, waiting to drive off the next wave of attackers.

I was standing beside a wounded Marine who was lying on a stretcher. He had been carried along the crest of the hill by jeep as far as our position. His left arm had been shattered and he was in hock from pain and loss of blood. We lifted him down the gully, and while my men adjusted the tourniquet and changed the soaked dressing I found a vein for the transfusion needle. A Zero darted at us and the trees over our heads splintered and cracked as his bullets struck wide of their mark. There was one dugout but the opening was too small to admit the wounded man, and it was filled with water. Quickly we carried him to a little hollow that was cut in the bottom of the hill and rested the stretcher on some old rusty water cans. I inserted the needle, sat down in the mud beside him, and held the plasma while it flowed into his arm. My shoes and socks had been sucked off by the thick red mud. He smiled through his beard as he looked at my bare feet. Then he turned his hollow eyes at the sky and watched the planes overhead. Through pale dry lips he mumbled, "Christ, Doctor, our boys up there sure are knockin' the hell out of 'em!" I stopped wondering about how good this boy's chances were of living.

The battle was over. Out in front of the lines, where Puller and Hannekin and the reserve battalion of Army had received the attack, more than nine hundred Japs hung on the barbed wire and lay in piles in the firing lanes. Countless more were thought to be hidden deeper in the jungle.

Thanksgiving came and went; December came. Our work here was nearly finished. We were manning the front lines, resting, recuperating, and helping

to pass on to the Army the knowledge we had gained so that they might profit by our experience and our mistakes. Some of the Marine outfits had already been evacuated. Our turn might come soon.

Not long after, I found myself aboard a transport plane heading south for the base hospital. It was morning and the plane was flying in a flood of tropical sunlight. Through the ports I could see the blue Pacific far below us, and a few small islands ringed by vivid green coral reefs.

I looked at my fellow-passengers, who were also lying on stretchers. One of them, a Marine corporal, was breathing through a hole in his neck and his entire head was wrapped in bandages. He could not see the brilliant sunshine that streamed through the port beside him, and he could not speak. Next to him lay a sergeant, his neck in a cast. He could speak only in whispers, and in a few hours they would cease forever.

I lay back and tried not to think. It was useless. I remembered my friend Captain C. B. Cross, a wiry young Oklahoman who could match his tough words with tough action. On the night of one of the big battles, when our lines were being hard pressed, the Colonel had called and ordered him to lead some of his men to the top of a hill where several of our machine guns had been destroyed. He was to hold off the enemy until fresh weapons could be brought up. "C. B." had selected a handful of men and told them to bring along a gunny sack of grenades. In the dark they splashed through the mud to within striking distance. They opened the sack—and out rolled canned rations! Without hesitation the Captain seized one in each hand, and standing in the rain on the crest of the hill, hurled them defiantly at the screaming enemy. This was the night that the radio had said the situation looked hopeless for the Marines on Guadalcanal!



# THE GRANDSONS

THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL



BY MANDOLINS, by moon, by rhododendron  
The boys change into warriors  
And the continental masses drift and split.

My father, shady under the clematis, would speak of peace:  
"We're here and all of us well, don't ever forget it!"  
Alfred, liar, pretended to listen to father,  
Kip pummeled neats-foot into a baseball glove,  
I swung my jackknife by the blade and said  
"Around the world in eighty days." It stuck.

Blue were the mountain ranges and the prairie  
And the voice was quiet.

Feel how good it was, my father'd say,  
To see the mallows blooming pink again  
Between the trolley tracks in our new city.  
The cottonwoods were getting tall enough  
To float their cotton over the painted cannon  
The War Between the States gave to our park.

"Hard," he'd say, "the war was very hard,"  
Hard for a half-grown boy to hide in half-grown corn,  
Hard to keep horses quiet under a bridge,  
Hard to prove with words when they knocked on the door  
That the wet gourd by the bucket wasn't drunk from. . . .

He'd quiet us, a finger toward the steeple  
Tolling the town a sundown for a weekday,  
Not speaking to us but his finger saying



*It's evening and it's peace and nothing's hurting. . . .*  
 The bell would end. He'd say "It's over now . . ."
   
As if one continent within his mind were finished
   
And men could speak their wisdom to their sons.
   
You could hear the faroff dusty trolley gong
   
But the words meant nothing,
   
You could stare at horses tethered over the way
   
But the words meant nothing.

The blue voice stopped, the clematis stayed on,  
 The mallows came each spring to the trolley tracks  
 And a trolley car we stood there waiting for  
 Stopped at our corner and took us to a war.

I tasted lightning on my tongue,  
 I heard the mountains call my name,  
 I paid my fare and heard it rung  
 As if the gong were still the same!  
 O being ever about to step  
 Across a curb or through some door,  
 So shocked so plausibly, so cut away  
 From just before!

*We're here and all of us well, don't ever forget it!*

Kip found a stove at Château Thierry, baked a goat,  
 Smashed a piano in a castle with an axe,  
 Stole hardware,  
 Bootlegged out of El Paso and makes sayings:

*You can't pray higher than your head in Texas,  
 Women are where you stop to pick the daisies,  
 Oklahoma hoosegows get you hump-backed,  
 You're getting old because you learned to read.*

Alfred flourished, lied and whored and drank,  
 Went broke in Florida and teaches citizenship. . . .

And I was sitting here in the clematis  
 Watching a P-38 nick a glint off the steeple. . . .  
 That boy up there? Whose grandfather will he be?  
 He's on the make, I said. He doesn't know it.  
 The whole damn country is and nobody knows it,  
 Nobody ever knows it, Egypt didn't,  
 The Romans didn't, England didn't, Spain . . .  
 When you're sure you know, like Hitler, then it's over.

Grandpa's grandpa had a stallion  
 And he rode him all the way



From Council Grove on the Missouri  
 Into Santa Fé,  
 Who knew where America was riding to that day?  
 Nobody knew he couldn't stop,  
 Nobody knew he wasn't spurred;  
 Nobody knows a mountain top  
 Isn't a question, isn't a word,  
 Isn't a plan, a reckoning,  
 Nobody knows when faraway  
 Starts beckoning.

You couldn't tell from firelight flickering in the clearing  
 Monoplanes and monoplanes and monoplanes were coming,  
 You couldn't hear in the split of the heart  
 Of the hickory where the axe would start  
 To hew a ship for Africa—  
 It wasn't there for hearing,  
 You couldn't see a cotton gin reaching for an island;  
 You couldn't see insulin reaching for an island,  
 You couldn't hear "Susannah" or "Old Zip Coon".  
 Racing the sirocco, riding the monsoon.

I poked at a flat stone under the clematis,  
 I lifted the edge of Africa with the edge  
 Of the sole of my shoe and let the stone fall back  
 And a boy in uniform stepped into the garden.

You? You're Alfred's boy!  
 Alfred, I'd have known you anywhere. . . .

(Telling me now how the *Lexington* went down, no *Lexington* of mine, by what rude bridge that arched what flood my fathers couldn't make me feel, but *yours*. . . .)

Alfred, how well you look!

(An' the ol' *Lex* takin' it an' the wise guy poppin' off  
 to walk not run to the nearest ocean an'  
 you can't believe it when it's slow an' big  
 like that an' fellows even grabbin' cokes an' icecream  
 an' Bausch an' Lombs an' Very Pistols too  
 an' there's the flight deck hangin' on your eyebrows  
 an' the whole Pacific slidin' up your face  
 an' you ain't a duck an' you're walkin' nowhere fast  
 an' your shoes keep slippin' off the fish an' you holler  
 an' keep on hollerin' till you thumb a ride. . . .)



I said to Alfred "How's it going to end?"  
"We'll bomb the bastards all but six—for pall bearers!"

And Alfred quieted. "It's very still, sir,"

*It's evening and it's peace and nothing's hurting. . . .*

And Alfred said "Do you hear from my father sometimes?"

I asked the clematis of Alfred's grandsons

And budged the edge of Africa an inch.

We went to the train. I caught myself:

*Don't ask a sailor where he's going!*

But what if you know you know, I thought,

The eyes of men, their instruments,

Their discontents, their skills?

Continental masses drifting, splitting

To their wills?

Arizona? Need a desert? San Francisco? Want a bay?

Manhattan? Need another island?

Go ask Alfred far away.

Alfred doesn't want an island,

Alfred didn't hate,

Alfred wants to kiss his girl

By the garden gate.

Alfred goes to Blunderfield,

Alfred goes to Plunderpath,

Alfred goes to bleed and heal

Muscles of his wrath.

Freedom from fear will mean what it means to Alfred,

Freedom from want will mean what it means to Alfred,

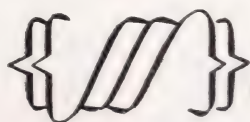
Freedom of speech will mean what it means to Alfred.

The sun goes down, the mammoths in the ice,

The tigers in the asphalt pits are very very still,

The rain falls on the graveyard, the frost chips off the name

Of the father of the grandfather who plowed the hill.



# FROM HOUSEWIFE TO SHIPFITTER

VIRGINIA SNOW WILKINSON



IN the early morning I made my way to the shipyards. It was exciting to rise at five-thirty while my family slept (although my husband and children had begged to be awakened) and to feel my way along the path to the car. For me, a housewife who had not held a job since that year's schoolteaching before marriage, this was adventure indeed. I was going down to the sea to build ships.

Over and over for months I had heard from the radio the call for women to enter war work. I had been delaying for one reason or another but I finally recognized these arguments in favor of my going to the shipyards: my children, now in their teens, were able to take some responsibility for our home; I wanted to help out the war effort more than I had been doing through a few voluntary services; and with living costs always going up and the children's education looming ahead, we could use the money. So I had taken the aptitude test at the U. S. Employment Office, had attended a defense class for shipfitters, and was now on my way to an actual job at Richmond.

It was still half dark when I reached the shipyards. The sky was a lovely gray with white behind it. All objects seemed to have been dipped in grayness; the buildings in the background, the arch over the entrance, reading "Kaiser Shipyards Co.," the great cranes, the checking booths were all gray like the sea beyond.

I was borne along by the crowd and permitted to enter through the guarded gate when I had shown my temporary pass. I stood in a long line to receive papers; I stood in another line to receive tool checks (for every tool borrowed, a chip from your stack). At last some sixty of us women were herded to a personnel building, where a young man addressed us on safety precautions, the woman counselor for the day shift advised us about our clothing, and then, after a tour of the yard, we were divided into the trades for which we had been employed. The names of the welders were called and responded to. An escort was assigned to take them to their locations. The burners were selected, the flangers, the chippers, the checkers. Only a sparse group remained to be grouped as shipfitters' helpers—six women besides myself, Negro and white. Again we started out en masse; this time to a little cottage which was labeled "Master Shipfitter." The man upon whom the cottage door opened was small and harassed. We were presented to him a little apologetically, I thought, by our guide.

"What have you got there?" the shipfitter asked.

"Just a few shipfitter helpers, Mr. Jepson."

"Oh, my God! Women shipfitters. Why do they treat me like this? Women shipfitters. How many?"

"Seven."



"I told you we couldn't use any more."

"Then why were we employed?" I couldn't help asking.

"Why? Lady, I ask myself that day in, day out. Say, tell me this, how many of you attended defense school?"

No one except me answered "Yes."

Mr. Jepson lifted and dropped his shoulders and hands in an exaggerated gesture of disgust.

"What did I tell you?" he said to the room at large. "We sign an agreement with the unions and the Maritime Commission *not* to employ anyone but those who have gone to defense schools and here's what we get—one who has been to school and six who haven't!" He rolled his eyes and shrugged. "You'll have to stay and help me place them. Take some over to Brown in the plate shop."

"I don't dare," our escort said. "I took him two yesterday when he didn't need them. He said if I ever brought him any more . . ."

"I know. I know. Well, call up Foster."

"That woman-hater!"

"Well, he can't go on refusing to have women. He's got to come around to it."

"All right," the young man replied and took up the telephone. "But what he'll say will hurt my eardrums. . . . Hello, Gilly, this is Frank for Jepson. We have some women shipfitter helpers here. How about—" He held the receiver a foot or two away, grinning at it.

Mr. Jepson smiled and sighed.

"Well, don't bother to phone. Just take two or three over to Steel and the rest down to the basins. *They've* gotta take 'em."

I rose in what I hoped was dignity.

"I've heard enough. We were urged to enlist in defense work; I was trained five weeks in school; I was employed by the Richmond Shipyards; I was cleared by the union; I was photographed, finger-printed, and lectured, but no one hinted that we were not wanted. How do I check out?"

Mr. Jepson arose at once and came to me with soothing gestures.

"Now don't think we don't want you. We need you all right. It's just—" he shrugged and rolled his eyes—"so many

of the men want—well, experienced shipfitters, men. You've had school. You'll get along. You go down to the basin with Frank, at least for the day until I can find a better place for you."

I saw no more of my fellow shipfitter helpers. I was sent to work on a nearly completed hull in one of the concrete basins—a hull which had been constructed up to its weather deck. I found myself on the rusty black steel more amazed than ever before.

I was assigned to a leaderman working high on the side of the ship.

"You come along with me, duchess. I'll teach you how to make scuppers. Come on."

To "come on" meant to clamber over the side of the ship until I felt the scaffolding beneath me. The simplest way seemed to be to jump from the deck to the scaffold, for I was not going to be caught lagging behind the men here where I was the only woman on the side of the hull. Sometimes a worker would extend a hand of assistance. I refused to see it. I jumped from deck to scaffold, catching myself by a clutch at a handy pipe; I squeezed to the outer edge of the support to allow another worker to pass; I ran along the scaffold planks. All this in abysmal ignorance of where I was. It was hours later, I think, when my leaderman, standing beside me, tossed a little piece of wood or rag overboard and I heard no sound from it as it fell or lighted. I looked over and down, and down, and then crept by inches back to the security of the hull's side. No soft billowy water lay beneath us, but a great depth of brutal concrete.

"Do people often fall off the scaffold?" I asked, shaking.

"Not often," my leaderman assured me. "Only once."

I did not allow the firm surface of the hull to get out of my clasp for the remainder of the afternoon, not, that is, until later, when a piece of red-hot steel just skinned between me and the hull I was clinging to. It landed at my feet still glowing. I looked up at the men above me, who were preoccupied with the burning of a hole.

"Never mind, darling," the leaderman soothed. "I think they saw you."



But later I heard him berating these same burners. "You let a red-hot clip fall within an inch of her—what the hell you trying to do?"

## II

THE next day Mr. Jepson sent me out to an assembly way where I was entered upon the foreman's books as a shipfitter's helper. Here are made the double bottoms which hold water and oil for the ship's needs and for necessary ballast and, I suppose, give a second bottom when the first is missing. These units look much like the honeycomb of a wasp's nest—with the wasps still crawling about chipping, marking, and welding. They are built up off the ground about five feet on skids of heavy timber and iron.

I did not work that day. I met my new leaderman—certainly a nice, decent young man. I was introduced about the skids to sober men who did not call me "darlin'" or "duchess." I was told just to hang around and try to catch on. This catching on was not easy. I saw no one figuring out the weight of a piece of angle iron with several unknowns nor estimating what the freeboard would be in Sacramento and San Francisco if its dimensions were such and such and such, as we had had to do in school. I saw a few thoughtful men studying blueprints; a few shipfitters making chalk lines; a great many welders' arcs in the double-bottom units. But mainly I saw men trying to look not too bored with idleness—the newly employed pacing back and forth slowly, with misery in their eyes; the longer-employed, toughened and inured to idleness, who now could stand quite still and lean against a piece of steel with extreme endurance for hours, relieved only by frequent intervals of cigarette smoking. I perceived I could join either of these two groups, but as I did not smoke and as I had read somewhere that once a prisoner had begun to pace his cell he was lost to hope, I chose a way of my own. I talked with everyone I could about the work and his reaction to it and tried to understand the whys and wherefores of this gigantic affair.

I asked a pleasant-faced man who sat beside his burning machine how he liked his job.

"Oh, fine," he said, "when I have something to do. I like machine-burning [a method of cutting the steel by fire] but the only trouble is that there is so little of it to do on the skids. I cut that piece you see there this morning but I'll be lucky if there's another job this afternoon. And yesterday I didn't even get hooked up or light my flame all day."

I asked the girl welder who seemed to be indefinitely standing by.

"I like welding. But the waiting gets tiresome. There's so little to do."

"The welders in the double bottom seem to be very busy."

"Yes, but you see I've been assigned to this shipfitter as a tacker. He may not need me all day or only once or twice to tack a piece of steel but when he does I've got to be on hand, you see."

An old man in a long black coat and felt hat had paced slowly back and forth all morning, his face shut against the world. I found he had come recently from a Missouri farm, and the silence of his farm, I thought, had settled into his facial muscles, making him taciturn and solitary.

Another man with a jaunty large-brimmed hat was aching to talk.

"I'm from Minnesota and you can bet I'm going back there."

"After the war?"

"Long before that. They misrepresented things to us back there. They're right about the high wages, but you can't get a room anywhere and the price of food is terrible. My son was all ready to come with me, but I came first to get started while he stayed to sell what he could. I hadn't been here two days until I telegraphed him not to come. And as soon as I've stayed long enough to pay for my ticket here and back I'm leaving. I haven't done a lick since I came anyway."

Late in the afternoon a shipfitter asked me to hold the end of his chalk line while he squared a piece of steel. The next day a shipfitter and a flanger asked me to stand on a piece of steel while the flanger shoved and pounded it into place. That was my work for two days.

"Isn't there anything at all that I'm supposed to be doing or am equal to doing?" I put it to the foreman, man to man. "Why am I here?"



"Well, you're absorbing something of it and by the time we need you you'll know enough to help. Study the blueprints as much as you can."

"But isn't it expensive to pay me ninety-five cents an hour to stand around? How can we afford to build ships at such a cost?"

The foreman became calm and fatherly.

"You have to figure it this way: At no matter what the cost, we have to have these ships. In a way you might figure they are beyond all cost. If these troopships we're constructing make one safe trip across the ocean with troops and supplies they have served their purpose, have been worth their cost, whatever it is."

"But this doesn't preclude the fact that I should be useful or not employed. I admit I am very new but can't I be taught? If the shipfitters would just explain as they go along we'd soon be more useful. Everyone I've talked to wants to work."

"Well, you see this is a new field for us all here." He glanced round. "I dare say there isn't a single man here who builds ships in peacetime. We've come to it from all different fields. We're groping at something new but we're getting on our feet now. We've corrected the templates [patterns] and smoothed it all out. From now on we'll go faster and have more jobs for everyone. You just go on studying the blueprints. They're essential." And he patted my shoulder and turned away.

The young engineer whose job it is to supervise the units on the assemblies came by with a surprised but friendly look in his eyes.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"I ask myself that."

He shrugged and smiled. "I go around all day asking myself that. What *am* I doing here?"

"But you have a good job. I watch you go around casting a level critical eye down the units until you find one which displeases you. Then a lot of people go to work fixing it up."

"Yes, but there's not enough to it. It just takes an accurate eye."

I walked along the skids and bumped into a man in tan, apparently an engineer. We talked.

"Tell me," I asked, "Do you think I have misjudged my job? Do you think if I keep trying I can find something to do?"

"Let me tell you," he said. "I have degrees from four different universities. I helped build Singapore and Pearl Harbor. And I can't find a job for myself."

I took my problem to Mr. Jepson:

"Can't you find a job with something for me to do?" I asked him.

"You've got a job, haven't you?"

"You mean I've been employed. But I can't go on taking money for doing nothing. I've got to respect myself or leave."

"My God, all day long they come in here wanting me to find them a job with more to do. What do you think I am? I can't revolutionize the industry. What people don't understand is that this is ship-fitting. You can't build ships the way you do other things." He spread out his arms. "There are times while the work is getting laid out when few people are needed but then, after it shapes up, everyone around, and more, can be thrown on it. There just has to be a period of lull. If this were a peacetime activity the boss would be around with more work than anyone could do, shouting, 'Get the hell on to the job.' But by God, woman, this is war. What can you expect?"

Later my foreman, answering the same inquiry, said, "The management does employ more men and women than it can put to work at once but they are here on hand, taking on new experience, learning new terminology—port, starboard, bulkhead, and vertical keel. Some will drop out but eventually the others will be drawn in on the job. Some of those will be no good. The others will build ships. You've got to have a lot of people to draw from in order to get even some good workmen. They shake the basket after a while and the capable come to the top."

"And the women?" I asked.

"And the women too have got to be used. The men don't like the idea; they voted against it in their unions; but they'll get used to women in time and think nothing of it. They used to feel the same way about women in the plate shop, but it's full of women now—they run the show—and there's no real hostility there toward them any more. Women haven't been



seen much on ships yet but they'll be seen as the war goes on."

I was glad he mentioned the war. I had been wondering whether it was because there were no radio news reports here that no one spoke of the war, that great events shaping outside were diminished and pushed back from the consciousness of men. Was it because there were no clocks—for never a one could you find in the yard—that there seemed to be so little realization of the time that was so late? It was hard indeed to remember the urgency of the voices on the air, my own struggle against a sense of guilt and conscience, and the compulsion that had finally brought me to this job I was not doing. Should I leave? I remembered my husband's and children's absurd pride in my being here and decided to give myself two months to find something real to do.

Within a week I had something of a job. I marked with yellow paint all the little places on the double bottom where the welders must put their intermittent weld. It was a sizable job which kept me busy all day in the double bottoms. I worked with flangers, with welders, with burners, with pipefitters, and heaven help me, with chippers. ("Chipper" is a mild understatement of a name for a man who grinds his way through steel with a drill or electric chisel which is as nerve-splintering as a dentist's drill multiplied by a hundred. They seem to be nerveless and quite unconscious of the edginess they produce in others.) The engineer told me very gently about the great art of marking for a welder—never less than three inches and so much from center to center, to be gaged by the naked eye. The foreman of the welders happened upon the scene and told me not quite so sweetly but succinctly what to do and what not to do. The engineer disagreed with the welder; the welder corrected the engineer; and the conversation descended into a you-do-not-you-do-too sort of discussion. But they worked their way out of the unit with it and over to the office, and I took what seemed the best of both their arguments and made my yellow markings for the welders. I worked so diligently that I failed to hear the fourthirty quitting whistle.

When I came out of the unit with my paintbrush and can the day shift was gone and the swing shift was on. This was interesting, for I had wanted to see this shift for some time. On the "day" they were always saying "that damn swing shift" when they weren't saying "that damn graveyard shift." It was frequently said that all that we, the day, did was undo what the other shifts had done wrong the night before. Therefore I was curious to see this group of people. They seemed quite normal, I thought, except that they continually stared at me as though I were a creature from another planetary system. I had to explain that I was a tag-end of the day shift. At that their wonder seemed to grow. "She belongs to the day shift" they repeated and shook their heads until I felt conspicuous and hurried away with yellow paint on my face.

### III

TWO days later I was still workless though. Oh, I went after some paint, later on some prints, I painted a few letters on the steel, I studied the blueprints, and once in a while I held the end of a chalk line. But most of the time I sought work. I had learned that foremen and leadermen do not enjoy your asking for work. It's embarrassing. They begin to get a harassed and haunted look. On my own initiative I labeled a few sections, numbered the frame lines of a unit, perceived no paint and went after it, made a few punch holes where needed, and simulated such activity that I had two women looking envious.

"May I help you?" one of them asked wistfully. I let her paint for a time while I learned about her. She had a husband and a son working in various shipyards of the bay area and no home but a garage. "I refused point-blank to stay home and keep house in a garage. So I came to work. It would be all right if they'd only let you work at anything. It's standing around all day that is so hard. And it makes my son furious to hear of this idleness. He really works hard where he is and he thinks it gives all shipyards a bad name to hear what I tell him."

The other woman who watched me had



een seven months in the shipyards, the first six of which she had been in the office, here she was responsible for the work of eight women. "By the time I got them enough to do there was nothing left for me. I decided to get outdoors where I could surely have more to do building ships." She shrugged. "But it's pretty much the same everywhere in the shipyards—not enough to do. It's all right for some people, who like something soft, but if you really want to work it's awful. My husband got a leave of absence from his civil service position to work with me but he couldn't stand it more than a few weeks."

By this time I had come to the end of my self-created jobs. I went back to my leaderman.

"I've kept out of your way for two and a half hours; I've been round and round the skids and I can find nothing else to do. I'm afraid it's up to you now."

His face lit up with an inspiration.

"Take that cut over to First Aid," he said.

"Must I?" I began, but then I saw it was his last resource. It would keep me busy going and coming.

I had seen very little of First Aid. I had bought the insurance offered for fifty cents a week. I had seen the quiet coming and going of the ambulance as it was en route to and from the scene of accident. Someone might mention with a word or a gesture of his thumb that the ambulance was going by but there would be no herald of its movement in the yard. "Another one for Basin Three." A piece of steel would drop on someone's feet and sever them from his body, but there would be no outcry or fuss above the tumult of the assemblies. Or a man would fall and the ambulance would come silently and quickly, and as silently and quickly remove all traces of the tragedy, with no work stopped, few words said, no fuss made. In this, it seemed to me, the yard was particularly efficient.

The First-Aid building was a charming cottage, all white and gray and cool cleanliness. A line of human beings waited here as elsewhere in the yard. I joined the line.

I recognized a woman welder in front

of me. She was there for a hoarse cold.

"Those awful double bottoms," she said. "You get a cold in there and it hangs on for weeks."

"Aside from that, how do you like your job?"

"Well, some days I think I can't stand another day of it. Nothing seems worth the dirt and fumes and awful noise of those chippers. And then the next day it doesn't seem so bad and I go on."

The nurses and office attendants of First Aid are one group in the yard who are busy to a nerve-straining degree. As fast as they can ask or answer questions, or make notes, or hand out aspirin or nose-drops, they attend to the clients.

Our attention was attracted by men in the row farther down. One man had stepped a little out of his straight line to talk to some acquaintance. A tall Negro stepped into his place. The white man did not speak before he swung a mighty fist at the Negro's face and brought him down unconscious. He brushed his arms off and looked about him. "This was my place," he said and stepped into it over the prone body of the Negro. His complacency seemed not to be touched by the fact that he had given the Negro a boost over himself and all the others into the inner sanctum of First Aid while he himself must wait in a line held up that much longer while they were caring for an unconscious man. No Negro was going to step in front of him.

During those days of enforced idleness I used to amuse myself by picking out those who were really working. I was surprised to count how many there were who were actually coming to grips with a job and seriously, soberly working it out without hurry but with no waste motion either. Shipfitters, flangers, welders, burners, pipefitters, and chippers, experienced and wise in their calling, seemed conscious of the need for ships and were building them. The inexperienced like myself looked on. And not only the inexperienced. The leadermen of the various crafts seemed to find work irreconcilable with dignity. (Surely I've never seen any dignity like the dignity of a welder, burner, or chipper leaderman.) This fine stillness in some may have made



me unjust toward the class, but splendor does shine into the eyes at times and distort the view of the whole. Yet with these exceptions it seemed to me that people wanted to work. Denied self-respecting work, they grew lazy and cynical, or jealous of those who by luck or strategy had something to do. When there was a good piece of layout work—the favorite job of shipfitters, it would seem—we all pounced upon it like birds of prey and finished it up in no time. This was simply uncontrolled greed and we knew it. Sometimes two helpers, given a job and knowing it would be the only job for them that day, decided they would be thrifty and sparing of it to make it last all day. Or a job within one man's capacity might in the spirit of co-operation be made to do for two or three, as when Alice and Pop and I snapped work lines one afternoon—a job any one of us might have completed in the same time. ("Don't hurry now or we'll be standing around looking at ourselves again.")

There was some evidence that quartermasters, engineers, and superintendents realized this unhappy situation. It was drawn to their attention often enough. ("Why do they hire us?" "Because some day you'll be useful.") They must have dreamed at night of a scheme that would call for each assembly to employ all those who waited on its periphery in idleness. They even appointed intelligent-looking co-ordinators to figure out how everyone could be put to work—and then the co-ordinators would go all about the skids, thoughtful and wistful, trying to find a job for themselves.

#### IV

IT must have been a fortnight or so later that I was given my first real shipfitting job. (Painting for welders is hardly that.) I was taught to put chocks on the double bottom. Chocks act as supports when the unit is turned over and put into the waiting hull. For weeks the craftsmen of our skids had worked on a huge section of double bottom, labeled XAK, which was at last passed as finished. It was prepared by the riggers to be lifted by the cranes—and then the whistle blew

and we all went home. In the morning we learned that while the cranes were lifting the sixty tons—on the graveyard shift mind you—the great weight suddenly broke loose and dropped, breaking a crane, smashing the roadway and concrete walk, and quite ruining the unit itself.

If the work in the basin on Hull 6 was not to be held up we had to rush a new XAK to replace the other. All hands were thrown upon it—even my hands. I was told to locate the chocks on the blueprint, to measure for them, to find the chocks, to get a welder to put them on, and to check to see that they were square.

It was nice to be a part of the co-operative spirit that was humming over this great smoking honeycomb. Men crawled in and out as furiously busy as wasps. I went my way blithely, saying "Ah-h-h" to myself. When it came to getting a welder, why, I knew welders. They were clothed in brown leather and wore black helmets. Dozens of them were about. I approached one of them.

"Would you please weld these chocks on, over here? They are in a hurry for the unit."

The welder looked at the project and drew back coldly.

"That's a job for a tacker," he said.

"It's welding, isn't it?"

"Tacking is a temporary weld. You'll have to get a tacker."

I went up to the next brown-leathered man.

"I haven't my hose over on this side. It would be too much trouble to haul it over for just those few chocks."

I approached another welder, who tried to crush me with a look.

"I'm a welder, not a tacker."

I selected next a tall masterly-looking man of much dignity.

"There are a few chocks which must be tacked in unit XAK. Can you do it? The unit is supposed to go right away."

Heavens, what had I done now? This man looked at me, just looked at me, while he blew out the cigarette smoke from his mouth. Slowly, quietly he spoke these few concentrated words:

"I am a tacker leaderman."

I wondered if I was supposed to back away bowing.



This was getting me nowhere. And this was my job. I looked about the skids until I recognized a welding foreman. I took my case to him. More experienced now, I did not ask him to weld but only to obtain a welder-tacker for me. He produced a very young boy whom I led to my chocks. I made them square and on my lines before he welded. When he finished they were neither square nor on my lines. They had to be broken off and rewelded. They were not his responsibility. But I felt sorry for him—not so many years older than my children, and earning ninety-five cents an hour before he had lived long enough to know what that meant or the importance of the education he was not getting. When he had welded three or four chocks he stood up with his eyes wandering all over the skids and murmured something about not being able to do any more because he ought to be with another crew and besides, he didn't think his hose would reach much farther.

Then I looked about the assembly myself. I found a tall young woman standing with her tools and hose with that baffled look of the newly idle. I approached her.

"I don't know whether you're a tacker or a welder or a helper or a trainee or a journeyman, but there are a few chocks which must be welded to unit XAK before it is picked up by the riggers. Do you think you can do it?"

"You bet I can. I'd love to," she said and was on her way at once. "I haven't done a thing all day." I was surprised how quickly and efficiently she gathered her paraphernalia and stooped over the job. When she raised her helmet the chocks were on the lines and square. She was interested to know where they should go and she took the responsibility for their being there when she had finished. "You shouldn't hold them or look at them," she told me. "You might burn your arm or get a flash. I'll hold them to the mark." After she had finished she told me that this was her second day out of welding school. "My husband was called into the Army and I went into welding school. If there's anything I can do to help build ships I'm going to do it."

I could well believe what was so frequently said in the Yard: that women make fine welders.

A few mornings later, as soon as we stepped upon the skids, we perceived that something new was astir. The shipfitting women—there were three of us—were called together.

"We're going to give you your own unit to work on together," the leaderman said. "XAK is your baby now. Study your print, square your frame lines down the vertical keel, and get the crane to bring you your steel."

Alice, our naïve nineteen-year-old, glowed. "Golly," she said. "Really?" The colored girl was more sophisticated but we were all pleased.

"Let's be so accurate and careful that they won't be able to find a thing wrong. Let's check and recheck everything. . . ." "We'll work it out together. If one of us makes a mistake we'll tell her and correct it and no bad feelings. . . ." "We'll all stand and fall together on it." That was the way we talked.

I never saw such a change in three workmen as in these three girls. We became integrated persons working together on a project which focused all our interests. I noticed how quickly we ran our own errands, how conscientious we were in checking, how we abhorred sloppy measurements. For once we had been given responsibility, for once we had been put on our own, for once we had enough to do.

"When we finish we'll hold open house and invite you in to tea," we told our leaderman.

Our enjoyment was such that we did not notice that something was amiss until late in the afternoon. Then we became gradually aware of the hostility of the men. Our woman burner reported that they were "seething with resentment" that women should be given a unit to construct. The women checkers said, "You should just hear what we hear outside our checking shed, my dears." This was the first time I had come up against the hostility of one sex toward another and I could not believe it. The men had always been so decent, so respectful, so kindly. But this was the first time that we

had been seen in the light of competitors. We had been amusing little creatures only too happy to take what crumbs of jobs were dropped to us.

Our leaderman said, "I know, but pay no attention. They'll have to get used to women shipfitters. Half these men may be in the Army this January. They might as well accept the fact that women will have to take their places."

Our woman checker said, "In September I was one of the first women ever to be admitted out here in the yards. You could have cut the resentment with a knife and spread it thick. But it's gradually being worn away."

The next day, with no explanation, our XAK, "our baby," was taken from us and given to the men. We had to stand aside and see the men working on what we felt was our project. Cora, whose boy friend was one of the group, said the men were afraid the assemblies would become like the plate shop—overrun by women. She took herself over to the unit where her friend was working, to lean against the steel. Alice took out her lipstick: "Oh, what the heck do I care so long as I get my dollar five an hour. But it *was* fun."

I tried to reflect that there must be another side to this thing. Maybe the men who were heads of families, straining to take care of several dependents, and who had known the bitter struggle for a living—maybe these men resented the fact that any eighteen-year-old could come out without a day's training, without a grain of tool sense or mechanical sense, and draw the same pay as they and rise at the same rate—even these girls who would go at once into debt for fur coats and "perfectly adorable" evening gowns. The pay was too high for the beginner, I knew—for the boy who had quit high school as well as for the girl. The experienced workman might easily feel resentment. But this I knew too: that the responsibility placed upon these girls had made them almost in one day into serious workmen.

## V

ONE night I had an adventure. It concerned my getting home. Tired of having my hammer stolen so many times,

I had brought a cheap little hammer from home and kept it in a little leather holder on my belt (a Christmas gift from my son). Now as I was going out the gate, a little late, I was held up by a guard.

"Sorry, lady, you can't go out with that hammer. Step back."

"This?" I asked and brought the hammer forth. "But it is my own from home."

"Sorry, but you'll have to go to the police station."

"Where is the police station?"

He gave me the direction with his thumb.

"But I'll miss my last bus."

"There'll be others later on."

"Not for fifty or sixty minutes later on, and then perhaps not in my direction."

At the police station: "You can't go home with that."

"It's my own."

"But you can't go out the gate with it."

"I have for two weeks."

"You can't any more."

"Will you check it for me then and let me catch my bus?"

"No. You'll have to go all the way back to the plate shop and let them release it."

"That is blocks and blocks back. The plate shop has nothing to do with this—they've never seen it. Can't I leave it with you and go out the gate?"

"No."

"But you'll have the hammer."

"We don't want the hammer."

"Do you mean to say you are going to keep me here for a twenty-five-cent hammer, without a warrant?" I looked at the three uniformed policemen, at the heavy galvanized fencing, at the guarded gate, and shook myself. This was like some movie I had seen of Nazi Germany.

"I insist upon seeing the American Consul." But they didn't smile. "May I use the phone then?"

"No."

By this time I had a splitting headache; I was furious; I was longing to reach my husband and have him come in true movie fashion to the rescue. Outside the station I put my little hammer in an ashcan near by and approached the gate. The guard stood stiffly and stoutly before me.



"Where's your release?"

"I haven't one but I haven't a hammer ther—see?" and I showed him.

"You'll stay here all night then."

I turned and began my furious walk to the plate shop. Often in the yard I had seen people pushed round and marveled with a little disgust that Americans would make it. I had often seen utter disregard for individual liberty and great injustice done to employees, and had noticed that I was taken with pained resignation by some, and by others with apathy, with wincing complaint, or with "My God, someone is going to hear of this!" But for the Resigned, the Apathetic, the Plainive, the Angry the situation remained unchanged. Now I understood.

The plate shop seemed puzzled by my request; it was evident they had not often had to meet such a demand. The tool checkers looked at my puny hammer; they looked at me; they shook their heads, for I was a suspect character. Finally a checker brought a man in charge who produced, after a time, a form which stated that the tool chest which this workman was carrying out of the yard contained no plate-shop tools. The employee at his elbow said, "For a two-bit hammer, my God!" I walked the blocks back to the plate, noting when I arrived that all busses had disappeared.

I presented my piece of paper to the guard, who stepped aside and allowed me to pass. I clicked my heels and saluted. "Heil," I said. But he did not smile or peak; for he was a serious man and I had tried him greatly. I now realized I worked for something Big. I was deeply impressed all the way home.

## VI

[ I HAD promised myself two months in which to find myself here in the ship-

yards but my probation was not to last so long. It seemed that we, the women, were being assimilated gradually, if slowly. For a while we had floated on top, undissolved, but the broth was big enough with a little stirring and stewing to absorb us all—or almost all. The great need was for experienced workmen, men or women; and time on the job, doing this and a little of that, adds up finally to experience. I was given more and more to do. (When I told my leaderman that I liked having more to do he answered, "Well, neither you nor I nor the shipyards are as new and green as we were; we're all getting under way.") Six weeks from the date of my arrival at the yard I was given a unit to handle by myself. I guess it was not so much but it was my own.

I measured for and located the steel material which was to go on this unit. I labeled it with chalk and engaged the riggers to lift it. I asked a flanger and a tacker to be on hand to put the steel in place and to tack (weld) it up. And then I stood while the crane—one of those beautiful gray cranes which trail steel through the air with a motion as graceful as the soaring of a hawk on an upcurrent of air—picked up the material and sped it to our unit. It wasn't so much, no more than anyone could have done, but I felt the keen exhilaration of getting under way. It was good, I thought, this working together on a ship.

Standing so elated, I felt a ripple of interest run from workman to workman. We all looked up and out to sea where a gray troopship was being towed past us silently. Our ship. My first day in the yard I had helped make a scupper for it and these other men and women standing grinning had made the double bottom.

"There she goes!" we said and watched it as it slipped away. Then I turned back to my work, for at last I had a job.

# THE Easy Chair Bernard DeVoto



THE Easy Chair has been preparing for the press some lectures which it delivered last spring, lectures on the literature of the 1920's. That stint has involved reading some books published since the lectures were written. And that reading in turn has generated the optimism of repeating an invitation which this column has issued several times: an invitation to writers to write some accurate accounts of American life during the 1920's. Before, as a favorite literary warning of that decade ran, before it is too late. But let us approach from another angle.

Among the books which the fall publishing season of 1925 brought to the desk of Mr. H. L. Mencken was Hector C. Bywater's *The Great Pacific War*, which has lately been reissued to considerable applause. Mr. Mencken wrote an excellent review of it, a review which is quite as acute as any the reprint got in the light of what we now know about Mr. Bywater's subject. But then, after finishing his review, Mr. Mencken went on in his usual high spirits to forecast what was going to happen when the great Pacific war should break out at last. Let us look at a few lines of his prophecy:

If, in fact, we ever come to war with Japan, the whole country west of Salt Lake City will suffer the worst panic ever heard of. The brave patriots of San Francisco, after falling upon the poor Japs of the town at odds of a hundred to one and butchering their children and grabbing their property, will retreat into the high Sierras bawling for help. The æsthetic stews of Hollywood will empty into Mexico. Portland and Seattle will become as deserted as Carthage. . . . It will become a felony to so much as hint that the Japs are civilized, or even that they are human. . . . The Senate will rough another

La Follette. . . . A committee of American historians will certify that cannibalism prevailed in Japan until 1895. . . .

Mr. Mencken was engaged in literary extrapolation. He was required to forecast such behavior by his theses about the American people: democracy as mob rule, the mob as base and cowardly, the Americans as inferior people, descendants of European rejects who alone had found the transatlantic migration attractive, and the nation which the inferiors had built as incapable of discipline, courage, or honor. Those theses are not my present point. Nor am I now concerned with the fact that no part of Mr. Mencken's prediction was verified in any degree whatever, the fact that he could not possibly have been more wrong than he was in analysis, understanding, or expectation. I am concerned with something else.

Suppose that, some ten years after the great Pacific war has ended, a historian undertakes to describe the behavior of Westerners during the war. Suppose that this historian has been reared in the literary tradition and therefore turns not to the behavior of the Westerners but to literary treatments of it. Suppose that he encounters Mr. Mencken's prediction, accepts it as fact, and writes a chapter telling us how the panicstricken Californians fled into the Sierra in December, 1941, but not till they had filled the streets with the corpses of Japanese children.

What then? Then, gentlemen, we shall have a book of precisely the kind that I periodically complain about in this column when some passionate soul has told us about the 1920's in America and, with the unerring instinct of literary folk, has



looked up his data in literary treatises on that decade. By far the greater part of those treatises, I keep reminding you, were grounded on ideas fully as fantastic as any ideas held in brokers' offices in April, 1929, and in the long run considerably more dangerous, and our history of the great Pacific war will be a book just like them. A book, let us say, like Mr. David L. Cohn's *Love in America* (which is a cheap, silly, vulgar-minded book), or Mr. Philip Wylie's *Generation of Vipers* (which is a very interesting book, too abstract to be treated in the space at my disposal, much like the books of Aldous Huxley's Blavatsky period but powered by a small outboard motor), and, in the purity of the form, Mr. Henry Morton Robinson's *Fantastic Interim*.

That is, one prediction which a number of us have been making for nigh on to twenty years has not been made ridiculous by the event; it has been verified and vindicated to the hilt. As we foretold, treatises on the 1920's are now being written in which the fads, fashions, good and bad jokes, obsessions, compulsions, delusions, half-truths, and plain and fancy lying of earlier literary treatises on the 1920's are accepted as historical facts, trustworthy observations, and objective judgments. Such mythological treatises, exquisitely put together out of literary myths, are being offered to us, at this time of crisis and self-scrutiny, as bench marks by which to orient our future. That they are offered in good faith and spiritual anguish makes no difference. But they were wrong. If the United States is going to survive in the postwar world we have certainly got to understand the mistakes which the United States made during the 1920's. But in order to understand those mistakes we have first of all got to know what they were. As a preliminary we have got to have accurate, trustworthy descriptions of American life during the 1920's. We have had very few of them; we have had none at all by official and fashionable literary figures of the era, and we are not getting any now.

If the period between wars and particularly the decade 1920-1930 was a fantastic interim it reached its extreme of fantasy in the descriptions which its official

literature wrote. For the misrepresentations of American life by practically an entire generation of writers, a complex constellation of causes was responsible. I am not going to list causes now. I have discussed a good many of them in this column and, if you are interested, the lectures I refer to above will be out in a few months, anatomizing one—one only—central fallacy in the literary description of America. But a basic dilemma originated in a fashionable literary sentiment about large groups of non-literary people—about crowds, the public, the populace, the citizenry, the bulk of the nation. The literary intelligence was "liberal"—always a vague word, which in those days meant emancipation from Sunday School, belief in a nebulous kind of socialism, and a benevolent hope for the improvement of others. But also it was "superior," which meant that it read French easily, admired current fashions in abstract painting, could understand esoteric literary techniques, and had forsworn the superstition of politics.

This literary intelligence sincerely wanted to create the great society and confer the good life on people at large. But people at large turned out to be indifferent to the great society and the good life. They were not interested in post-impressionism, they would not read Proust, and they didn't give a damn how Joyce got his effects. Instead of instituting socialism some Monday morning, they swinishly pursued their own interests, stampeded after demagogues and mob-masters, ground the faces of the poor, and unspiritually did their best to make money. Furthermore, they spent their money in ways which literary taste found itself unable to approve. They went to ball games or dance marathons or prize fights, they sang at Rotary luncheons and drank in speakeasies, they drove automobiles and lost their shirts on the stock market, they got divorces and sometimes (it has to be admitted, Mr. Wylie) they whored. And as a necessary consequence—though the literary perception of this relationship was wholly *ex post facto*—they repudiated the League of Nations, cheered the Dawes Plan and the Young Plan, instituted Prohibition and begot racketeering and crime.



various Ages of Harding and Coolidge and Hoover, applauded the Teapot Dome scandal and the Scopes trial, pumped hydrogen into stock values, brought about the crash of October, 1929, and so the world depression, and so the rise of Hitler, and so the present catastrophe.

In sorrow, shock, or disgust the literary intelligence came to understand that these were not good people—though they were the people we must do good to. Clearly they were incapable of the great society—though they were the only people we could confer it on. They were clowns, yokels, yahoos, and mostly boobs—but they were the material with which literary benevolence had to work. The central dilemma existed right there. Abstractly, the literary intelligence loved the people. But concretely, it despised, feared, and hated the mob. Hence literature's fantastic interim—twenty-odd years of repudiating democracy on the ground that democracy was mob rule, government by the anarchy of the mass mind, the political systematization of envy and cowardice and greed and corruption, a decadent and doomed way of life, a rotting mess of outworn superstitions and degenerate myths. Hence the readiness of the literary intelligence to preach various kinds of absolutism; for if you were going to make the boobs over into something better—and clearly you had to try—then clearly you would get no help from the boobs; you must do the job in spite of them—which meant invoking the machine gun. Hence the dilemma that has subsequently shaken the literary intelligence to its base since the war came on; for though democracy is now by literary edict what has to be saved, its entire content is the boobs, and there is no one who can be exhorted to save it except the boobs. Hence, finally, the dilemma that is going to impale the literary intelligence on sharp horns when the boobs have saved democracy, for then we shall have to face the future world but it too will be composed of boobs. . . . Which, I gather, is the burden of Mr. Wylie's and Mr. Robinson's books.

Mr. Robinson's book has the fascination of a museum exhibit, of the broughams and victorias which the gas shortage has brought back to Fifth Avenue, of the

duckbill platypus anachronistically living on in an era of more complex organisms. One who remembers what a gorgeous show the literature of the 1920's was, after all, can hardly read it without nostalgic tears. Mr. Robinson cannot even permit the Americans to have eaten dinner during the 1920's: they "foddered." To write that they had children would be to confer on them a dignity which the boobs by no means possessed: they "spawned." "They functioned almost exclusively in terms of food, sex, tobacco, alcohol, and a half-day off on Saturdays to see a ball game"—time has turned back, one is young and superior again, and yes, gentlemen, writers not only wrote that way in 1925, they even believed what they wrote, as Mr. Robinson clearly does. ". . . the biological needs of a \$20-a-week clerk, green with subway pallor, courting his Bronx sweetheart"—do you remember when the \$29.95-a-week snobbery of such a phrase was high literary mode? "The emotional instability and shallow mentality of the people" . . . "we had become a nation of flagpole sitters" . . . "the unwashed multitude threw its nightcaps in the air" . . . and so on, *quantum sufficit, ad lib.*

What boobs they were! What fools, what morons, how enviously small-souled, how little removed from degeneracy, how offensive to literary sensibility! Mr. George Jean Nathan used to publish excerpts from what he called "The American Credo," absurdities which he thought the boobs believed, though Mr. Nathan was too intelligent to believe a single one. There was also The Literary Credo, and you could recover practically all of it from Mr. Robinson—all the superstitions of the literary mind, all the silly myths, all the trustful ignorance, all the noisy and shabby absurdity. He is a master builder with literary bricks. He is the thing itself, the Era of Wonderful Nonsense come again under the drab sky of 1943 with hardly a cliché missing. . . . But also he is the wind that runs before the dawn, the violet blooming in the snow, the robin alighting on a pond still frozen. For when the boobs have saved the United States—including serial rights and a sliding scale of royalties—literature is going to go about its task of building a



better world courageously but with deep and familiar misgivings, for, as in the brave days of 1925, it will have only boobs to work with.

Books like this are written out of intense idealism, to give the boobs a faint hope of achieving superiority as evolution's spiral climbs upward. Fashionable literary folk wrote with the same generosity when they first invented those clowns and yokels. Also the books are written out of vicarious guilt, for no writer ever sat on a flagpole or pinched a cigarette girl in a speakeasy. That guilt is now working out precisely as a cognate sentiment worked out a few years ago, when the Treaty of Non-aggression between Germany and the Soviets not only filled the sanitariums with literary idealists who couldn't take it, but also cast down Baal's statue and threw such minds as Professor Schuman's and Professor Burnham's into the arms of such former diabolists as Machiavelli and Pareto—who have now become the hope of the world. The boobs, we are to understand, can become the hope of the world too if only they will change their hearts, repudiate their past, confess their baseness, and go on from there—if only they will work humbly to acquire literary values.

Mr. Lippmann recently remarked that such events as the Treaty of Versailles cannot be thought of in a vacuum, cannot be separated from a hundred and fifty years of American experience in foreign relations. One doubts if writers will make any wide use of the principle so clearly stated by Mr. Lippmann—in fact, one knows they will not. But you cannot uproot the Age of Coolidge from the Age of Cleveland or from the Age of Franklin Pierce. You cannot isolate the 1920's, or the 1920's plus the 1930's, in the literary delusion that democracy went to seed then, or that the Americans turned into boobs, or that we betrayed our heritage, broke our promises, and wandered from our star. The last war and the peace and this war cannot be fragmented from generations of American experience and generations of world experience, and to speak of The Long Armistice is in itself a folly for which there is no cure. Most of all, you cannot prepare for the future by accepting as the truth about the past such nightmarish

hallucinations as the generality of writers believed to be true descriptions of life in the United States during the 1920's.

It is certain that, for future use, we need books which will accurately describe life in the United States during the 1920's. It is certain that we have got exceedingly few of them now, and that we shall get still fewer if people who write books go on reproducing the ideas of people who wrote books. One therapeutic measure might be to develop writers possessed of intelligence, accuracy, common honesty, and common sense—to breed such qualities into writers as we breed speed into race horses. Another might be to license only such writers as have some humility and a moderate ability to enter imaginatively into the lives of other people. But time is short, the expedient revolutionary, and the outlook dark. So maybe my invitation is an invitation not to writers but to amateur writers. An invitation, possibly, to you.

What was your life like during the 1920's? In the eyes of God and the light of eternity no life looks very good, and you are a miserable sinner. But the chances are that during the 1920's you did what you could to resemble your ancestors of the 1890's, the 1830's, and the 1510's. Probably you set yourself an antique ideal, to do justly perhaps—to do justly and to love mercy and to walk humbly with your God. You didn't make it: few ever have. But do you confess that you found education, love, marriage, parenthood, work, hope, disappointment, failure, and tragedy, as you have experienced them, so tawdry as Mr. Robinson and Mr. Wylie say? I think not. I think too that you would not adopt a literary mode and thank God that you are not as other men. Instead, you are likely to grant others the fifty-one per cent of decency which you insist on claiming for yourself in the light of eternity. That is the step which literature refused to take, an abnegation by which you dissociate yourself from literature. But in taking it you prepare yourself to look at the America of the 1920's with some reasonable expectation of learning from its failures, some moderately unliterary hope of interpreting its experience for the years ahead of us.

# BERMUDA BASE

FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN



THE arrival was different in 1943. In prewar days, like most other visitors to Bermuda, I had always caught my first glimpse of that mid-Atlantic island through a liner's porthole. In the very early morning, as the liner plowed its leisurely way through a rolling sea, a series of nubbins of land would break the level horizon line ahead. For hours yet we would be dressing and breakfasting and packing and superintending the collection of our bags by the stewards, while the ship entered the wide channel off St. David's, turned right through the narrow passage among the reefs to Murray's Anchorage, halted to permit a tender to take off passengers for St. George's, and then ran along the Island's low north shore and turned into Hamilton Harbor, heading for the Gothic cathedral tower of Hamilton; until finally we passengers looked down from the upper storeys of our floating hotel upon carriages and wagons and bicyclists moving with Bermudian deliberation along Front Street. The arrival was a long-drawn-out and luxurious ritual of introduction to the nineteenth century.

This time it was quick and mechanized. On the flight deck of a Navy patrol bomber, I was surrounded by control boards, dials, and instruments, and by men in Navy summer khaki and blue jeans—each wearing a yellow life-jacket like an outsized bib hung round his neck and tied behind—men who lived in a world of mathematical

computations and engineering adjustments. At my right the navigator sat at his table, the chart of our course before him, his endless scratch-paper figurings at an end now—for we should sight Bermuda any minute. Opposite, with his back to me, sat the radio operator; a few minutes earlier the pilot had handed him a scrawled message, he had translated it via the code-book into unintelligible words, and had dot-dashed them to the Island; now he too was waiting. At my left, in their adjustable seats, absurdly like great dentists' chairs, the pilot and co-pilot sat at their wheels, gazing ahead at a vast emptiness of blue sky and blue sea merging in grayish haze. Suddenly the pilot picked up the binoculars and took a long look almost dead ahead. In a moment, over his shoulder, I too saw what he had seen—a faint white blur on the vague horizon.

In another moment there were other blurs to left and right of it—presumably beaches or sandy bluffs. The outlines of a long low island took shape; and almost at once the shoaling water ahead began to brighten into the stabbingly brilliant viridian green that is Bermuda's special glory—a color so intense that by contrast with it the white-flecked cerulean blue of the deeper water seemed a dull purple and the green land a dull greenish brown. The plane swung slowly to the right, and approaching the shoreline at an angle we



looked down from five hundred feet upon little crescent-shaped beaches, groves and fields and pink oleander hedges, white-roofed houses, the white pillar of a lighthouse; then upon a golf course where a tiny foursome were holing out on a tiny green. Banking to come about into the wind, the plane thrummed down toward the water of a bay, leveled out just above the wave-tops, and with two or three gentle bumps—and a great welter of spray astern—came to rest in quiet water alongside huge hangars. Between our first glimpse of Bermuda and the landing there had elapsed just sixteen minutes!

Less than an hour later I was being driven along a Bermuda road, not in the horse-drawn carriage of tradition but in a U. S. Navy station wagon. It was the remembered Bermuda—narrow white roads, edged by gray stone walls and overhung by oleander blossoms; pastel-colored houses with white roofs dazzling in the sun; gentle air of an incredible softness—yet to a man who had been spending hours among the technical gadgets and calculations of the flight deck it seemed unreal as a lotus-eater's dream. And I asked myself again one of the questions that had brought me to this mid-Atlantic island: had the Bermuda familiar to the affections of hundreds of thousands of American vacationists altered to the mere ghost of itself, now that it had become the site of bases bristling with the military and naval power of the United States?

There were two other questions to be answered. The first was economic and social. Bermuda is always a fascinating subject for study because, although it is very small—less than thirty miles long; so narrow and broken by water that its land area is only about that of the island of Manhattan; inhabited by only 32,000 people, of whom 12,000 are white and 20,000 are colored—it reveals in microcosm many of the sharp economic and social problems of our time. The problem of waning self-sufficiency, for example. During the twenty or thirty years which preceded this war Bermuda became more and more dependent upon the American tourist trade. Gradually its exports—chiefly potatoes and onions—diminished,

and farm production even for the Bermudians' own sustenance dwindled; more and more the Island became dependent upon imports, and paid for them not by exporting goods but by importing tourists with money in their pockets. This money brought an agreeable prosperity, but it was a source of danger in that the Bermudians' economic destiny was slipping out of their own control. I wondered how the war had affected this economic dependence.

But the most fascinating question was this: what happens to a British colony when it becomes the site of American bases?

Before the war Bermuda had been a free self-governing community. English by descent, the Bermudians were as close in tastes and temperaments to their American visitors as to the present-day English, if not closer; but they were loyal to the King and proud of membership in the British Empire. A few of the higher officials had been appointed from London, and the Governor had always been a British military man; but this Governor was surrounded by a Legislative Council of Bermudians, and the real power lay in an elected House of Assembly. Bermudian political institutions had seemed oddly old-fashioned: a property qualification for voting and a still larger one for membership in the Assembly (an arrangement which not only left many white Bermudians voteless but also reduced the size of the Negro vote and Negro representation in the House); no woman suffrage; no income tax, the revenue of the colony being derived almost wholly from customs receipts; a negligible public debt. I wondered how these people, so conservative yet so independent, were reacting now to the presence of American military power.

In this respect too it seemed to me that Bermuda might present in microcosm evidence of interest to the citizens of a nation which has established military bases or war facilities in all manner of friendly territories from Iceland to Australia. How do the Americans get along with the permanent residents? What are the sources of friction and what can be done about them? Are we unwittingly, step by step, building an American empire, or are we



respecting the sovereignty and independence of the territories in which our men and guns are planted?

## II

WHEN Britain declared war in 1939 the two great liners that had plied between Bermuda and New York—the *Monarch* and *Queen of Bermuda*—steamed off in gray war paint to serve the Empire, and the tourist business went into a prompt tailspin. Soon it became apparent that the day of reckoning had come: Bermuda's economic foundation was being washed away. Unemployment rose rapidly; and though the colony was sending volunteers into the R.A.F. and was conscripting some men for home defense, it began to look as if the most immediate battle which Bermuda would have to fight would be against economic deflation. The Imperial Government soon began spending money to expand the defenses of the Island, but it was not for almost a year that substantial help came.

In previous crises Bermuda had unexpectedly prospered. During the Boer War it had been used for the safekeeping of Boer prisoners (one of whom, on being led to a hilltop and seeing more ocean on the other side of it, had been heard to cry in bewilderment, "But where is the interior?"). During the war of 1914-18 Bermuda farmers had got record prices for their potatoes in New York and the fact that the Island was an important naval base had brought in a good deal of money and kept business from collapsing. During the depression the tourist traffic had hardly slackened at all, because Bermuda was so much less expensive to visit than Europe. And now, in 1940, economic providence once more smiled upon the colony.

The aid from abroad took two quite unexpected forms. One was the decision in London to make Bermuda a great censorship center for the interception and examination of mail and goods crossing the Atlantic for Europe. Over a thousand censors were sent from England in 1940-41—with British salaries for Bermuda spending. The other form of aid wore a more equivocal face. It was the Anglo-American

agreement, first definitely made known in the dark days of August, 1940—just as the Battle of Britain was beginning—that the United States should turn over to Britain fifty destroyers and that Britain in turn should provide the United States with sites for military bases in Newfoundland, Bermuda, the British West Indies, and British Guiana.\*

The news struck the Bermudians with dismay. They were ready to make war sacrifices, but this agreement had aspects that filled them with foreboding. In the first place they did not know just what it involved. How big a base, and where? An American Naval mission under Admiral Greenslade arrived to make a survey of possible sites and proposed the leasing to America of several islands in the Great Sound at the west end of the Bermuda colony, together with a strip of land across Southampton Parish—which would effectively cut the colony in two. When this plan aroused Bermudian protests the Americans made an alternative proposal for a combined military and naval base at the east end, in the Castle Harbour district. Both proposals were far more ambitious than anything the Bermudians had dreamed of. And while they were being discussed it began to be reported that now the Americans wanted not only nearly all the extensive lands they had asked for at the east end, but a part of their original claim at the west end as well! With such massive plans in prospect, how could Bermuda escape becoming virtually an American colony? The Bermudians liked Americans as visitors, but would hardly welcome them as masters.

Yet the uncertainty as to what territory was involved in the deal was not its most disturbing aspect. To understand how many of the Bermudians felt during the latter part of 1940 and the early part of 1941 one must bear in mind two things.

In the first place, one must remember that in 1940 the United States was not at war. Bermudians were not being asked to permit the use of bases *for the prosecution of the war*—this would have met with in-

\* Strictly speaking, Bermuda was not included in the swap with the destroyers; the base sites in both Bermuda and Newfoundland were given to the United States "freely and without consideration," while the sites elsewhere were traded for the destroyers.



stant enthusiasm—but bases for the defense of a Western Hemisphere that, for all they then knew, intended thus to wall itself off in isolation from the war which the British peoples were fighting alone. That was hard to take. And in the second place, the leases did not extend merely for the duration of the war—this too would have been quickly accepted—but for ninety-nine years, a period which for most human beings is almost equivalent to eternity. In the face of those facts is it surprising that some Bermudians felt that the British Government had traded their independence for war material?

When the news of the long-rumored deal first definitely broke, the House of Assembly voted to send a memorial to the Right Honourable the Secretary of State for the Colonies of His Majesty's Government, in which, as "His Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects," they gave eloquent voice to their misgivings:

The people of Bermuda are deeply disturbed lest some new conception of American hemispheric defense may affect the status of this ancient Colony as an integral part of the British Commonwealth.

We reaffirm our unswerving loyalty to His Majesty the King. Our island home is one of the oldest Colonies in His Majesty's Empire. Our Parliament ranks in seniority second only to that of the Mother Country. Many of His Majesty's subjects in Bermuda trace their ancestry with unbroken domicile here for over three hundred years. . . . Grateful for past protection and proud of our heritage we pledge ourselves to play our part in the present struggle and shoulder our share of Britain's burden.

We earnestly pray that the ties of tradition and the bonds of affection which unite us to the Mother Country may never be severed. . . . We recognize that His Majesty's Government, in weighing the merits of new defense proposals, intend only to further the interests of the Empire at this critical juncture. We pledge our support to any agreement reached, but pray that such agreement may take heed of our deep-rooted and fervent attachment to the Crown.

The memorial didn't seem to do much good. Mr. Roosevelt said that no transfer of sovereignty was involved in the deal, but the Bermudians felt that they could be sure of very little for the longer future. In the winter of 1940-41 they sent three delegates to London for the final negotiations. The details of these negotiations have never been made public; however, the general impression was created that

the extent of the concessions was not precisely defined, and uneasiness continued lest still greater sacrifices should be demanded. The delegates found that the reports they had been hearing were right: the Americans wanted the use of territory at both ends of the Island. But they felt it was their duty to accept the deal anyhow as a war measure and the agreement was signed on March 27, 1941, the Bermuda Parliament quickly concurring. The die was cast.

The Bermudians were going to get war prosperity—that was obvious—but on terms that seemed to them deeply disquieting.

### III

DURING the following month—April, 1941—American Army engineers and construction workers began to move in and the job of building the bases began. At first the American soldiers found themselves bewilderingly quartered, four cots to the room, in the luxurious Castle Harbour Hotel, which with its wide lawns and terraces, its salt-water swimming pool, and one of the most peacefully exquisite views in the world, provided a strangely unmilitary setting. Many of the civilian construction workers from the United States were even more oddly housed—in an old Hudson River steamboat, the *Berkshire*, which had somehow survived the voyage to Bermuda and was moored by the shore near St. George's to serve as a floating dormitory. The huge job of leveling old land, dredging shallow water to make new land, and building barracks and hangars got under way. And as it did so the Bermudian uneasiness was not noticeably alleviated.

To appreciate the reasons for the Islanders' new discomfort you must remind yourself of the nature of the Bermuda community. Because it is small and isolated, and people know one another, it has never been a healthy place for a criminal or unruly element. Because it subscribes to the deep British respect for law and has found that the best preserver of the amenities is a tradition of decorum, it has always been lightly policed. In fact one of the reasons why in prewar years many Bermudians had been uneasy about the



Island's increasing dependence upon the tourist trade had been that some of the American visitors regarded Bermuda as a place where the home-town rules didn't hold and they could drink swizzles in quantity and raise Cain generally, and it was uncomfortable for the local residents to reflect that if they took a strong line against such behavior they might be undermining their own livelihood.

When into this quiet community were precipitated thousands of construction workers, not selected for their refinement and with ample wages to spend, the peace of the Island was shattered. Most of the construction workers brought their families and led conventional, orderly lives; but life on the *Berkshire* was reminiscent of an old-time frontier town. For some of the workers it was a wild round of working, drinking, gambling, and sleeping—and looking for women. Inevitably there was uproar and disorder, there were breaches of the peace, and there was a sharp rise in local prostitution, especially among the Portuguese and Negro elements. The soldiers and sailors, being under military discipline and having less money to throw round, were less conspicuously out of key with Bermudian life, yet even they seemed a discordant element. In the days before Pearl Harbor many of the American draftees had little understanding of why they had been torn from civilian life to be planted in this little subtropical isle that they couldn't get away from. After days of hard work in the hot sun they would be restless and sex-starved, and some of them would be ready to go on the loose. As for sailors on leave, they had an even fiercer longing for release. Temperaments differ: for one man the inner need after days or weeks of regimented discipline is for the gentlest unmartial comforts; for another, it is for a bender. For the first type of man there could hardly be enough opportunity in Bermuda for contact with normal society; Bermuda was too small for hospitality on a wide enough scale to serve everybody—despite the genuine friendliness of many Bermudians. For the second type there were few chances for a bender that would not rebound for miles. The result was widespread frustration. Is it astonishing, then, that

as a result of three or four disagreeable episodes Bermudians began to wonder if the streets of Hamilton were not unsafe for a woman at night, or that a group of sailors would be seen pursuing a girl all the way home with unwelcome invitations, or that drunken base workers would be reported to have sat on the roadside walls amusing themselves by shouting obscene comments upon every woman who passed by?

Such episodes of course were extreme cases and most of the American soldiers and sailors were ready to assure the Bermudians that they too disapproved of this ill-behaved minority. But in a predominantly rural community like Bermuda, where at night one can hear a dog bark half a mile away, one roisterer can make enough disturbance to sound like a whole battalion. The Bermudians tried to persuade themselves that the sort of thing that happened was very much like what happened in any college town anywhere the night after the big game, and that anyhow it was their wartime duty to be patient. But just as the Americans' conduct was relaxed by the fact that they were away from home, among strangers and under a foreign flag, so the Bermudians' reactions were sharpened by the fact that the offenders were American; if this seems unreasonable, let any resident of an American town currently overrun by soldiers and sailors on leave reflect how his instinctive distaste for their occasional breaches of the peace would inevitably be heightened if they were foreign.

Now when one is irked by the present behavior of a newcomer and a little suspicious of his future intentions, one is likely to meet his requests for co-operation with a certain wariness. Sometimes when an American officer, intent upon the urgent job of building the bases fast and well, asked for permission to use Bermudian facilities or material he felt that the Bermudian response was grudging, the negotiations interminable, the resulting help niggardly. The American officer could hardly be expected to realize to what extent these people, thinking of the ninety-nine-year term of the new relationship, were wondering whether each new favor or concession would set a precedent until



little by little their independence had been whittled away; he was likely to feel simply that they were obstructionists, insistent upon business-as-usual. So there was irritation on the American side too.

Another cause of American irritation was economic. Prosperity had come to Bermuda, full and running over. Unemployment had been soaked up. Money was pouring into the colony. The value of imports during 1941 rose 66 per cent above the figure for the previous year. Customs revenue rose 85 per cent. Bank deposits leaped. The wage level went up and up. During the early part of 1942, when submarines were sinking ships in quantity in the western Atlantic, there were inevitable shortages of goods in Bermuda, and there were much higher rates of war-risk insurance to be paid on the cargoes that came through; as a result, the cost of living went up until by December, 1942—despite price-control measures and rationing—food had become an estimated 69 per cent more expensive than in 1939; clothing, 73 per cent more expensive; rent, 12 per cent; fuel and light, 28 per cent; sundries, 50 per cent.

As happens everywhere during a price rise, there was grouching about the cost of things. And so American soldiers and sailors complained about Bermuda profiteers. Those soldiers and sailors could hardly be expected to know that retail mark-ups in Bermuda were held to reasonable levels by regulation, and that the high prices they paid at the shops in Hamilton reflected abnormal wartime shipping costs and abnormal insurance costs. All the sailors knew was that you didn't have to pay such prices in Altoona or Louisville. When they found that beer cost more at the United Services Club in Hamilton than it did at the Naval recreation center at Riddell's Bay, they couldn't be expected to know that the price in Hamilton included customs duty while the Navy price didn't; and that the Bermuda government, which had traditionally lived upon customs duties, felt that in permitting the Army and Navy to import goods duty-free it had made a wide concession. Naturally the boys felt that somebody was making a rake-off out of their beer. And of course the grouching was intensified whenever a

mistake was made—as when the water supply of the city of Hamilton ran short, and the Navy sent a ship to Hamilton to distill water to supplement the waning supply, and somebody sent the Navy a bill for wharfage for that ship!

Meanwhile, however, a combination of circumstance and tact and thoughtful adjustment had begun to smooth out the early frictions. Pearl Harbor brought an immediate change in the atmosphere: Bermudians and Americans were now partners in arms. The British government, intent upon avoiding any Anglo-American embarrassment over questions of seniority in rank, and presumably wishing to ease the diplomatic situation by establishing in Government House a man of known sagacity and discretion, set a new precedent by appointing as Governor, not a general, but a civilian, Lord Knollys: a cool-headed man possessed of shrewd and useful tact. American Navy officers have told me how helpfully the British Navy officers aided them to learn the local ropes and how gracefully, after Pearl Harbor, they yielded up the chief responsibility for this whole area of air, sea, and land. (The British Admiral, who had previously been Commander-in-Chief of the Atlantic and West Indies station, with a very wide sphere of authority, became simply the Senior British Naval Officer in the Western Atlantic; the top man in all that pertains to the war is now Rear Admiral Ingram C. Sowell, the solid, athletic, and likable Tennessean who is commandant at our Naval Base.) Likewise, Bermudians have told me how they have appreciated the constant efforts made by Brigadier General Alden G. Strong, commanding U. S. Army Forces in Bermuda, to iron out all difficulties; and how, when there were recent reports of continued boisterousness on the part of American sailors, Admiral Sowell acted with such speed to tighten up shore-leave discipline that the situation improved overnight.

Nor can anyone measure the salutary effect of the hospitality of certain Bermuda families who week after week have made a practice of taking American soldiers and sailors into their homes; or of the way in which Bermuda women have slaved in the United Services Club and the USO. By



this time too the civilian construction workers have left, and with them have gone the worst—because least amenable to discipline—causes of friction. Irritations remain, but on the whole the diplomatic skies are clearer.

Possibly there are two other reasons for the improvement in relations. One is that Bermudians who see the miracles that have been wrought at either end of the Island are beginning to find the bases something to be proud of. The other reason, though negative, is perhaps the most important of all. Though there have been annoying misunderstandings and disagreements and conflicts of authority here and there, there has been no real invasion of Bermudian independence such as troubled Bermudian dreams in 1940 and 1941. The Americans have been there nearly two and a half years now, and Bermuda is still British and still free.

#### IV

**H**ow much has Bermuda changed meanwhile? Well, that depends upon where you look.

At some points on the Island the change is tremendous. Where the American Army base is situated, the landscape has been unrecognizably transformed. Vast quantities of coral rock and sand have been scooped up from the bottom of a harbor to add nearly a square mile of land to Bermuda, and to make a flying field which can hardly have an equal anywhere. What pilot would not welcome long runways slightly above sea level with nary a factory chimney or telephone wire to hurdle after leaving them?

The lands and houses of a good many residents have been expropriated—and new, up-to-date houses built for them elsewhere—and the Army has built a group of attractive permanent buildings for itself, following the prevailing Bermuda style; the post office, for instance, has a clear white interior wainscoted in red Bermuda cedar. There is a huge and efficient hospital ready for service. There are barracks and administration buildings and so forth in profusion—some permanent, some temporary (for permanent construction was stopped after Pearl Harbor), and all

camouflaged with great ingenuity. At this base there is little but the architecture of the permanent buildings and the brilliant contrast of white sand and blue-green water to remind you of the old Bermuda; this is Fort Bell, efficiently constructed in quick time, efficiently managed, and ready to show its teeth to the Axis.

In another part of Bermuda the Navy has wrought a similar transformation, erecting permanent buildings along what looks very much like a Bermuda street, and erecting also hangars of such majestic size that not by any stretch of the imagination could they remind you of Bermuda—hangars in which even a four-motored Consolidated flying boat is dwarfed. From these two bases go out the planes whose function it is to make the Atlantic Ocean for hundreds of miles around a very unhealthy place for a submarine to show its periscope.

But elsewhere Bermuda seems very little changed—with two chief exceptions.

The most conspicuous is the presence of automobiles. Until the war Bermuda did not permit them—partly because the tourists enjoyed the leisurely pace of horse-and-buggy life while on holiday, but chiefly perhaps because the Island was so small that if one were able to get from one end of it to the other in an hour or two tourists and residents alike would soon feel cabined; psychologically, Bermuda would shrink to an islet. Manifestly however the American forces had to have cars and trucks to get on with their job at full speed; and the ban was thereupon lifted also for the British and Bermudian forces, certain government services, and doctors. The result is that there are now nearly a thousand automotive vehicles in Bermuda—about as many as there are horses. Since the narrow, winding roads were not built for motor traffic, each passing car raises a cloud of white dust; and American soldiers and sailors are amused to see the Bermudians in their surreys putting handkerchiefs to their noses—in what looks like a gesture of high disdain—as the dust envelops them. A few Bermudians have even acquired little masks for bicycling. Yet the automobile is far from ubiquitous: walking on one stretch of highway I was



passed by five cars in the space of two or three hundred yards, but on another road I drove for half an hour in a carriage and was passed by only three or four.

The other chief exception is the omnipresence of soldiers and sailors and the diversion of former tourist facilities to war uses. Various minor military establishments are scattered inconspicuously through the Island; the Hamilton Hotel has become a United Services Club, the one-time Frascati Hotel (later the Coral Island Club) and the Elbow Beach pavilion have become branches of the USO, the Bermudiana Hotel provides living quarters for the English censors, the Princess provides them with working quarters, the Inverurie is full of American Naval officers, there are Army officers in the St. George's, the Riddell's Bay golf club is a Navy recreation center; and of course half the people on the streets of Hamilton on a Saturday afternoon wear the Navy white or the Army khaki. There are no visiting American vacationists at all; now that the base workers have left, virtually the only non-Bermudians, except those in uniform, are a sprinkling of English evacuees and European refugees, and the English censors. (The censors, by the way, a generally quiet and intelligent lot, have fitted into the Bermuda scene unobtrusively and on the whole harmoniously.)

Yet from Fort Bell to the Naval Base the wonder is not that so much, but that so little, has been changed. One might almost say that except for an occasional automobile, and the fact that the tourists seem to have put on uniforms, it is still the old Bermuda. Still the gentle airs blow softly over oleander and hibiscus, the white-roofed houses shine like sugarloaves among the cedars across the bay, the water gleams with incredible color, the chick-o'-the-village converses in the foliage, the peepers strike up at dusk. Still the trains of the diminutive Bermuda Railway moan their slow way from halt to halt, their wheels screaming as in torture when they round a curve. Still bicyclists carry their parcels home in a small basket attached to the handlebars, and sometimes have a small basket seat over the rear wheel to accommodate a child; couples dismount when they reach a hill and the

man skillfully pushes their two machines up the grade.

Walking one afternoon on Front Street, with the hot sun beating down on the sidewalk, the horse-drawn carts rattling by, the bicycle bells trilling, the dignified carriage gongs sounding *ping-PONG*, and the white-helmeted traffic policeman on his round platform at Front and Queen Streets gesturing to the gentle traffic, I had the feeling that everything was as before. It required a closer look or a moment of reflection to see the differences: the fact that two members of the American Shore Patrol were standing in front of a liquor shop up the street; that inside the Furness-Bermuda steamship office, once so crowded, there was not a single person waiting at the counter; that a jeep was coming down Queen Street among the bicycles; and that the view seaward was not shut out by a mighty liner with red and black funnels, but only served as a frame for smaller, grimmer naval vessels.

I went to a Bermuda wedding and it was completely in character—the white ribbons on the coachmen's whips, the wedding company proceeding from the church to the bride's house in a long row of carriages with bicyclists wheeling beside them; the only differences were that there were a good many Bermudians in uniform, and one heard about so-and-so's son who had been killed in the R.A.F. and about so-and-so's cousin who was a prisoner in Germany. I went to the formal Opening of Parliament and it too was strictly in character: the Governor driving up in a carriage of state while a military band played—a little wheezily—before the House of Parliament; the members of the Legislative Council and the Assembly waiting in silence in a smallish room upstairs for the Governor's arrival in their midst as the King's viceroy; his appearance from behind a red curtain at the back of the room, his removal of his white-plumed helmet, his solemn bowing to the assembled legislators, his putting on the helmet again to read the speech from the throne; his departure, again by carriage, after the playing of "God Save the King." Here too there was a difference: in the group beside the throne stood Admiral Sowell and other high American officers.



Otherwise the ancient pattern held true.

And I visited two beaches where I had often bathed in years gone by, half expecting them to be unrecognizable. Near one there were two or three new houses; by the path leading to the other was a small sign which said, SOLDIERS AND SAILORS OF THE UNITED FORCES ARE WELCOME TO USE THIS PART OF THE BEACH; otherwise it seemed to me that not one grain of sand had been displaced. At the end of one beach a family—husband, wife, and two small children—were wading into the many-tinted water after having engaged in the old-time Bermuda rite of undressing behind the jagged rocks.

It hadn't been a dream that first afternoon after all.

## V

WHAT are the postwar prospects for Bermuda? Here we confront a forest of question marks, among which an occasional visitor such as I must move tentatively and circumspectly.

The prospects for prosperity look good. The American bases will continue to be manned after the war of course, though presumably on a smaller scale; this will mean that considerable American money will be coming in steadily. There should be a rising revenue from the expanding use of Bermuda as an agreeable place to stop over during a transatlantic flight. And the vacationists from the United States can be expected to come back strong when the war is over, especially if some ingenious solution can be found for the automobile problem.

This problem is a fascinator. Most Bermudians—including, though you might not believe it, the younger ones—appear to wish that after the war the Island might proscribe automobiles except for military, medical, and other emergency use. But it is one thing to decide *in the absence of automobiles* that the use of them would make the Island less inviting to visitors and too small for everybody; it is another thing to wish them away after one has actually experienced the convenience of being able to go from Tuckerstown to Hamilton in twenty minutes (instead of an hour or more) in a conveyance that will stand without hitching. And so there appears to be

also a general sense, however reluctant, that the automobile will stay. If it is to come into wider use not only must the Bermuda roads be rebuilt and the parking problems solved in advance, but the question must be faced whether or not the Island is to be opened to the ordinary type of high-speed car—to whose driver a twenty-five-mile speed limit will be a sheer defiance of human nature. The theoretically perfect solution—heaven knows whether it is practicable at anything but a prohibitive price—would be for Bermuda to design and adopt its own kind of automobile, as unique to visitors as its previous horse-and-buggy status: a car light, quiet, and incapable of going more than twenty miles an hour. That would be fast enough for convenience and not fast enough to shrink the Island immoderately.

Cheerful as the prospects for prosperity seem to be, the prospects for an even reasonable degree of economic independence look even less bright than before the war. The amount of Bermuda land given over to farming has decreased still further since 1939 (why till the soil hazardously when you can make good wages working for the Americans?). If the Island is to be able to feed itself even in part, there will have to be a big increase in agriculture—especially dairy farming. A really thorough study of the fisheries might also be worth while, to see whether the best use is now being made of the fact that Bermuda is, after all, an island.

As for exports, there has already been one very specialized boom during the past two years, in the sudden growth of an industry curiously incongruous with war: when Japan and Holland were shut out of the western lily-bulb market, Bermuda stepped in. (I expected to see war gardens in Bermuda, but was somewhat surprised to find the former fairways of the Frascati golf course white with lilies!) This lily-bulb industry may have continuing possibilities; and perhaps there would be a future for a cedar-woodworking industry. But I do not know how many Bermudians are aware of the importance of developing such stripling industries. If I seem to emphasize them unduly it is because, as Bermudians are well aware, it is



not good from any point of view for a community to become too wholly dependent upon serving visitors whose money has been earned elsewhere; there is much to be said for the social health of a place where people know how to make things and hold production in high esteem.

At the Opening of Parliament Lord Knollys said to the assembled Bermuda legislators, "I feel bound to advise you that it is impossible to contemplate the growing weight of taxation borne by democratic countries on whose resources the economic life of Bermuda depends without realizing how external opinion beyond your control may eventually operate to the detriment of the Colony, unless your economic and indeed your political structure is adjusted to the modern conception of a democratic country." Translated from civil-service English into the vernacular, that statement presumably meant that Bermudians should adopt the income tax and broaden the suffrage. On such matters I have no intention of expressing "external opinion"; but no one can read the joint memorandum on "Bermuda After the War" prepared last spring by the Economic Advisory Committee and the Trade Development Board without realizing that if Bermudian standards in housing, health, education, and the social services are to be lifted, and industry and agriculture are to be fostered, an income tax will be pretty nearly unavoidable. Whether the political structure can be "adjusted to the modern conception of a democratic country" without racial friction is not certain; there is a new assertiveness among part of the Negro population, and there are many whites who would not want to see them get more political power. But if this problem is soluble without friction anywhere in the world it should be in Bermuda, since the dominant tradition has been one of impartial law enforcement and mutual courtesy and respect.

One problem which will pretty surely become pressing before long is that of population. The number of Bermudians has just about doubled in the past twenty years. If it should double again the Island would be much too crowded for

comfort or economic health. The answer, presumably, is to be sought in education and birth control principally; though if the United States, taking special cognizance of the value of the bases to its own safety, could facilitate emigration from Bermuda, that too might be helpful.

But the future problem of closest consequence to us Americans is of course the one precipitated by the leasing of the bases. It is now on the way to solution but not yet wholly solved. An aggressively nationalist administration in Washington or a headstrong admiral in Bermuda might wreck overnight the whole code of Bermudian-American relations which is now being gradually worked out. I hope the Army and Navy will provide their newcomers to Bermuda, particularly officers, with valid information about the place, the people, and the local customs—perhaps following the model of the current Army booklets on the various countries where our troops are stationed. I hope the problem of recreation for soldiers and sailors stationed in Bermuda after the war will be worked out with great shrewdness; for by that time the average quality of the men in our services may not be so high, Bermudian disposition to entertain them and make allowances for their behavior will not be so strong, and unless there are areas where our men can work off steam without wide repercussions, the frictions of 1941 may be repeated in aggravated form. In general, if the Americans are to man the bases effectively without invading Bermudian independence, both parties will have to exercise friendly forbearance; but let us never forget that the chief weight of responsibility will fall upon us—for the very simple reason that we shall carry the heavy guns.

When I was in Bermuda I asked a wise Englishman, long resident there, what he thought about the future of Bermuda. "Well," said he, "I should like to see it become a demonstration of Anglo-American relations at their best." It might also, very usefully, become a long-standing demonstration of how to occupy a military base without trespassing on the integrity of the surrounding community.

# THE REVOLT IN THE WARSAW GHETTO

WILLIAM ZUKERMAN



WHEN the future chronicler of our period ponders over the momentous events of this war he will come across an incident which passed almost unnoticed by us at the time of its occurrence, but which will arrest his attention as one of the significant events of our time. This little-known incident is the Revolt in the Warsaw Jewish Ghetto, which broke out on April 19th of this year and was kept up for more than a month by an act of self-sacrifice which has no rival even in this most terrible and most heroic of all wars.

To understand the background of this event we must remind ourselves that the extermination of the Jews in Europe has been the avowed aim of the Nazi movement ever since its inception. Hitler stated it emphatically in *Mein Kampf* and repeated it in almost every one of his important speeches, though no one took the threat seriously; the idea of physically exterminating nearly five million people in Europe in the twentieth century sounded so fantastically mad that no one believed at first that even the Nazis were capable of such a thing. The fact is that prior to the war the Nazis themselves did not think of the extermination theory as a practical possibility. But after the Nazi conquest of Poland they went to work systematically to deport Jews from all parts of Europe into a few big centers in Poland—away from their homes, from their non-Jewish

friends and neighbors who could protect them—and to cram them into “ghettos,” which in reality were large Nazi concentration camps of the most horrible sort. In these ghettos the congestion, the unsanitary conditions, the state of semi-starvation, the hard forced labor, the constantly raging epidemics, and the lack of medical care of any kind brought an appalling harvest of death. The death rate in the Warsaw Ghetto, for instance, was seventeen hundred per cent higher than normal.

But even this did not suffice for the Nazis. Very soon afterward violence of the most brutal and barbaric kind was introduced into the new ghettos as a means of accelerating the process of annihilation. Every day military trucks would come to the ghettos and take away hundreds of Jews, usually the older and weaker who could no longer work, as well as women and children, to some “unknown destination.” That destination was either the execution field where hundreds were shot *en masse*, or camps like the Oswiantzem and Treblinka which were fitted out with gas and electric chambers and with special “destruction commissions” and where as many as seven thousand people were often burned, poisoned, or otherwise exterminated in one day. Thousands of deported Jews would arrive at the ghettos daily from various points in western Europe, and other thousands



would leave daily for the torture chambers, execution, and cemeteries.

With the Nazi invasion of Russia the violence and bestiality of the Nazi extermination of the Jews reached its highest point and greatest magnitude. The summers of 1941 and '42 saw the largest mass massacres of the Jews in Poland, the Baltic States, White Russia, Galicia, and the occupied Ukraine ever known in history. It is now well established that more than two and a half million Jews have been murdered and tortured in a manner which makes the mind reel at the mere contemplation of it.

The Warsaw Ghetto, with which we are concerned here, very early became the center of this extermination system. It was made the dumping ground for most of the Jewish deportees from western Europe and from smaller provincial towns in Poland on the way to their extermination. At one time last year the Warsaw Ghetto had more than 600,000 Jews crowded into a slum district fit perhaps for 50,000 human beings. The place was surrounded with a big wall. The entrances were guarded by armed sentries. For sneaking out from the Ghetto for a few hours to beg for food, Jewish children were known to have been shot on the spot upon their return. Non-Jews who were caught smuggling in food for their Jewish friends met with a similar fate. Inside the wall the congestion was so great that people slept in the cemetery, in mausoleums, on the graves; starvation was rampant and the epidemics at one time reached such heights that they threatened to spread to the quarters of the "*Herrenvolk*" and further dumping from abroad was stopped. The young and strong people were put to slave labor; the older and the weaker were daily removed to "unknown destinations."

These daily executions, together with the deaths from starvation and epidemics, had reduced the population of the Warsaw Ghetto from over 600,000 to 35,000 last April. The Jews who remained were the strongest, the youngest, and the most skillful, whom the Nazis needed for work in their war factories. They were mostly Socialists and members of various Jewish labor organizations, particularly of the popular Jewish "*Bund*," a labor organiza-

tion with a long tradition of revolutionary struggle against Tzaristic tyranny. Most of them had had a long experience in underground revolutionary work and had conducted a strong and widespread anti-Nazi activity in Poland ever since the Nazi invasion.

As far back as August, 1942, the more impatient of them had been pressing for open resistance. In January of this year there were hunger strikes in the Ghetto which resulted in bloody clashes with the Nazis. The Nazi governor of Warsaw, Dr. Fischer, announced in March of this year that he was going to "liquidate" the Ghetto because of the trouble that it was giving the Nazis. For months the underground publications of the Ghetto were filled with appeals and pleas to the world, to the Polish government-in-exile, and to their friends in the United States to supply them with arms. These people no longer cared whether they would be able to survive open combat with a military force like that of the Nazis. They had nothing to lose any more. They knew that they were doomed men anyhow. They were dominated by only one desire: to spring at the throat of the hated enemy and at the same time to vindicate their own dignity as Jews and as human beings. They were waiting only for arms and for an opportunity to use them.

## II

THE opportunity came on April 19th. It is now certain that the Polish Underground movement and also the Polish "exile" government in London, which had previously denied arms to the Warsaw Jews, finally yielded to their pleas and supplied them with a fair amount of ammunition of all kinds, including even a number of machine guns.

When at four o'clock on the morning of April 19th a detachment of the Gestapo and Storm Troopers came to the Ghetto with armored cars and light tanks to remove, as usual, a number of Jews for execution, they were met with a volley of shots from machine guns which practically decimated the entire detachment. The shocked Nazis summoned help. A few more S.S. detachments, reinforced by



Lithuanian Quislings, arrived. They too were met in the same manner. According to a description of the event given by the late Polish Prime Minister, General Wladyslaw Sikorski, on the B.B.C. on May 2nd, the Jews had barricaded themselves in the big tenement houses of the Ghetto and were defending every house, every room, every corner; they were fighting desperately with every weapon they could lay hold of, from machine guns to iron bars and pieces of furniture, or their bare hands. Above their barricades and fortifications the defenders flew the flags of the United Nations. The Ghetto had exploded. One of the most unusual revolts in modern times was on.

To the surprise of the Nazis and everyone else, the resistance of the Ghetto was not broken in a few hours, or even days. Seventeen days after the first shot was fired by the Ghetto defenders they were still fighting and holding their positions. "The Warsaw Ghetto has been transformed into a miniature Stalingrad," the Polish Underground radio station, "Swit" (which was in constant touch with the defenders throughout the fighting), reported on the seventeenth day of the fight. The Nazis used tanks, armored cars, artillery, and airplanes, but they could not break the defenders. Hidden in the ruins of their huge tenements or in the cellars, they kept up their sniping and continued to take a heavy toll of the Nazis. On the twentieth day the Germans flew airplanes over the Ghetto and threw incendiary bombs on the houses; at the same time they cut off the water supply to prevent the Jews from putting out the fires. The entire Ghetto was soon in flames. Hundreds of Jews were burned alive. But the fight still went on.

On May 11th, twenty-two days after the outbreak of the revolt, the Polish Underground radio reported to the Polish National Council in London: "The heroic resistance in the Warsaw Ghetto is still continuing. A number of strongly defended positions are still being held. The fighting Jewish groups are showing great courage and military efficiency. . . . The Nazis are using artillery and flame-throwers; they are blowing up houses, together with their defenders, with mines. The

entire Ghetto is in flames; those who were not burned alive are being slaughtered by the Nazis *en masse*. . . . A thousand Nazis have been killed and many Nazi military factories and ammunition dumps have been destroyed."

It was not until May 25th that the official Polish Telegraphic Agency reported that "The heroic battle in the Warsaw Ghetto is now almost at end, except for some isolated points. . . . In some parts of the Ghetto one can still hear isolated explosions. Some thousands of Jews still remain in the Ghetto cellars, but these too are being annihilated one after the other. . . ."

In the Nazis' phrase, the Ghetto was "liquidated." After more than a month's fighting the desperate revolt of the most helpless slaves of Nazism came to an end. The Polish government in London estimates that the number of Nazis killed in the battle was twelve hundred. The number of Jews killed will probably never be ascertained. But it is known that in April there were still thirty-five thousand Jews in the Warsaw Ghetto. Now there are only a few thousand hiding in the cellars of the ruined houses; a few thousand more may have escaped. In other words, *approximately twenty to twenty-five thousand Jews had deliberately laid down their lives in what cannot be described otherwise than as a collective mass suicide* in order to avenge their wrongs, to proclaim their rights, and to demonstrate to the world that Hitler could destroy their bodies, but not their human dignity. Nothing so stupendous, tragic, and proudly defiant has happened in modern history.

The full significance of the event will probably not be clear until after the war, but a few significant results stand out even now from the smoldering ruins of what was once the greatest Jewish community in Europe. To begin with, the revolt in the Ghetto was the first open resistance on a large scale which any of the oppressed nations in Europe had given to the Nazis in this war. Previously the civilian resistance to Nazi tyranny in Europe had been limited to Underground work and to guerrilla warfare. The revolt introduced a change which may well become a land-



mark in the history of this great struggle. It announced to the world that the Underground was passing; the hour of open resistance to Nazism had struck. If the Jews could fight in the open for over a month, other people could and would do the same. There are indications already that the event had a marked effect throughout eastern Europe and that Nazi brutalities there will no longer go unopposed.

The effect of the revolt on the democracies outside Hitler's "*Festung Europa*" is more important still. The Western world had considered the Jews as the most helpless victims of Nazism and they had been treated with pity and sympathy, but with little consideration and, one fears, with little respect. Little was known of the magnificent resistance to Nazism which the Jews in Europe had offered ever since the outbreak of the war in the Underground movements and in the guerrilla fighting in all countries. The revolt in Warsaw brought this fact out into the open; it broke the anonymity of the Jews as active fighters of Nazism. As the British press was the first to admit, the Jews now have a new and different kind of claim for consideration, a claim not of passive victims but of active allies and partners who have fought the common enemy.

Most important of all is the effect of the event on the Jews themselves. The heroic men and women who died on the barricades of Warsaw belonged to a section of Jews who held that their home was in the countries where they had been born, had worked, and had contributed to wealth and culture. They passionately resented the claim of Hitler and other anti-Semites that the Jews were aliens everywhere and that the solution of the Jewish problem lay in the removal of the Jews from their present homes to a national home or state of their own. To them the future of the European Jews, after the war, lay in Europe, in the homes which they had loved and fought for. They always opposed the various plans made by their charitable brothers overseas for their evacuation after the war. By their heroic death they proclaimed again this faith, not in words but in an unforgettable act.

Finally the event was an act of spiritual significance for the Jews, an act of revival of the self-respect and dignity of a terribly persecuted and humiliated people. A people that can die as did the last twenty-five thousand Jews in the Warsaw Ghetto has nothing to fear from Hitler and need not despair of its future.



# THE POLKADOT GANG

*A Natural History of Some Chicago Juvenile Criminals*

JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN



THE bartender in the neighborhood tavern was "fixing to serve drinks" just before midnight, he related later at the inquest, when the two young holdup men came in with guns in their hands. They were just children. One guarded the patrons, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Nicholas, who had come in for a nightcap to celebrate Mrs. Nicholas' birthday. The other holdup man went round the bar to the bartender, Fred Gross, and told him it was a stickup.

Gross later recalled that he told the bandit to go ahead and take the money. But, "He pushed me around the corner and he started at me first. I said, 'What do you want?' and he hit me across the head with the gun butt . . . he said, 'Gimme money,' and I gave him ten dollars and two fives. He knocked me also with a club or something, and he went over to the cash register, cleaned that out."

Meanwhile two other members of the gang had been looting the adjoining liquor store. Now they came into the tavern. All four hoodlums were calm and methodical although three of them looked scarcely twenty years old. The leader, Eugene Guzy, was thirty-five. He was dissatisfied with the hundred-odd dollars they had collected. He and his partner were moving again toward the bartender, Gross, who was dazed by the beating he

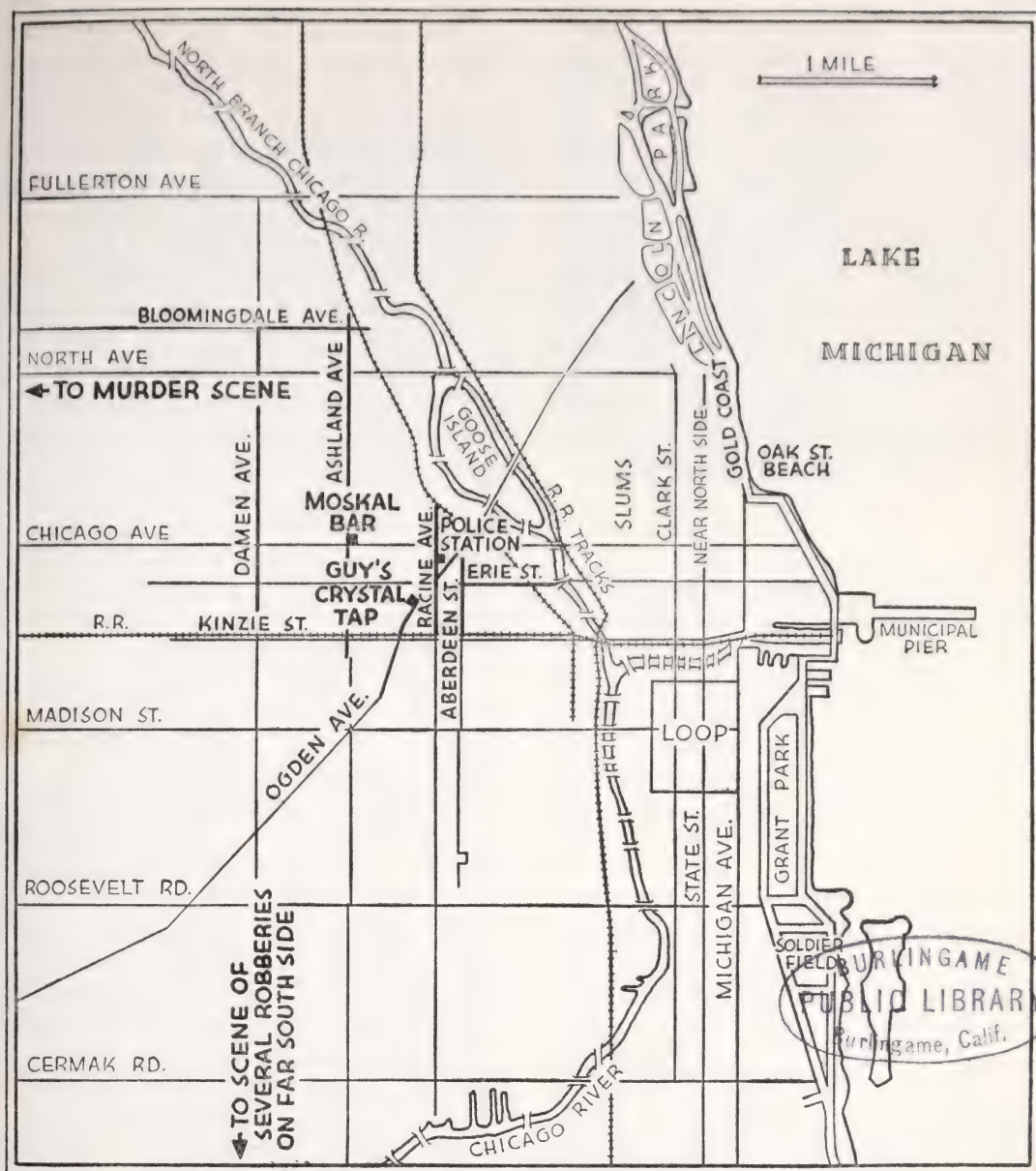
had received, when the door opened and Officer Walter Storm came in. Storm stood six feet one inch and weighed two hundred and ten. He was thirty-three years old and had been on the Chicago police force a little less than eight years. He had just come off duty and was on his way home, having worked from 4 P.M. till midnight.

As he entered Gross yelled a warning, "Walter, it's a stickup." The bandit leader Guzy turned and Storm drew his gun and, Gross told the Coroner's jury later, "the gun was six feet from this fellow when Walter Storm started to shooting and the other fellow started to shooting, and that's the end of this."

The bandit leader's three companions lost little time in fleeing when the shooting began. One of them, curly-haired Nick Gianos, nineteen years old, described the evening in this way: "We went out and we stuck up the joint, and one of my friends got shot, and one of the officers got shot. And I seen that happen. And I waited to see them both fall and I run out to the car."

Another, Leo Piscopo, who was twenty-one and who had been one of the two who held up the liquor store, said he entered the tavern proper and started to frisk the customers just as the "bartender hollered 'It is a holdup' and the girl started scream-





## THE HOME GROUND OF THE POLKADOT GANG

ing, and then I looked up. . . . I saw both Eugene and Officer Storm start to draw. . . . I didn't see the shooting. . . . By that time I had gone and the rest of us were gone."

Both Officer Storm and the bandit leader Guzy emptied their guns; both were killed. Guzy was shot in the abdomen and Storm in the left chest. Their bodies lay only a few feet apart, the detectives discovered when they arrived at 12:08 A.M. About thirty-six hours later, on July 7, 1942, the first arrest was made, that of a hefty girl who had been living with Leo Piscopo and had been in the car

in which he escaped after the shooting. The roundup of the gang continued for several weeks until ten young men, plus the girl and the dead man, were involved. Three of the young men and the girl were convicted of murder. One of the others was placed on probation. The rest were imprisoned.

Together, they comprised a gang of young stickup experts. None but the leader was over twenty-five and all but three were under twenty-one. Working in various combinations, they had perpetrated more than fifty armed robberies in Chicago over a period of several months

during 1942, taking an estimated \$10,000 and climaxing their career with murder. They became known as the Polkadot Gang because of the blue polkadot bandannas they sometimes wore as masks. They specialized in tavern holdups, but they also raided other places and they were not above strong-arming a watchman to get his gun. Most of them had police records and records as juvenile offenders.

Much has been written recently about juvenile delinquency, particularly during the war. It may be interesting to inquire into the backgrounds of these young outlaws. How did they get that way?

## II

WITHOUT exception, the young hoodlums lived at the time of their arrest in an area which has one of the highest rates of juvenile delinquency in Chicago. The Racine Avenue police district is bounded on the east by the Chicago River and railroad tracks, on the south by Kinzie Street and the tracks, on the north by Bloomingdale Avenue, on the west by Damen Avenue. It is some fourteen blocks long and about twelve blocks wide. It lies nearly a mile back of the flashy false lake front of the city; from its alleys you can look up at the spires of the Gold Coast where the wealthy dwell. Of a summer evening young wives sit on the unpainted front steps of tenements and flirt with the street-corner gangs; shadows are heavy, for the street lights are widely spaced, and the enormous storage tanks of the gas company, red-rimmed with warning lights, loom darkly above the river beyond the tracks. Refuse litters the alleys and the streets—broken bottles, waste paper, garbage, the offal of a poverty-ridden city community. More than one strong-arm robbery and rape has been committed in the dark gangways between the tenements. One police officer has said that "90 per cent of the kids in this district go wrong" and, though this estimate is probably more apocryphal than accurate, the officer knows his district. He adds, "We got everything in this district—old-time alky cookers, stickup men, kid hoods that throw bricks at the peddlers, syndicate big-shots, and rape all the time."

Forty years ago the overcrowded population was made up of Swedes, Germans, and Irish, and their children were delinquent; when they moved away, toward the outer periphery of the city, their children stayed out of trouble. And the virus remained to infect those of the Italians and Greeks and Poles who replaced them.

Wars do not raise the juvenile delinquency rate here. (Indeed, war absorbs youths into industry or the Army and keeps them too busy to get into trouble; it enables fathers to make living wages in war industries instead of staying on relief.) Even economic depressions have little effect. Nor can any consistent correlation be shown between the incidence of broken homes and juvenile delinquency. Frequently a child from a good home goes wrong while his brothers and sisters and parents are upstanding citizens.

All this suggests that subtle factors of personality and family and social relationships are involved, and that perhaps the district itself is to blame.

The district is adjacent to the Loop, the city's business center. Heavy industry is close by, crowding in on the deteriorating residences. There are a few "family factories," operated in the home by Mama and Papa who are teaching the kids to make brooms. Most of the residents are laborers, rather than white-collar workers. Housing conditions are bad, poverty is common, sexual relations are inclined to be casual or loose, perhaps owing to overcrowded living arrangements. The children's playgrounds are the streets and alleys and the roofs of sheds. Their homes may not be ideal but they enjoy themselves hugely. Their thrills come from hopping dangerous rides on speeding trucks, from throwing stones at peddlers and plundering their fruit carts, from pilfering vegetables at sidewalk markets, from leaping onto trains in the yards and heaving coal off the moving cars, from, ultimately, committing petty thieveries and jack-rolling drunks and stealing fast cars and pulling stickups.

Their heroes are the big-shot criminals of the district. "What can you expect?" says the policeman. "These kids see the big shot stickup men, the big-time hoods, all duked up, with fancy clothes and fancy



women and fancy cars. What can you expect?"

The Polkadot Gang was composed of boys led by an older man with a penitentiary record. They came from a group of about twenty youngsters who for years had hung together at Aberdeen and Erie Streets. For a long time they were too young to be permitted in the pool room there so they simply hung about on the corner.

Their pastimes were those of any juvenile street-corner gang in the Racine Avenue District. Sometimes they went down to the teeming Oak Street beach and burglarized parked cars and sold the stolen goods to neighborhood "fences." (These are the local Fagins; they buy "hot" merchandise from the children and, if the youngsters show promise, encourage them to steal.) Growing up, the Aberdeen and Erie bunch dropped truancy and petty pilfering and sought thrills by jack-rolling homosexuals on Clark Street. One of them, loitering in the honky-tonk bright-light district while his friends lurked nearby, would pretend to respond to the advances of a "fairy" and would perhaps accompany him to his room. The rest of the gang would burst in, beat up the victim, and rob him. This was fun and it was lucrative. Some of the young hoodlums specialized in jack-rolling drunks, that is, luring or guiding drunks into dark gangways and robbing them. At this time the boys were perhaps fifteen.

A little later they would cruise around the district at night in a stolen or borrowed car. Bored, looking for something to do, they might drive over to the Gold Coast where the swells lived; here if they spotted a car parked in a dark block they would stop and strip it of tires and battery and radio. Or they would raise the hood, wire round the ignition, break a window, climb into the car, and clout it.

Some of the boys needed the money but all needed the thrills. When you were a kid you snitched fruit from the grocer's bins and if he chased you, that was an added thrill; when you grew up you heisted taverns, and if the squad chased you that too was a bonus.

The old bunch at Aberdeen and Erie did not remain compact; some of them

simply drifted away and kept out of trouble. The Army got others. But eight of them became involved with the group of criminals known as the Polkadot Gang. In all there were twelve in the gang—eight from Aberdeen and Erie Streets; and also the elder brother of one of them, and a girl who called herself Sharleen O'Neill and said she came from Texas, and a flashy young sport named Tony Moskal who had a criminal record in several States, and the leader of the gang, an older criminal named Eugene Guzy.

Strictly speaking, the Polkadot Gang was not a gang at all. A gang generally is tightly organized; it has recognized leaders and rigid discipline. The Polkadot crowd were different—a loose federation of young hoodlums bound together by ties of friendship and normal social intercourse and the added incentive of mutual protection. They were perhaps midway between a group of young no-goods hanging about a street corner and an outfit of disciplined professional criminals.

### III

FIRST, the boys themselves. They varied in intelligence and energy but, in one way or another, the old Racine district mark was on them all.

One of them was Frank Kamick. His correct name was Frank De Pisa and he was called Chico. His father was Italian, his mother Polish, his stepfather Polish. He was born in Chicago January 29, 1922. His father died a year after Frank's birth and his mother married Stanley Kamick. An Adult Probation Department investigator for the Criminal Court reported in 1942, "Defendant (Frank Kamick) says he had to shift for himself ever since he was eleven years old—that his mother is a very heavy drinker and did not seem to care for him. Defendant says his stepfather was a steady worker, but quit his job now because of his wife's drinking and he has started to drink also. This was verified by defendant's mother-in-law."

Frank attended St. Dominick Parochial School at 815 Sedgwick Street from the first to the fifth grades, transferred for two grades to the Edward Jenner Public School, then graduated from St. Domi-



nick's in 1936, when he was fourteen. He attended Wells High School at Augusta and Ashland Avenues for a year and a half. About this time he started getting into trouble. He was transferred to the Montefiore School, where incorrigibles are sent, but he remained there only six months, withdrawing "to go to work."

He had already been in trouble. He was arrested June 29, 1937, with another boy for stealing two bicycles in Winnetka, a wealthy lakeshore suburb about sixteen miles north of Chicago. Again, he and another boy were brought in to the station for stealing; when the juvenile officer questioned them they both wept. The other boy said he wanted to be a printer when he grew up. But Frank Kamick didn't know what he wanted to be.

He always "hung on the street." Every now and then a cruising squad would stop and ask him what he was up to. He never had much money but somehow he usually managed to have a car. Though good-looking and husky and red-haired, he was not notably popular with girls.

On June 15, 1938, he was arrested with four other boys for larceny of a motorcycle and two cars which they allegedly were caught stripping. He was placed under special supervision by the Juvenile Court until October 6, 1938, and was ordered to remain at home with his parents. How successful this home treatment was is indicated by the fact that the case was "continued generally until June 1, 1939, when same was closed, as defendant was over seventeen years old and was now serving a term of nine months in the County Jail." He had been arrested on March 1, 1939, for auto larceny and three charges of burglary. His conviction was for petty larceny.

Frank was now lost to the juvenile authorities. He kept getting into trouble with the police. His Boys' Court record shows that he was arrested on April 1, 1940, and convicted of petty larceny, was sentenced to thirty days in the County Jail; that he was arrested September 30, 1940, as disorderly and placed under one year's supervision of the Holy Name Society.

Automobiles were his downfall time and again. As early as May of 1937,

when he still was getting involved with juvenile authorities, he was fined five dollars and costs for disorderly conduct, and the records show that the arresting officers were from the Stolen Auto Section. He was arrested February 20, 1941, and convicted of tampering with an automobile and sentenced to thirty days in the House of Correction and fined one dollar. Several times he was convicted of failing to have vehicle licenses; sometimes this is the only charge that police can make stick against a man whom they suspect of driving a stolen car. Two burglary charges were filed against him and stricken off with leave to reinstate in May of 1939. He was charged with disorderly conduct December 10, 1941.

Frank Kamick never had much of a job. He didn't work at all in 1942. Earlier, he had worked a month as a laborer and quit; he had also worked at odd jobs and peddled fruit and vegetables from a truck. In his application for probation he described himself as "able to do labor." But he was intelligent. When examined by the Institute of Juvenile Research in 1938, he was 16 years 6 months old but on the Haggerty Intelligence Test he scored a mental age of 17 years 7 months and was graded as having "superior intelligence."

Sometime in the midst of all this, he married and got away from the home where his mother drank excessively. By the time he was arrested as a member of the Polkadot Gang he had a baby nineteen months old and his wife was pregnant again. They lived in a five-room flat on the first floor of a two-storey frame double dwelling at 651 North Carpenter Street. Although this is in the heart of the Racine Avenue district, the home was "nicely furnished and kept immaculately clean" by Kamick's twenty-year-old wife, Clara. She went "on relief" after his arrest in 1942 during the Polkadot roundup.

Armed robbery is the crime to which the kid hoodlums graduate. It requires nerve, daring; its thrill is that of grocery-store pilfering multiplied a thousandfold. To go into, say, a crowded tavern and, with drawn gun, to terrorize the customers, vault the bar, loot the till, slug the bartender, swagger out, roar away in a fast car, elude a seventy-five-miles-an-



hour police pursuit—that is something for a Racine District boy. Frank Kamick was twenty years old when he was arrested as a member of the Polkadot Gang. (A policeman says it was Frank who fired the gang's sawed-off shotgun accidentally during a holdup; the sawed-off shotgun is a murderous affair, wholly inaccurate at any range much over twenty feet and almost impossible to control, since its barrel is cut off just above the breech; stickup gangs use it exclusively to intimidate victims and they carry revolvers to do their shooting with.)

Kamick was charged with participating in three separate Polkadot Gang robberies. In two he was accompanied only by recent graduates of the old bunch from Aberdeen and Erie, but in the other his companions included two of the mob's big shots—Leo Piscopo and Leo's girl friend, Sharleen O'Neill. In all three cases Kamick's partners were imprisoned for terms ranging from one to ten years to one to life. Kamick was placed on probation for five years. (He was involved in a curious aftermath of the Polkadot Gang's depredations: Two young men, one without any prior criminal record, were convicted of a stickup and, though innocent, served seven months in the penitentiary before Kamick confessed that the Polkadot Gang was guilty.)

#### IV

THE other seven in the Gang were named Americo Girardi (dubbed "Mammy" by the Gang), Salvatore Termini, Alphonse Cozzi, Joseph Chirello, George De Pasquale, Nick Gianos (known as the Greek), and Joe Piscopo (Leo's kid brother). It is possible that Joe, who was seventeen years old, was indirectly responsible for the formation of the Polkadot Gang. In June, 1942, Joe was in trouble and needed some money. His big brother Leo, who didn't hang round with the punk kids at Aberdeen and Erie, wanted to help his young brother out. And Leo had something else on his mind: Sharleen O'Neill. But we will come to that presently.

The family histories of these seven are not identical by any means. If Frank

Kamick came from an unfortunate home, "Mammy" Girardi did not. Kamick's mother drank excessively and his father was dead; Girardi simply was a retarded child of a good family. He was not particularly bright in school and frequently a truant; he was a loud-mouthed braggart, with ambitions to be a tough guy. In 1942 he worked for the Yellow Taxicab Company for six months, making a good record and quitting about the time the Polkadot Gang was formed. He had had a number of minor brushes with the police but was not so deeply involved but that his application for probation could be endorsed by a doctor, an undertaker, and a priest. For his participation in Polkadot jobs he was given two concurrent sentences: one to twenty years and one year to life.

Girardi's pal in the Gang was Salvatore Termini, a boy of twenty-two. He had managed to keep pretty clear of the police but had been a persistent truant in school and had been declared "incurable" by a priest of the district. The Termini family had walked through the valley of tough luck during the depression years and had been on relief since 1931. One day Salvatore went for a ride with some of the boys from the old bunch, including Mammy Girardi, his pal. Those who tell of it say that Termini did not know where the crowd was going now that they had guns, nor that by this time they had joined the Polkadot Gang. On that ride they held up a gasoline station owned by Fred Gloor at 7200 West Higgins, getting seventy dollars in cash and merchandise. It was Termini's first job and for it he went to Joliet to serve a term of one year to life.

Like Termini, Alphonse Cozzi hadn't much of a criminal background, but he probably had a worse start in life than anybody else in the Gang. He was a dull boy with the lowest I.Q. in Grade School 57. He stayed at home a great deal, unlike the more adventurous boys, and simply sat in the five-room flat, without "any ambitions or intention to advance in any endeavor." His schooling was over when he was sixteen. On August 28, 1941, he was sentenced to six months in the House of Correction for auto tampering. He hadn't been out for many months before he

was caught in the Polkadot roundup and was on his way to the penitentiary.

Cozzi's partner in two of the Polkadot stickups was Joe Chirello. He had been kicked around almost since his birth, living in orphanages and foster homes after his mother was committed to a mental institution. In 1942 she was still there; his father's whereabouts was unknown, and his two big brothers were in the Army. Joe grew up tough but he had no criminal record except two pickups for disorderly conduct. On June 19, 1942, he was married to an attractive girl of sixteen and moved north, out of the Racine Avenue district, into a hotel in a fairly good apartment area. The girl's parents helped them with money and the honeymoon was serene; then the police got him for his participation in the Polkadot Gang. In the ten days before his wedding he had participated in two stickups and he was given concurrent sentences of from one year to life.

George De Pasquale had been a tough kid all his life, a charter member of the old bunch at Aberdeen and Erie. As an adolescent he enjoyed molesting homosexuals on Clark Street. He had been arrested and charged with theft when he was thirteen years old. None of the others in the family was ever in trouble. At one time the police picked up one of his brothers. His mother hurried to the station, the police recall, and said: "Let him go. It's George you want. He's the only one of my kids that's no good."

One of George's pals in that thirteen-year-old theft job was Nick Gianos. Nick was fourteen then. By 1942, when he was nineteen and George was eighteen, both were members of the Polkadot Gang. Nick's parents were thoroughly respectable, the hard-working proprietors of a South Side restaurant, but their boy had started getting into trouble early and kept right on. Nick stood well with the Polkadot leaders and participated in many of the stickups. He was along one night in June, 1942, when the Gang stuck up three taverns in succession, with the police trailing them from one job to another.

These seven were the rank and file of the Gang. The moving forces behind the Gang were Leo Piscopo and his girl friend

Sharleen O'Neill, Tony Moskal, and Gene Guzy, the leader.

## V

TONY MOSKAL was twenty-five years old, a little older, a little tougher, a little flashier, a little more experienced criminally than the boys who hung round the south end of the district at Aberdeen and Erie. He was never one of them. His father was a respectable tavern keeper in a business district at 831 Ashland Avenue, and Tony's stamping ground was in that neighborhood. Tony lived with his parents over the tavern in a new building, that was far from slummy. Although he had a good home he refused to stay in it, sleeping out in cars or in the homes of other youths. As a child he had everything. His parents were kind to him. Tony was tall and dark and slender and good-looking; he always had a new Ford and expensive pin-stripe suits and plenty of pretty girls. He had no need of money. Yet he was a thief, a burglar, and an armed bandit from the time he was seventeen years old. And before that he had a record in Juvenile Court and in Boys' Court.

He had been arrested January 17, 1934, and had admitted the theft and stripping of cars. He served ninety days and was scarcely at liberty before he was charged with auto larceny at Geneva, Illinois, and was sent to Joliet for from one to five years.

It may have been there that he met Eugene Guzy, who later was to lead him back to the penitentiary for murder. Moskal was received at Joliet October 5, 1935; six weeks later Guzy was sentenced to Joliet to serve one year to life on four robbery charges.

Moskal was discharged from prison at the expiration of his sentence on July 4, 1938. His prison record is not available but it should be noted that though he was a first-time offender he was forced to serve more than three years of his one-to-five-year sentence.

He had been out almost a year to the day when he was picked up for investigation and found to be working for his father in the tavern. A month later, August 8, 1939, he was arrested near there by police



who charged that he had broken a window in a parked car. He apparently was discharged but was picked up repeatedly after that. He was held for investigation in a shooting but was not identified; he was put on probation for auto tampering; he was investigated on a variety of complaints. Apparently these arrests became annoying and Tony left Chicago, for he was next heard of in Bowling Green, Kentucky, where on November 25, 1940, he was charged with grand larceny and the possession of burglary tools. It is said that he was engaged there in hijacking slot machines.

Tony apparently extricated himself from his Kentucky difficulties because by December, 1940, he was back in Chicago "without visible means of support." After that, arrests followed with monotonous regularity until the Polkadot Gang was formed.

The organization of the Gang did not occur until Eugene Guzy appeared on the scene and, as the police believe, came round to the Moskal tavern to look up Tony. Guzy was thirty-five years old and had never had anything to do with the bunch at Aberdeen and Erie. A laborer, larceny man, punch-press operator, and armed robber, Guzy had a record dating back to 1931, when he had served thirty days in the House of Correction. He was a burglar by 1933 and when he was arrested at that time it was noted that he hadn't worked for three years and that he walked with a limp. He was married but apparently it had been no great success, for his wife had signed a complaint against him the afternoon of October 20, 1934. They were separated in 1935, she said later, but she saw him an hour before he was killed in the tavern holdup in 1942.

The police had long been suspicious of Guzy and finally, in 1935, they made something stick on him: arrested with six other men, three of whom had previous records, and charged with six armed robberies, he was convicted on four counts November 11, 1935, and went to Joliet to serve a term of from one year to life. He was paroled March 29, 1940.

When he came out, the police think, he looked up Tony Moskal, whom he probably met while in prison. The Moskal

tavern was in the center of the district, where Guzy used to hang out. Both Tony and Guzy had records; both had served time. Guzy was thirty-five years old with nearly a decade of experience with the police behind him. Moskal was ten years younger but he had had a lot of experience also.

Meanwhile Moskal met Leo Piscopo in Guy's Crystal Tap on Ogden Avenue, one of the few modern, clean, respectable taverns in the district. This place is not a hoodlum hangout. When he met Moskal there, Leo Piscopo was living with his parents, his sister, and his younger brother, Joe, in a five-room flat in an old brick building the family owned on Erie Street. His father worked hard, Leo also was a working man, and he had not been in serious trouble. He had been in the hands of the police a number of times but his jams had not been serious.

But at the time Moskal met him at the Crystal Tap Leo had a heart interest: Sharleen O'Neill. Virtually nothing is known of her. She was hard-boiled, fat, twenty-two years old, and said she was from Texas. Her true name may have been Barbara Reynolds. When Leo met her she was working as a waitress in a white-tile hamburger place on Ogden Avenue a short distance from the Crystal Tap. She and Leo found an apartment for themselves up on the North Side. Sharleen had plenty of nerve and when Moskal appeared on the scene, she and Leo were doubtless open to a proposition.

Thereafter it was like tumbling down a row of blocks. Leo's brother Joe came to him in trouble. Joe is said to have hung out with the other boys at Aberdeen and Erie, but his difficulties had resulted in no more than a five-dollar fine for disorderly conduct and an eight-dollar fine for speeding. But in June, 1942, he was questioned in connection with two robberies of grocery stores. He was in a jam, he needed money to get out, and he didn't have it. His big brother Leo, who had nothing to do with the boys at Aberdeen and Erie, would help him.

Here was Joe needing money, here were Leo and Sharleen not exactly satisfied with life. At this juncture Leo meets Tony Moskal, who has an acquaintance



named Eugene Guzy who is looking for action. Joe's money trouble crystallized the Polkadot Gang.

Leo apparently was now galvanized into action. Kid brother Joe had friends and the Gang was recruited from the old bunch at Aberdeen and Erie. Some of them had drifted away; now they returned. Joe Chirello brought the girl he was about to marry to the Crystal Tap to meet the boys. Smart red-haired Frank Kamick, who had found time to get married and father a child in the midst of his many arrests for petty thefts, now came back to the fold. So did stupid Mammy Girardi, who bragged about his pitifully few arrests and wanted to be a big shot sought for murder; and his friend Salvatore Termini, who joined the Gang and got sent up for his first job. And Al Cozzi, with the lowest I.Q. in School 57; and Nick the Greek Gianos; and George De Pasquale, who had grown up tough—they all gathered now, with a big shot to lead them: Gene Guzy, who had done four years and four months for armed robbery.

They started out "to make some robberies," as Leo Piscopo later phrased it. They made a wave of them. Then, one day in late June or early July, some of them were driving out to the western suburbs to go horseback riding—a favorite sport with many Chicago hoodlums when the money starts rolling in from stickups—and they stopped for a beer at the tavern at 5143 West North Avenue. They looked the place over and decided it would be a good spot to rob. Sharleen cased it, as she cased many of their jobs, wearing a blond wig as a disguise over her red-brown hair. So they met in Guy's place on Ogden Street the night of July 5th and Nick the Greek Gianos, Leo Piscopo, Tony Moskal, Gene Guzy, and Sharleen O'Neill made the robbery. But Officer Storm interrupted it and he shot Guzy dead and was himself killed. The others fled.

A few blocks away these others grew curious about what had happened to Guzy and the copper. So they sent Sharleen back to look things over. She went into the tavern and bent over the two bodies; she really was interested only in her big-shot friend, Gene Guzy, but she

couldn't help seeing that both men were dead or dying, their bodies lay so close together. Having satisfied her curiosity, she walked through the crowd of curious spectators, escaping perhaps two minutes before the police arrived, and took a street car back to the Racine Avenue district, where she met the other three survivors, Leo Piscopo and Moskal and Gianos, at Guy's Crystal Tap on Ogden Avenue. (Sharleen was what the police call a stand-up guy; long after some of the men had confessed she refused to talk.) They rode round awhile and got something to eat and met De Pasquale, who had missed his appointment with murder by a half-hour.

That morning the five of them drove to New Buffalo, Michigan, and stayed overnight. The next afternoon Nick and Sharleen and Leo came back and she went to the apartment on the North Side to get some clothes so that they could return to Michigan. But officers were waiting in her apartment and arrested her. They found Leo and his brother cruising in a car nearby. These two had left Nick downtown; when they did not pick him up by 5:30 he told the coroner's jury, "I knew they were stuck, that they got caught. And then I went to the hotel, and then from there I went also to pick up my girl, and then we were going to get married. And we went to a show that night. . . . So we left the show and come back at the hotel, and Officer Gazzola pinched me."

The roundup of the other members of the Gang followed. It had taken not quite twenty years of life at Aberdeen and Erie, in the heart of Chicago's slum, to prepare the boys for their career as members of the Polkadot Gang. The corporate life, if it may be so described, of the gang had lasted barely four weeks. The total take of the gang had come to about \$10,000, which, among twelve people, meant \$833 apiece. In addition to the sentences for armed robbery and grand larceny already listed, Sharleen got twenty years and Leo Piscopo thirty-five years and Tony Moskal fourteen years and Nick Gianos fourteen years, all for murder. Joe Piscopo got from one to ten years for grand larceny in two stickups. Gene Guzy's entry on the blotter was closed out forever. His life and Officer Storm's canceled out.



# DEATH IN FRONT OF THE CHURCH

LOUIS ADAMIC



**D**URING the fateful months of the autumn of 1941 and the spring of 1942 two leading men in Lublyana, the capital of my native Slovenia, were assassinated. One was Dr. Marko Natlachen, a lawyer and Slovenia's last governor before the Axis occupation. The other was the Reverend Lambert Ehrlich, a Catholic priest and a professor of ethnology and comparative religion at the University of Lublyana.

In mid-morning of October 5, 1941, two nice-looking young men dressed as priests came to the Natlachen residence with a letter of introduction. Having entered into collaboration with the occupying Italian authority, the ex-governor knew that his life was in danger and he saw few people. His servant however had a deep respect for clerical garb and led the visitors unquestioningly to his master's room. But before Natlachen had a chance to take the "letter of introduction" out of the envelope the "priests" drew revolvers and killed him. The "letter" was his death sentence by the Executive Committee of the Slovenian People's Liberation Front. The assassins were Partisans. They got away despite all efforts to apprehend them.

At eight o'clock in the morning of May 26, 1942, after having celebrated Mass at seven according to his daily routine, the Reverend Dr. Ehrlich—accompanied by his altar boy, a thirty-four-year-old stu-

dent named Viktor Royits—stepped out of the little church of St. Cyril, which is part of the Academic Dormitory, an institution for poor university students under his personal control. The priest-professor and the altar boy, who was also his confidential secretary and bodyguard, started across the street when shots rang out from behind a corner and both dropped dead. Italian patrols immediately closed in on the assassins. One of them fought his way free; the other killed two Italians and wounded a third before he himself was killed. . . . In Ehrlich's mail that morning, delivered after the assassination, was his death sentence, also signed by the secretary of the Liberation Front.

I first learned of these assassinations early the following autumn from a man named Frants Snoy, a Slovenian minister without portfolio in the Yugoslav government-in-exile whom I had then known for about a year. He had left Yugoslavia with the rest of the fleeing government after the country's collapse and had arrived in New York *via* Palestine, Egypt, and South Africa early in September, '41. He was a member of the Royal Yugoslav Delegation, which included four other portfolioless ministers and the Governor of Croatia. The Delegation had agreed to go on a mission to the United States, while the rest of the exiled regime with the boy king, Peter II, went to London.

Mr. Snoy looked me up in New York the day he arrived. His English was scant, this was his first visit to America, and he hoped I would help him find his way around. I said I would of course. And thus began one of my most interesting, instructive, and subtly unpleasant relationships during '41-'43.

His baldness and weight made Snoy look older than his thirty-nine years. He had an energetic but disciplined and agreeable manner—at least on first impression. He spoke well in a controlled, vibrant voice.

He came from a solid middle-class family in a small Slovenian town. His schooling had been limited, but he was naturally able, hard-working, and very ambitious, bound to push his way ahead. Relatively well-off before the war, he regarded himself proudly as a kind of self-made man. His ministerial pay in exile was eight hundred dollars a month and he could draw an additional thousand a month for expenses. He had a fine apartment on Central Park South. His wife and three sons, to whom he was deeply devoted, he had had to leave behind in Lublyana.

He was a former official of a co-operative bank, an extremely devout Catholic, and one of the younger leaders of the SPP—Slovenian People's Party. Its opponents, the Liberals, Progressives, and others, called it the Clerical party because most of its top men were priests and its setup and policy were closely integrated with the ecclesiastical authority in Slovenia.

I myself believe separation of church and state to be an absolute prerequisite of modern civilization. I object to the clergy of any faith in any country holding positions of political leadership; I think it is bad for both religion and politics.

I think Minister Snoy had a rough idea of my views about such matters before he came to see me, but it did not seem to bother him. On my side I noticed that he lacked some of the refinements of thought, feeling, speech, and manners that I had found delightful in so many of the Slovenians I had met in Yugoslavia, several of whom were Clericals. His personality however was anything but unpleasant. He talked interestingly of his long voyage and of the disastrous events in Yugoslavia early in '41. And for about

a year the fact that he was a Clerical politician was not very important to me.

He assured me repeatedly that he had not come to America as an SPP leader but as a Slovenian patriot, and that as a minister of the Yugoslav State he was trying to represent the interests and points of view of all the Slovenians in Europe. This sounded all right, and at first it did not occur to me to question it. The assurances seemed to come too often; but then I thought that perhaps he was just a little nervous, a stranger in a strange land, and eager that I should believe him.

His principal task in the United States—both personally and as a member of the Royal Yugoslav Delegation, which opened the Royal Yugoslav Information Center on Fifth Avenue—would be, he averred, to inform "our Slovenian emigrants here," as well as the American people generally and their important government officials, of the Yugoslavs' and especially the Slovenians' plight in their tragic homeland. And here was where he needed my help—smiling, I thought, a bit uneasily the first time he brought this up.

He had introductions, he said, to pastors of Slovenian-immigrant parishes in different parts of the United States, most of whom were more or less Clerical so far as politics in the old country were concerned. And he asked me if I would put him in touch with other Slovenian Americans who were either non- or anti-Clerical. He kept telling me that in occupied Slovenia the most pronounced tendency was away from the old bitter split between Clericals and Liberals. Did I not think that Slovenian Americans too would unite to do what they could toward a better future for Slovenia and Yugoslavia? Conscious of the various schisms in the "Slovenian colonies," I said I didn't know. He recalled what Slovenian and other South-Slavic immigrants in America had done in 1914-18 toward the creation of Yugoslavia, and he hoped they would help again in its re-creation after this war.

There was nothing in Mr. Snoy's request that anyone could possibly have regarded as counter to the Slovenian Americans' loyalty and duty to the United States. On the contrary, everything he said was in line with the American policy developing



late in '41 and also with the traditional and natural concern most immigrant groups feel for their "old countries" in times of extreme crisis. So I put him in touch with the non- and anti-Clerical elements in the Slovenian-immigrant group, and they called meetings and listened to him. Also I introduced him to officials in Washington and New York who occasionally approached me in matters pertaining to Yugoslavia, and a few of them told me they found some of his information very valuable. He was continually in touch with people in occupied Slovenia.

Mr. Snoy also wanted me to begin writing articles which, along with the current Mikhaïlovich publicity, would keep Slovenia and Yugoslavia as a whole in the American eye. But I disappointed him. For a long time I could not write anything about my "old country," although I really wanted to, mainly because he—an official, a specially interested person—was asking me to. It is hard for me to turn out material upon request even if I believe in the cause.

In addition to natural reluctance, I had begun to sense a quality in the man which somehow rubbed me the wrong way. I felt vaguely that he was not quite willing to put all his cards on the table. But I learned many things from him; he was always interesting. Here was a Slovenian politician—a Yugoslav, a Balkan, a European politician; a manipulator of wrongs with many good intentions; an energetic referee in futility—whom I was able to study at close hand.

I think that after puzzling over my failure to oblige him as a writer the minister finally concluded that I had become too American to serve his purpose with a single mind; he tried not to appear to push me.

Before we got to this point however Mr. Snoy hoped for a while that my anti-Clericalism was not very firm—that he might even convert me. Certainly I was not rabidly anti-Clerical, I had never taken part in Slovenian or Yugoslav politics, and I was not what he would call a Liberal in the Slovenian sense. Actually I was on general principles against all prewar European politicians; but he did not know this. So he talked to me of his—"our"—party's fine record in Slovenian life (many details

of which doubtless were true from any point of view), and I could not help perceiving that in spite of his professions to the contrary, he was first of all a *klerikalets*, in fact a hundred-per-cent party man, to whom Clericalism was practically identical with Slovenia.

Speaking of his superiors in party leadership, Minister Snoy maintained a balance between enthusiasm and reverence. He told me how the late Yanez Krek, a priest, had furthered the "Yugoslav idea" while Slovenia was still under Austria. I knew about Krek, and that he was a great and a very good man. Snoy told me of the late Anton Koroshets, a priest who had played a big role in bringing Yugoslavia into existence in 1918, who had been premier, vice-premier, and minister of the interior in Belgrade, and who had for twenty years been widely publicized as a great statesman in the Catholic press the world over. And of the late Anton Kulovets, another priest, Koroshets' successor as party head, who had been the Slovenian vice-premier in the Yugoslav government when the Stukas struck at Belgrade and had been killed by one of the first bombs. And of Mikha Krek (no relation to Yanez), a layman, who had succeeded Kulovets in the vice-premiership and was now in London. And of Marko Natlachen, who between '36 and '41 had made a fine record as governor of Slovenia. And of the Reverend Dr. Ehrlich. . . .

For six years these men had continually dominated the Slovenian political scene, which spread into the larger one of Yugoslavia. Minister Snoy did not mention that the SPP had come into power in the mid-'30's because it was willing to play along with Prince-Regent Paul and his first openly pro-Axis premier, Milan Stoyadinovich; and listening to his early lectures about his party, I did not trouble to bring it up. I was interested in him as a person, as a type, and the undercurrent of his discourses came through more freely without interruption.

I gathered that some of the politicians whom he so sympathetically sketched for me had greatly helped his advance in the party and in the Slovenian business world. But Snoy was especially warm about the Reverend Dr. Ehrlich, a man in his early



sixties. Besides being a professor at the university, Dr. Ehrlich was the party's adviser in "non-political" matters. I assumed the non-political matters were the broader spiritual and ideological matters which political parties have to keep up with. Dr. Ehrlich was also one of the moving spirits of the Slovenian section of the well-known international movement, Catholic Action. Also founder and leader of *Strazha* (the Guard), an organization of university students who were profoundly devoted to him; most of them attended his Mass at St. Cyril's every morning before going to school. . . . There was almost no end to the Reverend Doctor's achievements which his adherent laid out for me.

In Minister Snoy's mind the most regrettable thing about Dr. Ehrlich was that he had not been able to go into exile. He had been at the airdrome when the government and lesser politicians were scrambling aboard planes which were to take them to Palestine and Egypt, but space was limited and some got left behind—Ehrlich among them.

One day in January, '42, the Minister suddenly remarked how fine it would be if "there were a few more Slovenians in the United States and England who could present our Slovenian and Yugoslav cause in effective propaganda and who would also be helpful when peace came" or words to that effect. I thought this might be prompted in part by my own non-cooperativeness; and sensing he had somebody definite in mind, I asked, "Who, for instance?"

"Dr. Ehrlich for one," said Snoy, then mentioned a few others—all priests.

"Well," I said, "is there any way of getting them out?"

He replied there was, but would not be specific about the method of bringing men out of Italian-held Slovenia and into England or America. Since they were all priests, I assumed that they would have the assistance of an international ecclesiastical organization through which I knew Minister Snoy was communicating with people in Slovenia—no doubt with those very men. I imagined too that they would come by way of Italy and neutral Swedish, Argentine, or Turkish vessels.

Then Snoy suggested that I try to find

out in Washington if men like the Reverend Lambert Ehrlich would be admissible under the regulations governing the entry of political refugees and exiles. The request intrigued me but I did nothing about it. The whole thing was too mysterious. Also I began to be uneasy. Not that I suspected anything which might be called disloyalty to the Allied cause; Mr. Snoy was definitely and vehemently pro-Ally. But I felt that he and I were poles apart on other issues.

However I became very much interested in the Reverend Lambert Ehrlich, scholar, leader of youth, non-politician who held the devotion of a politician. I asked other Slovenian exiles in New York about him. The Clericals all praised him to the skies; the Liberals and Progressives, on the other hand, had nothing good to say about him except that he was a very able organizer—a fact they deeply regretted.

Subsequently, a Slovenian-language newspaper in Cleveland, *Enakopravnost* (Equality), published extensive analyses of the Clerical party, based upon information received from Slovenia, which still later were corroborated by other sources. There were references to Ehrlich as a "Clero-Fascist"—a title applicable as well to most of the rest of the SPP leadership.

## II

At that time—early February, '42—one in the United States with whom I was in touch had any idea of the sharp Right-Left rift in Yugoslavia which had begun six or seven months before; but some of us who knew something about the country occasionally wondered about the political and ideological crosscurrents within the Yugoslav resistance movement. I began to wonder also about Minister Snoy's too frequent assurances to me that internal politics had taken a holiday in Slovenia. Then I became quite sure that either he was mistaken or he was not telling the whole story.

The anti-Clerical analyses of the SPP showed a shrewdly organized Tammany Hall. It had many virtues and direct attractions for people floundering in a tangle of personal and communal problems, especially for those who were religiously



inclined. At its core however the Clerical party was just another political-power outfit and, under its pious verbiage, as cynical as any. This anti-Clerical picture was of course biased, but it was a frank bias issuing from a sense of outrage; and it fitted in with much and clashed with nothing I knew about Slovenian and Yugoslav politics.

In the 1910's, while led by the Reverend Yanez Krek—a great and good man by any standards—the SPP was a sound factor in the life of the Slovenian people. In addition to advancing the “Yugoslav idea” it helped to establish excellent co-operatives in many parts of the country.

Monsignor Anton Koroshets, Krek's successor as party leader, was decidedly a much lesser man but, following his predecessor's spadework, he took a fairly decent part in the not too inspiring scramble for power which attended the birth of Yugoslavia. From then on however the SPP was consistently opportunistic and reactionary. Whenever the pan-Serbian crowd in Belgrade was about to pull an underhand, frustrating trick on the Croatian Peasant or Serbian Democratic or Independent Agrarian parties, Father Koroshets was eager to join in the anti-democratic business. And he did join on at least half a dozen crucial occasions.

To entrench his party in Slovenia and swell its influence in Yugoslav politics, he was perennially ready to engage in political shenanigans which smelled from any sort of honest spiritual or intellectual position. Of course he could always rationalize about his SPP opportunism as high-minded expediency or as the patriotic long view still too obscure in its operational outline to be visible to scoffers.

In the late '20's, as minister of the interior, Koroshets was officially responsible for the activities of the secret political police, and the terror practiced at its Belgrade headquarters during his tenure was worse than under any of his predecessors. It was while he held office that bodies of horribly tortured men were packed into crates and dumped into the Danube.

Koroshets helped King Alexander in many ways to kill what little democracy there was in Yugoslavia up to 1929 and thus “qualified” for the post of prime min-

ister under the newly established royal dictatorship. By and by however Alexander not only fired Koroshets and flung the SPP aside but even interned the ex-premier on an island in the Adriatic.

When in mid-October, 1934, the assassinated Alexander was brought home on a warship from Marseilles and placed on a catafalque on the quay in Split, Koroshets emerged from his island internment to “pray over my King,” which he did with a clear manifestation of his sense of drama. It was the correct and priestly thing to do; it was also astute politically.

Alexander's cousin, Prince Paul—born in Russia, brought up in Italy, educated in England; a character out of Dostoevski and E. Phillips Oppenheim—became head of the Regency ruling in the name of the young King Peter. A weak, conniving man, contemptuous of peasant Yugoslavia, a man whose strongest feelings issued from fear of Bolshevism, Paul was fiercely anti-Red. So was Koroshets; so were all the other top Slovenian Clericals.

The priest-politico promptly got back into the government . . . and the SPP held important ministerial positions in Belgrade from the middle '30's till the Axis struck in '41. During those years they attained complete control of Slovenia. They were in office all through the openly pro-Axis Stoyadinovich period as well as through the appeasement regime of Premier Tsvetkovich and Foreign Minister Tsintsar-Markovich. Then they got into the “revolutionary” government of General Simovich, although on March 22nd, while still in the Tsvetkovich cabinet, Krek had voted with the majority of the appeasers for signing the Axis pact.

From '35 until they decided to ditch him in '41, the Slovenian Clerical ministers were closer to the Prince-Regent than anyone else outside his family except Premier Stoyadinovich. Paul was not a Catholic, in fact he sneered wearily at all religion, but he respected good organization and knew a dependable political outfit when he saw one. Like Paul, they—under the “non-political” tutelage of the Reverend Dr. Ehrlich—were one hundred per cent anti-Communist. All through the six years of the Regency he kept strengthening the Clericals politically.



The undemocratic setup in Yugoslavia started by Alexander gave Paul no trouble in finding ways and means to help his Clerical friends. He had the final word over the state budget and could push vast sums into channels which they controlled. For example, in '36, owing to the long depression, all Slovenian co-operatives were in a bad way. But Anton Koroshets and Mikha Krek—working from Belgrade through their party sidekicks in Lublyana, notably Governor Natlachen, whom they had put into office—saw to it that nearly all the money allotted to Slovenia for the relief of co-operatives was given to SPP-dominated organizations, in most cases run by parish priests. Co-operatives under Liberal, Progressive, or Social-Democratic control got next to nothing; most of them fell by the wayside or just barely kept going while the SPP outfits boomed. The Clericals thus acquired a politico-economic stranglehold on the country and in the '38 elections—forced on Paul and Stoyadinovich by the rising tide of democratic sentiment in the rest of Yugoslavia—they had no difficulty in manipulating the votes of a large number of bewildered, depression-weary peasants.

Tammany-like, the SPP during '35-'41 used old and tested methods of controlling the jobs and politics of some ten thousand state employees. Wherever it could be done non-Clericals were displaced by Clericals. When a Liberal or Leftist with local political standing could not simply be kicked out on his ear, Natlachen and his local colleagues got Belgrade to transfer him to Bosnia, Macedonia, Montenegro, or Herzegovina where, since no one knew about his Slovenian standing, he was politically innocuous.

A sharp-faced man in his fifties, Marko Natlachen was an able executive; however, his real job as governor of Slovenia was to carry out the political will of his priest superiors, the Reverend Anton Koroshets and Anton Kulovets, and of Mikha Krek, who sat in authority in Belgrade; and to follow the "non-political" line drawn by the spiritual mentor, the Reverend Professor Ehrlich. Natlachen was the most conspicuous figure in Lublyana and by '39 people began to refer to him as "the uncrowned king of Slovenia." He could "do

anything," and did. In one sudden swoop he shifted four hundred teachers who were not entirely pro-SPP. He moved professors and judges all around the country. No one could do anything about it. He was backed by Belgrade.

Frants Snoy was one of Natlachen's assistants in practical, hard-boiled economic and political matters. But the "non-political" Father Ehrlich was the head of the local Clerical brain trust, which included several other priests, all subordinate to the Bishop of Lublyana. And, more important still, Ehrlich was in spiritual command of the Guard, the Academic Dormitory, Catholic Action, and its rural subsidiary movement *Slovenski Fantyé* (Slovenian Young Men), which had been started to rival the old anti-Clerical gymnastic organization *Sokoli* (Falcons).

The Academic Dormitory was a charity institution for extremely poor religious students. It was also the main recruiting station for, and the barracks of, the Guard, which Ehrlich and Natlachen began to make use of late in the '30's when they set out to transform the University of Lublyana from a fairly liberal institution into a Clerical stronghold. Ehrlich's fanatic young "spiritual storm troopers" spied upon and denounced Leftist students and professors. Everywhere there was endless intimidation. In the parishes and villages *Slovenski Fantyé* began to denounce the *Sokoli* as Communists. In fact the label "Communist" began to be stuck on to pretty nearly everyone who wasn't wholeheartedly with the SPP.

In its career as Slovenia's foremost educational center the University of Lublyana has given only three honorary degrees; the third of these was bestowed with extreme reluctance upon the Reverend Anton Koroshets under pressure from Governor Natlachen, who controlled the budget, and Dr. Ehrlich. On the day of the presentation ceremony the police, under Natlachen's control, imprisoned hundreds of non-Clerical students to prevent an anti-Koroshets demonstration which might have outdone the pro-Koroshets demonstration led by Dr. Ehrlich's Guard. Among the imprisoned students were sons of professors who were expected to march in the academic parade honoring the honorary doctor.



There were many more like incidents. But the worst was the Concordat episode in '38. With the approval of Prince-Regent Paul, the government of Premier Stoyadinovich and Vice-Premier Koroshets proposed that Yugoslavia strengthen diplomatic relations with the Vatican. This at once aroused the whole Orthodox Church, widening the religious cleavage in the country.

Paul, Koroshets, and Stoyadinovich must have known that would happen. Then why did they propose it?

The Concordat was, to begin with, an idea which the Axis gave its chief agent in the unhappy country, Premier Stoyadinovich, to play with. The Nazis and Fascists were not interested in diplomatic relations between the Vatican and Yugoslavia. Their purpose was to soften up the country in every possible way; and they adroitly seized on religious cleavage.

It is not surprising that Stoyadinovich and Paul were ready to serve the Axis in this matter. Both of them saw eye to eye with Germany and Italy on other points as well.

It cannot be said however that Koroshets and other top-flight Clericals were out-and-out pro-Axis. They were as anti-Communist as was Hitler, but they were also anti-Italian, for Italy held a half million Slovenians together with the city and port of Trieste, which they felt belonged to Slovenia. Then—what? . . . why? Perhaps the explanation is to be sought in an event which closely followed the Concordat proposal and which ripped the country all along its seams. It had to do with the so-called Religious Fund. Its history goes back to Emperor Joseph II, who created it with income accruing from forest lands laid aside to support priests and teachers of religion. After the collapse of Austria the income from those lands was taken over by the Yugoslav state, which then paid the priests. Now in '39 however Belgrade transferred the administration of the Religious Fund to the hierarchy of the Catholic Church in Lublyana. This involved the control of a vast domain of forest areas in the Triglav-Bohin region of northern Slovenia. One can only assume that there was a "deal"; that Vice-Premier Koroshets co-operated

with the pro-Axis Prince-Regent and the pro-Axis Premier in return for the court decision benefiting his Church and desired by his bishop.

### III

I KNEW most of these things when I learned in June, '42, that Marko Natlachen had headed a delegation of pre-war politicians who, soon after the Italians occupied Lower Slovenia, had gone to pay their respects and express their "loyalty" to the King of Italy, the Duce, and the Pope. On his return from Italy Natlachen was elected president of the SPP. This did not surprise me but I thought it outrageous, and I asked Frants Snoy about it.

He admitted that the delegation's trip to Italy was "probably" a mistake. It "certainly" was a mistake—a political one, he meant—to have used the word "loyalty" in their address to the Italian rulers. But Snoy was quick to extenuate his political colleagues. "Don't imagine," he said sharply, "that they went to Italy gladly. They went there to placate the Italians so their occupation forces would remain less brutal than the Germans in Upper Slovenia. They had the best of intentions. . . ."

I told him the extenuation did not impress me at all; the episode was shameful for Slovenia. This conversation caused a strain in our relations, but we continued to meet.

When I began to learn about Partisan resistance (which was still being credited to Mikhailovich's Chetniks) and indicated to Snoy that it was good news, he retorted that the Partisans were Communists who were provoking the Italians to horrible retaliations against the villagers. We had some difficult moments. But I controlled myself—the man was interesting, and anyhow I wanted to keep an eye on him. I knew he was sending information to American officials to whom I had introduced him—information obviously based upon the belief that anti-Italian resistance in Slovenia was not so much resistance as Communist criminality. He followed the same procedure in preparing the releases sent out by the Royal Yugoslav Information Center.



Although the Natlachen assassination occurred in October, '41, and Snoy probably heard of it within three months, he did not make his knowledge public till much later. He did not tell me about it till we began to quarrel about the Partisans. Then he flung it at me as if to say, "This is what the people you regard so highly are doing—killing our leading men!"

Snoy and I argued about it. I was instinctively shocked and grieved that this kind of death by violence was beginning to happen in my native Slovenia. At the same time I knew that it was inevitable. It was partly an outgrowth of years of Clerical politics which had culminated in Natlachen's trip to Rome and his subsequent election to the presidency of the SPP. Snoy was furious at my inability to see that the killing of Natlachen was not a political assassination but a downright crime committed by godless, bloodthirsty Communist murderers who called themselves Partisans.

I said, "Mr. Snoy, you talk about the killers of Natlachen the way Hitler talks of Russian soldiers who are killing Nazis. To Hitler the Russian is a criminal. To Russians he is a soldier, sometimes a hero. I feel that way about the Russian soldier who is killing Nazis whether or not he is a Communist. I feel that way also about the young men who disguised themselves as priests in order to get close enough to Natlachen to kill him. To me they are soldiers; Partisans. Neither you nor I know if they are Communists. But they are Partisans, not criminals."

For an instant Snoy's large face went purple with rage. I wondered: was he too thinking that if we were in Slovenia instead of New York we might be gunning for each other? He changed the subject. But soon after, a pro-Clerical Slovenian-language paper, *Amerishka Domovina* (American Homeland), published in Cleveland, which used Snoy's material, began to attack the "Communist criminals" in Slovenia and take side-swipes at pro-Partisan Americans of Slovenian origin.

Snoy learned of the Ehrlich killing some weeks before a batch of material about it reached me through another source. Still hopeful (or so I think) that I might not

stray too far into pro-Partisanism, he telephoned me: could he come to see me? When he came he said in a tightly held-in voice:

"They killed Dr. Ehrlich."

"Who?" I asked.

"The Communists of course."

"You mean the Partisans."

"I mean the Communists. They sentenced him to death." Then he told me the details of the shooting. "And right in front of the church!"

"To you, Mr. Snoy," I said, "that may be the most important fact. To me it is not inconceivable that a clergyman, even a strictly 'non-political' one like Dr. Ehrlich, might do something in a revolutionary situation that would logically, from the revolutionary angle, provoke someone to shoot him—even in front of a church. Such things have happened in other revolutions. And what is going on in Slovenia, in addition to resistance against the Axis, is revolution."

"They murdered him," he said; "because he was a determined anti-Communist in every fiber of his being."

I said, "From what you have told me I think it is safe to assume that if he was 'a determined anti-Communist in every fiber of his being,' and if he was part of the element that journeyed to Rome and presumed to express Slovenian 'loyalty' to Victor Emmanuel and Benito Mussolini, he was also at least partly pro-Axis. As such he was an enemy from where I stand—this man whom last winter you wanted me to help you bring to the United States or England."

After this I saw Snoy less and less often. Now I had a full picture of him! He unquestionably favored an Allied—that is, Anglo-American—victory. He read with excitement about the Russians' stand at Stalingrad, but his feelings were mixed. He was with the Russians in so far as he was able to think of them as Russians, but not when he thought of them as Communists who might get to the Balkans ahead of the British and American armies. In this he personified a sizable chunk of the dreadful confusion in the contemporary world. When he heard Americans exclaim over the heroism of the South-Slavic guerrilla fighters, who he knew were



nearly all Partisans, he seemed to glow with pride. Yet, as I watched him, I wondered whether, if he were in Slovenia, where he would have to commit himself in action, he would not side with the dominant SPP cause even though he disapproved of its excesses.

I was dead against him politically, as were all anti-Clerical Slovenian Americans who knew him at all well. But I could not help feeling sorry for him—especially after I learned from a report in November, '42, that his fifteen-year-old son was a Partisan or pro-Partisan whom the Italians had put into a concentration camp. Probably the boy's life was saved only because he was his father's son.

Snoy aged greatly during '42 and the first half of '43, when I ceased meeting with him. People who saw him often told me he spent much of his time in church and prayed a great deal in his room.

#### IV

THE batch of reports from Slovenia covered the Natlachen and Ehrlich assassinations from both the anti-Partisan and Partisan sides. The notes on Natlachen were scant, for by the time people in occupied Yugoslavia began to send out the material which eventually reached me the shooting of the ex-governor was ancient history; but the priest had just been killed.

In a tearsheet from the Lublyana daily *Slovenets*, formerly the most important SPP organ, now still Clerical in tone but under Italian control, were long articles glorifying the Reverend Dr. Ehrlich as "a martyr in the cause of all that is commendable and worthy in Slovenian life." The assassins were referred to as "Red criminal terrorists . . . Communist perverts . . . anti-Slovenian . . . godless agents of the Comintern." One article said: "For ten years he was the most fearless fighter on the ramparts defending the principles of Jesus Christ against the vicious onslaughts of the unspeakable Communists. Now they have gone all the way and—killed him, a priest, in front of his church."

*Slovenets* had nothing to say of the Italian reaction to Ehrlich's violent death. That part of the story was in the Liberation

Front documents and the more or less objective reports. The Fascist commander in Lublyana was apparently enraged by the incident. As in the Natlachen case eight months before, Fascists executed scores of hostages and sent into concentration camps hundreds of Lublyanchani. "Italian terror reached a climax the day before the funeral," which was attended by "many Italians in uniform, thousands of Ehrlich's followers mingling with still more thousands of secret anti-Ehrlichites and pro-Partisans who did not want to miss the occasion. No doubt many were there to celebrate."

There were two photographs—one of Ehrlich lying in a puddle of blood in the street, the other of Ehrlich laid out in the Academic Dormitory.

There were several analyses of the background of the episode, all going back at least to '36. They confirmed that under Ehrlich's guidance the SPP record had been violently anti-Communist and that Ehrlich had consistently attacked as Communists people who were merely anti-Clerical—opposed to priest-politicians.

The intra-Slovenian struggle for the control of the university and the student movements in Lublyana had of course continued under the Italian occupation. By March, '42, it had resolved itself into two sharply opposed camps—the LF and Ehrlich's Guard, which in the rural regions was integrated with *Slovenski Fantyē*. The Partisan label for both was "the White Guard."

In view of what had gone before, the current situation was to be expected. The great majority of young people, and many older ones, simply could not tolerate collaboration with the Italians. It was collaboration regardless of the apologetics the Ehrlich group had built up around it. In turn, the Ehrlichites would not, perhaps could not, retreat. Ehrlich himself was a fanatic; he saw Red in everything that did not carry his okay; and he had, for all practical purposes, okayed the Italians. At the same time of course he insisted that he was a patriot thinking only of Slovenia—exactly what Snoy and all the old-line Clericals thought of themselves and one another.

The Fascist party in Italy had main-



tained for twenty-odd years two student auxiliary organizations—*Gioventia Italiana Littorio* for secondary schools, *Gruppo Universitario Fascista*, for colleges and universities. And after Mussolini and King Victor Emmanuel had officially “annexed” lower Slovenia to their Italian “empire,” Fascismo decided that all Slovenian students, now promoted to be Italians, must join GIL or GUF. Most of the boys and girls in Lublyana, including Clerical students who were not Ehrlichites, including in fact Frants Snoy’s young son, had a different idea. And even of the Ehrlich crowd only the well-disciplined Guard was ready to go along with this Fascist scheme; for, through the Reverend Dr. Ehrlich, the Italian organizers had played on their Catholicism and anti-Communism.

Early in May, '42, a kind of showdown began. The Guard acted as informers to the Italians, who then seized pro-Liberation Front boys and dragged them off to concentration camps in Italy. On May 20th, for instance, less than a week before the Ehrlich assassination, the Fascists raided the Yeglich Dormitory and picked up all the students, most of whom belonged to a progressive, anti-Guard wing of the Catholic youth movement. The next day the same thing happened in an institution called the Academic College, where the preponderance of youngsters was Leftist. Except for a total of nine boys, both these groups—numbering hundreds—were herded into box cars and hauled off to Italy.

Indignation in Lublyana was reaching the desperation point. Around town appeared tiny leaflets with a few lines of verse written by Slovenia’s foremost poet, Oton Zupanchich, twenty-odd years before:

*“O ye strings without tone! O ye poor cracked vessels unfit to hold anything but dead rubbish! . . . O ye dribblets of soured wine! The nation shall spew you out.”*

Then Ehrlich and his bodyguard-secretary-altar boy were dropped by Partisan bullets.

The next day from its secret headquarters the Slovenian People’s LF issued a statement:

“On May 26th, following a death sen-

tence passed by the Executive Committee of the LF in Slovenia, there was executed in the city of Lublyana the leading traitor to the Slovenian nation, the initiator [with Natlachen, *et al.*] of the political and police collaboration with the occupation of all reactionary elements, the organizer of terroristic and denunciatory bands serving the enemies of our people—Dr. Lambert Ehrlich.

“Ehrlich was part of a clique within the unsound section of our prewar national life whose constant purpose was only to strengthen its strategic hold on the people’s life. This clique never considered the wider interests of our country. Utterly cynical, its sole ambition was power over our culture, politics, and religion. . . . Accordingly, the clique always looked with hostile eyes upon all democratic movements and consistently sought and found alliances with reaction elsewhere in Yugoslavia and with Clero-Fascists in pre-*Anschluss* Austria. . . . Up to the very moment preceding the anti-appeasement revolution in Yugoslavia, the Clerical clique, of which Ehrlich was prime mover, co-operated with German Nazism and Italian Fascism in Belgrade, and therefore shares responsibility for the overwhelming catastrophe that befell Yugoslavia. . . .

“This cynical clique continued its work under the occupation. To prevent the Slovenian masses from seeking a better future than has been our lot hitherto, the clique openly entered the service of the occupationists and has been trampling on our nation’s most sacred values and interests. . . . This band, under Dr. Ehrlich’s spiritual leadership, has stopped at nothing to frustrate all that is fine and glorious in the present travail of our people which we aspire to translate into better times.”

After listing in detail Dr. Ehrlich’s “specific crimes against our nation”—such as putting the Guard at the disposal of the Italian occupying forces and giving the Italians the names of people to be arrested and executed—the statement concluded:

“Lambert Ehrlich has now been meted out a punishment suitable to his crimes in a way that should warn others engaged in similar activity. Executed with him was Viktor Royits, a member of the Guard



and his co-worker in all the above-listed crimes. . . .

"Issued by the Information Service of the Liberation Front on this 27th day of May, 1942.

*"Death to Fascism! Liberty to the People!"*

## V

DURING '42 the Liberation Front's Partisans in Slovenia "executed" thirteen priests besides the Reverend Lambert Ehrlich.

On the other hand, I have the names of Slovenian Catholic priests, one personally known to me, who favor the LF. A few are in the mountains with the Partisans, apparently as chaplains, ministering to thousands of young Catholics who used to be a minority faction of the SPP and who are closer to Moscow than to the Vatican on social and economic questions.

My guess is that this faction is led by a group of Catholic intellectuals which began to form among university students in the late '30's. Its ideology and program are based on the writings of Jacques Maritain, a Frenchman who in 1940 came as a refugee to the United States and now teaches at Columbia University, and who some few years before emerged as Europe's—perhaps the world's—leading lay Catholic philosopher with a liberal, almost radical, slant.

M. Maritain expressed that slant very eloquently in a lecture he delivered in February, '43, at Freedom House in New York City in which he showed a profound understanding of the European problem. The European peoples, he said, "consider the particular features given to private ownership and free enterprise by capitalism to be already things of the past. . . . Europe aspires to a new civilization . . . in which each human person may enjoy social as well as political freedom and the working classes may reach their historic coming of age. Spiritually, the European peoples feel more or less obscurely that a

new constructive impulse is possible only if Christianity frees itself from any encroachments by the human interests of ruling classes now morally bankrupt. . . ."

One report I received in October, '42, told of a solemn Mass in a forest attended by "several thousand Partisans." And I recalled a conversation I had had in '32, when I was in Yugoslavia, with a young Slovenian Communist. He was anti-Clerical of course; he hated the politics and the person of Koroshets. But to my surprise he was not especially anti-Catholic in a religious sense. He was not impressed by the Marxian description of religion as "the opium of the people." He seemed to think that religion would take care of itself, or would be modified by the impending collapse of Western civilization in Europe and the ensuing revolutionary developments.

I recalled too that in '32-'33 I had met other Yugoslav Communists and non-Communist Leftists who had the same attitude to the issue of religion. They were disinclined to complicate their philosophy with it. And so, early in '43, I was not at all surprised when I got hold of a copy of a manifesto signed by a Slovenian Catholic priest, the Reverend Metod Mikush, "Chaplain of the General Staff of the Partisan Army in Slovenia," calling upon Moscow and the Vatican to bury the hatchet.

All this suggests that the internal situation in countries like Yugoslavia, as in most of Europe, is complex to the last degree; that the labels attached to party groups by themselves or by their local enemies cannot always be taken at their face value; and that the leadership and policy of a "Clerical" party may represent something which would not be acceptable to freedom-loving churchmen. Also, in general, that Americans must be strenuously on their guard against oversimplifying, and thus misunderstanding, local issues with which they may in the future come in closest contact in Europe.

# TWO POEMS

NATHANIEL BURT



## *The Truth*

THE day of faith trembles along the horizon of nations,  
The new time of great faith has come.  
Now a sun will shatter out the darkness,  
And dry night up from between the rocks.  
But forget not the truth of night  
Nor the sad words of stars.

## *Time to Die*

IF THERE were really doubt smoldering and gnawing inside of me;  
If I were really not sure,  
Then my words would be as hollow and innocent  
As "the wise" people think they are—  
Those wise people with their sense of doom,  
And the past, and the end of all pleasant things.  
They have the disillusion of men  
Bowed down by their twentieth birthday.  
Because their little machines are not enough,  
Because they haven't started to build with them;  
They sit in the muddle and weep  
And make tragic gestures  
And describe the past.  
Their past never existed.  
Why must they be cowards merely because they never understood?  
There is pity for them because of the terrible things they never suffered.  
But now . . .  
Now we must take the glorious and tremendous burden upon us;  
We must start building.  
When that is done perhaps we shall have time to die—  
But not now.



# SMALL TOWN, BRAZILIAN

ANTHONY STANDEN



RIDING in the train up country from São Paulo, the only thing that struck me as really curious was to see cattle grazing under palm trees. Orange groves I knew were there, for I had come to work in a large orchard some three hundred miles out of the city; coffee was interesting to see but not a surprise, for it was just what one expected; and the occasional patches of virgin forest, with the trees all covered with orchids, fell right into the pattern of what one imagines of the tropics. But the steers under the palm trees were in a way most upsetting, being such a strange combination of the familiar with the tropical, and this seeming incongruity was my first impression of the interior of Brazil.

In a curious way it is also my last and abiding impression, although not for the same reason. Looking back after several years, the impression means something to me: it not only looks like Brazil, it *is* Brazil. For that is exactly what one finds in Brazil—a lot of palm trees, and even more unfamiliar things, banana and mandioca plants, tropical butterflies, armadillos, and so on—but the same familiar things going on underneath them. The climate may be tropical, but what happens there is perfectly comprehensible in terms of our northern experience. Brazil is a regular country just like any other; it is emphatically *not* a place which one visits as The-White-Man-In-The-Tropics, com-

plete with pith helmet, evening dress for dinner, and a whip to whip the natives. Brazil is a regular country just like this one—very like this in many ways—and the people one meets there are not Natives, they are just Brazilians.

The first Brazilians I really met—and I do not include people I was merely introduced to—were my first gang of laborers in the orchard. Their names were John, George, Joseph, Jesus, and Christ—João, Jorge, José, Jesu, and Cristo. João was the whitest and Cristo was by far the blackest. He was also the stupidest, just as he was indisputably the strongest. I made a note of this fact and carefully compared in this respect all my subsequent gangs; I may say that I found no correlation whatever between relative color and intelligence, though it may have been true that the strongest workers were often among the very darkest in color. Whenever I started with a new gang—and I had many—I would at first let everybody take turns at each kind of work; very soon I would find out which men could do the jobs requiring brains and which were best in occupations where they could get by with brawn alone. The gang would sort itself out, with each man doing what he could do best; but the darkest, and also the lightest, were just as likely to be found at either end of the intelligence scale.

The work I did started about four

o'clock in the afternoon and went on till about midnight, or until two or three when the conditions were favorable. This was the fumigation of the trees by covering each tree in the orchard with a huge "tent" of cloth, and then releasing a gas attack underneath with a very poisonous chemical; this was done in order to kill certain tiny little insects that were killing the trees, for no other way is so effective in controlling them. The work was arduous and also dangerous, for it was always possible that my pump would upset over somebody, or that some particularly stupid person would unscrew the lid in order to see what the stuff looked like. The men on this duty were paid a milreis a day (about five cents) more than the others on the farm; thus if a man earned the equivalent of twenty-five cents by some simple occupation such as irrigation, for this work he would earn thirty cents.

## II

I WOULD meet my gang at four in the afternoon, but often we could not start at once but would have to wait for the wind to drop. Fumigation is impossible when there is anything more than the lightest breeze, for it blows all the gas away from under the tents. We would find the tents where they had been left after the work of the previous night, forty large pieces of sailcloth dumped on the ground in a row, between two lines of trees. When I judged that the wind had dropped sufficiently I would summon the gang, and the work would begin.

First the pump would be filled with the deadly poisonous liquid; this would be done by myself, or perhaps by a very intelligent trainee, working under my careful supervision. Then a couple of strong fellows would take the long bamboo poles, which were provided with a rope tied onto one end; they would place the poles one on either side of the first tree, place a fold of cloth over the head of the pole and lap it round with a turn of the rope; and then by upending the pole, with two fellows pulling at each rope, they would lift up the huge cloth so that it would cover the whole tree. Then they moved on to the next tree and

worked down to the end of the forty tents.

The pullers were closely followed by one or two men who would kick in the sides of the tent and see that it hung properly, touching the ground all round so that no gas could escape. Then another man, chosen for fleetness of foot, would come with a measuring tape; he would clip one end to part of the tent and then run rapidly all the way round, shouting out the measurement to me as soon as he got back to his starting point. I would consult a printed table I had with me giving the dosage for trees of every measurement, and I would call out the dosage to the last member of the gang, the most intelligent, who carried the pump. He would lift up a corner of the tent a few inches and introduce the delivery tube, and then give as many strokes of the pump as I had called for. The man doing this work must be reliable, for if he gives too few pump strokes the insects are not killed, whereas if he gives an overdose the tree is severely burned, and all its leaves wither and fall off.

When the last tree is reached everyone is quite out of breath. We walk back to the beginning of the line, pause for a five-minute breather, and start again, moving each tent in turn over onto a tree in the next row. When the light fades I call a longer halt for supper. I sit under a tree by myself and take out a dinky little lunch box with sandwiches. The men have their supper brought out to them in a large canteen. It is always rice and beans. Every Brazilian, except a few sophisticated city dwellers, eats rice and beans twice in every day of his life. The rice is very good, and though I consider the beans the way they cook them rather a black stewy mess, many foreigners like them. If any other food is eaten, such as meat or potatoes or fried eggs, it is always in addition to the rice and beans. The men on the fumigation gang were fed well and they usually got meat, in the form of *xarque* (pronounced "sharky"), the salted beef that is the staple form of meat all over the interior. It is very good stuff once you get used to the salt. They say it tastes best when you have softened it by keeping it under your horse's saddle for a week, but I have not tried this.



After supper we go on in the dark. Moonlight nights are not so bad, but the inky black nights with no moon at all can be dreadful. There are several men carrying lanterns, but you are always moving about in and out of the shadow, and you are so busy that you have no time to be careful about stumbling over irrigation ditches, or even to guard against popping one foot straight into an armadillo hole—a disconcerting thing when you are running, for it is like a rabbit hole, only wider, and one's leg goes in right up to the knee.

Later in the evening, about nine o'clock, a small boy brings out to the gang their coffee. This time I would not be standoffish, but would bring up my cup and get my coffee with the men. I preferred to eat my own stuff, but I certainly would not turn up my nose at their coffee. Hot, black, and sweet, it was just what one wanted to help carry on until midnight.

The climate in upstate São Paulo in the winter—summer with us—is delightful. It seldom rains, it is never really too hot in the day, and the nights are clear and just pleasantly cool. The orange trees stand out against a starry sky, but the row which has the tents on looks weird and ghostly. The pauses for supper or for coffee were most enjoyable. I would sit under a tree looking at the southern stars and listen to the men talking. Brazilians talk and chatter very readily, and they could have gone on jabbering and giggling all night.

They talked of what they would do if they had money: they would stay in bed all morning and never get up, no, not until nine o'clock. They talked of women in wonderfully direct and unrepressed fashion. They would discuss whether a certain person was *casado*, married—or *amigado*, “having a (female) friend.” They would say “I was *amigado* once with a girl, and she was thus and so—” or they would discuss the lottery and what animal they had dreamed of: every animal corresponds to some number, and so your dreams tell you which number to play. Or else they would talk about food, whether armadillo flesh was better than chicken, whether bananas were better fried or boiled, or why on earth the *Inglese*s ate “grapefrute”; they had tried it

once and, as everyone knew, it was bitter and not worth eating.

Sometimes they would sing—usually the cheerful, pretty tunes of carnival, which delight every Brazilian's heart, but occasionally the wistful, winding tunes that express the soul of the country. Sometimes these are centuries old and sometimes they are quite spontaneous, with words made up on the spot; one cannot tell the difference. If we were lucky one of the gang would be a player of the *violão*, the Brazilian guitar, and then perhaps another man or boy would sing to it, a long song of disappointed love, sung staring soulfully at the player all the time, in the Spanish manner, though the music was sweeter than the Spanish flamenco and the guitar playing smoother, without the fierce rhythms. Or sometimes they would do something out of all the classifications, such as one gang who made up a song of their own, which they sang at work and whose words were “Ah, ay, ay, how we like it, to play futebol!”

### III

WHEN I started this work I lived with the English manager of the grove in his English bungalow, where he had tea every afternoon. This was satisfactory from the work point of view, but the consequence was that I did not get to know any Brazilians; for the workmen were the only ones I met, and to them I always had a definite “boss” relationship. Later, when my wife came out to join me, my way of living became quite different and much better. We took a house in the town, and, instead of living in a way which was half English, and half just plain “boss,” I began to live like a Brazilian.

Previously I had been located in Brazil in a geographical sense only; now I began really to live there. I had a house, Rua Amazonas 7, Pitangueiras, Estado de São Paulo. I paid—or did not pay—the city taxes and the various forms of local graft, just as the other citizens either did or did not pay these dues. I had next-door neighbors, and I knew their names and was on speaking terms with them. I knew the city's politics, and its personal



scandals. I knew the city's officials, its prosperous merchants, its small shopkeepers, its saddle makers, its ice cream merchants, and everybody from the doctor and the lawyer down to the village idiot and up again to the pompous old mayor.

When I speak thus of the "city" I am using the term only as a translation of the Portuguese *cidade*. Pitangueiras has a population of four thousand. It has no bank, no street cars, no neon lights, no business block, no chamber of commerce, no Rotarians, no local newspaper. It has however people, four thousand of them. And it has a large church, a magnificent jail, and no less than two beautiful squares, one of them with a bandstand. It has also a "clube," where they play "pingy pongy," and a "futebol" team (Association of course). It has also a large school; for the Brazilians believe in education. Although it is not a city in the sense in which we dub some very poky little towns "cities," it is nevertheless a community in a curious sense in which few United States cities, towns, or villages are. All in all, it is an excellent place in which to study Brazil.

Brazil is a melting pot if ever there was one. This gives it one great similarity to our country, and we should find the Brazilians easy to understand. Indeed, we should find it easy to learn from them, for the melting process goes on even more actively with them than it does with us. They have however a great deal of melting still to do, in certain parts, and the State of São Paulo is a welter, almost a chaos, of different racial groups. I make no apology therefore in introducing as my first Brazilian character one who is an English-speaking Syrian from Canada. This combination sounds so crazy that one is tempted to say "that can't be typical"; but then, what is typical? What, for example, is typical of our Middle West? A Portuguese would be no more typical of São Paulo—in fact rather less—than of Cape Cod. An Italian, on the other hand, would represent New York just as well as São Paulo. Some say that a typical American is a product of an Italian and a Swede; for in a country of tremendous contrasts, the untypical

becomes typical. Abrão de Mello, then, will do as well as any other person to represent Pitangueiras.

One walked breezily into Abie's shop talking happily in English as one talks to anybody at home. He replied fluently with the exact tones of a Greek restaurateur anywhere in the United States. In the back rooms of his house, behind the shop, he would sit cross-legged upon cushions and smoke a hookah, reading an Arabic newspaper or sometimes a French novel; but this Oriental stuff was in a sense misleading, for the Syrians in Brazil are Arabic-speaking Christians. They came, many of them, at the time when the Turks were persecuting the Syrians, but they are always known in Brazil as "turcos," for that was technically the name of the country they came from. Abie's brother had gone to Brazil many years ago, while he himself went to Canada; he settled in Toronto, ran a little shop, and did not so badly, educating his children in Canadian grade schools and high school. Then his brother wrote to him glowing accounts of how good things were in the other half of America, and persuaded Abraham to pack up all his things, take his wife and entire family, and move to join him in Pitangueiras, State of São Paulo, Brazil. There he is running a shop and doing very well again. His children therefore speak three languages, Arabic, English, and Portuguese, as he does himself. Their own offspring however are not taught anything except Portuguese. The curious thing is that Abie's wife—I never learned her name—must be a very poor linguist, for she never learned even English; her husband and her own children turn from the soft Portuguese to the guttural sounds of Arabic to talk to her, but she has no way of communicating with her grandchildren.

Next door to Abie's house on the main square you may find the formidable Senhor Mauricio reading a newspaper in the doorway, though he is more likely to be working hard over his accounts in the back room. He is an *empreiteiro*, or contractor for labor, much admired by the English managers because, they say, "there is no slacking in any of Mauricio's gangs." He was a fiery Italian in his



youth; he went to California, but found it advisable to leave the United States on account of his very left-wing—nay, revolutionary—political opinions. Now he is the very type and example of the small-town capitalist. His wife is Italian too, but from the opposite end of the peninsula, and as they met in Brazil, when both their tongues had undergone that gradual alteration that for Italians takes the place of learning the language, they converse in Portuguese, which is much easier than trying to bring together his Piedmontese and her Sicilian.

One of Mauricio's daughters, Leonora, came to work for us in the Rua Amazonas. She dusted and cleaned assiduously, playing our phonograph all the time. I think she was a little glad to get away from the paternal discipline in papa's house. Also it gave her an opportunity to see her sister Maria who was living next door. And why should she need an opportunity to walk a block and a half to see her sister? Because Maria had married against her father's wishes and was never allowed in the house, nor were any of her brothers and sisters encouraged to go and see her. Stern stuff, these Italian fathers.

Maria's husband was slightly colored, and that may have been part of the reason why Mauricio did not approve of the union. If so, he is convicted of being incompletely Brazilianized; the melting-pot process had gone no farther with him than the mere matter of marrying a Catanian. A real Brazilian would have been proud that his daughter's marriage would help toward the formation of the "*raça Brasileira*," the race of the future which will guarantee that, whatever other problems Brazil may face, at any rate it will not be torn by the fierce racial questions that torment other countries. Maria made her contribution, a beautiful little golden-brown child, that wandered in and out of our house as if it were his own, and was sometimes given candy as a treat. Leonora was glad to see her little nephew, and the arrangement suited us too, for Maria's husband João worked in the post office, and he would bring our mail home to us, whereas less privileged citizens would have to go and fetch it from their post-office boxes. This is called *camara-*

*dagem*; comradeship, and it is what makes Brazil run. Brazil is not a streamlined country; you will not find *tout confort moderne* in the smaller interior towns, you cannot rely upon the trains running on time, you may not be able to cash travelers' checks in the interior, you should drink filtered water, and you should have typhoid inoculations; but, on the other hand, if you know somebody who knows somebody who knows somebody you can get anything done for you.

Genuine Brazilians, as distinct from recent immigrants, were there in plenty too. The station master, a fat pompous busybody with a wife with social ambitions; the *delegado*, or chief politico, a slick city man with ambitions to work himself up to a job in a big city; the policemen, who were of all degrees of color; and the various tradesmen and townspeople of all kinds. And genuine Brazilians, in the sense that their ancestors had never been out of the country, were there too. The mayor of the city was one of them, and in many others a fine Indian nose and dark coloring proclaimed this honor. The padre, however, was a German, long in Brazil, and utterly distant from his former Fatherland. A few Japanese were there, painstakingly tilling their excellent vegetable gardens, and, just for a change, one vegetable garden was worked by a Portuguese woman, a "*Portuguesa legitima*," she was proud to say, a merry, earthy, and Rabelaisian peasant woman, who still had some of the airs and graces of Lisbon in her obscene old tongue.

My other next-door neighbor, on the opposite side from Maria and João from the post office, rejoiced in the magnificent name of Teocratiano Queiroz. He was the friendliest neighbor imaginable, always ready with some helpful suggestion, such as "Having difficulty lighting your fire? I have some dried orange peel that you can use." Since most people in the interior do not have newspapers, you hang up your orange peel on the wall to dry and it makes wonderful kindling. Teocratiano was night watchman at the citrus packhouse, though it seemed a shame to give so solitary a job to so social an individual, and I am sure that if a thief had



come in the night Teocratiano would have flung his arms round him and fraternized.

The packhouse of the English company was the largest building in town and by far the largest commercial activity. It employed a large number of girls who sorted and packed the oranges, as well as about a dozen men for various miscellaneous jobs. The manager would be there, seeing that the girls were working and that the company was not losing money anywhere, and there was also another English-speaking person, Eddie de Mello, Abie's son, a grim, determined young man who carried a chip on his shoulder, for he felt that the move from Canada had deprived him of opportunities, and that the only thing to do was to work and work and work until he had got himself out of the "Brazilian" class and into a responsible position in the company.

Abie's children had fared very differently from one another, and it is hard to say whether they had really lost or gained by the move. Another son, Paul, was training to be a dentist, a respectable enough occupation, for which heaven knows there is plenty of need in Brazil. Charlie, on the other hand, had married a Syrian girl and was running a yard-goods store, the standard occupation for all Syrians in Brazil. He was a pleasant, good-natured but weak character, and I seriously doubt if he would have done so well in Canada. The one daughter, Agnes, had had husband trouble, a thing which can overtake a girl in any country. Her husband was in jail, having first run away with another woman; so he could be written down as a bad lot. Agnes, left with two charming children, picked up the pieces of her life and settled down to housekeeping for her father (Mrs. Abie was infirm), helping to run the shop, and generally being a shining cheerful light to the whole de Mello family. I have never known anyone more friendly, helpful, cheerful, and courageous. We became firm friends with her at once, while we were staying at the far from luxurious hotel waiting to find a house to rent, and when we had found one and moved in, with all the bother of collecting enough implements for housekeeping, there was a knock at the door the first morning and

there was Agnes, with a complete breakfast, cooked for us and brought over on a tray from Abie's shop.

#### IV

THERE is not much of what we should call excitement in the life of a small Brazilian town. Twice a week there were movies; ten-year-old American movies, or sometimes a very bad Brazilian or Argentine film. My wife went every time, for she was left alone of an evening when I was working; this means that she was indulging in the decidedly upper-class amusements of Pitangueiras, for to go to the movies one must have money. For those who have no money a perfectly satisfactory amusement is provided: at twenty minutes past nine one can go and watch the train come in, carrying the cattle men and the coffee *fazendeiros* from the interior down to São Paulo City. The whole population never fails to turn out for this event at least half an hour before it happens, the fathers and mothers with their babies *en famille*, the girls arm in arm in groups of four or five, and the young men in separate groups, eying the girls as much as they think will be consistent with decorum, all taking their *passeio* in the most leisurely and agreeable manner. The more intellectual can if they wish stroll into the hotel and converse with any commercial travelers that may be there, hearing about how things are in São Paulo City, or in Rio, or even in the interior states, Minas Geraes, or the enormous cattle ranches of Matto Grosso. But if none of these appeal, those in urgent need, if they have just a little money, can visit the town's minute red-light district (working population, three), priming themselves beforehand with a drink or two at a rather disreputable drinking place conveniently near at hand.

There is no conception in these parts of two weeks' annual vacation with pay, nor even of one week's vacation without pay. It is amply made up for in a more natural manner: in a country where hardly anyone can afford a visit to, say, a seaside or mountain resort, what would be the sense of having seven consecutive days with nothing to do, particularly if every-



one else was working those same seven days? An age-old custom completely solves this difficulty—one works, theoretically, six days a week and fifty-two weeks a year; but in practice whenever one has worked long enough for the habit to become tedious—say after two whole weeks—a Saint's day comes along, and the whole town stops work and rejoices together.

One morning when I was sitting in my little garden, watching what traffic went up and down the Rua Amazonas, a tiny but exceedingly pretty little girl came up and asked for some flowers for a "*leilão*." I did not know this word, and I had to go inside and consult the dictionary to find out. I found that it means "auction," and I was completely mystified by this. Further conversation with the little girl was useless, for children cannot conceive that a grown-up will not understand a word that they understand, and they are incapable of explaining what to them is self-evident. I therefore had to consult Teocratiano, who beamed all over and said "Oh, Meestair Dom Antonio, you see it is the day of St. Anthony, a great saint's day, and, by the way, your own name day, Meestair. My congratulations." I thanked him for the congratulations and asked further about the auction. He seemed to think the matter should by now be self-evident, but on being pressed he managed to explain: flowers were to be collected from all householders and made into garlands and placed in the church; later in the celebrations the garlands would be auctioned off at considerable prices, the proceeds going to a charity or to some church purpose or other.

The morning of the day proceeded very quietly; some few persons were engaged in making the preparations for what was to follow, but most of us just lounged about in idle conversation. Things started moving about noon, when three busses arrived bearing the whole population of Terra Roxa, a small neighboring village which it had been decided to honor on this feast. Across the main street a banner had been strung, reading "Homage to Terra Roxa." Most of the young men, and many of the others, proceed at once to what for them is the main event of the day, the "futebol"

match. It is tremendously excited and exciting, and makes a prodigious amount of noise, with many loud cries of "gol," or "chute," or "offsaid." The religious ceremonies for the rest of the population begin rather quietly with the auction, and though they make less noise, they provide a great deal of satisfaction for all concerned. The beautiful, elaborate statue of St. Anthony is taken from its pedestal in order to give the Saint his annual trip through the town. Little girls in spotless white and very small boys in their best suits appear, and are with some difficulty marshaled for a procession. Some of the little girls are angels, and have cardboard wings, and some of the boys are dressed as St. Anthony, or as other saints keeping him company. They are all of them made up with powder and lipstick, regardless of age and sex, and it must be admitted that it suits them very well; Brazilian children are the most beautiful in the world in any case, and thus enhanced they take one's breath away.

The procession forms and slowly begins its course about the town, right round each of the two squares, and along all of the principal streets. It is a friendly affair, without the medieval religious intensity that would be characteristic of Spain or of northern Brazil. Frequently it stops; in fact, it stops more of the time than it goes; grown-ups in the procession take time out to smoke a cigarette or even to have a drink, and some of the smallest children may have to be taken out exhausted. There is constant conversation, and it is all most amiable. Late in the afternoon it winds up back at the church again, and the Saint is placed on his pedestal again for another year, having, presumably, enjoyed his afternoon out as thoroughly as everyone else.

In the evening, after everyone has had supper, the best part of the day begins. There is to be a fireworks display, with lots of special features, presented by various firms as advertising. The streets are full of people milling about, we meet all our friends, and there seem to be fireworks at every corner. The most gorgeous rockets, fireballs, and Roman candles are shooting off every way you turn, with a disregard of safety which would shock me

in an Anglo-Saxon country, and makes me a little uneasy even here. The neighboring *fazendeiros* are all here, in their best clothes, and many of their hired hands have come in too. The football players and their supporters, both ours and those of Terra Roxa, are in full force; there was some dispute as to who really won the game and it led to a certain amount of free fighting, but now all is forgotten and a fine time is being enjoyed by all. And if the fireworks are at times a little alarming, it must be admitted that they are gorgeous beyond belief: mermaids rising from the waves, moving trains, dashing automobiles, tableaux of the Holy Family or various saints, and finally an enormous St. Anthony himself, complete with the traditional child in his arms.

## V

I FEEL a tug at my sleeve. It is Cristo, from the fumigation gang. He got a ride from the orchard into town on one of the trucks carrying oranges and is having a fine time. To-morrow he will probably walk the seven miles out to the farm again, and will rejoin the gang with a bad case of "black Monday," but he does not let to-morrow interfere with present pleasures! "Meestair Estanden," he says, "isn't this beautiful?" "Yes, Cristo, it is." "It's better than the fumigation, no?" "It certainly is." "Please tell me, Senhor Meestair, in the Estados Unidos, do they have fireworks on St. Anthony's day?" "Yes, we have fireworks, but on the Fourth of July; that is like the Seventh of September, you know, the Day of Independence." This remark penetrates very slowly, and I see that Cristo cannot understand how the Fourth of July can be the Seventh of

September anywhere. However he continues, "In *America do Norte* the fireworks must be very beautiful!" I assure him, quite truthfully, that not even in a big city have I seen fireworks more beautiful than those provided by Pitangueiras. This again is far too much for him; it would destroy his faith, and he repeats to me to assure himself, "In *America do Norte* the fireworks must be very beautiful!"

Everything in North America must be far bigger, better, and finer than anything in Brazil. That is the firm belief of all Brazilians, who think that they know this country from a close scrutiny of our moving pictures. They should know it better of course, for the Hollywood picture which they get is very far from being true to life. But we, on our side, know even less about the Brazilians. We should know them better, for they are our allies; not only does their future stand or fall with ours, our future stands or falls with theirs. We should know Brazil—a country larger than this one, and with enormous potentialities—and we should know the Brazilians. We should look not only at the map, and tables of imports and exports and raw materials, but at the people of Brazil, and not only at figures of populations and vital statistics, but at actual people. But we cannot do this with a large number of people at once; in order to get any idea of people *as people* it is essential to think of only a very few at once. Let us begin with just a few Brazilians; they do not need to be cabinet ministers or ambassadors or high-powered industrialists or cultivated people with fine homes, they only need to be Brazilians. And they may as well be any of the four thousand inhabitants of Pitangueiras.



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## SUBMARINES PACIFIC

*Americans in Battle—No. 7*

FLETCHER PRATT

WHEN the Japs came out of the skies onto Pearl Harbor the U. S. Navy had 111 submarines in service. Of these, 41 were first-line fighting craft of the latest model, some of them very newly in service; 9 were experimental ships built in the years of what we used to call peace; 37 were mass-produced "S-boats," laid down contemporaneously with the flush-deck destroyers, for which the complimentary adjective was "useful"; and the remaining 25 were First World War heirlooms, not even useful except for training. The branch was the smallest in the Navy, the most secretive, the most exclusive. A man (or officer) might be detailed to battleships when he wanted destroyers, or to cruisers when he really preferred aviation, but no one ever got into a submarine except by his own request.

It was a young men's club. Submariners, like athletes, are middle-aged at thirty-five and old men at forty, though as in sport an occasional gaffer with a wonderful set of glands lingers on into his fifth decade. (The analogy can be pressed too far, but here also as in athletics it is a matter of reaction time; handling any part of a submarine's mechanism demands a response to stimuli that is infinitely swifter than thought.)

It was a club of individuals with an almost incredible ability to treat every circumstance as normal. Just before the war one of the training submarines in Long Island Sound was rammed by a steamer and cut open (by the grace of God she survived). Two of her crew came along the dock at New London afterward chattering cheerfully. "You should have seen Jake's face when that water

came through the bulkhead," said one. "Laugh? I thought I'd split."

It was a club—a service—with its own traditions in the manner of doing things, but it was not one that had a fighting tradition. The cruisers of the U. S. fleet have an old and proud fighting tradition that goes back to John Paul Jones and descends through the Elizabethan age of 1812. The battle line shares it, and has its own traditions from Farragut, with the watchwords and memories, the standards of conduct, the inspirations that such traditions imply. "Damn the torpedoes" is tradition; so are "I have not yet begun to fight" and "You may keep your sword, Captain—but I will trouble you for that hat."

But whatever tradition the submarine service had on the morning of December 7, 1941, may appropriately be described as stemming from the comic strip. In the Spanish War the United States had only a single submarine, produced by an unreconstructed Irishman in the hope that she would lead to the downfall of the British Empire, and originally called the "Fenian Ram." In the First World War we had a good many; some of them went to Europe and their crews suffered privations, but only one got into action with the enemy in the form of a German U-boat (which blew herself up on her own torpedoes, nobody knows how). Those events were about all that anyone, even anyone in the Navy, knew about the submarine service save when some *S-4* or *Squalus* went to the bottom and there were efforts at rescue in hot haste with an accompaniment of 42-point type on page 1.

Looking back at it we should have known. That *Squalus* disaster should have been the tip-off. For it was not a disaster at all; of four cases where submarines went down within a few weeks it was the only one clearly attributable to a mechanical failure that could not have been foreseen, with no human error involved. It was the only one in which every man not killed within a few seconds came up to sail in other submarines and the only one in which there were more than two survivors. The *I-63* and the *Phénix* were never salvaged at all and the *Thetis* with difficulty, despite the shallow water she

was in. But the *Squalus* was salvaged very competently. Everyone knew the British submarine service was good; its record in the First World War had been magnificent; but it was something of a surprise for foreign naval circles to find out that what they were pleased to call "the Hollywood navy" could put on so skilled a technical performance.

They should have known and we should have known at the time. But the salvage of the *Squalus* was not truly a military operation, and there were other factors, in addition to the lack of tradition, that kept anyone from setting too high a value on the American submarine service.

One was the care for creature comforts—the hot and cold fresh water, shower baths, comfortable bunks, elaborate food—which rendered our submarines unique. This seemed to foreign observers to give evidence of softness, a lack of that combative spirit so clearly present among the vigorous young Nazis and the ascetic Japanese.

It also directly affected the efficiency of the instruments—for gadgetry takes up space and weight—and the addition of what other navies considered unnecessary frills had pushed American submarine displacements up to 1,500 tons, far above the average in any other navy. The Germans, who were conceded (by themselves at least) to be the most scientific of submariners, had hit upon a 517-ton boat as ideal for work as far out as the western approaches to Europe and upon one of 740 tons as the largest permissible for great voyages to the South Atlantic and Caribbean.

They had experimented widely during the last war with submarines in sizes assorted from the 127-ton coastal UB-boats to the 2,000-ton U-cruisers, double the size of a destroyer and more powerfully armed. They had found that size in a submarine operates against the law of diminishing returns. Be she never so large, the undersea craft's reserve of buoyancy must remain relatively low (or she will not sink when you want her to), and a puncture from the merest popgun a corvette carries will destroy this buoyancy forever. Armor? Not on a submarine; it would have to be on her upper works, and there is a



## II

delicate moment in both diving and surfacing when the weight of the admitted or extruded water of her tanks leaves her altogether without stability. If she carried the always considerable weight of armor at such a moment any wave or current would turn her bottomside up. A submarine is fantastically vulnerable to the smallest of surface craft; the bigger she is the more sluggish at diving to get away from them, the more complicated the Diesel-engine installations which drive her on the surface. The British built a big submarine during the '20's, *X-7*; she was a bust and had to be scrapped. We built one during the experimental period, the *Argonaut*; twice she had had to have engine overhauls that involved the practical reconstruction of her power plant.

American submarines were held to be too big for effective work—unless they were used as elements of a surface fleet. (The professional papers of the prewar period indicated we intended to use them thus.) This was not the least of the reasons why our submarines were not highly valued.

What is the function of a submarine? With a raiding navy, the German or Italian, which lacks the means of contesting control of the sea, it is quite clearly to render that control by the stronger sea power invalid through attacks on the means of using the sea. But the American Navy was a battle force; its strength and offensive doctrine guaranteed a struggle carried into the very waters of the enemy for control of the surface, in which struggle it would act as a unit, submarines included. To scatter them in raiding operations would be merely to weaken the battle force. Therefore the function of American submarines, according to all prewar strategists, was to act as outlying elements of the battle line, using their invisibility to make close approach to the enemy. That is, they were long-range scouts. Their battle function was to hang on the fringes of the fight and slap a torpedo into any enemy vessel that came limping out of it, crippled by the guns.

That was the theory, that was the background. Then the black morning of December 7th came and for the time being we had no battle line.

WE HAD a raiding fleet, with the submarines at the center of the stage in speaking parts. This involved a basic revision in theory of operation, in mental attitude and in tactical method for the untried and somewhat dubious service.

The transition was least violent for submarines Asiatic. Valves and similar spare parts for them had been deposited at both Hongkong and Singapore before the war—sufficient indication that the higher strategists held that whether the Japanese attempted an offensive against the Philippines from the China shore, or whether they remained pinned north of the Tropic of Cancer by the threat of our heavy forces, the submarines from Cavite would have a raiding mission. On opening day Admiral Hart of the Asiatic Fleet had under his command at least 17 submarines\*: 6 of the "useful" S-boats, numbers 36 to 41; 7 of the first run of modern craft, 1,300-tonners of 1935; 4 of the more recent, bigger ships. Of these the *Sealion* was so badly bombed at Cavite during the first day of the war that she was a total loss. Some of the others were damaged, but they got down under water in the deepest part of the bay, surfaced at night for whatever repairs were necessary, and put to sea before another dawn.

Few were supplied or equipped for long cruises. The Navy Yard was a blazing shambles and the submarine tender on duty there was a wreck. There must have been some pretty grim hours of preparation there in the night, but by another noon all were on their way to war stations that had been previously chosen for them.

Of course the Navy will not say what those stations were, but we are not altogether without facts that give clues, and the suggestion of these clues is that the older S-boats were held for the close-in defense of the Philippines, while the big new submarines, with their heavy torpedo

\* Possibly more—but 17 are listed in the last issue of the *Navy Directory*, April, 1941, as based on Cavite. It is unlikely, in the then state of international tension, that any were ordered home, and there are indications that more may have been sent out.



loads and long cruising range, spread east and northwest. East into the Mandates, where the Japs had their bases (the Japs reported sinking an American submarine off Palau and a little later the loss of the *Shark* was admitted from Washington); northwest against the traffic lanes down the China coast to Cam Ranh and Malaya (Chinese watchers from the shore reported seeing an American submarine sink a big Japanese liner).

The subs on the defensive end had rough going during the first three weeks of war. The waters round the Philippines are perhaps the clearest in the world, permitting maximum visibility from above. They shelve off easily into shallows from which rise nasty pinnacles of coral that have never been surveyed. The bottom is strewn with monstrous boulders, the wreckage of a Jurassic continent—deadly obstacles in the path of a submarine trying to use the tactic of crawling along the bottom. The Japanese convoys were opulently escorted by cruiser and destroyer and torpedoboat.

Also the old S-boats were operating in tropical waters without air conditioning. With frequent forced dives and long periods on the bottom this put a severe strain on the crews and also affected the submariners themselves. The air-conditioning system operates by extracting from the atmosphere moisture which otherwise forms condensations that cause the short circuits so dangerous in submerged operations.

The experience of Lieutenant Commander Wreford Chapple's submarine (very likely the same *S-38* he commanded when the *Navy Directory* was published) may be taken as typical. She was ordered into Lingayen Gulf, near Manila, a few days before Christmas, when the Japs had that place full of shipping for the landing there. It took him three and a half hours to negotiate the reefs at the entrance. The place was swarming with escort vessels, but he managed an approach and fired a fan of four torpedoes. One of the first submarine commanders to face the Japanese in action, he had not realized the general shallow draft of Jap ships; all four of his torpedoes ran underneath their targets and immediately the

escort craft in the gulf rushed over to hold a conference above him.

His evasion tactic was successful; forty-five minutes later he was making an approach on a transport near the shore discharging troops. One torpedo missed, a second hit her amidships, and he had just time to see her blow up before the Jap ships were after him again, bouncing him all over the floor of the gulf with depth charges. The sensation is described by submariners as like being hit on the head with a padded mallet. These submariners had to take it for nine whole hours, drooping with heat and bad air, water condensing into slime on the plates. Something went wrong with the submarine's works and she began to rise; Chapple had to flood his tanks and come down flat on the mud.

Late that night he managed to crawl from the infected area, get to the surface, and recharge his batteries. Next day he tried an approach on a group of transports. It failed because the Jap patrol vessels located him first, and all the rest of that afternoon and night were spent on the bottom till 3:50 A.M., when he got up again for a recharge and fresh air. At this moment what should happen but an accidental explosion in the battery compartment, injuring three men. Chapple decided he had better return to base, but as he tried to get out of the bay, dug his submarine's nose in the mud, and had more depth charges for breakfast. On the fourth night he finally surfaced, taking a chance on what was up there, for both machine and men were getting worn down. By a miracle there was nothing up there, and he made his way back to wrecked Cavite with six torpedoes fired and one transport sunk in shallow water to show for the expedition.

Multiply this picture by the number of submarines, and the underwater war, in the early stages, looks like a flop. A study of the communiqués down to the turn of the year shows that the claims for American submarines were 4 Japanese transports, a supply vessel, and a minesweeper sunk, with a destroyer and another transport as probables. No guarantees of size come with the transports, and those of the Japs are mostly small; their minesweepers



are insignificant, like minesweepers everywhere. The total seems unimpressive.

But the rules under which sinkings are credited have to be considered. When a sub comes in from patrol her personnel is questioned by Intelligence officers, interested primarily in learning whether any new enemy devices or methods have been noticed by men too occupied at the moment of contact to give the matter full conscious attention. Unshakable eyewitness testimony from one of these men, other than the skipper who handles the periscope, is required to make the Navy accept the sinking as established—unless there is other evidence as stout as eyewitness testimony, say one of those periscope photographs with a line of black guide marks crawling across the picture of a Japanese ship standing on her head.

The sound of a violent underwater explosion will not do; it might be a depth charge and even if it were not, ships have been known to survive explosions of the most extraordinary force. The peculiar tinny crumpling noise that comes right through the walls of a submarine when a torpedoed ship breaks up under water pressure as she goes down is not adequate; the sea is full of noises so strange that even experienced sound men have been known to report a school of herring as a passing battleship.

Under the conditions of December, 1941—shallow water and clouds of escort craft—eyewitness testimony was peculiarly hard to get. The moment a torpedo hits or its foaming wake appears, the escorts come charging down and it is time for the submarine to leave. A periscope sight of five seconds is dangerous; one of ten seconds may be deadly; and even ten seconds is not much in which to call another man to the periscope to let him see the sinking ship go down.

So the submarines of the Asiatic fleet fired their torpedoes, took credit for the few sinkings that could be listed as definite, and when Manila was abandoned at the close of the year moved their headquarters down to Surabaya on the island of Java. There they united their destiny with that of the other Allied fleets under Admiral Conrad Helfrich of the Royal Dutch Marine. Admiral Hart said as much

for them as any commander could; he proclaimed that the submarines were the most effective vessels under his command.

### III

WHEN ABDAFLOAT—the Allied naval group operating in the Dutch East Indies—was organized, it contained 27 American submarines. This must mean that nearly every one of the modern subs in the Pacific when the war began must have headed in that direction and rapidly, for the distance from Pearl Harbor is over 5,700 miles, and if the most direct route through the Mandates were taken, the ships would have to spend at least some time below the surface. (It is a delusion that submarines operate under water habitually; they do so only when attacking or being attacked, because their batteries are good for a run of only a little over 100 miles.)

Helfrich had been using his own Dutch Navy submarines along the Malaya coast to cut down the weight of the Japanese attack on Singapore and had already lost several of them. About the time ABDAFLOAT was organized the Japs came down on the northern peninsula of Celebes and attacked Tarakan in North Borneo, where they set up an airfield. It was evident that they had found forces not only to continue the Malaya drive but also to make a major effort down Macassar Strait against Java. Their technique was clearly that of seizing stepping stones under cover of light naval forces and land-based planes from the last stop. Helfrich conceived his defense as a fleet operation on a reduced scale, with its surface forces carrying the weight of the counterattack and the submarines doing a good part of the scouting, since he had so few aircraft.

This was the job the American submarines went into, but it must not be imagined that they were all in it. Lieutenant Commander Mike Fenno's *Trout* was not, for one; she was the ship that went up to Bataan to take in antiaircraft ammunition and came back as a Manila galleon, with the gold of the Philippines. On the way out she sank three Jap cargo ships of assorted sizes.

Several others took cargoes of food,



quinine, and ammunition, not for Bataan alone, but for Cebu, Mindanao, and all the other places in the Philippines where resistance was still alive. A good many of these cargoes could not be delivered. The Japs frequently located our subs inshore and hammered them with depth charges at one or another stage of the trip. The subs were sluggish with their heavy loads and as one veteran torpedoman put it, "They never seemed to think of any place to pile stuff except the torpedo room, right in our way. God damn it, they ought to realize the torpedoes are all we got."

Later still, as it became evident that the Philippine outposts could be neither held nor relieved, submarines were used as ferryboats for the evacuation of personnel such as it was not quite safe to leave in the hands of the barbaric Jap—Commissioner Sayre, President Quezon, the nurses of Bataan. It would seem to have been chiefly submarines on their way home from patrol up the China coast that dropped in for this cargo, and most of them found their passengers uncomfortable company for a diverting reason. The passengers never seemed able to operate the toilet arrangements on a ship that has to project its waste products under an air pressure sufficient to balance the water pressure outside. "Open valve E; close valve D; close valve E; pull lever A; release lever A; open valve G—" and so on to 19 several items, say the instructions, which experienced submariners have set to music and have used to sing themselves to sleep.

But the submarines of Helfrich's command chiefly did scouting duty in the Macassar and Molucca Straits—useful enough work, but uninspiring till the Japanese began to arrive in force and they obtained a few torpedo shots at convoys. There were a number of such cases; on February 24th "a large auxiliary vessel," on February 25th "a hit on an enemy transport," and on an unnamed day in February another transport.

In February the *Sturgeon* even briefly affected the major strategy of the campaign. Just north of Balikpapan—which is on the west side of the Macassar Strait—she worked through the usual heavy Japanese escort and slapped a couple of fish

into a big vessel that turned over and went down. She was reported as a carrier at first, but it turned out that she was probably an aircraft transport carrying planes down for the conquest of the Dutch oil port. It would be for lack of those planes at that particular moment (they were of course soon replaced) that the Japs failed to spot and to report the four American destroyers under Commander Talbot that got into the convoy that night and worked such dreadful havoc.

But the odds were too great. At the end of February ABDAFLOAT battered itself to pieces against them, not without glory; Java fell and the submarines were forced back to Australia and Pearl Harbor. There was very little now to halt the Japanese advance on these places but the submarines.

#### IV

IT WOULD be about this time, when the clamor of the Japanese advance began to die a little from the headlines, that a fact began to be impressed upon observers. The big, "clumsy" American submarines, operating under the worst possible conditions for their type, were taking practically no losses. Indeed, they had suffered far less than the larger and better advertised Japanese submarine flotillas, and against stiffer opposition. The Japs indeed, with their couple of shells into a California oil refinery, their couple into an Oregon lumber district, their jack-in-the-box appearances off Pacific islands, were giving an admirable example of how futile a submarine campaign can be—though perhaps the Imperial Japanese Admiralty would not agree with this opinion. They seem to have used their submarines as ours were expected to be used—in the role of advance fleet scouts, but with the interesting addendum that the Japanese prowlers did not look forward to a sea battle as the crown of their efforts, so their submarines brought them exactly nothing.

So much for the enemy's performance. On our side the carrier-cruiser groups were still experimenting with that method of long-range war which was to bear such good fruit at Coral Sea and Midway; Nimitz at Pearl Harbor was still sub-



stantially an admiral without a fleet; and the weight of the sea war rested for the moment on submarines Pacific and on the Admiral who presently took over, Robert H. English. He was a Southerner and a left-hander, of unmitigated energy, who made submarines not only a profession but a hobby and worked at them day and night. Perhaps his outstanding characteristic was his complete faith in the submarine as an invincible weapon of sea war. He infected his subordinates with it till even to-day you can hear them saying they don't know any real answer to submarine attack, and crying against the Germans as stupid oafs who are giving the weapon a bad name by misbegotten operation. "They don't use them as submarines; they make motor torpedoboats of them."

Admiral English was killed in an airplane accident at San Francisco, but not till he had trained a group of young tigers in his own school, with Rear Admiral Charles A. Lockwood at their head. Lockwood had served in one of the first submarines we ever had.

Military men are institutional pessimists; they have to be. The situation that developed in the early months of 1942 had been foreseen as far back as the tumultuous evening of December 7th, and preparations had been made to meet it. Many of the old S-boats were in the Atlantic; they were rushed out to the Australian area—a prodigious 12,000-mile odyssey, itself not the least of the achievements of our submarines; for no one would have believed these respectable old ladies could make such a journey. At the same time all the new submarines which normally stay near the New London and Portsmouth building yards for a considerable time, getting their shakedown, were rushed to the Pacific and into action.\*

While the campaign in the Philippines and the Dutch East Indies was still at its height it was already evident that not all

the submarines were doing sentry-go in Macassar Strait or gun-running for Corregidor. On January 17th came the announcement that a U. S. submarine had sunk three ships off Tokyo harbor itself. That would be a ship still unnamed by the Department, whose rules in the matter of making public the names of ships seem dictated by a kind of Alice-in-Wonderland caprice.

If dates are any clue, she must have been just about the first American vessel to reach Japanese waters after the beginning of the war. Mahan lays down the principle that raiders find their best picking off the enemy home ports, where the lines draw in. This was still as true as in the sailing-ship days from which Mahan collected his data. Included in the bag was one of the liners which the Japs have found so useful for conversion into carriers because of their speed and big decks.

The submarine was bounced around by depth charges, but without damage to ship or crew, though she did lose one man to machine-gun fire when she surfaced to sink with shells a vessel not worth wasting a torpedo on. This performance must have had a good deal to do with the lines into which Admiral English's sub strategy fell when it was necessarily recast after the loss of the Indies. What those lines were is clear enough from the record. The keynote was aggressive patrol by single submarines. They operated in areas spaced far enough apart so that they would never see one another; for a submarine is everybody's dog that must bite or be bitten on sight. They were to track everything they could and report everything they did not attack—by radio if the movement were important enough.

Now this was roughly the system used by the Germans in the early days of the war, before they had sufficient U-boats for their wolf-pack method. It had failed, with losses that ran to nine submarines in the first month, despite the fact that the Germans had apparent advantages. Their hunting in the Atlantic was less of a needle-in-the-haystack proposition than our hunting in the Pacific; for compared to the enormous extent of the Japanese sea empire the western approaches to England are a relatively narrow body of

\*This is not Navy official, but a reasonable deduction. One submarine has been mentioned as in action fairly early in 1942; she was laid down only in November, 1940, at a time when it took nearly a year to build a submarine and six months or more for shakedown. The famous *Flying Fish* was launched in July, 1941, still incomplete; the equally famous *Wahoo* was another—her launching was announced in February, 1942, and well before the end of the year she was sinking Japanese ships.



water. There were few points where the British could give their convoys such elaborate cover by land-based aircraft as the Japanese could give theirs all down the China coast and through the reaches of the Mandates and Dutch islands. Nor did any British convoy ever have escorts in such number as became commonplace with the Japs. "Fearless Freddie" Warder knocked off one ship—a munitions carrier, judging by the way she blew up—that had no less than five destroyers all to herself.

All these Jap escort vessels were provided with sound and electronic locators the equals of any in the world. Their crews had been through that merciless system of training under strict conditions which was illustrated in another field in the maneuvers of 1938, when the Japs practiced launching planes in a gale and lost 17 planes from one of their carriers but kept right on. These escorts were supplemented by the most elaborate system of patrols this side of hell—all those tuna-clippers and sampans which supply the island with sixty per cent of its food. They were armed and radio-equipped and they lay just at visual distance from one another in a net from some point north of Paramoshiru to some point down among the Marshalls, with branch lines running eastward to the China coast.

It is true that some things were not quite so sweet as they looked for the Japs. Their half of the Pacific is a very peculiar ocean—vast indeed in extent but dotted with islets and coral reefs that reach for hundreds of miles in an almost impenetrable chain and are shot with perplexing currents. They canalize sea traffic to a degree not known in the Atlantic. A ship going from Nagasaki in Japan southward to Manila, for instance, must run down the China coast west of Formosa or else perilously penetrate the barrier of the Ryukyus (which can be done only in two or three places), twice make headway against the swift current that is the "wine-black stream" of Japanese legend, and cut clear south to Mindanao, adding days and hundreds of miles to its journey.

The routes are certain; they are long; they contain wide reaches of ocean which provide room and deep water for our big

submarines to maneuver away from counterattack. Airplanes from shore could come to the hunting grounds only with restricted loads of bombs because of the distance factor.

But does this explain matters?

It does not explain what happened. From the moment when Uncle Sam's submarines began to fight their own war, they were the great surprise of the conflict, not even omitting the Japanese aviation. They dominated the situation and the efforts to deal with it. They forced major realignments in Japanese strategy, methods, and even production. They turned the exploitation of the Indies, which had seemed so simple, into an affair of continual combats that necessitated Japanese counter-measures which ate up much of the resources that had been gained. It is probably not too much to say that the American submarines, more than any other one factor, were responsible for the stagnation of the Japanese island-creeping offensive and its transmutation into the more rapid and risky attack by major fleets that was checked at Coral Sea and so dreadfully crushed at Midway. It was not the Battle of Midway alone, but also the work of the submarines that preceded, accompanied, and followed it, that placed the Pacific initiative in our hands and changed the face of the war.

## V

THE submarines fought a war of attrition which can only be described in the atypical instances that make up the aggregate and is impressive only in the mass. Like the sloops and frigates of 1812, they are single-ship fighters whose accomplishments must be summarized to perceive any result; but their story differs from that of our heroic past in its lack of any thunderous climax of single-ship battle. It is impossible to place a finger on any one thing any submarine did and say, "Here, *this* affected the course of the war"—though Lieutenant Commander William H. Brockman's submarine did rise under the smoking skies of Midway to send the Japanese carrier *Soryu* to her end, and though the Marines of the August, 1942, raid on Makin did make



their way thither aboard submarines.

Yet the mass and the aggregate of submarine achievement runs high. The men of the service never tire of pointing out that in the first eighteen months of the war, with something less than 1 per cent of the Navy's personnel, they sank 40 per cent of the Japanese ships that went down. They accounted for 190 ships of war and commerce positively sunk, under the hard rules for establishing positive destruction; and 29 probably sunk, according to the Navy Department, which may be holding back some of what it knows. These sinkings were not concentrated in a few periods of peak efficiency, like the German ones, but constituted a steady drain over the whole period.

At a reasonable computation 190 ships make something over 500,000 tons. In the five years preceding the war the Japanese shipbuilding industry had averaged a production of 250,000 tons a year. Under pressure of emergency this could probably be driven up to 450,000 tons (it was so driven during the last war), though this would mean that the nation would have to go without many other things, for ships are made of steel. So the submarines alone have much more than canceled the enemy's normal shipbuilding capacity, and all but canceled his special war-pressure capacity!

Probably at no time down to the opening of the second Solomons campaign, which marked the beginning of our true offensive, did we have even as many as 100 submarines. But those we had did well enough. . . .

*Klakring.* Lieutenant Commander Thomas Burton Klakring, full-faced, with a black mustache, so modest he called the newspapermen "Sirs" to their astonishment, took his submarine to the outskirts of Tokyo harbor. Some submarine skipper's surface and shoot up the Japanese patrol boats; Klakring hijacked fishermen for their catch, so his crew had fresh fish to eat. A newspaper was published aboard on the mimeograph, changing its name with every edition; the crew all knew that they were near their destination when the name became "Radio Tokyo," because all the news bulletins originated with that station in the fruity

feminine voice all submariners know as Tokyo Rose.

They saw Japan at dawn as a distant line of smoking mountains. When they drew close it was to make the surprising discovery that the coast was little inhabited. Running along, they saw a horse race at an amusement park and bet on it but never found out who won. The first enemy was a smallish cargo ship without escort. She was given two torpedoes; her bow and stern sank separately and were photographed. That same day a destroyer began heaving depth charges at them. It was the first time for all hands; they were jittery till a torpedo-man made an earnest malapropism that set them all laughing and, as though that had lifted a spell, the destroyer went off chasing a school of fish or something.

Next came an attack on a convoy—unusually big for a Jap convoy—of seven ships and some auxiliaries. Klakring torpedoed a ship that tried to ram him, turned, made an approach on another, and sank her too. The escort depth-charged them; but they got away and a week later were poking right into a harbor mouth after another ship. They torpedoed this other ship in waters so shallow that her masts stuck up through it, and worked their way out to sea with half a dozen motor sub-chasers throwing dynamite at them. In the middle of this pursuit Klakring torpedoed still another ship, and the cook baked a birthday cake to celebrate the victory, as was his custom.

*Bruton.* Lieutenant Commander Henry Charles Bruton brought his big black submarine into Pearl Harbor with a long blue pennant flying, lettered with the words "So sorry" and eleven little Japanese flags sewn on the tail of it. By this time the custom had been established of greeting each returning raider at the dock with a band playing "Roll Out the Barrel." They gave Bruton an extra tune for the eleven flags, but "The crew made that up," he said, explaining that he thought the figure too optimistic. "Well, we did sink some sampans."

But they also sank a big Jap liner, loaded with troops—a fast ship and heavily armed. Bruton closed with her on an intercepting course, made his approach,



and fired a torpedo. It missed; the transport speeded up and changed course. He had to surface, and pursued her coolly for four hours while her guns threw up pinnacles of spray around his ship in the starlight. Two more torpedoes were fired from such a distance that Bruton could not be sure of his hit till he saw the bow of the big ship rise against the horizon. As he closed the wreck, groups of Japanese soldiers were in the water and swimming with their helmets still on. He sank four freighters also and a naval auxiliary of some type unnamed—these accounting for six of the eleven little flags.

*Wilkins.* Commander Charles W. ("Weary") Wilkins, red-faced and cheerful, took his submarine into the harbor of a "Japanese island" which might be one of the home islands or among the Indies. There was a freighter inside. He surfaced and went for her with his deck guns. Some of the shells fell ashore; the men at the guns could see the Sons of Heaven in the little town running around the streets and pulling furniture out of the houses. The freighter was holed along the waterline. She turned over and a Jap floated near the submarine, clinging to a piece of wreckage and crying, "Sink-ging, I sink-ging!"

"So somebody on the bridge called out the only Japanese word we knew—'Banzai!' The Jap didn't seem appreciative."

As Wilkins's submarine was turning out of the harbor another freighter came in. She ran for the beach but Wilkins's shells tore her stern out before she could reach it. Wilkins worked along the coast. A day or two later a division of destroyers was sighted, in close formation right astern, 3,000 yards away. Skipper Wilkins was asleep at the moment. They roused him from his bunk, he turned ship to make an approach on the destroyers, but when the periscope went up again, "they were scattered all over the ocean and we saw a cruiser going away." No attack; but a day or two later they spotted a Jap ship high in the water and looking new as though she had just come from a yard. "We fired one torpedo, then a second. At that moment there was an explosion close aboard. We heard the first torpedo hit,

but knew that that near explosion was from Jap aircraft overhead." So they dived and came home without making the sinking of the new ship definite.

*Gilmore.* Far in the South Pacific, Commander Howard W. Gilmore's submarine had sunk two freighters of good size. Among the islands she was trapped on the surface by a heavy Japanese gunboat, close in. Gilmore resolutely rammed his enemy, hitting her hard enough to tear a hole in her side. Japanese gunfire swept the submarine's deck. Some of the gun crew were hit, Gilmore was hit as he raced for the conning tower to get below, and his legs collapsed under him. Someone rushed to his aid but he realized in a fraction of a second that it would be too late and "Take her down!" he cried.

Lieutenant Commander Arnold F. Schade took her down, leaving Gilmore behind. The submarine had bad fires and leaks where she was punctured; more enemy vessels assembled overhead, but Schade brought her home successfully to sink more Japs.

*Kennedy.* Citation to Lieutenant Commander Marvin G. Kennedy "as commanding officer of a submarine during the second war patrol of that vessel. Despite adverse conditions due to poor visibility and rain squalls, Lieutenant Commander Kennedy sighted a Japanese submarine which was surfaced close aboard, and quickly swinging into a striking position, launched a daring torpedo attack at 800 yards, destroying the enemy submarine by torpedo fire while the enemy personnel was still on the bridge."

*Burlingame.* Lieutenant Commander Creed Burlingame took a submarine to Japanese waters. He closed a big patrol boat while the after-swell of a typhoon was running and went for her with his guns, since the trawler was too shallow of draft to torpedo. She fought back; he lost a man to her fire, and more were injured by the seas that swept his low deck; and the Jap trawler seemed made of cork, for she would not go down though full of holes and burning. But after nearly half an hour of it he got a shell into her engine room.

Burlingame's gyrocompass went wrong during a wild storm that also caused a bad short circuit aboard; the sub sprang a leak



and was repaired; a member of the crew developed acute appendicitis and was operated on (with Japanese patrols overhead) by a pharmacist's mate whose knowledge of surgery had been acquired by visual observation in a hospital; a torpedo hung in the tube, half fired, and had to be cleared at infinite peril; but she sank eight ships and came home safe.

## VI

SUBMARINE war is all anecdotes and incidents and the list could be continued indefinitely. They are stories of persistence and ingenuity, endurance and gallantry. So far, so good; for these are qualities we like to associate with Americans in battle. But they leave a good deal unexplained; courage and tenacity and the rest are not restrictively American qualities or even qualities that appear particularly among submariners. The Jap in a patrol boat may have them too, and he is using a weapon—the depth charge—which, other things being equal, should enable him to demolish any submarine.

This is not a weapon to be despised even in hands less than fully competent. Depth charges cause a submarine to leak, knock her complex gear out of order, and have a pronounced neurological and psychological effect aboard any submarine that escapes physical damage. "After you've been depth-charged for a while," said one young officer, "you find that you can't work a simple mathematical formula in your head, like converting from apparent to true compass bearing. The men find it hard to eat and those who do eat lose their lunches for no reason at all."

Yet judging by our Navy's announcements of sinkings, the Japs have not succeeded in destroying many of our submarines; and meanwhile the announced list of Japanese subs sunk continues to grow. Why is this?

One explanation is that when this war started the Japanese were entirely theoretical sub-hunters. There was no tradition and experience at the work in their navy, none of that word-of-mouth, hand-to-hand information that in matters of tactics is the only really valuable kind. On just one

occasion in the last war they sent a division of destroyers to see a convoy through the Mediterranean from Suez. There was a submarine attack; the Japs nearly went crazy, running round in circles at high speed till they were more of a danger to the convoy than the enemy, and the convoy commodore sent them home and radioed for some American sub-chasers to come and help him out.

But surely there is another explanation. The care with which our American submariners are selected, their character and training, adequately cover the case. Indicative detail—our modern submarines actually have less automatic control machinery than those of twenty-five years ago. In these days the service concentrates on making the *men* foolproof rather than the ship.

They start as sailors and usually as specialists—electricians, signalmen, cooks. They get an elaborate physical examination but the weight comes on the psychological, where the effort is to eliminate the neurotics, the schizoids, even the slightly mentally deficient, the alcoholics—all the cases of psychological maladjustment or unbalance. There is work for such men in the Navy, but not aboard a submarine, where every man's life is in every other's hand, and a valve carelessly turned in a moment of inattention or sulking not only can, but infallibly will mean death to all aboard. In no type of naval vessel does safety hang by so tenuous a thread.

What type of men get through? Mostly slight introverts who like the close association, say the psychologists. They come in at the upper edge of adolescence, when social contacts are of special importance to the individual, and they are happy to belong to the sub club. The crew of one sub all put on earrings when they got back from their cruise; on other submarines they all grow beards or develop a special slang unknown outside that one ship.

They are reserved, soft-spoken; there is pronouncedly less noise at a bar connected with a submarine base than in any other frequented by the Navy. The muscular athletic type is not prominent; indeed, submariners on cruise acquire a jailbird

pallor, for only the deck watch ever comes out of the tin box at all. They do so mostly at night, and there is no chance to exercise. Submariners read a lot, acquiring the habit on patrol and sticking with it when they come in, usually very wishful of rest after being gone over by Jap depth charges. They pretend to be gay dogs, but it isn't so. A submariner caught up his commander on their way to their hotel one hibiscus-scented night in Hawaii. "Ain't it funny, sir," he remarked, "how far you can get behind on women and how quick you can catch up?"

As a corollary to their reading they are studious. Indeed, they have to be. Before they can enter a submarine at all officers must have a six months' course, the enlisted must have one of three weeks, at the submarine base at New London. This is book learning preliminary to practice runs, dives, approaches in a training submarine; and that man is rare who can qualify for active duty after six weeks of this practice. It is required of all to know intimately every valve, gadget, and rivet in at least one major compartment of a submarine, to know what it is for and how to repair it if it goes wrong; and each man must know how to operate every safety device in the ship.

Submariners are totally irreverent. It is impossible for officers to stand on their dignity (in the unlikely event they wished to) with men who live only two or three feet from them and share their food.

"We're having admiral's inspection tomorrow," one skipper is reported as informing his crew, "and I'm not worrying about the ship, but for God's sake, don't call me Al." The anecdote is apocryphal; but the submarine service is the only one where officers and men mingle on a first-name basis, and that is why it came into existence. Higher-ranking officers who have never sailed in the little tin pots tend to worry about this attitude as an evidence of indiscipline, which is not the case. Nothing could have been more stern than the discipline on Commander Gilmore's ship.

It is perhaps part of the irreverence that makes them admit fearlessly that they are afraid when the depth charges begin to go off. Sitting there on the bottom they look with as little respect on death and even on their own profession as did the raiders of 1812.

For that is the true spiritual kinship of the submariners. They are our raiders, with this difference between them and the iron men of the wooden-ship days—that as the submariners raided and ran, the battle fleet grew up behind them to present the enemy with a strategic problem new in naval history: an opponent who had both a raiding fleet and a battle fleet, whose strength was at once concentrated and dispersed. It might not have come out that way but for Pearl Harbor—an event for which we may some day find ourselves offering thanks.



# THE AMERICAN RADIO TRAITORS

WILLIAM L. SHIRER



WHEN last July a Federal grand jury returned indictments charging treason against eight American citizens who had been broadcasting Nazi and Fascist propaganda from Berlin and Rome, it set me to wondering again why they had sold out to the enemy. For I had known some of them, and another convert to Nazism who did not appear in the government list—Charles Flicksteger, alias Flick—during my fifteen-year assignment abroad.

These Americans,\* most of them native born, did, in the stilted words of the indictments, “knowingly, intentionally, feloniously, traitorously and treasonably adhere to the enemies of the United States . . . giving to the said enemies aid and comfort” by repeated broadcasts of propaganda designed to “persuade citizens of the United States to decline to support the United States in the conduct of the war.”

Why did they do it? For money? Most men turn traitors for money. But from what I know of these citizens, material gain was not the motive, or at least not the main one. To be sure, Bob Best, who spent most of his waking hours for twenty years glued to the corner table in the

journalists’ hangout at the Café Louvre in Vienna, was nearly always broke. But his financial state never seemed to worry him very much except possibly during one period when there arose what Dorothy Thompson called the other day “those doubtful affairs around Credit Anstalt Bank,” the details of which I’ve forgotten. Constance Drexel, an insignificant, mixed-up, and ailing woman of forty-six who always had a bad cold, used to tell me during the first winter of the war in Berlin that she needed money—and wouldn’t I hire her as a broadcaster? But she went over to the service of Dr. Goebbels mainly because she had always been pro-German and pan-German and since 1933 had been bitten by the Nazi bug. The money the Germans paid her no doubt was welcome, but she would have taken mine (which had an anti-Nazi taint) had I been fool enough to hire her.

Edward Leopold Delaney, alias E. D. Ward, who before the first war had once toured our republic in a road company playing “Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford,” had undoubtedly never got rich at home even after a number of years of acting and writing. (He wrote two books, *The Lady by Degrees* and *The Charm Girl*, the latter advertised as the “scream-line correspondence of a radio charmer and her girl friend.”) The Nazis paid him the standard traitor’s salary of 1,000 marks a month (\$400 at the official rate of ex-

\*Frederick Wilhelm Kaltenbach, Dubuque, Iowa; Robert H. Best, Sumter, South Carolina; Ezra Pound, New York City; Douglas Chandler, Baltimore; Edward Leo Delaney, Olney, Illinois; Constance Drexel, Philadelphia; Jane Anderson, Atlanta; Max Otto Koischwitz, New York City. Flicksteger, who was brought up in Saylesville, Rhode Island, and attended Brown University, was not included in the indictment.

change) and threw in a comfortable apartment off the Kurfuerstendamm out of which some unfortunate Jew had been thrown. But he probably could have done almost as well at home—except for the flat—since in terms of prices 1,000 marks really amounted to only \$250. With a little luck, no doubt, he could have earned \$62.50 a week right here.

It wasn't money, primarily, which turned these Americans into traitors. And it wasn't love, for which sometimes a man or a woman will betray his country. It was for love that Baille Stewart, a captain of the Seaforth Highlanders, betrayed England and served a sentence in the Tower before fleeing to Germany in search of his loved one. Stewart did not seem happy about his lot when I used to run into him at the German Broadcasting House, where for a short time he made broadcasts to his native land, but he was not strong enough to overcome his passion for a certain German woman.

Fred Kaltenbach and Douglas Chandler apparently were happily married, the former to a German girl, the latter to a descendant of John Jay, the first Chief Justice of the United States, whom he had married at Bar Harbor, Maine, in 1924. No Nazi siren seems to have influenced them. Best was engaged to an Austrian girl at the moment Germany declared war on the United States and she may have had some influence on his decision not to return. During the internment of 138 American diplomats and journalists at Bad Nauheim from December, 1940, until March, 1943, Best used to hint to his colleagues that his fiancée had some property in Austria which he did not feel they could abandon. A Freudian might see a deeper meaning there. But I am sure that it was not Best's feelings for his fiancée which primarily moved him to remain in Germany and betray his country.

## II

WHAT was it then? Of all the American turncoats, I knew Best the most intimately. I had met him first in January, 1929, in Vienna, to which I had repaired for a long newspaper assignment. I saw him off and on during the

next ten turbulent years, the last time being in June, 1938, after the Anschluss, when I left Vienna for good. Frankly, over the years, I liked him as did all the other American correspondents whose fortunes took them to the baroque Austrian capital. Those were great days in our little American newspaper world. Most of the "stars" of a great generation of foreign correspondents gathered there at one time or another: Dorothy Thompson, Sinclair Lewis, H. R. Knickerbocker, John Gunther, Eric Gedy, M. W. Fodor, Edgar Mowrer, Whit Burnett, George Seldes, Edwin L. James, Walter Duranty, Jim Mills, and Vincent Sheean. Unless I greatly err, they all liked Best and were often to be seen chewing the rag with him at the table in the Café Louvre which served both as his home and his office, for he wrote all his dispatches there. He never rated with his colleagues as a very brilliant or even able journalist, but he had a mine of information and misinformation about Austria, Central Europe, and the Balkans, he knew everyone in town, including the most suspicious agents of the Comitadji, and he shared his news with everyone. As the years went by he grew a little strange. "Eccentric," we used to call it. But everyone liked him for his generous heart. He would do the slightest acquaintance any favor asked or hinted. He would lend you his last Austrian schilling.

Best had no deep political beliefs. He didn't like the Socialists, who controlled the city government of Vienna until Dollfuss massacred them in 1934, but this was because he thought they taxed him too much, and not for any ideological reasons. During the heyday of Prince Starhemberg's fascist Heimwehr, he was pretty much for the Prince. Later he was for Dollfuss and Schuschnigg and their clerical Fascism, with only occasional lapses into wondering whether there wasn't something in the Nazi business.

That fantastic night of the Anschluss when Austria perished, Best held out hopes to the last minute that Schuschnigg somehow would master the situation and keep the Nazis out. About ten o'clock that night I found him at his table in the Café Louvre scribbling dispatches. He was



called away to the phone and when he returned he announced proudly to the half-hysterical newsmen that Schuschnigg had come back as chancellor and that the Nazis were out. This was typical of his reporting but there was no doubt that he was happy about his "tip." "Things are not over yet," he kept saying to me. At that time, he was not Nazi.

By his side that evening, I remember, was one Major Goldschmidt, a Legitimist follower of Otto and a Jew. About eleven o'clock the Major rose quietly and said, "I will go home and get my revolver." Best did his best to dissuade him. And Best's closest friend in Vienna, as everyone knew, was a Jew.

And yet this is the man who to-day out-Goebbelses the Propaganda Doktor in the very violence of his attacks on the Jews. He has become Berlin's star American Jew-baiter. When he skipped out from Bad Nauheim, he addressed an open letter to the American *chargé d'affaires* with such expressions as "Rascal-Roosevelt's Jewed-up Administration." Recently he ended his broadcast from Berlin: "Down with the Jew-United States campaign. Give the donkey [Roosevelt] the gate and give his kikes the kick they have so long deserved."

The trouble with Bob Best was that he stayed in Europe too long. Born in Sumter, South Carolina, April 16, 1896, the son of a Methodist minister, he had graduated from Wofford College in 1917, served as a lieutenant in the Coast Artillery during the war, and had then enrolled as a graduate student in the Columbia School of Journalism. In 1922 he went to Europe on a year's Pulitzer traveling fellowship. He never saw his native land again. Most American foreign correspondents came home every three or four years not only because it was pleasant to come home but because they knew how absolutely essential it was to retain their native roots and their contact with their own people and their own civilization. Best never came home. He settled down at his table in the Café Louvre, from which he was only budged twenty years later by Hitler's declaration of war on the United States and his own temporary internment as an enemy citizen.

Some years after his arrival in Vienna, I gathered from my talks with him, he became *afraid* to return. Life certainly was pleasant in Vienna, as all of us who lived and worked there could testify. It was a dying city, because it was no longer the capital of an empire, but it was dying with great dignity and even beauty, and a charm still hung over its inhabitants and its streets and its baroque and rococo buildings that captured us all and made us love it deeply. Yes, Vienna was pleasant, so why go home—even for a visit, Best used to say. Pretty soon he began to fear that life in America had passed him by, that probably he could never make a go of it here, that he would only be a misfit. A few other correspondents who had gone home for good had found the readjustment difficult. Bob heard of their difficulties. And not unnaturally, and perhaps at first quite unconsciously, he began to share the stirrings that were going on in the breasts of the not-very-well-paid middle class in Europe. Fascism of the clerical brand such as Austria first produced or of the Mussolini-Hitler brand began to attract them. Best, his native American roots decayed, was impressed. It was not difficult for him to drift toward Fascism. It was difficult for him to retain any sense of duty or even loyalty to his own country. America began to loom to him as a land which he no longer knew or belonged to and to which he would never return. Shortly before I left Berlin at the end of 1940 I had a letter from him. He was in Vienna and he wrote that he would stay on there "even if we get into the war." He was becoming ripe for what was to happen a year later.

Just how and why Best became so violently anti-Semitic remains a mystery to his former friends and acquaintances. As we have seen, his closest friend was a Jew and a good half of his European newspaper friends who gathered at the Café Louvre were Jews. One of the last things he did before the war was to lend a month's salary to an Austrian editor who was a Jew and then help him escape over the Nazi frontier. This editor happened to be listening to the Berlin short-wave radio in the New York Listening Post of CBS one spring evening of 1942. Suddenly he dashed



into my office, a few steps away. He was in tears. "There's someone talking from Berlin who calls himself 'Guess Who,'" he cried. "It sounds like Bob Best. Come and see." I did and there was no doubt that it was Best. He was thundering away at the Jews. The Jewish editor from Vienna could not believe his ears and cannot to this day explain how his friend, who helped him escape the Nazis, suddenly turned so hysterically on the Jewish people.

Perhaps one reason was that Best's never-too-fertile brain started to crack and give way. Psychologists may say that this is an absurd explanation. But are not people who we say are "cracked" on a subject fairly common phenomena? Is not an obsession one of the first signs of a cerebral weakening? Best certainly developed an obsession about the Jews. He developed another which was just as strange. In his twenty years behind the table in the Café Louvre, he had always struck his fellow correspondents as a most modest and even self-effacing fellow. But once among the crackpots of the Propaganda Ministry in Berlin, to which he repaired after skipping out of Bad Nauheim shortly before the Americans there were repatriated, he developed a most comical *illusion de grandeur*. He had deserted his colleagues, he told them, "in the interest of history." On his broadcasts from Berlin, he began to imagine himself as a savior of mankind, as a divine leader to "save the American people from the kikes," as he once put it.

"My pleasure is increased," he shouted in a broadcast from Berlin on May 21, 1942, "by the fresh hope which the scope of my activity gives me for the future of America, for Britain, and the world. Of the most divine sanctity of my crusade for the overthrow of kike rule in America and Britain I have no doubt whatever."

A year ago last fall he "announced" his "candidature" for Congress and implored his listeners, if any, to write in his name on their ballots. Recently he informed his American audience that he was running for President in the 1944 election, and in his broadcast reply last July 28 to his indictment he complained that our "Jewed-up Attorney General" launched the in-

dictment only because he, Best, had stood for Congress, and obtained it only after he had stated he was running for President. The funniest thing in this ludicrous episode is that Best actually seems to have convinced Dr. Goebbels, whose ignorance of America is gargantuan, that his "candidacy" for Congress and the Presidency threatened to throw a spoke into our elections and should therefore be taken seriously. Otherwise the Doktor would not have wasted so much valuable radio time on Best's "election" speeches.

### III

BOB BEST's case obviously is a special one but it has this in common with those of the other radio traitors: all of them had a sense of frustration about their role, however small, in the American scene. All of them had come to be conscious of being misfits in their native land. In another epoch they might have become minute and cheap imitations of Henry James, who also became estranged from the current of life of America and who—wrongly, as it later proved—thought he was not appreciated or understood by his own people.

But between the two wars Fascism and Nazism attracted human derelicts as a flame attracts a moth. Most of the Nazi hierarchy consisted of derelicts from the first war, men who could not find a place in the Germany of the Republic. Nazism offered them, as it offered our American traitors, a chance to become somebody. It offered them a career. And it gave them something ready-made on which to vent their hates.

I happen to know that some of these Americans who were to become traitors made half-hearted attempts in the thirties to "make good" in the land of their birth. Having failed, as they lazily thought, they returned to Europe and threw themselves into the arms of the two Axis nations. Already Goebbels must have been thinking in his mind that they would come in handy when the new weapon of radio was turned to the service of total war. Their American accents, especially, would be valuable when this new weapon was really put to use in the service of conquest.



Two Americans who had thus made a last attempt to adjust themselves at home told me about it when they came back to Europe. They were Charles Flicksteger, who wrote under the name of "Flick," and George Nelson Page, nephew of our former Ambassador in Rome. Neither of them was included in the July indictment, presumably because they had taken out German and Italian citizenship, respectively, as did Lord Haw-Haw, the British radio traitor, who now is technically a Nazi citizen.

To earn his living, Flicksteger had worked for an American press association in Berlin, but his chief interest lay in music. Married at that time to a retired Munich opera singer, he composed operas and naturally Germany, which had a state-subsidized opera house going full blast in every provincial city as well as two in Berlin, gave him more of an outlet than he could find in America, where there was little opera outside of New York and a half-dozen of our largest cities. I went to his house a couple of times in Berlin to listen to him pound out one of his new operas on the piano, and afterward he would complain of how little opportunity America offered to one of his musical talents.

Flicksteger, who had many friends in the Nazi party, including Goering, got into trouble with them during the June, 1934, purge and found it necessary to get himself transferred to Vienna, where he was promptly arrested as a Nazi agent. This seems to have soured him temporarily on the Nazis and shortly afterward he returned to America to see if he could make a go of it here. He got a good job as an editor on a Philadelphia paper but he did not last and some time before the war he returned to Berlin, bitter against his native country. "I guess they just don't want me over there," he complained to me.

When I saw him next, he had made his decision. It was June, 1940, and the Germans were in Paris. I came home one night sick in the stomach from the nauseating spectacle of Hitler prancing about the little clearing in Compiègne Forest where the Armistice was being signed. I slipped into a seat at a large table in the

dining room of the Hotel Scribe. It was full of arrogant, half-drunk German officers. One of them, a first lieutenant, looked familiar. He was grinning at me. "Guess you didn't expect to see me here in this," he said sheepishly, pointing at his uniform. Flicksteger had been making front-line recordings which were being played to America on the German short-wave. To-day he manages the German-owned radio station XGRS, which pours out anti-American propaganda from Shanghai.

George Nelson Page was an introspective American youngster who had spent most of his life with his relatives in Italy. Unfortunately he elected to return home at the height of the depression and after going jobless for a few months and, according to him, being snubbed for his poverty, he returned to Rome, took out his citizenship papers, did his military service, and became an Italian citizen. One night in Rome he poured out to me his bitterness against America for treating him so badly. Through his friendship with Ciano, he got a high post in the Italian Propaganda Ministry (Ministry of Popular Culture, as it was called) but I imagine he has not fared so well since the departure of his friend and his friend's father-in-law.

I did not know Douglas Chandler, who broadcasts from Berlin as "Paul Revere." He was a bit of a mystery man among the American correspondents there, for though he was constantly being quoted in the German press as "an American correspondent," none of us had ever seen him in the flesh. In fact we thought for a time he was a fictional character.

In the end he proved to be real enough, and later on I learned something about the man. Life in this country proved a little too tough for him too, it seems. Born in Chicago May 26, 1889, he grew up in Baltimore where after the war, in which he served for a short time in the Navy, he worked as a reporter and columnist on the *Sunday American*. After his marriage in 1924—which I have mentioned—to a descendant of John Jay, he went into the brokerage business and, like a great many others who had chosen this particular line of business activity, he was wiped out in the crash of 1929.



Some recovered from that blow, but not Chandler. Soon he was complaining that the "miasma of Washington" was stifling chaps like himself and in 1930, asserting that his wife's income would provide a better living for him and his family in Europe than at home, he set out for Europe. For a time he wrote travel articles for American magazines, but most of them dropped him when they learned some time after 1933 that he was in the pay of the Nazi government.

In the spring of 1941, as it happened, Dr. Goebbels was trying desperately to find an American radio personality who could build up in the United States a vast listening audience, if only by being amusing, as had Lord Haw-Haw in Britain. Kaltenbach, the former Iowa boy, had not been quite good enough and Delaney, alias Ward, had been a positive failure.

So if in April, 1941, you had listened to the German short-wave programs, you would have heard a tremendous build-up for a new American voice. On April 18, the 166th anniversary of Paul Revere's famous ride, that famous horseman and patriot, Berlin said, would gallop again. April 18 came and nothing happened, but a week later, preceded by the thumping of horses' hoofs and the tune of "Yankee Doodle," "Paul Revere" rode. "Paul Revere" also spoke, trying to incite his fellow Americans to throw off the terrible tyranny of "Roosevelt and his Jews." Before he had finished speaking he was the flop of the year. He was even worse on the air than the aging Delaney-Ward. A few weeks afterward, "Paul Revere" revealed that he was really Douglas Chandler. His standard beginning for his broadcasts is: "Misinformed, misgoverned friends and compatriots."

Jane Anderson, the Countess de Cienfuegos, born in Atlanta on January 6, 1893, turned traitor, I suppose, because she was bitten by the bug that has smitten a few other of our citizens. Like them she got it into her head that the "Bolshevist hordes" were about to engulf our world and she thought Hitler and men like Franco could save us. She had been sentenced to death as a spy by the Spanish Loyalists but the sentence was quelled at the request of the State Department and

she was released. After that her tongue never ceased wagging—and always on the same tiresome subject. "I had not been twenty-four hours upon American soil," she reported in a Berlin broadcast, "before I had confirmed . . . that from the pulpits of the land of the Star-Spangled Banner, no word of the God-fearing had been lifted against the hordes from Moscow which had descended upon Madrid to unleash upon a Christian land rivers of blood as the first stride forward in world revolution. . . ."

Miss Anderson's "ranting, melodramatic voice," as one British official described it, ceased abruptly to come off the Berlin air waves in April, 1942. She had broadcast to America a tall tale about the wonderful food and champagne in the capital's night clubs. OWI transmitters rebroadcast her glowing account to the German people. She was never heard on the air from Berlin again.

#### IV

OF ALL this motley group of Americans, Fred Kaltenbach, of Dubuque, Iowa, probably was the most sincere in his conversion to Nazism. He really believed in it. Born in Dubuque in 1895 of German immigrant parents, he remained essentially German in outlook and like so many other Germans was early attracted to the mysticism—or whatever it was—of Nazism.

His American education was considerable. He studied at Grinnell College, took a B.A. from Iowa State Teachers College in 1920 (after serving a short time as a second lieutenant in the Coast Artillery during the war) and an M.A. in history at the University of Chicago. But by 1933, while teaching at the Dubuque High School, he was organizing a group of high school boys into a "hiking club" which he called the "Militant Order of Spartan Knights" and which he modeled on the pattern of the Hitler Youth, the members sporting brown-shirted uniforms. I am glad to report that Iowa, my own state, had more sense than Germany. The school authorities disbanded the "Knights" and fired Kaltenbach. He left shortly thereafter for Germany where,



studious fellow that he is, he took a Ph.D. at the University of Berlin and zealously embraced Hitlerism and all its foul works. I will never forget him standing by my side outside the little railway carriage at Compiègne. Through the car windows you could see Hitler sitting proudly at a table while General Keitel read the French the armistice terms. Kaltenbach, as if in a trance, gazed longingly at his Fuehrer as other men might gaze toward their god. It was no surprise, then, when he elected to remain in Germany and betray his country. He was a born Nazi.

So was Max Otto Koischwitz, who did not come to this country until 1925, where he found employment on the faculties of Columbia University and Hunter College. He became a naturalized citizen in 1935, when he had already been converted to Nazism. A former pupil has described him as "thin, dark, Mephistophelean" and his lectures, in which he did not fail to get in his Nazi propaganda, especially on the racial issue, seem to have been very popular. At least his classrooms were always crowded. He turned out to be a versatile fellow on the air and in his broadcasts appears sometimes as "Dr. Anders," a scholarly rogue, sometimes as "Mr. O.K.," a glib talker in the American vernacular, and sometimes just as himself, Dr. Koischwitz. The only wonder about him is that his Nazi loyalties were not discovered before he departed for the Fatherland in 1939.

Ezra Pound, the only one of the traitors to sell out to Italy, was already obsessed by the "decadence of democracy" when as a youth just out of college I used to listen to him prattle on the terrace of the Café Sélect in Paris in the middle twenties. He was a talented poet but had no political sense and Mussolinism already at that time seemed to attract his flamboyant nature. I suspect also that he became embittered at what he thought was the lack of appreciation of his poetry in his native America. He used to lecture us, if I remember rightly, about "our cultural backwoods we left behind us." His broadcasts from Rome were curiously incoherent for a writer so much interested in language. But he loved the sound of his own words, as when he shouted hoarsely from Rome one day to his former compatriots: "You

have been hugger-muggered and scarum-shouted into a war and you know nothing about it."

I heard his last broadcast. It was on the evening of July 25, about three hours after his radio station in Rome had announced the "resignation" of the Duce, whom he had always praised as a god. It was obvious that poor Pound knew nothing about it. But he was not heard from again.

## V

Two of the traitors, Best and Kaltenbach, broadcast replies to their indictments. Best was truculent; Kaltenbach sounded as though he were hurt.

Said Best on the evening of July 28: "The decision not only to indict but to execute most of us was taken by Washington's Jews and Judocrats already in 1942. . . . When I packed my bags and walked out of the internment hotel at Bad Nauheim seventeen months ago, I knew quite well what I was doing. . . . I knew . . . that I was crossing a Rubicon and at the same time burning my bridges behind me. I knew, in other words, that it meant the beginning of a battle to the death between me and the clique of Jewish reptiles which are to-day running America. . . . In reality, America's Jews have all intended from the first to shoot or to hang every one of us who exposes their game of world enslavement. . . . The idea behind this Judocratic circus is to frighten you away from our broadcasts to you. Roosevelt and his Jewish bosses wish that you see always before you a life-sized picture of yourself standing under a gallows beside me if you dare pass my messages on to others, or even listen to them yourself. If you are a wishy-washy namby-pamby, therefore, please turn off your radio immediately. If you are a real man, however, pass on to others every day my warning appeal: To Arms! To Arms, you patriots! The red-coats of Katyn and Dimitrov are on their way to both America and Britain."

Kaltenbach, replying in his broadcast of July 30, was more wistful. Said he: "Technically I suppose I am guilty of treason—of treason to Roosevelt and his warmongers, but not to the American peo-

ple. . . . To have deserted the German people would have been an act of treason against my conscience. On December 8, 1941, I was suddenly confronted with the choice of committing a possible act of treason against my native America, or of deserting the German people in their hour of need. I could have returned to the United States. . . . That would have been the easy way out. . . . Don't think

the choice was easy. It was not easy to turn my back perhaps forever on my friends in the United States, never to see the land of my birth again. . . . Nevertheless I made then my choice, and I have never regretted that choice for an instant. . . . If that be treason, make the most of it."

Were the words of Patrick Henry ever turned to a more ironical use?

### *Experimental Rabbit*

A JACKRABBIT beset by paratroopers sticks in my mind. Thousands of us leaned on the ropes while two hundred and sixty bronze boys tumbled from planes, exploded into fluffs of popcorn, and floated down to the prairie. It was so marvelous and plausible that the crowd even stopped cheering. But a cry went up when a jackrabbit broke cover. His little panic was the one novelty amid such surfeiting precision. Where's a rock? A pop bottle? The crowd would have destroyed him for no particular reason except that they were excited and he was a rabbit. Racing this way and that, he stopped in full view, completely exhausted, inadvertently saved by M.P.'s who couldn't very well let the people crowd in for a kill.

For a moment the prairie was a laboratory and I was trying to isolate the virus of killing. I tried to remember whether William James had sought a moral equivalent for a mob killing a rabbit just for the hell of it. The ecstasy of the kill, global or in microcosm—can we define the virus? Something's gained, we think, when the Yale Bowl crowds out the Coliseum, but our good neighbors pack the bull ring and our Indianapolis speedway is even more sadistic. We glory in cinema gunfire and go to sleep with murder tales on the pillow. Fun to shoot a clay pigeon, more to kill a duck, still more to kill a man!

Premise an art form on the passion which creates life and it isn't enough; the passion which destroys life must complete the equation. That is true and it hurts to know it's true. Agamemnon must be killed. Romeo and Juliet must perish before your eyes. Christ must be crucified to be worshiped. The legend demands the kill. Try to think of the Maid of Orleans without it, or Lincoln.

Must our emotional ineptitudes forever be resolved in the shambles? Beside me, walking away from the paratrooper show, were two eight-year-olds who had bayed lustily for rabbit blood. I wanted to ask them what any of us had against rabbits, and how a jackrabbit terrified by paratroopers differed from the bunny in the Easter theocracy, and how our impulse to kill the rabbit differed from a terrier's, but I didn't bother them. The children seemed to know where they were going, and I was pretty sure I knew where they were going, and their children and their children to come, and I didn't like the idea and I hoped we'd get some brains some day. ♦ *Thomas Hornsby Ferril*



# FATIGUE

*A Story*

CHRISTOPHER LA FARGE



*This is the fourth story in Mr. La Farge's series, "East by Southwest." The others appeared in our August and September numbers.—The Editors*

YOU must understand that this particular evening was not a peculiarity, but was like many others on that South Pacific island. Otherwise I should not write of it.

I must tell you too that I was somewhat weary when I arrived at the Officers' Club at Touébon, where all this began. I had gone far up the island of Balade to Pouncea, driven by an Engineer officer to his supply depot, where I was able to pick up a jeep for my own use for a week—and jeeps were invaluable and not easily come by. Then, in the heat and the glare, I had driven the jeep back to Touébon, down the narrowly winding, mountainous, sharply crowned road, in a steady stream of fast traffic of big trucks that kicked up thick dust from the side of the oiled road. I was remembering all the way the comment of the Engineer as he had pointed to a large new cemetery on the side of a high hill. "That," he had said, "is composed ninety per cent of truck drivers." Sometimes a jeep can seem even smaller than it is.

I mention all this because one's views and responses are so sharply colored by fatigue. Nevertheless I do not believe that my own weariness could wholly

account for the feeling I had when I saw Lester Purdey at the Club. It was not shock, for I had long got over being shocked, and it was not concern, because I knew him too slightly. It was perhaps more a sense of loss, of the sort one feels when, revisiting a meadow once peaceful and admired, one finds it scarred by a new development.

I had seen Purdey a month before. He is about twenty-two years old, a lieutenant, the skipper of a PT boat. He was just back from New Zealand then, where he had been on leave, and his face was fresh-looking, without lines, and his heavy tan did not hide the young color in his cheeks. We had spent a pleasant and a peaceful evening together, talking of music and of books, of New Zealand and so, necessarily, of fishing for the magnificent trout there. I remember that his conversation was remarkably free from profanity. He was intelligent and had more education than most of the other Texans I had met. Finally we had talked of the war and he had told me a little of the job of the PT boats. It was a calm and objective account: he had laid aside his duties from him for the time being, for he was rested, and he could see the picture

whole. He was an example to me then of how gentle a young man can be and still preserve the full toughness of his fiber. He didn't wear the ribbon of the Navy Cross (for no one wore ribbons there) but he had it to wear.

The bar at the Club was crowded at that hour—it was a quarter past six—with about three hundred officers. They were from all branches of the services, they were young and middle-aged, and they included some New Zealanders and some Frenchmen, and a few very heavily escorted Nurses, whose degree of beauty in form and figure was various but whose power of attraction was an indisputable absolute. It took me some time to buy myself a bottle of beer, and then I wandered away from the bar and started looking round for Captain Sam Cheston, a Cavalry officer with whom I had agreed to dine. It was while I was looking for Cheston that I spotted Lester Purdey.

He was one of a group of four Navy men gathered about one of the slot machines. He was clutching a dozen quarters in the same hand that held a bottle of beer by the neck, and with the other hand he was operating the machine. His face was more deeply tanned than before, but under the tan was a gray that was clearly evident, for the sunlight of late afternoon still lighted up that white-walled room. He seemed taller than I remembered him until I realized that he had lost weight, and he had some lines in his face—between his eyes, and running down from his nostrils—that did not belong with his age. So different indeed was this from the man I remembered that I approached him a little tentatively, wondering if I were mistaking someone else for him.

"Hi, Purdey," I said. "When did you get in?"

He looked round at me, rather the way someone looks at you when you interrupt him with a girl, but then he smiled and said hello and called me by name. He turned back immediately to his machine, put in another quarter, and gave the handle a hard pull. Without taking his eyes off the revolving symbols, he said, "I got in to-day. How're things with you? God damn!" The symbols back

of their little glass window had clicked to a stop with two lemons showing. He put in another quarter.

"Does it give?" I asked.

"She gave once," he said. "I'll just make the son of a bitch give once more and then I'll quit." He pulled the handle viciously and the symbols whirled round.

"Want to eat with me and some other guys?"

"Where?" he said.

"La Rotonde," I said. "There'll be no food here, with this mob, unless you stand in line now."

"No," he said. "And no time to drink. Hell!" The machine registered another miss and he put in another quarter. "O.K. What time?"

"We've reserved the table for seven-thirty," I said.

"O.K.," he said. "Double bloody hell!" The machine showed a lemon again as it stopped. At once he put in another quarter.

"You'll lose every cent you've won," I said.

"It's all velvet," he said, "and it's something to do." He gave the handle a gentle pull. "What in hell is the use of money here?" He finished the bottle of beer and set it on the floor. As he did so the symbols came, one by one, to their clicking stop, a line of three blue plums; the machine gave a bell-like note that made every head in the neighborhood turn, and a cascade of quarters noisily filled the metal trough at the base. "Hot damn!" said Purdey. He scooped out the quarters and put them, without counting, into his trousers pockets.

At that precise moment one of the ten bartenders behind the long, L-shaped bar rang a ship's bell.

"Aaah!" said the three hundred officers and Nurses within the barroom, and "Aaah!" echoed from the two hundred more officers who had been seated in the shady garden outside. It was the signal for the beginning of hard-liquor sales.

Purdey and I immediately moved toward the bar, but it took us some time to buy our whisky, for the customers were three deep at the rail already. When we finally succeeded we had great diffi-



culty in getting away from there (which was the accepted and sensible rule) because of the influx of men from the garden, most of whom were hurriedly finishing their bottles of beer. The noise was terrific, for they all talked a whole tone louder than before, and as the floor of the room was paved in red tiles, the sound echoed and echoed again. When we were clear of the worst of the crush I spoke to him.

"Let's go outside," I said. "It's quieter."

"Hell, no," Purdey said. "I love it. And that's too far away from the bar." He was gulping his drink.

"All right," I said. Then I remembered something I wanted to find out from him. "What happened to the victrola and those records?"

He looked past me, his eyes searching the crowd. "What records?" he said.

"The ones Roddy Black gave you when he went home, the lucky stiff."

"The hell with that stuff," he said. "That's all a lot of crap." It was so rude that it didn't seem so—he wasn't aiming it at me. "Want another drink?"

"Not yet," I said. "In time."

"Time?" he said. "You never know about time. Time can run out. So can liquor." He started to edge toward the bar.

"I've got to find Sam Cheston," I said. "I'll pick you up then and we'll eat."

"O.K.," he said, but he wasn't paying me any attention. He was busy edging in to the bar. As he did so he bumped a man he knew and the man turned. They greeted each other noisily and he and Purdey worked toward the bar together. I didn't follow them, for I had a feeling that I was intruding. It was an odd sensation with a man like Purdey.

I made my way down the room looking for Cheston. About half way down I ran into Colonel Ike Masters of the Intelligence, a tall, wiry man with a pleasant smile.

"Hello," he said. "I hear you've got your orders for the A3 to-morrow."

The A3 is a cruiser, and it was true I had my orders for her.

"News travels fast here," I said.

"Sure does," he said. "Her executive

officer is here, Commander Burrows. I thought you might like to meet him. He's as nice as they come."

"Thank you," I said. "I've seen him but I haven't been introduced."

"Come along," he said and he turned and started for the outer wall of the room, where the slot machines are.

He had hardly taken five steps before we were blocked by two naval officers, one of whom I'd met long before, though I'd forgotten his name. He was a lieutenant commander.

"For Gaaad's sake!" he cried. "Look who's here!"

"You must have got in to-day with all the rest of this howling mob," I said.

"You're God-damned tootin' right," he said. "And boy! are we glad to get here! I want you to meet the greatest guy in the U. S. Navy, the captain of the old *Carlyle*, the best damn transport vessel in the whole damn Pacific, even if she ain't what she used to be, many long years ago." He began to sing. "Many long years ago, many long years ago . . ."

The man with him, a commander, a short, stocky, red-faced, clever-looking man, joined in. So did Colonel Masters and I. So did several other men near us.

"The old gray ship, she ain't what she used to be," sang the Lieutenant Commander and the rest of us, until we had come to the end of the chorus. As it ended, and without a pause, the Lieutenant Commander said, "Many long years ago. This is Commander Elihu Fry, the best God-damned skipper in the whole world."

"How do you do, Captain?" I said.

"How do you do?" said Commander Fry coldly, and we shook hands.

Fry stood and looked at me. He held a glass of whisky in each hand. From time to time he would take a drink from one of them and, immediately after, drink from the other. He swayed back and forth on his feet, like a comedy cop except that he didn't bend his knees. It was a perfectly controlled movement.

"So you wanted to meet me?" he said.

"Very much," I said, as that seemed indicated.

"And of course you'll be wanting to see the *Carlyle* now."

I didn't want to particularly, but I said, "Yes of course."

"Everyone knows about the *Carlyle*," he said. "Everyone wants to come aboard. By God, we can give you a meal that can't be beat this side of La Rue's in Paris. Mr. Carnally here," he said, moving his head toward the Lieutenant Commander, "can show you over the whole ship. See her work. Watch her unload. Lunch to-morrow. Twelve o'clock at the naval landing and ask for the *Carlyle's* barge. Twelve o'clock. Sharp." He took two drinks, one from each glass. "Want to come?" he said to Colonel Masters.

"Of course he wants to come," said Carnally.

"Sure I do," said the Colonel. "But I can't. Isn't that hell?"

"That's damn tough luck," said Carnally.

"Another time," said Fry. "Twelve o'clock," he said to me. "I'll tell you all about Spain. And Portugal. Persia."

"That'll be fine," I said, not having the faintest idea what he was talking about. "I'll be prompt."

"We're off," said Fry to Carnally. "Get that God-damned Marine, and we're off."

"Right," said Carnally. "Twelve o'clock. I knew you'd be lucky if I introduced you to the captain." He turned and made his way toward the bar. Fry rocked back and forth on his feet, his eyes tight shut. The interview seemed to be over.

"Come along," said the Colonel.

We edged past Commander Fry, and again made our way toward the outside wall.

"Who in hell is he?" I asked.

"Him?" said the Colonel. "Boy, that *Carlyle* has been through more stuff than any transport in the whole Pacific. Battle of Savo. She's got seven Jap planes to her credit. They're just in from Zipper and Nettle now. You'll hear a lot to-morrow. Now he's—well—he's just ashore. I really do wish I could have gone with you."

Nettle and Zipper are the code names of islands north of Balade, nearer the equator—and the Japs. Almost no one

gives them their right names. People who took transports there could have plenty to tell you—if they were sober.

"Is he drunk?" I asked the Colonel.

"Good God, no," said Masters. "He's just got in. He's been out here over a year."

"Oh," I said. He was trying to tell me something, but I didn't understand what it was till much later.

By this time we had reached the wall and we turned along it till we came to the fourth slot machine. Leaning against it, an empty glass in his right hand, was Commander Burrows. I had plenty of time to look him over before we got to him. He was very tall and excessively thin. He had a young face with sharp lines in it, and his thick hair was almost entirely white. He had dark circles under his eyes. His mouth hung a little open, like that of a man with a cold in his nose, and his lips were pale. He was rapidly smoking a cigarette in a long black holder, and the thin, well-shaped fingers of his left hand were stained in spite of the holder with the deep yellow of nicotine.

Colonel Masters introduced me to him.

"How do you do?" he said. "I understand you're coming aboard. We only got in to-day. We shall be in port for a few days. You'd better come aboard in time for supper to-morrow night. Get aboard by five-thirty. We have a new movie." Between each sentence he took a pull at his cigarette. In spite of his words his manner of speech was cultivated. "There will be much to tell you," he said.

"Thank you," I said. "I'll come out at five-thirty." I waited. It would not then have surprised me if he had added, "I'll tell you all about India and the Galápagos Islands." There was something astonishing in the manner of all these men to-night.

"Have you met the captain?" he asked.

"Not yet. I'm looking forward to it."

"He'd tell you just what I'm going to," he said. "You might as well understand it." He moved his shoulders, like a man assuming a heavy weight. "Don't try to tell us how to win the war."

"Oh," I said. "No."

"No," he said. "These people fresh



out from home who always know just what ought to be done. You're going on a fine ship, with a fine skipper. A magnificent crew. We don't need people to tell us how to win the war. Wholly unnecessary. There's enough trouble at home, strikes, Lewis, isolationism, discord, without anyone thinking, when they haven't cured those, that they can come out here and tell us what to do." He edged the butt out of the holder with his thumbnail and put in a new cigarette. I struck a match and he lit his cigarette at it. "Thank you," he said. Then suddenly he smiled at me, an altogether young and charming smile. "You'll be most welcome aboard," he said. Then in his previous manner and with great firmness, he added, "Good night."

"Good night," I said. "Thank you for the advice, Commander." Then I turned to leave him, as I had so obviously again been dismissed. Colonel Masters had disappeared.

I found Sam Cheston and together we looked everywhere for Lester Purdey, but we couldn't find him. It was almost eight o'clock and we were afraid we'd lose our table, so we set off for La Rotonde without him.

If in your experience the name of La Rotonde has a pleasant effect of nostalgia, don't go to the one at Touébon. It creates no nostalgia. One enters it by a narrow, smelly, black little alley, past a dreary room with dark-red walls that is called, magnificently, the Private Dining Room. Then one turns into a broader hall, and goes down three steps into the main dining room. It has dirty brown walls, a high ceiling of patterned tin, also brown, a couple of chandeliers fitted with naked and glaring electric bulbs. The floor is wooden and unswept.

We found our table for four, and the other two we had expected, a New Zealander and a Frenchman, were already there and had ordered wine. Ordering wine means that you have a long argument with a Kanaka, in pidgin French, and that he finally brings you an unlabeled bottle of extraordinary *vin ordinaire*, which is just drinkable and doesn't give you dysentery like the water. The Kanaka wears trousers and an armless,

once-white undershirt, walks barefooted with a surly dignity and an upright carriage, and his bushy mop of black hair is clipped halfway up his skull and the rest of the unclipped bush is bleached to a henna color. One school of thought proclaims that this bleaching means he is in love, but another suspects a basic desire to eliminate lice.

The food is edible but that's all. You get soup, an unidentified fish and an unidentifiable meat and a green vegetable and potatoes and an inedible dessert and black coffee with chicory in it, which is excellent if you like chicory. However, it is all better as a meal than a cold Spam sandwich at the Club, or the malted milk and piece of pie that is all you can get in the shops. If you are not too late at La Rotonde the food is hot.

We were having a pleasant time at dinner. The Frenchman and Sam Cheston got going on local gossip and were being extremely funny, and we had all had enough to drink to laugh a lot. The New Zealander was (like most of his kind) as nice as they come. We were ignoring the dessert when Lieutenant Commander Carnally suddenly came into the room and to our table.

"By God!" he said to me, "*there* you are. By God, I been looking high and low for you. Come along."

"Sit down," I said.

"No," he said. "Hell no, gents. He wants you. Come along."

"Who wants me?"

"The skipper," he said. "The old man. Fry wants you. By God, I been looking everywhere for you."

I couldn't imagine either where he'd looked in this little place or what Commander Fry wanted of me, but I got up and followed him. He led the way back to the Private Dining Room and entered it.

"Here he is, Captain," he said. "By God, I found him."

Commander Fry was sitting in a large wicker rocking chair, two glasses of whisky in his hands, both eyes shut. Beside him, on a small straight chair, sat a dark-haired little Frenchwoman, no longer in her first youth, though she must once have been pretty. In a far corner there was a



gramophone going, playing old and badly scratched French records, and it was tended by a Marine captain. I couldn't see his face, for his back was to the room, but I saw his huge ears which stuck out at right angles to his closely clipped head. On a round table were coffee cups and empty plates and the remains of dinner, and one bottle of Scotch whisky, three-quarters full. As I entered no one moved.

"I got him," repeated Carnally, very loudly. "Here he is."

Commander Fry opened his eyes and looked at me. Then he sprang to his feet, put both glasses on the table.

"Sit down, sit down," he said. "Get a chair, Carnally. Make yourself at home."

Carnally touched a chair at the table, and I sat down and so did he. So did Fry. The Frenchwoman remained motionless and so did the Marine captain. For almost a full minute we sat there saying nothing. Then the record ended, and the Marine at once put on another.

"Here, here," said Fry. "For heaven's sake, Carnally, give the gentleman a drink."

I started to protest, seeing they had only the one bottle for four of them (if the Frenchwoman drank), but Fry brushed my protest aside, saying, "Nonsense, nonsense," and he rose again himself and went to the side table and got a tall glass and put ice in it from a glass bowl. Carnally poured me a stiff drink. Then he made one for himself and refilled both the Commander's glasses and put in fresh ice and water. Then they sat down again.

"Thanks," I said. "Here's how."

"How," they said together.

"Glad to have you aboard," said Fry. He took a drink from each glass. No one spoke after that. The only sound was the raucous noise of the gramophone emitting a stream of almost indistinguishable French words.

I am not sure how long this silence lasted—perhaps two minutes, for the record was still playing when Commander Fry spoke.

"Castleton," he said in a loud voice. "Wake up, man! Wake up! Here he is."

The Marine turned his head and looked at Fry.

"Here he is," Fry repeated and pointed to me. "What are you waiting for?"

"Oh," said Captain Castleton. He rose and came over to us. I could see now that he was a very good-looking man (except for those ears), with a long nose and a handsome mouth altogether distorted into an expression of suffering that persisted even when he smiled. "Come on," he said to me. "We've been waiting for you."

"Twelve o'clock, sharp," said Fry.

I have (like all human beings) been got rid of in my time, but never quite like this, nor in such circumstances. I looked at Carnally. He was sitting with his glass in his hand, gazing out the window that gave on the black little alley. The Frenchwoman rose and went over to the gramophone, which had run down. Commander Fry sat with his eyes closed, holding his two drinks.

"Come along," Castleton said, and he splashed some whisky into a glass and turned at once and left the room. All I could do was follow him.

He led me up some narrow stairs and into a totally dark room. After some fumbling he found the switch and turned on the ugly electric chandelier. As he did so a Kanaka suddenly materialized. He was younger than the one in the dining room but otherwise similar.

"*Non, non!*" said Castleton. "*Allez. Non. Rien.*"

The Kanaka looked at us and then disappeared.

"Sit here," said Castleton. He drew two chairs up to a green baize card table and we sat down. "So you want to know about the Artillery," he said.

It was so unexpected that I laughed. Then, collecting myself, I said, "Why, yes. At least, I'm always interested."

"What?" said Castleton. "I'm deaf in my left ear. Gunfire." He turned his head half round, presenting his right ear to me. It was a trick he did each time I spoke and, though reasonable, was disconcerting.

"Yes," I said, raising my voice. "I'd like to hear about the Artillery."

"On Guadalcanal," he said, "it was the same as it is everywhere. The function of the Artillery is to support the Infantry. You never want to forget that."



"No," I said.

"On Guadalcanal," he said, "we had no surveys. So we had to do it by guess and by God."

"Were there no British surveys?" I asked.

"The men just went forward and observed," he said. "Sometimes behind a log, sometimes up a tree. It made no difference, for we had our job to do and you just do it the best you can. You just remember always that the job of the Artillery is to support the Infantry, and you're all right."

The Kanaka came into the room.

"*Lumière*," he said, pointing to the chandelier. "*Non. Non lumière.*"

"*Non*," said Castleton. "Get out. *Allez. Dans une minute, nous sommes finis. Non.*" He waved violently, and the Kanaka went away.

"I never got through college," he said. "But I was lucky. I studied under Professor O'Reilly at California. He was a wonderful man on mathematics. I'll never forget him. Did you ever know O'Reilly? Have you been to Guadalcanal?"

"No," I said.

"Why are you so interested in the Artillery?" he said.

"Well, I'm not really," I said. "How did you get the idea I was?"

"We'll get a rest here," he said. "I'd like to get home but I don't see a chance of it. You get tired."

"Yes," I said, "of course you do."

The Kanaka reappeared.

"*Lumière*," he said. "*Non.*"

"We're going now," said Castleton. "*Nous allons.*" He rose and offered his hand. "Good night," he said. "It has been a very great pleasure talking to you. But just remember about the Artillery that its function is to support the Infantry, even if it has no surveys, and you'll not make any bad mistakes. Good-by. I'm a little late." He shook me by the hand, his sad mouth twisted into an altogether terrible smile, and he left at once.

The Kanaka said, "*Lumière?*"

"*Oui*," I said. "Douse it."

The Kanaka at once switched off the light and I went downstairs again. As I passed the Private Dining Room I could

see Commander Fry in his rocking chair, Mr. Carnally on his chair at the table, the Frenchwoman sitting bolt upright beside Fry, and Captain Castleton at the gramophone, his good ear turned toward it. No one was speaking. Fry had his eyes tight shut, but he was not asleep because he took two drinks as I watched, one from each glass he held. The single bottle of whisky was now quite empty.

I went into the big dining room. The New Zealander and the Frenchman had left. Lester Purdey was eating at my table, with Cheston. I joined them.

"I came at last," said Purdey. "Sorry to be so late."

"It's O.K.," I said. "I thought you wouldn't come."

"It was the noise," he said. "The liquor won't touch you."

"Are you getting enough to eat?" I asked him.

"Sure," he said. "I can't taste anything, but I guess it's food."

"Look, pal, I've got to go," said Cheston. "Listen, will you run me down to the Club? I'm awfully late."

"Yes," I said; and to Purdey, "Will you wait here for me?"

"Sure," he said. "Do something for me. I left my cigarette case back of the third slot machine. It's green. It's a good-luck case. You know? Will you look for it and bring it back if you find it? For God's sake, find it, will you?"

"I will," I said.

I drove Cheston to the Club and he picked up his own car there and left at once. I went inside. About two hundred men were still there, but with nothing more to drink. I found the case where Purdey had said it might be. It was made of a light-green plastic, of a shape to hold a pack of cigarettes, and on it in gold letters was stamped:

*Hollis Funeral Home  
Ambulance & Hearse  
Telephone 2—1717*

Hollis was Purdey's home town in Texas. It was a fine good-luck token.

As I left I passed near the fourth slot machine. Commander Burrows was standing there and, as far as I could see, had not moved. He held an empty glass

in his right hand and he was smoking rapidly, as before. There was a young man talking to him.

"Why not come outside and sit down, Commander?" the young man said.

Commander Burrows looked at him and then said, with great deliberation, "No. No. I think not. If you once sit down it is so difficult to get going again. Don't you agree?"

I went right past them and out of the Club. I drove back to La Rotonde, but Purdey had left the dining room. I looked for him upstairs, where there was a big crap game going, and in the little room (still dark) where Castleton of the Artillery had talked to me, and in the lavatory (if you can call it that), and I asked the proprietress; but I could not find him. So I left and walked uphill in the darkness to where I had parked my jeep. I got in and switched on the lights. Their beam fell on Purdey, who was sitting on the edge of the gutter, about fifteen yards farther along. I got out and went to him. He was crying softly.

"Come along, pal," I said.

He stopped crying at once and he said, "I didn't know how in hell I'd get home. No. Not home. But to the Navy camp. Thirteen. It's so God-damned far."

"I'll take you there right now," I said.

"That's fine," he said. He got up and we walked to the jeep and got in. We started the four-mile drive out to the camp. I didn't know what to say, so I shut up. After we had got out of town he spoke.

"Those records," he said. "Roddy Black's. There were ten of them. All classical. Brahms, Bach, Debussy, Stravinsky, Beethoven. We played them till

they plumb wore out. You get sick of jazz and boogie-woogie—as you get older. I don't know what we'd have done without them. Gone crazy. I thought you'd like to know."

"Yes," I said. "What did you like best?"

He didn't answer. He had gone to sleep sitting up.

I drove to Camp Thirteen and I woke him up at the gate because I had no pass to go in. He got out and left me without a word. He walked straight enough, but he moved like someone in a dense fog. The Marine guard at the gate looked closely at him, but he evidently recognized him, for he didn't stop him.

He was through the gate when I saw his green case on the seat. I jumped out and ran to the guard.

"Get the Lieutenant back," I said. "He's left this. It's his lucky piece."

The guard ran after Purdey and touched his arm. I couldn't hear what he said, but Purdey turned and walked back to me.

"You left it again," I said.

He took it and looked at it, feeling it with his fingers. "Yes," he said. "Thanks. It's just we're all so tired." Then he turned again and walked away toward the huts. The guard looked at him and at me and shook his head.

I drove back to my camp then and parked the jeep. I too was so tired by then that I wondered if I had the strength to climb up the long, steep, cinder-covered path in the dark to my tent. But I did it, knowing all the time that the fatigue I felt was of a different sort, that would all be cured by one night's good sleep.



# NEW YORK SHOWS THE WAY

ABBOT LOW MOFFAT



ONE million men and women from New York State alone are in the armed services and after the close of the war will want to re-enter civilian life. More than fifty per cent of the factory employees in New York State are now engaged in strictly war work, and many of them are bound to be forced out of employment during the transition from war production to civilian production, and also during the much longer period when the streams of civilian production are finding their way from their primary sources to the ultimate consumer. What is to be done to meet this inevitable postwar crisis, which will be duplicated at least in some degree in every other State in the Union?

People who discuss this question seem to fall into two groups. One group wants no planning for the postwar period: "Let private enterprise meet each problem as it arises." The other group seems to believe that the entire future of our nation should be planned by the Federal government.

Isn't there a middle course? If there is no planning we are likely to confront chaos. If Uncle Sam does all of it we may be saddled not only with inflexible plans but with a vast and cumbersome bureaucracy permanently entrenched. That is why it seems to me essential for State governments to take up the challenge and do postwar planning to meet their special

local conditions out of their special local knowledge and foresight. How well they meet this challenge will vitally affect the future of State power and prestige.

Therefore I believe that the steps now being taken by New York State to prepare for the postwar period are important in themselves and that an account of them may be of value in other sections of the country facing similar problems.

Briefly, New York State is trying to do three things: first, as far as possible to prevent wholesale unemployment during the period of transition from wartime to peacetime production; second, to stimulate the development of private enterprise and initiative; and third, to adjust its educational system to the needs of the postwar era.

Let us begin with the effort to prevent wholesale unemployment. No one will again tolerate the spectacle of veterans as apple-sellers on street corners. Therefore it is obvious that governments must be prepared to furnish public employment pending re-employment by private enterprise.

To-day New York State through its Division of Commerce is making a detailed survey of individual industries and concerns to find out how big the need for such public employment will probably be and where it will be most acute. It is asking just how long each industry expects to have to close down for retooling, how many employees it now has, how many it believes

it can use when it resumes civilian production, and what steps, if any, it is taking to plan for the postwar period. With this information in hand we should know pretty well what sort of unemployment problem we are likely to face.

Meanwhile we have had in existence for over a year a Post-War Public Works Planning Commission engaged in the *actual preparation of plans and specifications* for State public works which are already needed, and also in helping to finance the planning of municipal works approved by it.

During the depression and the war we have had to postpone building millions of dollars' worth of State and local public works—hospitals, schools, prisons, etc.—which would have been built in ordinary times. The Commission has been concentrating on this backlog of needed projects, carefully avoiding any project of doubtful importance so that there shall be no boondoggling in the postwar period. It is our hope that this commission will be the forerunner of permanent intelligent capital planning in New York State.

But the State has not confined itself to plans for public buildings. A year ago it placed on the State highway map a great system of "thruways" running from the New Jersey line near New York City up the Hudson River past Albany and across the State, past Schenectady, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, and Buffalo, to the Pennsylvania State line near Erie. Some nine million people live in a narrow strip of territory along this 378-mile route, which is not now served by any adequate modern highway. Already plans and specifications are being prepared with both State and Federal money for the more important sections of these thruways.

In addition, the Legislature recently added to the highway map a Niagara Thruway, to run from south of Buffalo along the Buffalo waterfront north to Rainbow Bridge in Niagara Falls, where it will connect with the Queen Elizabeth Highway to Toronto. A vital link in this thruway, which will do much to ease traffic congestion in the Buffalo area, is a crossing of the Buffalo River. This crossing will be built and financed out of tolls by the Niagara Frontier Authority, a State agency; meanwhile the Planning Com-

mission has been authorized by the Legislature to advance money to the Authority for the preparation of plans.

The Legislature has also authorized the planning of further extensions to the great parkway system of the State. Originally thought of as scenic drives, parkways are planned to-day as express highways for non-commercial traffic. They furnish vital arteries in the congested metropolitan area in and around New York City and in some cases they reach far outside it; for instance, the Taconic State Parkway when completed will run nearly to Albany, 150 miles north of New York.

Thus, when the war ends, the State and its municipalities will be ready with plans and specifications for important public works of all types, totaling in construction costs several hundred million dollars. These will be ready for contract-letting as soon as authority is granted to go ahead. But they need not be built wholesale. Armed with information about the probable nature of the unemployment problems, and with analyses of the amount of labor and material which each project will require, the State and its municipalities will be able to fit their program to actual conditions as they develop. They will be able to authorize construction at the places where employment is most needed, and to undertake the types of projects which will be most helpful to industries which may lag in recovery.

## II

IN ORDER to stimulate private enterprise after the war, New York State has, to begin with, taken several steps to put the finances of the State on a sound, healthy footing.

We know that after the war the present record-breaking collections from State taxes will drop considerably. At the same time we expect that the State will need to spend more money in three ways—for veterans returning to positions which have been kept open for them in the public service; for repairs, equipment, and capital construction on which money could not be spent during the war; and for increased relief payments as employment ebbs.

Now there could be no greater handicap



to private enterprise than increased State taxation at the war's end. Therefore the State is definitely planning for stability of taxes.

First, it is preserving the very substantial surplus which has accumulated during the war.

Second, it is putting in a second capital reserve fund certain non-recurring and "windfall" revenues which come in occasionally and do not furnish an appropriate source for current expenditures. I hope we can increase this reserve fund by also appropriating annually during the war an amount equal to what the State would ordinarily have spent for capital undertakings. If this is done, we should be able to prevent a large increase in the State budget after the war and also to finance most of the State's postwar capital construction without having to issue bonds.

Third, a "rainy day" constitutional amendment will be voted on by the people this autumn. This amendment would permit the Legislature to lock up unexpected increases in revenue from taxes and to use the proceeds only when in a subsequent year there is an unexpected drop in such revenues. Thus we may avoid what usually happens: in prosperous times the revenues mount dizzily and are either returned to the people by tax reduction or are used to finance new undertakings; and when hard times come and revenues fall abruptly, the State has to increase its tax rates in order to meet its expenses—increase them at a time when people can least afford it.

Fourth, to assist municipalities in preventing postwar increases in local taxation, the State has given them authority to set aside under proper safeguards money which can then be used after the war for capital expenditures, and to meet the inevitable increase in expenditures for repairs and the purchase of equipment and for home relief.

Quite aside from this fundamental effort to assure stable State and local taxes, the State government through its Division of Commerce is getting ready to assist individual firms with information and research. During the war this Division has prepared a comprehensive directory of business concerns, has made inventories of

machine tools and idle plants, and has originated a system of subcontract clinics. When the war is over we expect it to be able to continue to offer useful data. For instance, during the war the Division of Commerce has helped the mining industry by reassaying many abandoned mines and testing new mining deposits in the light of modern technical conditions and mineral needs. Several areas of the State where mining deposits had been abandoned half a century ago are to-day in full operation for war purposes. Minerals are being recovered which have never before been mined in New York State—such as titanium and metallic magnesium. Some of this renewed activity will cease after the war but much should continue and plans have been made to extend it.

Similarly, the State College of Ceramics has discovered that there are deposits of talc within the State which can be used in the manufacture of electric insulators. Much of the talc previously used for this purpose was imported from France and Italy and is no longer obtainable. Thus has been opened up a new and important market—which should be a continuing market—for one of the natural resources of the State. Another example of successful State research is the recent discovery by the State College of Agriculture that a yellow-flowered plant known as bird's-foot trefoil, first found on a farm in Albany County some twenty years ago, has about the same nutrient value as alfalfa and will grow on much of the poorer soil in the hills of south-central New York. Experimental work is being carried on; if bird's-foot trefoil lives up to present expectations it may, after the war, revolutionize the social and economic life of much of this area of abandoned farms and supposedly submarginal land.

In a completely different field—that of housing construction—New York State expects to stimulate private enterprise through legislation, recently enacted, which is designed to attract private capital into housing construction—aided, if need be, by government subsidy in the form of tax exemption—and at the same time to keep the standards of housing satisfactorily high. The first great private development under this new legislation has already been an-



nounced by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, which is going to spend forty million dollars rebuilding some eighteen city slum blocks after the war, and has already begun to acquire the necessary land and to draw plans for the project.

### III

THE most far-reaching of New York State's plans have to do with education. They are being made in the grim realization that if the States fail to meet the educational needs of the period after the war we cannot escape Federal interference and domination.

During the war New York State has made an enviable record in training—with both State and Federal funds—more than a quarter of a million people for work in the war industries. When the war is over there will be a great need for similar training for such locally strong industries as plastics, textiles, ceramics, and glass; and our Department of Education is already preparing to give refresher and basic training courses during the period when the plants are being converted. Furthermore the State is getting ready to establish "guidance clinics." Suppose a man demobilized from the Army or from war industry wants to know what sort of work his education and experience fit him for, whether he will need more training to get into this or that industry, and where he can get this training. He can go to his local schoolhouse for information. There he will be told where the nearest guidance clinic is; and at the clinic he will be able to get reliable information and advice on his own special occupational dilemma.

But this is not all. We hope to tackle more fundamental problems. In the first place, it is clear that technically trained men and women are increasingly in demand. For every college-trained engineer, for example, from two to four technically trained assistants are required. For every architect there must be draftsmen and specification writers. The State already maintains some technical schools where it gives to high school graduates what are known as "terminal" technical courses, and the educational authorities agree that this type of education—which

has proved very successful in Europe and also proved its worth here before the war—must be greatly expanded. We hope to develop such institutions where they can serve large numbers of men and women. Some of these would be local ones preparing for local needs; others would draw people from all over the State. For instance, we already have had for a number of years a highly successful institute for the training of Merchant Marine officers; we hope similarly to set up an Institute of Aeronautics (aviation being an important and growing New York industry) and probably an Institute of Business Administration (to prepare people for openings in the 200,000 retail outlets of the State).

Perhaps still more fundamental is the problem of higher education in the liberal arts. Up to now New York State has tended to emphasize elementary and secondary education, leaving higher education to private institutions. It is becoming painfully clear that this is not enough. A recent study of the five top individuals graduating from each of our high schools disclosed that only 47 per cent of them went on to college. We were thus losing over half the potentially trained leadership in our society!

This problem is a double one. In the first place, the revenues of the privately endowed colleges are rapidly drying up; not only do their investments now yield a low rate of income, but private gifts are becoming fewer and smaller these days. Many colleges probably will have to close unless they can get public assistance. That the people of the State have a vital stake in maintaining and strengthening colleges and professional schools for those who can really benefit from them is obvious. For this reason we are now studying the question whether—unless it establishes its own State-run university—New York State will not have to give financial aid to private institutions on some qualitative basis.

The second phase of the problem of higher education is that of its high cost to the student. One of the greatest benefits of college life is the experience it gives in community living; but this is also one of the most expensive benefits, involving as it does the construction and maintenance of dormitories and the carrying costs of board



and lodging. With increasing taxation, the burden to the individual family of sending a son or daughter to college is likely to become increasingly heavy. We are therefore studying another question: may it be possible to set up, in co-operation with the private colleges, regional centers of education which most of the students of that region could attend while living at home and thus saving most of the cost of going to college?

On these matters no final decisions have been made. But the Legislature has ap-

propriated money for research upon them, the research is being undertaken, and we hope that some decisions will be reached before long, so that if the plans involve new construction or the conversion of existing institutions to a new future purpose, the work may be integrated with our other State postwar plans. If that is done, the new program can be started promptly after the war. Thus we shall be able to use our very far-reaching educational planning to help meet the emergency problems of the moment.

### *Written in 1891*

. . . for many years engineers and scientists have admitted that the navigation of the air is certain to come so soon as a motor could be discovered which had sufficient energy in proportion to its weight. This motor has been found, its power has been tested, and its weight is known. It would therefore appear that we are within measurable distance of a successful machine for navigating the air, and I believe it is certain to come within the next ten years whether I succeed or not. [The author was then working on a plane which was to be propelled by steam.]

Many ask what use it will be put to in case it does succeed. To this I would reply, certainly not for carrying freight, and not, for a considerable time at least, for carrying passengers. When the first flying-machine succeeds, its first great use will be for military purposes. It will at once become an engine of war, not only to reconnoiter the enemy's positions as has been attempted with the so-called dirigible balloons, but also for carrying and dropping into the enemy's lines and country large bombs charged with high explosives.

It does not require a prophet to foresee that successful machines of this character would at once make it possible for a nation possessing them to paralyze completely an enemy by destroying in a few hours the important bridges, armories, arsenals, gas and water-works, railway stations, public buildings, etc., and that all the modern means of defense both by land and sea which have cost untold millions would at once be rendered worthless. ♦ *Hiram Stevens Maxim (inventor of the Maxim gun) in the Century Magazine for October, 1891—over twelve years before the Wright brothers' first flight.*

# WASHINGTON EVENING

*The People at War—No. 6*

JOHN DOS PASSOS



FOR the first time in my life I was finding Washington beautiful. On a hot afternoon in June I was sitting on a bench in the backyard of one of the houses built on the edge of the low house-crowded ridge that cuts across the north-west section of Washington to form the rim of the shallow bowl in which the downtown city stews. The grass in the sloping yard was very green. The sky over the rooftops in front of us was very blue. A few big tattered white clouds shaded at the base stood motionless in the midst of it.

When I was a very small child I used to hear my elders talk about the beauty of Washington and never could figure it out. There had been, to my infant mind, a certain cozy dilapidation about Georgetown, vinegrown brick walling in the little lives of elderly female relatives sitting in parlors behind drawn shades; there'd been the stately degradation of Alexandria, "the deserted city," as the colored people used to call it; there'd been Rock Creek and the false feeling of being in the mountains it gave you, and green swampy meadows and the haze over the mud-colored Potomac. My parents used to talk about the beauty of Washington. To me it had seemed stifling and hideous. Now I was discovering that I was old enough to find Washington beautiful. Or maybe it was the city that had got old enough.

The old Washingtonian who was sitting beside me on the bench was working as a checker on the street cars. He'd never done a job of that kind before, but he was enjoying the work. He liked the idea that he was being useful in the war effort. As we looked out at the grassy yard and the ailanthus trees and the nondescript bushes along the fences and the backs of brick buildings, he told me with cheery enthusiasm about his days standing on street corners or in the flailing sun on traffic islands; noting the times the cars passed and the number of people on them.

Sizing up the number of people in a car at a glance was a trick it took some time to learn. The work made him feel busy, useful, and in an odd way, free. He was enjoying the life of the streets, the varieties of people he saw, the change in personnel as the day wore on: the early workers less well-dressed, the old-fashioned American mechanics who worked at the Navy Yard or the Bureau of Printing, the floodtide of office workers between eight and nine, the housewives going shopping, the school kids, the random specimens in the afternoon, fashion plates from embassies, tourists, soldiers and sailors on leave, young women going to the movies in pairs; the great flood of tired heatwilted clerks struggling to get home between five and six; the evening life of the town: people in



fresh clothes on the loose, city-sized crowds in search of places to eat, in search of movie houses they could find a seat in, cocktail bars they could get a table in, places to drink beer, aimlessly, hopelessly roaming about in what was still a vastly overgrown small Southern town in a stagnant hollow between the Potomac River and Anacostia Creek.

When he came home at night, often very late, my friend said he'd sit a while on this bench smelling the rankness of wilted leaves that the dampness brought out from the heat-trampled vegetation, listening to neighing voices out of darkened windows, girls' voices making fake dates with men, young men's voices yodeling that they'd be right over. After all, this was essentially a town of lonely people.

We decided to go downtown to eat supper at Hall's to renew a torn fragment of a recollection that lingered in my mind—of the shadow of foliage against gaslit brick, and curlicued gilt mirrors, and towboat captains in embroidered suspenders drinking beer in their shirtsleeves against a black walnut bar, and powdered necks of blowzy women, and of a great-aunt of mine, a lame old lady in her seventies who wore a black silk dress with a lace yoke and used to like to shock her daughters by saying that her idea of heaven was sitting in Hall's beergarden eating deviled crabs and drinking beer on a Sunday afternoon.

We walked out through the lodging-house, a big old place that had been a family mansion not so long ago, now partitioned off into small cubicles where lived a pack of young men and women clerks, most of them in government jobs. The house was clean but it had the feeling of too many people breathing the same air, of strangers stirring behind flimsy walls, of unseen bedsprings creaking, and unseen feet shuffling in cramped space, a feeling of private lives huddled lonesome and crowded. As we walked out the front door it occurred to us that it might be in Washington that the Greenwich Village of this war would come into being. Around the period of the last war it had been in the slums of downtown New York that young Americans, fresh from the uneventful comfort of one-family homes in

small towns, had holed up like greenhorn immigrants in sleazy lodging-houses to get their first taste of a metropolis. In this war it might be in Washington. Maybe Washington was a metropolis in the making.

## II

WALKING down the densely shaded street I suddenly remembered that when an uncle of mine had moved out years ago to a house on this avenue, we had all thought it pretty fine, almost like taking a house in the country. My friend the old Washingtonian murmured that it would be all right now if it weren't so near the colored district. There was quite an overflow, especially at night. It was a dark street, he went on, laughing, in more ways than one. At night the girls and boys of the adjoining Negro district filled up every unlit corner and alarmed the lodging-house keepers with their obstreperous necking under the trees and on the stoops. A good many loud physiological terms drifted in through the open windows to offend the ears of the more respectable lodgers. It was almost as if they did it on purpose.

That started us talking about the dealings in this crowded town between people with different colored skins. For a while in the spring it had looked as if there were all the elements brewing for a bloody race riot. On the street cars in the continual crowding and pushing for seats and standing room there was every opportunity for trouble. Some colored people had bad manners. Some white people had bad manners. Most white people were in the habit of giving the colored people the worst end of everything. Remember the moment of painful tension when a car or bus crosses the line into Virginia and the colored people have to move into the back seats? Some of the younger Negroes, it must be admitted, had got very uppish. Whites resented it. There were days when you could feel in the background among the crowds on the street a teasing whisper that there was going to be a riot, that there had got to be a riot to teach the niggers a lesson.

"Wasn't the street car company the storm center of it all?" Yes, the last



organized Negro protest had been against the street car company because it wouldn't hire Negro conductors and motormen. The company had canvassed its employees and found that if it did, most of them would look for other jobs. My friend himself, certainly not a man to throw an extra stone at an outcast, had said he would leave if there were colored men hired in his department. Nobody minded having colored men in jobs that could be all colored. It was the mixture the white men resented. They felt that in some jobs there'd be too much rubbing elbows in shelters, at the carbarns in close quarters. It just wouldn't work. After all, most of the employees were Virginians or old Washingtonians. Old Washingtonians of all Southerners were the most set in their ways. My friend said he'd got to know the conductors and motormen and liked them immensely, found them very nice to work with. They felt they were doing a good job; they were certainly doing their best in a very trying setup. They resented this effort to force them to accept situations they didn't want to accept. As it was the company was having a hard time getting new motormen. Youngsters who didn't know the routes kept getting their cars on the wrong tracks and snarling things up. Driving a street car was a job a man had to learn.

Anyway the tension seemed to be easing off now. Things had been pretty much touch and go at the time of the mass meeting in Garfield Park. The town had been full of that sullen feeling of a storm brewing; there'd been the rumors, the little groups with their heads together, the hysterical individuals suddenly starting to whoop it up for a riot. Luckily the demonstration had turned out to be more of a circus. The parade to the park had been fun. Colored people couldn't help enjoying things like that. The music and the bands had cleared the air. The cops had been ready to quell an insurrection, but they had done nothing to keep one from starting. Somehow the good sense of the majority of people, colored and white, had staved the riot off. Since then my friend said that hardly a day passed without a colored man's coming up to

him at one of his street corners and trying to explain to him that the Negroes in Washington wanted no trouble with the whites.

While we talked we had been walking eastward. At a corner on U Street we climbed on a street car. Sitting in the car my friend started talking about the Civil War. He had been reading Freeman's life of Robert E. Lee. We fell to speculating on the treacherous morass Washington had been during the Civil War, wondering whether there had been more or less regard for the public interest by officeholders then than now. When you looked back on it, it was a miracle that this strange nation of ours had ever held together—the same kind of a miracle the nation was performing right now.

As the car ran east a change was coming over the street. It was losing the vague look of an uptown thoroughfare and becoming a main stem. The color of the population was changing. At every stop white people got off the car and colored people got on. They were as well dressed as the whites and their way of speaking and their manners were about the same. The only change was in the color of the skin and in the physical type. The street was becoming garish with signs; storefronts were taking on the tinselly look of a central city neighborhood. Pavements were crowded. We were riding through Main Street of a Negro city.

Meanwhile my friend was talking about Winfield Scott. It surprised me that it was to "Old Fuss and Feathers" that he attributed the North's grand strategy that eventually destroyed the Confederacy, the giant pincers movement, that great invention of an integrated military and economic strategy on which the Germans, since that time, had based their conception of warfare. We found ourselves arguing about that. When we changed cars to go on down Seventh Street we were still arguing about it. A popeyed young Negro had been standing beside us. When he started to work his way past us to get off the jam-packed car he nodded in our way and said in a ceremonious tone, "Gentlemen, I've enjoyed listening to your conversation. I'm sorry I have to get off the car." My friend threw a couple of



remarks at him as he left on the subject of the war to see if he had anything special to say, but the car had already jolted to a stop so there was no time. "Doesn't sound like hard feeling, does it?" whispered my friend. "I think that was a rather nice little incident."

We got off the car at the edge of the Mall. To our left the Capitol, recumbent on its hill of dark-foliaged trees, piled up serenely to its dome, every column and pediment standing out in high relief in the brilliant strawcolored light that poured over it from the west. The sky behind the dome was a deep lavender color. Against the brightness in the opposite direction along the Mall rose the slender shape of Washington's obelisk and the red pinacles and gable-ends of the Smithsonian. Heading toward the river we turned our backs on the long white cliffs of the government buildings along Constitution Avenue that were streaked vertically with alternate column and shadow where the hard glancing light harshly brought out every detail. As we walked on, our heads were turned to look up at the Capitol. We were wondering if it would have looked better with its original low shallow dome. It had been during the Civil War that the present dome had been built. Lincoln had insisted that the work go on. At the foot of the hill the glasshouse for tropical plants, with its whitewashed bays and domes of glass, that used to remind me of some story in Hans Andersen about a glasshouse beyond the world, still stood cater-cornered to the Mall. Walking down Seventh Street south of the Mall we found ourselves right away back in the leafy redbrick Washington of years ago, the Washington of which the Smithsonian had been one of the major monuments.

Suddenly the tension was gone. People rambling limply along the street were in no hurry to get anywhere. People in the dingy corner drugstores seemed in no hurry to be waited on. Young men in their shirtsleeves stood in groups at the corners not talking about anything in particular. In every face there was that look of shiftless poor-white relaxation of effort that I remembered had driven me half crazy when I lived here as a child.

## III

WE WALKED, sweating prodigiously; clear on down to the river. There we found a heatwilted crowd of men in shirtsleeves and girls in light dresses filing up the gangplank of a rusty old excursion steamer. We walked out to the edge of the wharf to look at her. There was a faint freshness off the water but no breeze. Out on the greenish brown stream the sails of some little racing boats hung limp. The trees across the water were oozing intense green as the day drowned in hot pearly haze. In the west the haze was flushed with sunset.

We both had recollections of Potomac wharves. We stood a while on the edge of the piling beside the excursion boat talking about the times when people in Washington used to buy oysters right off the schooners at two dollars a barrel. A policeman who had been preventing three grimy little boys with their shirttails out from buying tickets for the boatride came up to us and suggested civilly enough that we must either go on the boat or get out of the way. To say something I asked him if this was one of the old steamboats of the long defunct Potomac and Chesapeake line. "The skipper can tell you." He pointed out a round-faced man who was standing bareheaded beside the ticket office watching the government clerks, the stenographers, the secretaries, the high-school kids, and the soldiers and sailors and their wives or girl friends shuffling past to buy three hours of evening breeze on the river.

I sidled over and asked the round-faced man what had happened to the old river boat that used to make the Virginia and Southern Maryland landings round to Baltimore and that I had traveled on so often at an early period in my life. I almost hoped that this might turn out to be the old *Three Rivers* rebuilt and altered. No, this was an old Albany dayboat. Before I knew it we were thirty-five years back in the days of the river boats. He said the old *Three Rivers* had burned years ago on a newsboys' excursion out of Baltimore, and not a few of the newsboys with her. There had been a big story about it in the papers.



"You remember the old inside cabins?" he asked. "Sure." "You know they opened on an airspace between them and the outside cabins. Well, the boys didn't know about that and they got to throwing matches out of the windows and the partitions caught and the boat burned down to the water's edge." The *Three Rivers* launched us into a rambling conversation—about Captain this and Captain that and the old *Northumberland* and the time she stayed aground so long halfway up Saint Mary's River—that kept us until the whistle blew for departure.

As we walked away I was remembering what the brackish backwater smell of the wharves had been reminding me of. It was the smell of an inside cabin on the old *Three Rivers*, the smell of old paint and musty old settees upholstered in red velvet, and crabshells and oysterbarrels and fertilizer, and steam and grease from the huge slow engine; and with it came the memory of how the river freshness came in the window after you left Alexandria, and the silence after the slapping waves of the river when the boat turned into the glassy smoothness of one of the creeks at night; and the engineroom bells and the thump of the hawser on the loose planks of a wharf; and the rattle of the small iron-bound trucks on the gangplank as the ragged Negro roustabouts, singing, chattering, whooping, loaded and unloaded freight at country wharves all night long; and the smell of farmlands and pine-woods and clover crowding aboard as the old steamboat blundered through narrow channels with splash and surge of paddle-wheels; and the seethe of the broad wake astern and the cries of startled terns circling about the sandspits at the bends in the river.

Talking about this old river life, remembering the cranky wharves and the ragged Negroes who sold steamed crabs and the shaggy fishermen from Tangier Island with tobacco in their cheeks and all the Mark Twain's world I used to scurry through with my heart in my mouth as a child because it was so rough and rank and noisy, and exclaiming on how the old dilapidated coal wharves and oyster wharves had been swept away and with them the bugeyes and the white

Chesapeake schooners and the old colored men sculling skiffs and the stench of rotting fish and crabshells and flies, we walked up the street to Hall's. Hall's was as I'd remembered it; the bar was there, and the garden fenced off from the street by a wooden paling, and the gaslit look of green trees against red brick. We walked past the great painting of a very undressed-looking Adam and Eve being told to get out of the park, it's closing time, by a rosy and ineffectual angel and settled down in the yard to eat deviled crabs and drink beer. Across the frame for the awning over our heads yellow cats scampered back and forth and snarled at each other and caterwauled.

We sat there comfortable with beer and food among a sprinkling of people who looked as if they came from every State in the Union, an unsettled touristy-looking crowd, but we couldn't stop talking about race. I got to telling of a talk I'd had with a colored lawyer a few days before, remembering the sense I'd got from him of the restriction of Negro life, the feeling they had of being hedged in within the walls of a ghetto. He'd said it was worse for them now than it had ever been because they were better off. This war was the first time there had been anything like equal wages for them. In most jobs they were making as much as whites for the same work. More jobs were open to them than ever before. But when they wanted to spend their money they felt the restrictions. "Embarrassment" was the word the Negro lawyer had used. As I told about it I couldn't help imagining myself in his shoes. Suppose the pair of us to-night were Negroes, we would have had a tough time picking a place to have a glass of beer in. If we were well-off Negroes and wanted something rather fancy we couldn't have found it at all. Suppose we wanted to invest our savings in a house. It would cost us a fourth more than it would cost a white man. If we wanted to go to a movie or a dance hall nothing was open to us but the third-rate. "Embarrassment" was the word the Negro lawyer kept using. "Our lives are subject to continual embarrassment," he'd said. At school they'd read the Constitution. The notions of equality



before the law and universal suffrage that they found there were tantalizing promises unfulfilled to them, while to white people they were phrases jaded by too much lip-service. It's tough to have to tell these people: that's true, but not quite yet.

"What are they going to do about it?"

"One thing that surprised me was that this man said Roosevelt had lost the Negro vote."

"Where will it go?"

"According to this man the Communists are the great influence. The Communists have the philosophy, the record, the propaganda skill, and the lack of scruple in using it needed to appeal to them."

"Well, where else can they lead the Negro vote but right back to Roosevelt?"

We neither of us could answer that one.

#### IV

BY THE time we had finished our cheese and washed it down with a last glass of beer my friend the old Washingtonian had to start off for home. He was to be on duty at five the next morning. Meanwhile I'd found sitting alone at a table a reporter I knew. He was a small precisely dressed man with deepset eyes and a preacher's forehead. I sat down to have another last glass of beer with him while he finished his supper.

"Well, how's it stacking up?" he asked me.

"There are the people who tell you sob stories and there are the people who think it's wonderful here. . . . After all, a whole lot of them have better jobs than they ever had in their lives."

"Termites. They are eating out the structure of the government like termites in an old house. My people are farmers. I get an idea from their letters of how things look from the outside, from the Nebraska side. There's the darnedest rift widening between Washington and the country."

"Here when they talk about the rest of the country they talk about 'out in the field.'"

"Sure. The farmers; storekeepers, small business men of this country are just natives. . . . I can tell you one thing. They don't like it."

He wiped his mouth decisively with his napkin. "Now I'm through. Want to walk around the town some more?"

We walked out southeast toward the Navy Yard. This was still the Washington I remembered: the shadowy streets choked with trees where all the life seemed to be going into the vegetation, the streetlights shaded and muffled in green leaves, families sweltering till bedtime sprawled out on their front stoops or hunched on chairs in tiny dooryards; men in undershirts, dank little half-naked children sitting out in swings, stout women fanning themselves on settees, old women panting in rockers under lowhanging branches, light filtering through green leaves, the shadows of branches thrown on brick walls, the young men and girls and boys lined up limply at the dingy soda fountains dimly lit on the corners, the feeling of slack life stagnant in a jungle.

We walked for blocks and blocks under trees through wilted white neighborhoods of narrow brick houses with elongated windows, through colored blocks where the pavements were littered with squirming black children and where well-set-up yellow girls in slacks with black hair slicked smooth against their heads sauntered beside young bucks in open-necked short-sleeved shirts and trousers cut tight to their narrow hips, where dark lodgers were thick in the hallways as peas in a pod. Four and a Half Street was one of the streets I wanted to find. In the old days it had been full of pool parlors and bars and honkytonks, the main stem of waterfront characters and fishermen and Chesapeake Bay boatmen. "As I was walkin' up Four and a Half Street" was how the towboat captains and brackish-water sailors used to start their more scabrous tales of night life ashore. I was disappointed. So far as I could make out it had been swallowed up in Fourth Street. It was surprising to find the Navy Yard so immensely enlarged. The old building with the 1830 look of the pediment over its arched entrance was lost in the midst of a great industrial plant, shoebox-shaped concrete sheds spilling greenish violet light.

By the time we were abreast of the stately old entrance that had always made



my heart beat faster with thoughts of Ericsson and the *Monitor* and "Damn the torpedoes" Farragut when I saw it as a boy, we were all in from walking so far through the steamy night in heat so dense that it was like pushing your way through a swamp. We turned into various bars but found no beer. At last we stumbled, dripping from every pore, into a small beer parlor and lunchroom. We were still asking each other what made Federal office-holders different from other people.

As a small child, I was trying to explain, I dimly remembered a boarding-house where my mother's father and mother lived, a place that smelt of camphor and chicken dinners, full of very old people whose youth dated from before the Civil War. They were all "in office." I used to wonder what the words meant. There was Colonel this and Major that and General so and so, relics of both war bureaucracies, old fellows with white goatees and bushy mustaches who went to work ceremoniously at ten and vegetated in their offices until four. It was hard to explain the peculiar lack of verve or sense of importance or ambition with which they performed the routine that furnished them with room, board, tobacco, and an occasional suck out of a whiskey bottle when their wives weren't looking. In those days nobody ever imagined those duties meant anything to the world or the nation or were other than a tedious method of obtaining a small addition to an old soldier's pension. "I guess it was Wilson brought righteousness into Washington," the reporter said. "Roosevelt's ardor for social reform means righteousness multiplied by itself. We get the self-righteousness and we don't get the reform."

We had sat down and ordered beer. There were two Marine Corps sergeants drinking beer in the booth next to us. We asked them to have a glass of beer with us. One of them got to his feet with his glass and his bottle in his hand. The gray-faced Greek with sagging eyes who ran the place rushed over all of a fluster. "No move drink," he implored.

"No can move," said the sergeant, dropping down in his seat again. "District regulations," said his friend.

"That's the sort of thing," said the reporter. "The last war gave us prohibition. You just wait and see what this one will give us. . . . How do you like Washington?" He turned to the sergeants, shooting the question out of the side of his mouth in a district attorney way he had.

The sergeants snorted. "Lousy," said one. The other nodded vigorously.

"What's the matter with it?"

"Lousy."

"Don't people here treat you right?"

"They don't know there's a war on. This guy and me we enlisted eighteen months ago to go to the war and here we are bored to death. . . . This here battle of Washington . . ." he spat the words out.

"It's not that we don't do all right," the other sergeant said in a judicial tone. "Those two treated us all right, didn't they, Bill? Just now? . . . No, they weren't hookers either. We don't have to go to hookers. We can get it any time we like. . . . But it's the atmosphere . . ."

"Lousy," echoed the other man. Then they both jumped to their feet as if they were afraid they'd been spilling military secrets, shouted back, "Good night, gents. Thanks for the beer," from the door and strode out of the joint.

When he brought us two more steins the Greek hovered over our table, dabbing at it with the wet rag he carried in his hand. "Hot," he said.

"How's it you have beer when the places down the line don't?" the reporter asked him severely.

He smiled a sallow smile. "I store plenty kegs upstairs. I got two places."

"Business good?" asked the reporter.

"Sure." The Greek sat down beside him. "Make big money rent this place only thirty-five dollars. I come from Houston, Texas."

"Before that, where did you come from?"

"Athens . . . near Athens."

I murmured soothingly that I'd been to Athens years ago, that it was a beautiful city.

"My wife there. Three little children. For more than year I get no letter. Maybe starved. We try send food, every-



body in Greece starved. Here I make good business. Last week I buy four thousand dollars in war bonds."

"I know a fellow," said the reporter. "He's a countryman of yours. He has a liquor store. He's had it only two years. It's on a good block, I guess."

"In Washington," said the Greek, "all blocks good blocks, only some pay expensive rent some pay cheap rent. You pay cheap rent you make money."

"Well, this fellow took me into his back room and opened up his safe. . . . I'd been kidding about how he wasn't doing anything for the war effort. He opened up his safe and showed me eighty thousand dollars in war bonds. He had to take them out in different names."

We all sat sweating silently as we thought about eighty thousand dollars. Then the Greek shrugged one shoulder and tapped his long putty nose with one finger and smiling his sallow smile sidled away from the table.

"Hell, let's move on," said the reporter.

## V

WE WENT on slogging up the street. In the old brick residential blocks every house looked as if it had been turned inside out like an overripe pod. Men, women and children crouched elbow to elbow in drowsy huddles on brick steps. Elderly people were sitting at open doors in dimlit hallways. Women were leaning out of windows. It was a long walk.

We had come out into the open spaces of trees and grass and shrubbery in front of the Library of Congress before we noticed that there was a moon. My friend the reporter was telling me that the Capitol grounds these days were the place where service men went to pick up girls, like a small town cemetery full of couples rolling in the shadows. The white uniforms of sailors walking across the gardens stood out bright in the moonlight. There were girls' voices giggling in the shrubberies. A soldier was asleep on the grass. The Capitol looked immensely quiet. The dome slept solid as a mountain in the moonlight. The red and green lights of a plane droned bumping across the powdered sky overhead.

The reporter hailed the sentry who was walking back and forth half way up the steps on the House side. "Howdy, soldier?" The sentry brought his gun up to attention. "At ease, soldier. I'm just a newspaper man."

The soldier looked at us suspiciously from under his bulbous tin hat. "I'm not rightly supposed to talk," he said.

"I won't let anything happen to you," said the newspaper man in a Napoleonic tone.

"I got a furlough comin' up. I want to git home to see my wife."

"I'll see you get your furlough; what do you think of that?"

The sentry had walked down the steps toward us and stood with his gun at rest looking at us. He kept running his tongue over his lips. He was a quiet-voiced man with a ruminative air.

"Married?" asked the reporter.

He nodded. "I married me a little girl down South."

"When you went for training?"

The soldier nodded.

"How long have you been in?"

"Two years. They let me out once and I got married. Then they hauled me back in again. I been all over this country. I trained down South. Then I was out in Oregon guarding forests. . . . I liked that . . . out in the woods three months at a time."

"They say there's a lot of monkey business goes on at night around the Capitol."

"I wouldn't know that. I only been here a week."

"Where are you quartered?"

"I don't rightly know the street yet. We march down here in formation." The soldier had a leisurely, quiet voice.

"What do you think about the anti-strike bill?"

"I guess it's all right. I don't think much about it."

"How do you like Washington?"

"I guess it's all right. When you're in the Army you take what comes."

"Do you think Congress is doing a good job?"

The soldier ran his tongue over his lips. "Mister," he drawled after a pause, "when a feller's in the Army he don't think much about what's going on outside."

"Well, I'll bet you a bottle of beer I can get you a furlough." The reporter took down his name and address and we walked on. "Nice fellow," he said.

"Say," I asked him, "did you suddenly have the feeling that there was no date to that conversation? It might be during the Civil War."

"Don't tell me that. My business is getting news."

Suddenly we remembered there was a concert going on in Meridian Park. At the corner of the Senate Office Building we found a taxi. We tumbled into it and sat back and waited for the breeze the car made to chill through our wet shirts.

"Have you been reading about the high-class call house up on Connecticut Avenue that's been running as a massage parlor all these years? No article on Washington will be complete without that," the reporter was saying.

The husky blond young man who was driving the car let his breath out through his teeth with a whistle.

"If they asked me," he said, "I could write a book. Washington's a wide open town. The cops don't know they're alive. Just the last few days I've seen about fifty of those girls. They've all taken jobs as waitresses till this blows over. When they start investigatin' these things they won't never ask nobody who knows about it. They never ask the cab drivers."

"Do you think they ought to stop things like that?" asked the reporter.

"How can they? Ain't everybody has the luck to be happily married. If they shut up the professionals the amateurs take over. Look at all these nice girls

from small towns with no place to go in the evenings. Look at all these boys away from their families. I call this the city of lonely hearts."

Out on Sixteenth Street hill it was cooler. Meridian Park, where the concert was, turned out to be opposite Mrs. Henderson's castle, a building that since childhood had given the locality a faintly comic flavor for me. We said goodnight to our cab driver and walked up the steps toward the music. Beyond the trees pale shapes of tall apartment houses glimmered in moonlight. The small park was crowded. People, white-faced and dark-faced, were sitting in rows of chairs and standing in banks behind them on three sides of an oblong piece of water. At the far end in the white orchestra shell a violinist was playing. You could hear each note perfectly. The sound of the violin came unusually sweet across the water.

The crowd was quiet. There was little light in the park except floodlights that picked out the black figures of the violinist and his accompanist and the black shape of the grand piano against the white shell. Reflections from the water lit up very dimly white faces and dark faces, a pair of glasses, the white of an eye. All were motionless, listening. When the piece was over there was immense applause from the darkness packed with people under the trees. "Have you ever thought," the reporter asked me, "that if Washington were Rio everybody would say it was a very picturesque place?"



# THE GOVERNMENT AND THE ARTS

*A Proposal by George Biddle,  
With Comment and Criticisms by Others*



LONG before we had any Federal art projects but when the custodians of culture were urging that our government, like that of France, should formally encourage the arts, the painter John Sloan is said to have remarked, "Sure, it would be fine to have a Ministry of Fine Arts in this country. Then we'd know where the enemy is."

Probably there are still a number of independent spirits who share that attitude toward official sponsorship of the arts. But there are many who feel differently. About a year ago George Biddle—himself a distinguished painter and an active partisan of the arts—prepared a memorandum for, and in consultation with, the National Resources Planning Board in which he urged the creation of a single national Bureau of Fine Arts which would combine under the jurisdiction of one chairman or secretary all the various art-fostering projects which sundry government bureaus and agencies have launched or manipulated during the past ten years. At the suggestion of some members of the NRPB Mr. Biddle sent copies of the memorandum to about seventy-five artists, museum directors, college presidents, and other interested people with a request that they offer criticisms and suggestions. Practically all of the artists heard from endorse the general idea of a Ministry of Fine Arts.

The reasons for such endorsements, Mr. Biddle feels, are obvious. Painters and

sculptors, he declares, "were the beneficiaries for a period of nine years of the most enlightened and democratic Federal art subsidy that the world has ever seen. At any cost, almost in blind faith, they would like to see such a program perpetuated." But even among those who in general support the idea there is considerable disagreement about how the government ministry or bureau should be set up, how it should operate, and what its aims should be.

These disagreements are the outcome of conflicting reactions to the government's recent art programs, a brief review of which will provide the reader with a useful background for a consideration of Mr. Biddle's proposal and the comments made upon it.

The first national program of work relief for artists was the Public Works of Art Project of the Civil Works Administration, established December 8, 1933, under the supervision of the Treasury Department, with Edward Bruce as head of the Treasury's Advisory Committee on Fine Arts. The funds for it were allocated by Harry Hopkins, Federal Emergency Relief Administrator.

Almost at once two opposing viewpoints crystallized among those concerned with the Project. A number of people, including Harry Hopkins, believed that the government should concern itself primarily with relief for all artists who were in

need. Others, including Bruce, believed it was their job to put good artists to work—with emphasis on qualitative selection.

The CWA folded up in 1934, and for a year or so relief projects for artists were hit-or-miss affairs locally administered under various emergency relief offices. But by 1935 the clash between opposing views as to government sponsorship of art had produced two separate agencies. One was the WPA Federal Art Project, established in 1935 by Harry Hopkins, with Holger Cahill as director, for the purpose of employing needy artists on projects of social value. The other was the Section of Fine Arts (originally called the Section of Painting and Sculpture of the Treasury Department's Procurement Division), which spent one percent of the cost of certain buildings erected by the Public Buildings Administration "on the decoration of buildings through the wisest selection of the best artists in the country."

A total of more than 600 artists completed more than 950 mural or sculptural decorations in nearly 800 different cities and towns for the Section of Fine Arts, at a total cost of about \$1,300,000. The WPA art project at its peak employed more than 5,000. Their work in easel painting, murals, sculpture, and ceramics; in gathering material for the Index of American Design (now in the custody of the Metropolitan Museum in New York, which sends selections from it on tour to colleges, libraries, and other institutions); and in establishing Community Art Centers in hundreds of towns where no art activity had gone on before was sometimes extravagantly damned by political and aesthetic commentators. On the other hand there have been few prize competitions in the past seven or eight years in which former WPA artists have not placed well; WPA artists have been on every roster of Guggenheim Foundation Fellowship winners from 1935 to 1943; and WPA artists walked off with many fat commissions awarded by the Section of Fine Arts, including the \$26,000 San Francisco Post Office mural. But whatever the merits of the work done on the WPA project, it cost the taxpayers no additional money beyond the sums which had already been voted for work relief for the unemployed.

In addition to these two programs the government launched an educational project in the arts and crafts through the National Youth Administration, which at its peak employed over 4,000 workers in those fields.

All of the Federal relief organizations have now been abolished, and with them most of the government's art projects have ended. Even the War Department's scheme of assigning forty American artists to active war fronts has collapsed because of Congress's unwillingness to appropriate money for their maintenance. The painters were already overseas when the ax fell; George Biddle himself was reported in Tunisia on May 17, with his easel set up "on a Cap Bon roadside facing a poppy-sprinkled wheatfield strewn with wrecked cars and dead horses." Apparently Henry Luce's *Life* has taken over where Congress left off, which means that Mr. Biddle and his confreres will not be stranded in the wake of our advancing armies. But for the moment at least Congress is clearly in no mood to patronize the arts.

Mr. Biddle feels, however, that in the postwar years the fine and applied arts will play an ever more important role in the social life of the nation. That being the case, he believes that the government must be prepared "to do its share in the constructive planning which will gear the talent and scope of our 25,000 artists into the needs of 140,000,000 people."

## II

TO ACCOMPLISH this task, Mr. Biddle proposes that the three former art projects—the Section of Fine Arts, the Federal Art Project, and the art education program of the NYA—be combined under a single Federal Bureau of Fine Arts. (It will be noted that Mr. Biddle presupposes the necessity for some sort of relief program in the postwar period.) "Admirable as their individual accomplishments were, jealousy between the Section and the Project sometimes impaired their combined program," Mr. Biddle writes. "Each body, to enhance its own reputation, was a little too eager to keep the best artists on its payroll, with too little regard for an integrated program."



"Another example of the incongruity of the former setup: the Federal Art Project could of course employ an artist to decorate any public building wholly or partly supported by public taxes. Consequently it could employ an artist to decorate the Capitol or the White House. It did employ an artist to paint murals for the New York Public Library. But it could never employ an artist unless he happened to be on relief, and this stipulation excluded most of the best artists in the nation! The Section of Fine Arts, supposedly commissioning the best artists at generous salaries, could put these artists to work only on unimportant little local post offices if for the moment such buildings were the only ones under construction by the Administration! This separation of function is patently absurd and wasteful. The proposed Bureau should be allowed to use a fraction of its earmarked funds for decorations on any Federal building.

"Many art monuments and decorations, such for instance as monumental sculpture, stained glass windows, mosaic or ceramic murals, can be executed only by placing trained craftsmen at the disposal of a master designer. But under the separation of the two art projects such enormously important decorations were prohibited. Under a single Bureau, however, the government could commission an outstanding artist to execute a mural design or a scale sculpture model for between \$2,000 and \$10,000 and the mosaic or ceramic mural or monumental sculpture would then be executed by relief craftsmen. The possibilities for such monumental art take one's breath away and all this would be done without any additional Congressional allocation or burden to the taxpayer.

"Under such a setup the wage scales, the working hours, the selection of applicants, in fact all laws regulating the relief *workers* would come under the jurisdiction of the relief program. The Section of Fine Arts would only have jurisdiction as to the *sort of work done* by the workers classified as artists. It is sometimes argued that this jurisdictional separation would not function. The answer is that it did function in the first Public Works of Art Project, when the Section, then a part of

the Procurement Division of the Treasury, administered relief money disbursed by Harry Hopkins' Works Progress Administration. Nor is the idea in itself unusual. The whole theory of army organization and of much government organization rests on the necessity of detailing units administered by one branch or section to execute work for another.

"What I have said of the executive control by the Bureau of Fine Arts of artists on a relief program would be equally applicable to the executive control by the Bureau of Fine Arts of any artists in a Youth Administration. In each case the Bureau would control the education of artists and the work to be done by artists. It is a simple idea and a common-sense idea.

"The underlying philosophy of the Section of Fine Arts and the WPA Art Project was the Federal subsidy of art. But water is running rapidly under the bridge. Those who still think only in these terms are not thinking in the world of to-day, let alone in the world of to-morrow. In the past few years mass-production media have stepped up the art audience to a mass audience, and a new or a very old conception of art is rapidly evolving. Less and less it is thought of as merely an exchange commodity on the open market to satisfy the taste of a small cultured audience. More and more it is also thought of as something of mass educational value—witness the use of government murals and art war propaganda—and as something to serve a useful practical end—witness the use of art in business advertising and industry. Whether we like this trend or not is another question. But to-day it is an undisputed fact that the artist depends more and more for a livelihood on this educational and industrial conception of his work. Unfortunately the mechanism of selling art has not kept pace with this new art trend. Most dealers and most artists are still thinking in eighteenth-century terms and many of us would be shocked if artists used public-relations counsel, high-powered publicity, or mass advertisement to sell their work. 'It is all right to sell rubber tires that way, but not a painting.' Yet we are not the least shocked that the publishers of T. S. Eliot



or Ernest Hemingway or Charles A. Beard sell their books by such methods.

"No, the bottleneck of art in America to-day is the artist's inability economically to support himself. The way to widen the bottleneck is to slough the burden from the government to the potential buying public in industry and among the mass audience. President Roosevelt realized this when he initiated Art Week and when he said to a friend: 'My hope is some day to see paintings by living American artists in every country schoolhouse throughout the nation.' To accomplish his aim effectively we must have the mechanism of Art Week function fifty-two weeks a year: a Federal employment and help-wanted agency which would tell artists of their opportunities and of the varying conditions for work throughout the country on the one hand, and, on the other, would inform people in industry how they could effectively use art for a given purpose and how they could obtain qualified artists. It is not necessary to treat in any detail the ends and means of such a function. They must be worked out by trial and error. In a broad way it would follow the paths charted by the Art Week committees. It would work best in close co-operation with the Organization of Museum Presidents, with various art organizations, and with committees of business men.

"Here again be it emphasized that the postwar world will be bled white by passions, prejudice, and hates. Art will be the tonic therapy for the spiritually ill and the convalescent. Our government through its Bureau of Fine Arts must be prepared to play a major role in educating the country as to the need of art and in disbursing information as to the manner of obtaining it.

"As a nation we have no provision for the conservation of our artistic resources. In fact we are one of the few civilized nations in the world that have no program for the nationalization and preservation of historical monuments and works of art. This function, too, should logically belong to a department of the Bureau of Fine Arts. Any consideration of the organization of such a department must rest on three premises: (1) The difficulty under our constitutional and common law of

taking over private property by eminent domain. Under this implied power—limited, however, by the legal definition of 'public use'—private property may be seized if it is taken for a public purpose and if there be just compensation. The courts might construe that under a Congressional appropriation a historical monument or work of art in which there is a nationally vested interest may be appropriated as a public legacy, but it is well to bear in mind that such a policy is groping along the unexplored fringes of the law and that it must consequently be conservative in approach and rely much on obvious necessity and public approval. (2) The probability that a Bureau of Fine Arts for years to come will be a governmental embryo, which cannot depend on large Congressional appropriations. It must formulate a program on the assumption that it will not have the sums at its disposal which are granted by most civilized governments to their Ministry of Fine Arts. (3) The fact that under our Constitution we have forty-eight sovereign States. Much of the necessary work in art conservation and nationalization must be done through the channels of State governments.

"This department of the Bureau, which is suggested by Brazil's Administration for the Conservation and Nationalization of Art under the Ministry of Education and Health, would concern itself chiefly with tabulating data on all urban sites (such as Beacon Hill, Boston), buildings, rural sites (such as battlefields, parks, gardens), monuments, paintings, or other historical and art objects as seem vested with national interest. Here again the obvious and logical mechanism for this undertaking would be such artists, scholars, writers, etc., as are on any government relief roll. It will be recalled that almost exactly this same work was done by the writers and artists of the WPA Art Project in the compilation of the various State guidebooks and in the very beautiful Index of American Design. But it should be emphasized that the absence of such a relief program would in no way interfere with the functioning of the suggested department.

"The corollary function of this department of the Bureau of Fine Arts would then be from time to time to recommend to



Congress, or to the State governments, the need for purchasing certain historical monuments or works of art, and to furnish such information as might be asked for from time to time by congressmen, Congressional committees, State governments, or private individuals who might wish to disburse funds for such acquisitions, or to donate historical monuments or works of art to the people.

"In selecting the chairman or secretary of such a Bureau of Fine Arts it would be well to remember a positive and a negative principle: the positive desire to appoint the most capable and art-minded candidate to a position free from political or bureaucratic control; the negative safeguard against an unhappy appointment by an executive unqualified to make the choice. If the selection is made by a large body, the choice will probably always be a mediocre compromise; if the selection is made by an individual, the choice may be very good or very bad. In an effort to avoid these extremes it is suggested that the President of the United States select the chairman or secretary of the Bureau of Fine Arts, after due consultation with the Organization of Museum Presidents, and with such artists' organizations as seem most fully to represent the various art groups throughout the country; and that whenever possible the appointment be made from among the ranks of professional artists, architects, art critics, or museum directors. There is no way of guaranteeing a wise choice, but the procedure suggested will allow the greatest opportunity for review or criticism in case of a poor selection; and, having the backing of large and well-organized professional bodies, it will bolster a wise choice against political opposition. It will remove the appointee from pressure from above in his own administrative setup; and it will leave the final appointment in the hands of one who in this matter will be free from political motivation, and who, in making the choice, will not be afraid to rely on the advice of professional bodies."

### III

THE above passages from Mr. Biddle's memorandum contain the essential elements of his proposal. It was his hope

that he would be able to revise and expand it. But his departure for Africa cut short his work upon it. There follows, therefore, a summary prepared by the editors (utilizing Mr. Biddle's notes) of the comments and criticisms which he received from his colleagues and others to whom the original memorandum was submitted.

We have broken down the letters received, giving the consensus of opinion on those features about which there seems to be the greatest unanimity of assent or the severest criticism. We have tried to focus the light of intelligent discussion upon the memorandum, quoting such passages as seem to throw into relief the different points of view.

Thomas Hart Benton offers wholehearted approval: "Your memorandum is an excellent job and one with which I am in complete accord. I have operated for over twenty-two years on beliefs which are substantially the same as yours, but have never presented them in thought form as clearly as you have done in this article. I hope that many of our artist confreres will read you and take your good sense to heart. There are still too many hangovers from the aesthetic drunks of yesterday which need the pickup of your philosophy."

Indeed, almost all of the answers received agree that the proposal should be carefully considered. Charles A. Beard writes: "The spirit of your memorandum and the general proposals which you make, in the way of preparations for the crisis in the arts ahead of us, deserve careful consideration and popular support. As to various details respecting actions and methods, I am not competent to judge, but I will say that your general proposals and details should be scrutinized now and decisions reached upon them now, in order that previous mistakes may be avoided and better results achieved in times to come. This seems to me to be a judgment of common sense, involving no competence in the arts." Dr. Walter Heil of the De Young Memorial Museum of San Francisco, Professor John M. Gaus of the Department of Regional Planning of Harvard University, Professor Samuel E. Morison of Harvard, and Van Wyck Brooks all approve of establishing a Bureau of Fine Arts. Henri Marceau and Carl Zig-



rosser of the Philadelphia Museum "both heartily endorse it." Paul Philippe Cret, Fine Arts Commissioner, has some reservations, but feels that "The proposed consolidation of the three art projects initiated by the government in recent years seems highly desirable and the best way to achieve some coherence in these well-meaning efforts." Holger Cahill, former director of the Federal Art Project, has more doubts than the others about the wisdom of the proposal, and said that he felt it needed more thinking through before being presented as a program. He pointed out that several observers of the government's cultural projects had "arrived at conclusions almost directly opposed to yours on practically every one of the problems considered."

So much for general comment. Three major criticisms are recurrent in the comments: (1) the belief either that relief should be divorced from an art program or at any rate that the difference between the function of fostering the arts and of providing relief should be sharply defined; (2) the fear of bureaucracy, generally expressed in a plea for decentralization; (3) the fear of involving politics in an art program, particularly through the proposed method of selecting a head for the Bureau.

As regards relief, Robert Moses, New York Park Commissioner, writes: "God forbid that we should have another gigantic relief program! If there is to be a gap to be filled by public works—and I think this is inevitable—then let us have a genuine works program and not a make-shift made-work affair. I can't get out of my head the Sloppy Joe bars in Key West and other places, with their gaudy WPA frescoes featuring the leading local habitués." Donald Bear, Director of the Santa Barbara Museum of Art, feels strongly that there should be "a program for the artist which, above all, should eliminate the 'relief' element." Rockwell Kent and the other members of the executive committee of the Artists League of America firmly believe that "the idea of the artist as a 'relief client' should be buried."

George Howe, Supervising Architect of the Public Buildings Administration, is skeptical: "Whether in any case it will ever be possible to integrate a relief proj-

ect with a continuing art project, such as the Section of Fine Arts stood for, may seriously be questioned. If an independent authority were established for the employment of artists on government projects, it should have funds entirely independent of construction money such as the Public Buildings Administration uses and which, as you point out, is strictly confined to new buildings. The art authority should be empowered to employ artists on a competitive basis, as the Fine Arts Section did, to provide decoration for any buildings whether existing or new, on the basis of spaces selected by an independent advisory committee. The same authority and the same committee might well employ artists on a relief program but under a completely different selective process from that employed for the regular program. The same authority might well assume the duties of your information bureau and preservation of historic monuments."

Francis Henry Taylor, Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, feels that "if the government is to continue in the art field, it must face what it never faced before, and that is the issue of where relief ends and art begins. I hope that we may never go back to the chaotic, wishful thinking of the past few years despite the fact that much good has come out of it.

"One point I am inclined to think has not been sufficiently clarified, and that is the status of the employees of such a bureau and the status of the artists. Every class of government employee is subject to Civil Service examination and Civil Service status. The very intelligent examinations prepared for applicants for the staff of the National Gallery of Art by the Civil Service Commission have shown the ability and willingness of the Commission to think in qualitative as well as statistical terms. Much as the artist likes to tell us he is different from anybody else, I really can't see why the taxpayer should be called upon to support a craftsman who is unwilling to subject himself to Civil Service regulations which could be passed upon qualitatively by the Commission appointed by the government. Thus it might be possible to have a group of competent artists who would become permanent civil



servants and to whom certain jobs could be given by the government departments, and on the other hand, a larger group who have fulfilled the same requirements but who might be employed by the government as they have been by the Section of Fine Arts, on short-term contracts for specific projects.

"Much as my sympathy lies with the artist in his desire to commune with himself and occasionally with God, I share something of the taxpayer's skepticism. Economics are economics, and aesthetics are aesthetics, but, for the love of God, let's not continue to keep mixing them up. Once the artist has fulfilled his obligations, he is like any other citizen in any other form of employment with the government—he can contemplate his navel to his heart's content."

Dr. Frederick P. Keppel is pragmatic in his view: "I should be careful not to tie the plan too closely into relief administration, or count on that as an indirect means of support. We should have a going concern without it, but be ready to take advantage of it, if and when it comes." Perhaps Dr. Henry Allen Moe, Secretary General of the John Simon Guggenheim Foundation, strikes closest to the real cause of many of these misgivings: "I do not myself see that government has any more duty to 'artists' than it has to plumbers when 'artists' are reckoned in the thousands as was done by WPA and as George Biddle apparently proposes to reckon them. For the plain fact is that there never were five thousand artists (in the sense of original creators) in any one country at any time and there are not anything like that number in the United States now. Apart from a relief program, when the 'artist' is entitled to the same help that a plumber needing help is entitled to, but no more . . . helping artists as artists is justified only when it adds to the creative power and output of the United States. This, WPA never seemed to realize."

Many of the letters received stress the need of decentralization, not only as a protection against bureaucracy but as the healthy culture into which a robust national art can dig its roots. Paul Philippe Cret states a Jeffersonian skepticism as to

centralization: "It may well be that the many attempts of governments to legislate on art have done more to prove the difficulty of the problem than to provide a workable solution." Robert Moses charts a boundary line against a Federal encroachment on regional functions: "Certainly a Federal bureau is neither necessary nor desirable in connection with other than Federal government projects, and, as to such projects, all that is necessary is to see that appropriations for buildings, parks, and other appropriate structures are sufficiently flexible to permit those responsible for design to employ reputable and competent artists. . . . Practically every State in the Union, and most municipalities, will have a postwar public works program in which artists should play a leading part. Even if the Federal government in the end contributes toward the cost of construction, design should come from the municipality and the State, that is from the ground up, and should not be imposed from above by bureaucratic government."

Professor Horace M. Kallen, of the New School for Social Research, would "like to see a maximum of decentralization. . . . I should like to see a division in which the Federal government relates itself to the architecture, painting, and sculpture of different regions of the land as the government of the State of New York relates itself to local school systems. Thus, while the Federal government would carry on in respect to its Federal buildings in a unified way and would avoid the errors of the past, it should act as a stimulus to local interest in the arts and allocate subventions proportional to the investments that States, and even municipalities, are ready to make. A centralized control of education and production would tend toward standardization and toward a boilerplate character of work done. For vitality we want regional interests and differences encouraged and projected, and a maximum of stimulation of differences."

When we approach the political-organizational setup of the Bureau and the selection of its chairman-secretary we find ourselves in a "no man's sea" of conflicting ideas. Donald Bear is frankly pessimistic: "It will take every effort to keep this appointment from becoming a political



football, no matter how you do it. I wonder just what place the Organization of Museum Presidents has in recommending to the President of the United States such an appointment; not that I have any objections to the presidents of museum boards, but it seems to me that as a whole they are far removed from the problems of the living artists." Professor Gaus is definitely not over-optimistic: "I am inclined to prefer that the head be a layman interested in the arts, but chosen primarily for general human qualities. . . . I am fearful of tying the position to a particular professional group or to a particular craft or art, because I think this invites a possible clash between technical schools within the art or craft, or the tendency to select a person acceptable to conventional or formal standards of a particular group."

There are, however, two concrete suggestions as to the selection of the chairman-secretary. Dr. Keppel would "be inclined to centralize the responsibility on the President, providing that the various groups and agencies should be given an opportunity to make suggestions before the President reaches his decision." Alfred H. Barr, Jr., of the Museum of Modern Art, suggests an appointment "by the Chief Justice acting in consultation with a council or organization of artists, museums, etc. The President is far more likely to be subjected to political pressure than the Chief Justice. At the same time I think it would be well to limit the term of office to four years, perhaps beginning two years after the inauguration of the Presidential term, further to avoid political implications."

The various letters contain a number of interesting proposals, a few of which should be mentioned here. Van Wyck Brooks strongly urges that such a bureau should take up the "question of establishing a National Portrait Gallery. Here would come in the right of the government to 'condemn' portraits for 'public use'." Dr. Beardsley Rummler of R. H. Macy & Company would like to include "a suggestion for the stimulation of private business, particularly retailing." And John A. Holabird believes that Federal, State, and private construction should profit by the experience of the Section of Fine Arts and

should in future "ensure employment of artists by allotting a percentage of the cost of structures for sculpture, murals, etc."

Professor Gaus suggests that one of the first tasks to be attempted by such a bureau should be to discover the various places in the government in which some attention to problems of design is given. "I think offhand, for example, of the following units: the Bureau of Standards, with its research on materials; the Forest Products Laboratory at Madison, Wisconsin, where the Forest Service conducts extensive experiments in wood uses; the National Housing Agency and the Farm Security Administration, with their responsibilities for housing; the Bureau of Home Economics, with its research on domestic furnishings and equipment; the Maritime Commission, with its designing of passenger ships, including the interior decoration; the Office of Education, with its studies of educational curricula and personnel; the Government Printing Office and the Office of Government Reports and the various information offices in the many Departments, with the design of government reports and—for some of them—the preparation of movies and posters."

And, talking about design, Carl Zigrosser and Henri Marceau "can visualize the establishment of large workshops in which finished artists in the various media could function as leaders of groups of younger men all working as teams to execute commissions. Such a setup would permit direct commissioning of murals, sculptural projects, etc., to a shop or atelier from which finished works, sound in design and execution, could emerge. It seems that some such control must be exercised if young talent is to be used effectively and developed over the years."

From now on, whether we like it or not, we shall probably continue to have some Federal art agency. It will exercise a great influence, good or bad, on creative American art. Mr. Biddle's proposal leaves some important aspects of the subject untouched. It does not include any speculation on the theatre or the dance or music. But in its own area it will at least serve to create a field of reference in which the problem may be intelligently discussed.



# THE Easy Chair *Bernard DeVoto*



IN VIEW of the idea that this is a people's war, I should be more comfortable, as an ordinary civilian, if the government would give the American people more information about it. And with the Presidential campaign of 1944 shaping up as a principal influence on the war, I have begun to wonder how deeply it is going to be stained with the campaign of 1920 and with the campaign of 1864.

My first observation means that I wish Washington would exhort me less, denounce me less, and tell me more. This does not mean primarily that I should like to know more about military matters, although I certainly should. Mr. Elmer Davis's heroic efforts have improved the communication between the general staffs and the civilian public, but his utmost has not been able to improve it enough to satisfy one who tries to find out what has been happening. The Army and even the Navy (which began by assuming that what it was doing was nobody's damned business but its own) have speeded up their communiqués, have agreed to tell us in a general way what operations are in progress, at least in theory have scaled down their conception of military security, and have accounted for themselves with a greater show of frankness. But the payoff comes with the follow-ups, the dispatches and magazine articles and books written months later by men who have been given access to some of the official reports and whose stuff has been granted a censorship of somewhat coarser mesh. They sometimes reveal discrepancies, corrections, and alterations that radically change the original picture. Sometimes they reduce the earlier version

at best to a picturesque kind of nonsense and, at worst, to something that suggests buckpassing, pretense, or even deception.

Better late than never, of course, and military commanders may conceive frankness as something which is best achieved by degrees. Perhaps there is a sound case for disingenuous reports gradually corrected. But the practice does not increase public confidence. Instead it builds up distrust and ill will, and these are likely to react eventually not on the military but on the government. And worse than sophisticated information is the lack of measured, coherent, detailed, critical reports in full.

I do not expect, in August of 1943, to be told the story of Sicily, for instance, or even the story of Tunisia. But in August of 1943 it appears to me shameful that the American people have not been completely informed about many important, completed actions concerning which there appears to be no valid reason for continued secrecy. No one in the government has made it his business, perhaps no one has been allowed to make it his business, to report comprehensively, objectively, and critically on the landings in North Africa, or Guadalcanal, or the retreat southward through the Pacific, or even the Philippines. The military appear to believe that it is for the best interest of everyone, not excluding themselves, to keep the function of criticism securely in their own hands, that the public has no right of review. But the public not only believes that it has a right of review; it exercises one. If it exercises it ignorantly, if it arrives at atrociously erroneous judgments, and if these judgments react harmfully

on the government and the progress of the war, the public is not to blame. For ignorant and erroneous judgments there is a sure remedy. That remedy is not exhorting the public to trust those who know the facts. It is telling the public what the facts are.

NOT the military side of the war chiefly concerns me, however, but the political side, and especially policies of peace terms and of international arrangements. That is the most important matter in the world to everyone, as it is clearly the most discussed. Every editorial page, every magazine, every publisher's list reveals how widespread, earnest, and intense the debate is. This debate is indispensable and it seems too bad that it has to be conducted in total darkness. What are the principles and policies of the government? On what are they based? What are the controlling facts? Who speaks for the government? What considerations must be taken into account? What does the government want? What is it trying to avoid? How far and in what directions is it willing to go, where does it insist on stopping, what will it stand on?

There is simply no way of knowing. We have some resounding phrases like "unconditional surrender." That phrase had a realistic use when General Grant was arranging the capitulation of a small fort and it considerably heartened a nation which had experienced repeated defeats. It was inspiring for a while this time too, but it proved meaningless when the first enemy nation approached capitulation.

We have some brave abstractions, like the Four Freedoms. But now abstractions have got to be translated into concrete actions. We have got to arrange for the surrender of a fistful of enemy nations and for the government of half the world—in concert with three principal allies and a fistful of associates. With the best will in the world—which we are not likely to have ourselves or to receive from anyone else—brave abstractions will not govern Europe, Asia, or the islands of the sea but can only shape schemes of government.

Finally we have a vast show of preparation, AMGOT, Army and Navy schools

of government, delegates from many nations meeting to determine this and that with the press shut out, Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt and their staffs meeting under a tremendous spotlight which has not been wired for sound. It is all extremely momentous, and no doubt both the glare and the soundlessness are meant to produce confusion and anxiety among our enemies. But unhappily they are also producing confusion and anxiety among us. We don't know what is going on and we think we ought to know.

What I am afraid of as a civilian, as an American citizen, is that we are going to be asked to ratify *faits accomplis*. I am afraid that we are going to be reminded that we do not know the facts and told that we must trust the experts who do know them and who also know what is best for us. That is where the election of 1920 comes in: we tried that way once and it didn't work. For the irremediable errors of the last peace, the failure of public opinion to be intelligently informed was in great part responsible. And in great part that failure was due to the government's abandonment of its announced beliefs. It announced that it believed in open covenants openly arrived at but when the pinch came it worked in secret, withheld information, and finally offered the public a *fait accompli*. So when election time came a principle which had been overlooked asserted itself: the public did not have to accept a *fait accompli*. That principle may be asserted in the election of 1944 and perhaps even more vigorously in the Congressional election of 1946. Knowledge, wisdom, foresight, and virtue may well be the essence of what the government is trying to do, but the public may refuse to buy even virtue in a poke. If it does refuse, not the public but the government will be to blame. If this is a people's peace, the people had better be let in on it. You do that not by admonishing, exhorting, or threatening the people but by telling them what you are trying to do and why.

THE government has certainly proved that it deserves our confidence. It has administered its war incomparably better than any war government in Amer-



ica before it. It has done far more and done it far more effectively. Administration apologists are quite right when they point to the miracles of production and remind us that we cannot play them two ways, that if the achievement is great then those who planned and administered it cannot be bunglers. But the Administration cannot play it two ways, either. If the achievement is great, then the people who produced it cannot be dumb. But as a civilian I am afraid that the government is acting on the thesis that the people are dumb. It feels that at all costs it has got to prevent the conflict and obstructionism which wrecked the last settlement. Indications are that it is trying to forestall such dissension, bickering, and political sabotage as occurred last time by allowing no material to escape which they might operate on. The idea seems to be that dumbness cannot operate in a straitjacket, and I'm sorry but the truth is instead that ignorance not only can but will operate in the dark. As a citizen of the Republic I'm scared, and I'm scared as a New Dealer too.

(Well, what is a New Dealer? I have voted for the New Deal three times and tranquilly look forward to voting for it again. I have agreed with perhaps ninety-eight per cent of its foreign policies, perhaps seventy-five per cent of its domestic objectives, perhaps sixty per cent of its measures, and perhaps forty per cent of its thinking. That must put me pretty close to the median line; the great bulk of its support must be drawn from people who feel approximately as I do.)

As a New Dealer, I remember that what has wrecked most liberal Administrations is not fiscal ineptness, as the editorials claim, but arbitrary action motivated by the highest idealism. As a New Dealer I am scared by a feeling which some of my fellows have that we must not criticize our side lest we give strength to the opposition, and I'm scared by an apparent tendency of my government to despise public opinion on behalf of the public good.

In the recent battle between the Executive and Congress, which is apparently about to be resumed with greater intensity, Mr. Roosevelt sometimes talked as if Congress were a fossil remnant of a gov-

ernmental mechanism made obsolete by modern conditions and therefore an obstruction to his persistent efforts to do good to the American people. That is a mistaken idea. Congress remains the conduit of the electorate's will, however wrong-minded or uninformed that will may be, and it will remain such a conduit on and after Election Day, 1944. He sometimes talks as if the press and the radio were a kind of organized opposition merely because they keep demanding information, and as if a proper and up-to-date understanding of their function would convert them to Administration agencies. But the press and the radio will be in there pitching during the next campaign, and as a New Dealer I think that the most effective use he could make of them for the New Deal, and for the New Deal's peace, would be to give them to the utmost the information they ask for.

There has always been an element in the New Deal—so far a negligible element—which believes that the people's cause is far too important to be entrusted to the people. That the people are too damn dumb to know what is good for them. That the effective way to act in their behalf is to disregard them and do what we think best for them. What scares me is an appearance that this dogma may be in part responsible for the government's continued neglect to tell us what its peace endeavors and objectives are. This is where the Presidential campaign of 1864 comes in. For there was a campaign which, with military victory already assured, came close to losing the war for the United States and, as the pattern it established was worked out, eventually did lose us the peace.

HISTORY has clouded an extremely important lesson by deciding to call the Republican intransigents of the Civil War the Radicals. They were certainly radical in their insistence on destroying not only slavery but all other Southern property and Southern citizenship as well. But radical is not the right word for their willingness to prolong the war till they could dominate its results, to create a vested interest in the war to which they would admit anyone in return for his



support, to foster an economic system which they would sanction to commit any exploitation whatsoever in return for power, and to manipulate war passions in the service of their ends. Such things were not radical but an extremity of cynical reaction. There can be no question that Lincoln's peace policy was the best one for the Republic. The reactionaries risked losing the war and actually repudiated Lincoln during the campaign in an effort to defeat it. Military victories stopped them temporarily before Election Day and Lincoln died before he could fight them in the open. But they succeeded in attracting to their support not only the foulest collection of miscellaneous scoundrels in our history but also, and this is the point, a multitude of decent people whose ignorance, emotions, and war passions they could utilize for indecent purposes. Eventually, with that support they were able to suspend constitutional government, destroy social justice, make the postwar years the most disgraceful in American history, and produce the worst catastrophe we have suffered up to now.

A considerable reaction is under way against the present Administration, its conduct of the war, its twelve years of power and domestic policy, its personalities, its habits of thought, its philosophy, and its objectives. Besides immensely diverse elements outside the Democratic Party, this reaction includes both New Dealers and anti-New Dealers within it. There is a terrible danger that the reaction may be unified and become altogether irrational; a large part of the attack on OPA and practically all of the attack on OWI, for instance, are not rational nor even opportunistic but irrational, symbolic, and symptomatic. There is a still more dangerous question whether, if a way to unify the reaction is found, it will not also be extended to the peace settlement. Clearly our enemies, who have lost the war but have what seem to them reasonable hopes of winning something from the peace, believe that ways can and will be found. It seems likely that the various elements which have a vested interest in reaction are not strong enough to take

over unless they can attract the support of a multitude of decent, well-meaning people, as the Civil War Radicals did. But also it is likely that they will be able to attract just such a multitude if ignorance and passion are allowed to feed on each other in the dark.

The cure for passion is reason and the cure for ignorance is information. Also, an objective of this war is the maintenance of democratic government, which depends on the intelligent functioning of informed public opinion. If passion and ignorance are not going to betray us into another disaster, if brilliantly served reaction is not going to find its tools in popular ignorance and popular passion, then opinion had better be given information to function on.

Fourteen months from now there will be a Presidential election. Two years later there will be a Congressional election, and two years after that another Presidential election. In any of them the people of the United States can lose the peace—and lose it through the neglect, or unwillingness, of the government to keep them informed.

All that is required is to get the policies and measures of peace settlements, and the conditions in which they have to operate, into the open—so that we can know and judge intelligently instead of guessing ignorantly and in passion. That means telling us what is going on, what the government is trying to do, what obstacles it is meeting, what its methods, aims, intentions, and actions are. Let in the air and the light. Stop assigning Mr. Wallace to preach one approach, Mr. Hull another, and Mr. Byrnes a third—in none of which we are permitted to see a principle or a measure on which the government will take its stand. Stop sending up trial balloons in selected editorial columns. Stop deafening us with eloquent but altogether insubstantial exhortations mixed up with advertisements of cathartics on the radio. Put the facts on the table and let us use our intelligence on them. Otherwise we might as well reconcile ourselves to another Age of Grant, another Harding Era, and another and briefer pause between world wars.



# MILITARY OCCUPATION, AND THEN WHAT?

*AMGOT and Its Future Headaches*

HIRAM MOTHERWELL



WHEN Nazi Europe cracks—this year or next—America and Britain will face the responsibilities of military government and civilian rehabilitation wherever Yank and Tommy are in military control—which could include all of west and central Europe and much of the Balkans. And the methods and procedures we adopt will influence the political and economic future of Europe for generations.

But when that time comes we shall find ourselves, in all probability, merely lords over chaos. Throughout much of the territory we occupy all cohesion—political, economic, social—will have been rent asunder. In such a situation we shall have to supply some measure of emergency relief, some sort of improvised government, some preliminary strategy for economic and political reconstruction.

Who is going to do it? Shall it be our armies? Shall it be one or more civilian organizations created for the purpose? Are we ready to meet a situation which may hit us between the eyes literally overnight?

AMGOT (Allied Military Government

of Occupied Territory)\* is indeed already functioning in Sicily on conventional military lines. But Sicily is no serious problem either economically or politically. The test will come when our armies enter the maelstrom that will be Europe north of the Alps and in the Balkans when the Nazi power has crumbled.

At first thought it may seem obvious that military government, under exclusive military direction, should do the job. The military has a huge and disciplined organization ready to hand. It must of necessity govern to some extent in the earliest days of occupation, if only to safeguard its rear and to protect its troops and supplies. It has its traditions and its rules carefully written down for just such situations. Government of occupied territory during periods of war and armistice has always been a function of the military.

But never in modern times have such vast and complex problems confronted armies as would confront ours if after this war they were to assume their traditional

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\* The Army has ruled that the official symbol be changed to the unpronounceable AMG. But I shall take the liberty of sticking to AMGOT.

role. Civilian authorities in Washington therefore are raising questions: Has the Army the fund of experience and training which will be demanded by the civilian tasks of military government? Should the Army—which for good reasons of its own always tends to be conservative-minded—be authorized to make the unavoidable political decisions which may fix the tone and pattern of Europe's politics for years? In short, should the Army be entrusted with the work of replenishing and reordering the life of half a continent when the present historic convulsion comes to its climax?

## II

THE traditions and manuals of our Army leave no doubt whatever as to what the Army thinks. The War Department's *Basic Field Manual on Military Government*, FM 27-5, says in Paragraph 4: "The military occupation of enemy territory suspends the operations of the enemy's civil government therein. It therefore becomes necessary for the occupying power to exercise the functions of civil government in the maintenance of public order. Military government is the organization through which it does so."

To make it quite clear that the Army has exclusive authority Paragraph 7 states: "Civilian citizens of the United States should not be employed in military government. If particularly suitable individuals, not in the military service, are available and desired, they should be commissioned, warranted, or enlisted" (becoming thereupon subject to military orders).

Certainly the manual contemplates no dictatorial harshness on the part of the occupying armies. It stipulates that "subject only to military necessity, military government should be just, humane, and as mild as practicable." But FM 25-10, *Rules of Land Warfare*, states with soldierly bluntness in Paragraph 284: "It is immaterial whether the government established over an enemy's territory be called a military or a civil government. Its character is the same and the source of its authority is the same. It is a government by force, and the legality of its acts is determined by the laws of war."

In the School of Military Government conducted by the Army in the University of Virginia at Charlottesville, and in many other schools throughout the country directly or indirectly supervised by the Army or Navy, hundreds of officers and civilian candidates for commissions have been and are being trained for civil administrative responsibilities under military government abroad. The curriculum includes the history, language, laws, economic conditions, and traditional customs of the several countries which we expect to occupy, and the concrete problems which will presumably have to be dealt with during the armistice.\* Certainly this instruction inculcates no political doctrine other than belief in our own American institutions. Yet implicit remain the traditions and the manuals of the Army.

The authority which military government enjoys at discretion embraces almost the entire range of human activity. It is, according to FM 27-5, supreme over public works and utilities; all financial matters, including customs, foreign exchange, and coinage; every aspect of medicine and public health; all legal and juridical functions; "schools of all sorts"; every kind of public-welfare activity, including relief; all communications and censorship over them; all political activity, even the promulgation and annulment of laws.

Its economic powers are detailed with peculiar explicitness. Military government's Department of Economics "will supervise the agriculture, manufactures, and trade of the occupied territory, its mines and oil wells, exports and imports, the supplying of the inhabitants with food, fuel and other necessities, the supply of labor, strikes, lockouts, and disputes and"—as though the author feared he had forgotten something—"like matters."

As a result of long interdepartmental discussions in Washington, the Army is now revising its manuals as they apply to military government. The revision makes more room for civilians, but accen-

\* For convenience I use the term armistice in these pages to denote the weeks and months—perhaps years—following the retreat or unconditional surrender of the enemy armed forces. This is of course not a definition of an armistice in the technical sense—that of a period of agreed cessation of combat which may be subsequently resumed.



tuates the Army's authority over them.

Military government by the American Third Army in the Coblenz area of the German Rhineland in 1918-20 was a very mild affair. Coblenz and its surrounding farms were as peaceful as any suburban town in America. The thunderstorms of revolution which swept the German army and the large cities scarcely penetrated by so much as a whisper to the drowsy Moselle. "The people we governed were primarily farmers and peasants," reports Colonel I. L. Hunt, Officer in Charge of Civil Affairs of the Third Army and American Forces in Germany, in his official report on the occupation. And he adds: "Contrary to expectation . . . disorders did not arise, and the people of occupied territories eagerly turned from four years of war to the all-absorbing task of revivifying their decayed industrial life. . . . History records very few instances of an invading army stabilizing its control under conditions so favorable to the task in hand."

But can this experience, now officially engrossed in *FM 27-5*, constitute the precedent for military government of the European anarchy which will be raging when the present war draws to its close?

### III

RESPONSIBLE civilian officials concerned with problems of military government point out that most of the supervisory functions accorded to the military in the field manuals are essentially civilian in nature; that there is no reason to suppose that military commanders are peculiarly qualified to exercise them; that military necessity and safety are concepts reasonably capable of limited definition; that civilians in the field should properly be responsible to their civilian chiefs at home; and that, in general, the whole question of military government is dynamite and should be piously re-examined. Certainly the military must have all the power it needs to protect its own armed forces and its supplies and communications, and to execute the military provisions of the armistice. But why, they ask, should General X issue military commands to Governor Lehman in matters of relief and feeding,

and why should General Y tell Henry J. Kaiser, say, how to rebuild the shattered railroad system of western Europe? Why should we ask Army generals—though many of them are first-rate engineers and administrators—to shoulder the entire colossal job of rehabilitating Europe?

The military arm has a reply to this question. It is, in the words of Under Secretary of War Robert P. Patterson, that military government "is limited, in point of time, to the period of emergency that is closely tied to the conduct of the campaign against the enemy. . . . When military necessity ceases and civilian government can take control, government by military authority comes to an end." And Provost Marshal General Major-General Allen W. Gullion has said: "When the Army gives up its temporary control, the duties then to be assumed by the succeeding civilian agency will be on a much greater scale and probably much longer duration. For it is then that civil authority must take on the burden of helping the crushed and dispirited peoples to create a stable world."

Thus military doctrine holds that military government shall be supreme and exclusive for a period *limited in time*. The opposing view is that it should be *limited in scope*, almost from the very beginning. Certainly the military must be the judge of strict military necessity. But what is done in the first few months of the armistice may fix the mold of subsequent reconstruction for years—and fix it perhaps awry.

Why is it not possible for these two types of government to function concurrently virtually from the beginning? Why is it not possible for Civilian Lehman to begin distributing food in each city as soon as General Eisenhower has effected the unconditional submission of local enemy armed forces?

This age-old soldier-civilian dispute has apparently been resolved on paper. The Office of Foreign Economic Coordination, created last July, is charged with ultimate responsibility for the civilian operations which have hitherto been included under military government, and it is required to operate under the chairmanship of the (civilian) State Department. The



OFEA Area Director in the field (not the military commander) is to be the "major channel" of contact for civilian agencies with the Army and with our Allies and is to enjoy "all the powers necessary" to discharge his duties.

That would appear to settle the question in favor of civilian responsibility for civilian operations under military government. It is an appearance only. The Army has announced that it is storing supplies to feed Sicily for six months. The National Food Administration has therefore withheld from the Lehman office the food it had planned to accumulate for this purpose. If AMGOT is to exercise the most essentially civilian of its functions for at least six months in friendly Sicily, how long will "military necessity" dictate its claim to authority in chaotic Europe?

To picture just how chaotic that Europe will be, let us make an imaginary airplane survey of it on or about Armistice Day. It may include in a single inspection several Armistice Days; for the collapse of Fortress Europe may not of course occur all at once. And it will probably not include Italy or the vast area of devastation to the east which Russia must repair.

France, Belgium, Holland, and Denmark will look "thinned out," having been deprived by the Nazis of a large part of their industrial and agricultural wealth. All of them, and Spain and Portugal too, will probably be politically feverish and fearful. In the Balkans, as over much of Europe generally, there will be centers of starvation amid large areas of peasant hoarding. The broad prairie between Germany and Soviet Russia will be groaning with wretched human beings concentrated there to slave under the whip or merely to die at Nazi command. But in the center—in Germany, Austria, Bohemia, Hungary—there will be a myriad of factories and mines set in a maze of interweaving railroads, rivers, and canals.

Only comparatively few dots on this aerial map mark places destroyed by bombs. Hamburgs are but details. The true devastation is revealed by the smokeless chimneys of the ninety-nine per cent of the factories still standing, but idle for lack of raw materials or markets or credit or willing labor. There are many trunk

railway lines but few through trains, many rivers and canals but almost no international shipping.

The soil of Europe, once figuratively a rich black, is now dull brown. It has been "mined" without adequate replacement to feed Nazi soldiers. Its livestock is half what it once was and much of that half has been removed to Germany and other areas where fodder can no longer be brought to it.

The banks are still there in their arrogance, but they contain only promissory notes signed "Adolf Hitler," and they pour out a dust cloud of little pieces of paper called money. The chancelleries, the town halls, the police stations are filled with new men—"irregularly" appointed by revolutionary forces. The lines of civil authority, which only yesterday all converged upon Berlin, are now a multitude of small overlapping cobwebs centered around municipalities, labor unions, churches, or freebooting armies.

The former industrial slaves of the Nazis are starting back by the millions for "home." Armies without generals are fighting with one another or setting up local "governments" to their liking. Homes are destitute of food and clothing, pots and pans, scissors and thread. And everywhere there is hate—hate against the Nazi-German murderer, hate against the petty Quisling next door.

It is in such a Europe that our AMGOT is commissioned to "exercise the functions of civil government in the maintenance of public order."

#### IV

CERTAINLY at the very beginning of the occupation the Army will have to attend to this chaos as best it can. If Nazi resistance follows the pattern of 1918, Fortress Europe will hold out as a unit until near the end, and then will disappear in a sudden, general collapse.

There will be precious little our armies can do at first in such a situation except protect themselves and their supplies. That alone will be a major task. If they thereafter proceed alone to assume responsibility for maintaining order and restoring the body politic they will be shouldering a burden unparalleled in history.



Yet supposing the Army does assume such responsibility, what will be its "politics"? For although our Army is ostensibly unconcerned with internal politics in the countries it occupies, political decisions must be made by the commanding general. During the Coblenz occupation such decisions were made, and made with the deliberate purpose of affecting Germany's future political complexion.

Why a commanding general's political decisions tend to be conservative (or, as some will say, "reactionary") is not hard to understand. The Army, faced with the complex task of civil administration, knows it must govern so far as possible through existing institutions and officials, and must at all costs try to maintain law and order in the interest of its own safety. Colonel Hunt writes: "The requirement of the Armistice that the civil government [of Germany] should continue to be conducted by German officials assured a continuance in office of experienced and competent men."

And he continues: "It was fortunate indeed for Germany that the plans of the independent wing of the Socialist party were foiled. The counsel of moderation won the day, and most of the ex-imperial officers remained at their posts, while their fate was leisurely debated at Weimar by their bourgeois masters. In occupied territory their retention in office was made a condition of the Armistice.

"The political institutions, with which the American Army came into contact during the occupation were, without exception, those of the old regime. . . . No case of an official declining to continue his duties was brought to the attention of the Third Army Headquarters. . . . The autocratic nature [of the Prussian civil service] peculiarly fits it to adapt itself to the wishes of an occupying military force."

And again: "Paragraph V of the Armistice [stipulating that occupied territory should continue to be administered by the local authorities] was so interpreted by both Germany and the Allies that 'local authorities' meant officials of the old [Kaiser's] regime. As a result, the armies of occupation had a thoroughly capable group of officials to carry out their orders and wishes."

Moreover, the Army was definitely class-conscious. Colonel Hunt writes: "In the first days of the occupation, the ideas of the great middle class were being revolutionized under the pressure of internal disorder and the opinion of the outside world. This was unfortunate, since it was to this body of public opinion that Germany would have to turn if she were to erect a stable democratic government." Hence, very naturally, "in many cases our arrival was welcomed by the [ex-imperial] officials, who regarded our coming as being of great assistance in enforcing their authority, which had been weakened by the revolution."

Thus, for reasons good and sufficient to it, the Army constituted itself a counter-revolutionary force. Certainly few persons at the time understood that the dreaded Workers' and Soldiers' Councils were democratic and usually responsible organs created by the people to make the return of Junker-Industrialist domination impossible. (How we wish to-day that they had been permitted to succeed!) To most persons, and certainly to the Army commanders, they looked like Red Anarchy, threatening the end of Society. But the fact remains that our Army deliberately maintained the reactionary German classes in key posts of power.

And it is doing a similar thing in Sicily right now. Herbert Matthews reports to the *New York Times*, in a dispatch passed by the military censor, that "when every function of the State is identified with fascism, to abolish fascism would threaten to leave society high and dry. What often happens in effect is that the fascist label is removed, but the same men carry on the same functions." And in a later dispatch he explains, "AMGOT is . . . in a position where it will have to choose what men are going to be the executives of the future Italian Government. AMGOT is a baby now, but it is growing as fast as Gargantua."

Already, then, it is becoming evident that "the task [even in co-operative Sicily] is proving greater than was expected at first" (when the Army manuals were written). "AMGOT . . . began as a group of civil-affairs officers getting things going in Sicilian villages and towns," but it



"will inevitably be dragged into policies involving statesmanship of the highest order."

### V\*

FOR months the United Nations have been calling on the German people to revolt and cast out of German society every vestige of Nazism. That means revolution of the most thoroughgoing sort. It should mean that Nazi, Fascist, and Quisling functionaries, army officers, and police chiefs are to be permanently exiled from political life. Further, it should certainly mean that the classes that put them in power—the Junker landowners and predatory industrialists in Germany; the industrial, banking, and aristocratic interests generally elsewhere—must be liquidated as social classes. Shall our armies deliberately prevent this, as they did last time to the best of their power? Shall they appoint themselves allies of the very forces that crushed European democracy and organized this war of conquest? Our armies will very probably find revolution in full swing when they begin taking over. Shall they refuse to deal with the new revolutionary officials on the ground that they were "irregularly" appointed? If so, shall they insist that the Nazi civil service, with its vast power, be restored to office all over Europe, save for the most conspicuous criminals?

Strange as it may sound to-day, they will be sorely tempted to do just that. At least ninety per cent of the Nazi civil servants will explain that they have been ardent democrats all along and have obeyed Nazi orders only to earn money to support their wives and children. Their plea may well sound plausible to the distraught commanding general, who has power under Regulations to appoint or depose administrative officials at discretion and to protect his appointees from the wrath of the people. We know that the military governor in Sicily is protecting the bulk of the personnel of the old Fascist administration in office. Will our armies discover when they come to the heart of Europe that "the autocratic nature" of the Nazi civil service "peculiarly fits it to adapt itself to the wishes of an occupying military force"?

Again, such generals of the Nazi armies as remain in effective command of their troops will explain that they never were Nazis and merely did their soldierly duty. If the generals of the occupying forces will only look the other way, this Bolshevik menace can be crushed once and for all. They, the German generals, will then guarantee law and order and a stable government. A similar plea has been Goebbels's stock in trade for years and it still works with many conservative minds.

Decisions of this sort are part and parcel of high political strategy vitally affecting the character of the subsequent settlement. Shall they be made by the military? Shall American (or British) Army generals "choose what men are going to be the executives of the future Italian Government"—or of any governments of post-war Europe?

In liberated, as distinguished from conquered, territories the political decisions will not be easier, as one might expect among friends, but even more difficult. For here military government, whether called AMGOT or something else, will be no longer a free agent, even in theory. It will have to defer to the wishes of its loyal allies, and consult about the appointment of the humblest provincial commissioner of police. Moreover, it may often have to consult two or more governments, because in many or most parts of Europe there will be two or more rival political groups each claiming legitimacy. The generals will have to choose, so to speak, between Darlan and Herriot. Can anyone imagine the amount of protocol involved, the cables groaning and the air screeching with our generals' requests for clearance from Washington? Or, in the absence of clearance, can you not already hear the howls of rage, the accusations of double-crossing, which will beat upon the Army from all sides?

Evidently, the crucial political decisions will be made on the spot and in the early months of the occupation—not six or twelve months later when "the civil authority" takes over "the burden of helping the crushed and dispirited peoples to create a stable world." Shall the Army bequeath to that civil authority a Europe already fixed and molded in accordance



with military concepts of desirable law and order?

## VI

**Y**ET the burden of political decisions will be simple compared with that of the economic administration of a shattered Europe. For the Army, according to the manuals, would have to create virtually a new economy to replace one which, for practical purposes, no longer exists.

Suppose a general in command of a given area issues an order that certain supplies earmarked for him be dispatched from the port of entry to his area depot. But there are no locomotives available, the expected coal hasn't arrived, and there is a strike on the line. So he tries to requisition locomotives from somewhere in his zone. A "must" request is hurried to the commanding general of the nearest coal-producing area for fuel. An ultimatum goes to the strikers, who reply that it should have been addressed to the political party from which their union takes orders. The locomotives cannot be had until next week, the requested coal is imperatively needed in the area of origin, and the political party referred to is underground. What can a general, whose only sanction is guns, do in such a situation?

Or suppose the transportation trouble is lack of lubricants. Without proper lubricants even such rolling stock as is at hand is a liability. But the sources of lubricants are few. A dozen generals in a dozen areas are issuing competitive requisitions or competitive pleas for consignments. Lubricants are but one item out of a thousand. The desperate rivalry will continue among them for supplies and services embracing the entire domain of economics.

Clearly some central authority must adjudicate. So GHQ, as a kind of super-AMGOT, becomes a gigantic allocation and administration center for the greater part of Europe. The area generals become, in their economic capacity, executive agents for Economic GHQ.

Thus Army GHQ, if it is to fulfill its responsibilities, must become Reconstruction GHQ. Before supplies can be finally assured, railroads must be rebuilt and repaired, locomotives must be manufactured, spare parts procured, fuel supplies

guaranteed and assembled, wage and working conditions agreed on with the unions. (Or are we to operate huge labor gangs by machine gun?) If locomotives and parts are to be produced, ore must be mined or scrap delivered, pig iron sent through blast furnaces. If the mines and factories are to be operated, food must be provided. If food is to be bought, real money must be created. If real money is to be created, banks must be reorganized. If banks are to be reorganized, economic processes must be restored.

Somehow the job must be done. But why should it be done by the Army? The Army is specialized primarily in destroying enemy armies. Why should it be presumed to be specialized in the most complex and gigantic task of reconstruction engineering the world has ever seen?

Why should not the best engineering and technical brains of America and the other United Nations (and of the liberated and conquered nations as well) be mobilized and organized to manage this assignment, while the Army remains responsible only for executing the military terms of the armistice, protecting its own troops, supplies, and communications, and providing armed protection for economic operations on request of the United Nations civil authorities?

A division of responsibility and authority there must be between the civilian and military arms in the work of rehabilitation and reconstruction. But that division cannot be determined by the calendar as though to say, "Prior to April 30th the problem is exclusively military; subsequent to April 30th it will be exclusively civilian." There exists no such sharp chronological division of functions except in the swivel chair.

Problems of relief and rehabilitation, as well as of military safety and supply, arise the very minute the occupying forces take over. They must be solved concurrently by civilian and military authorities.

## VII

**A**T THE moment AMGOT is in unstrained control. It exercises unlimited authority over civil affairs in Sicily, where it has even annulled proce-

dures of Roman law (which indeed are sometimes pretty brutal, but are the Italians' own). General Sir Harold Alexander provides the military authority, and Major General Lord Rennell of Rodd, with American Brigadier General Frank J. McSherry as his deputy, makes the decisions. Lord Rennell is by profession an international banker, not a civil servant, and a good friend of Mussolini's former finance minister, Count Volpi. It has been charged in the House of Commons that his background should disqualify him for the task of liquidating European Fascism—that he is, in other words, the kind of administrator who would appoint a Darlan not out of military expediency but by preference.

Meanwhile Governor Lehman's Office of Foreign Relief and Rehabilitation Operations, whose assigned task is to "distribute relief goods, and goods to facilitate the production of basic civilian necessities," is deprived of any "relief goods" to distribute. OFRRO is marking time until the present draft plan for its internationalization under United Nations auspices shall have been put into effect.

OFRRO is technically a part of the Office of Foreign Economic Coordination, under the aegis of the State Department (Assistant Secretary Dean Acheson has been appointed its chairman). One can imagine other organizations which may be formed later under OFEC, co-ordinate with OFRRO—such as an Office of Reconstruction Shipping and Supply, an Office of Foreign Industrial Reconstruction, an Office of Foreign Financial Rehabilitation and Credit.

O FEC's paper solution of the soldier-

civilian controversy appears sweeping and unequivocal. It is essential, says the President in his letter transmitting the draft plan of OFEC to the Secretary of State, that "the transition from military to civilian operations"—not, you will note, from military to civilian *government*—"be consummated as speedily and efficiently as possible." To that end the (civilian) Secretary of State must "unify our foreign economic activities." The draft plan stresses the importance of "relating the economic plans and operations of the United States civilian agencies for liberated areas to those of officials responsible for foreign political policies, and to those of the armed services and members of the United Nations." In other words, OFEC is designed to harmonize not only military with civilian claims, but also military with political, and political with economic, and at the same time those of the United States with those of others of the United Nations.

Yet it is AMGOT that functions in Sicily. And although the President has directed that "the transition from military to civilian operations" is to be consummated "speedily," it is the Army which interprets how speedily that may be—six months or more.

But OFEC is young yet. It appears destined for great things. As AMGOT progressively demonstrates its practical inability to harness the coming European whirlwind, OFEC may take over the civilian functions of military government both "speedily" and "efficiently." If it does not, then the Army is licensed to become virtually the political arbiter of to-morrow's Europe.



# THOSE MISLEADING NEW MAPS

W. J. LUYTEN



THE enormous expansion of aviation in recent years and the implication of this for postwar commerce and trade routes has given rise—in some quarters—to the cry that a “new” air-age geography is needed, that our present-day maps are wholly outmoded. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The reasons for this battle cry of a “global geography” are a mixture of genuine enthusiasm, a desire for sensationalism, and plain ignorance.

The fundamental difficulty with all maps is that the surface of the earth is essentially spherical and the only possible true representation of it is on a globe; it is *impossible* to represent large portions of the earth on a map that will lie flat on a table without some distortion. The only questions, then, that remain to be answered are: what kind of distortion, how much, and where? The standard map of the world to date, the Mercator projection, was evolved as an answer to the navigator's problem. In order not to complicate his already difficult task any more, the navigator of a ship likes to keep his ship on a constant course for as long a time as possible, and hence he likes a map on which such a constant course, which navigators call a *rhumb line*, is a straight line. And this is true for the Mercator map, which is therefore the map which the Navy uses to the exclusion of almost everything else.

The distortion, unavoidable as it is, still remains, and, as everyone knows, the Mercator map, which is perfect at the equator, increases its scale progressively as one approaches either pole, and the poles themselves cannot be represented. Comparing a Mercator map with a globe we note the familiar exaggeration of such areas as Alaska and Greenland. But the Mercator has another good feature in addition to showing the rhumb line as a straight line—what cartographers call *conformality*: it represents small areas correctly as to *shape* no matter where they are. Iceland, which is actually seven times smaller in area than Borneo, does appear to be blown up to nearly the same size on the Mercator map, but both Borneo and Iceland appear in approximately the correct shape. And shape is much more important on maps than size. In the good old days when we got road maps at gas stations we might get a map of Rhode Island and one of Texas each on a sheet of paper the same size, but we had sense enough to make allowances for this difference in scale. At least most of us had.

And that, to be precise, is the trouble. All of us who know our geography and are teaching it have known right along what the errors and shortcomings of the Mercator map are. And so have the navigators of ships and planes who use them. But not so the uninformed amateurs of the global geography, who appear to have

accepted the Mercator map as gospel truth: they were Flat-Earthers. And now all of a sudden they have discovered that the earth is round. And so the air reverberates with their thunders against the iniquities of the Mercator map. Forthwith we must have a "new" map, a "global" map, a "monosphere," with the North Pole as the center. That such a map is not free from errors is, of course, too trivial a thing to mention. On this new map the rhumb line is not represented by a straight line; the map is distorted in scale, it is not conformal, and, most important of all, the shortest route between two points on the globe, the so-called great circle route, is not represented on it by a straight line. (It is by implying that this last-mentioned defect is absent and that all "air-line distances" are truly and correctly represented on this map that its partisans have been trying to foist it on an unsuspecting public.)

First of all the map isn't new, but has been in use for some three hundred years—or rather in disuse, because it has so many defects. It would be perfect for the isolationist Eskimo, since the ice floes at the North Pole are shown on it with almost infallible precision. But at the equator the east-west distortion is 57 per cent greater than that in the north-south direction; and in latitude 45 degrees south this distortion increases to 230 per cent. That this is so can be easily inferred from the horribly contorted shapes of South America, Australia, and New Zealand.

But let the admirers of this map speak for themselves. Within the past year the newspapers, magazines, and radio have been deluged with statements such as these: "Minneapolis is closer to Tokyo than is San Diego."—"Minneapolis is closer to Berlin, London, and Moscow than is New York."—"Chicago is really closer to Siberia than to South America."—"Northern Norway is closer to Detroit than to any of our eastern seaports, including New York and Boston."—"Minneapolis may well be bombed because it is closer to Kiska than is San Francisco."—"If a long-range bomber took a direct route from Tokyo to the Panama Canal it would cross southern Alaska." That all of these statements are startling, if not sensational,

no one will deny. But the publication of these statements has undoubtedly done a great deal of harm, because *every one of them is wrong*, as anyone who wants to go to the trouble of verifying them can easily ascertain.

Take the last one, which appeared in an article in *Harper's* for June, 1943, as typical. What the average person will gather from it is that this direct route will pass through the southern part of the more or less square territory of Alaska, say somewhere near Anchorage or Seward. And if anyone were to draw a straight line on the map printed with the article in *Harper's* he would even find the direct route from Tokyo to Panama passing north of Nome, Fairbanks, and the Arctic Circle. But actually it passes 120 miles south of the southernmost tip of the Alaska peninsula, and some 550 miles south of Anchorage.

The advocates of these global maps go even farther, and claim that their maps illustrate the new "global strategy." To wit: "Hawaii lies two thousand miles out of the way" (from the direct route to and from Japan). The global strategists then claim that the initial Japanese successes and our setbacks in this war were at least partly due to the fact that the Japanese were far ahead of us in understanding real, global strategy, based upon these new maps. No doubt this explains why the Japanese began this war by attacking and neutralizing the out-of-the-way and therefore strategically useless fortress of Pearl Harbor, and by occupying Wake Island and Guam, rather than by flying over the North Pole to bomb Detroit and Pittsburgh.

Many airplane companies have already climbed on the bandwagon and printed advertisements utilizing these "new" maps, but in so doing they are probably harming themselves. Overemphasizing the role of the airplane is just as dangerous as underestimating its importance. Anyone who thinks that after the war we are forthwith going to fly wheat, potatoes, and iron ore across the North Pole had better think again. Bulk commodities will continue to be moved by *ship*, and only luxury goods, mail, all kinds of emergency and medical supplies, and especially passengers may go



by air. But so long as the airplane uses gasoline as fuel it is going to pick routes where the flying weather is dependable, past populous cities, or important junction points, and via islands where gasoline can be brought in cheaply, that is by sea. Hence the important air junctions of the future may well be Bermuda and the Azores in the Atlantic and Hawaii, Midway, Wake, Guam, Palau, Canton, Easter Island, the Galápagos, New Caledonia, and many others in the Pacific. The North Pole will remain what it is: an

imaginary point on the globe. If and when the time comes that airplanes fly on subatomic energy many changes will occur—and the change in maps will be the least of them.

Anyone who really wants to keep abreast of the times, prepare for the future of aviation, and follow the war on all its battlefronts should get, first of all, a good, large-scale Mercator map of the world, and, secondly, a globe—the only true and correct representation of the earth.

THE REAL BUNGLERS — Just to keep perspective true: How hypnotized we were a few years ago by dictators and dictatorship! They alone had the magic touch of power. Democracies hesitated, debated, were frustrated by the necessity of convincing public opinion; dictators knew what they wanted, acted, got it. Now let us see.

*Hitler:* After Munich he had Czechoslovakia in his pocket, to say nothing of an open road to the Near East, while England and France, still in the psychology of Munich, were reconciled to appeasement as the price of peace. Nevertheless Hitler formally seized all of Czechoslovakia, thus breaking the spell of Munich in England and France and hardening the British and French will to fight. Then in 1941, with all Egypt, Iraq, Iran, and the road to India open before him after the British rout in Libya, and Russia hoping only to be let alone, he invaded Russia, convinced that England and France would bless the crusade against bolshevism and that, besides, Russia would break in six weeks anyway. Result: Stalingrad.

*Mussolini:* With all of Europe at war and Italy in the position of being bid for by both sides, in a position to wax rich as a supplier and transporting agent, and safe withal—Mussolini plunged into war. Result: African empire lost, Italian cities bombed, fascism discredited, and Mussolini himself ousted from power.

*Tojo and his cohorts:* With all the world torn by war and Japan in a position to levy tribute from all sides, and to wax rich by producing war needs and shipping them in its own merchant marine, Japan attacked America and drew her fire. Furthermore, when bent on expansion, Japan did not capitalize the opportunity to penetrate slowly into Thailand and Malaya—thus putting the burden of deciding for war on America, a decision American opinion flinched from—but attacked America on American territory, giving the Americans no option. To what advantage? Pearl Harbor did not and could not put America out of action. It only pricked America to bitterness and iron resolve.

Well, what magic had these dictators? The democracies debate, vacillate, delay, bungle—but what have they done that is worse, by the test of results, than the record of the dictatorships? With political institutions as with prize fighters, victory is his who is still standing up at the end. — Nathaniel Peffer

# WHAT ABOUT HUGH KIINO?

S. BURTON HEATH



HUGH KIINO is an American citizen of unusually high repute. His good character and loyalty, unlike those of most Americans, are not mere presumptions. They have been established by the FBI, which investigated Hugh thoroughly with the idea of using him for undercover work against the Japanese, and turned him down only because he had never troubled to learn how to read and write the language of his ancestors.

Hugh Kiino and his wife, Ruth, are typical of seventy thousand American citizens, victims of one of the most unfortunate episodes in our modern history. They personify a minority problem as vicious, though more limited quantitatively, as that of the Negro.

Hugh was born in Florin, California. He majored in political science at the University of California and remained after graduation for a year's postgraduate study in law. There he met Ruth Dekuzaku, who was majoring in bacteriology. Two years after Hugh left college and joined a brother in the grape and strawberry shipping business in their home town he and Ruth were married. They have one child, a third-generation American.

In February of 1942 Hugh and Ruth were among the one hundred and seven thousand Japanese-Americans who, on very short notice, were forced by the United States Army to leave their homes, desert their businesses, and enter con-

centration camps. No charge was made against them. There was no suspicion on which to base any charge. But their parentage was Japanese, so they had to move *en masse*, regardless of their legal rights and of the physical, mental, and economic hardships involved.

A high Federal judge, William Denman of the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals, himself a Californian sitting in California, has written into the judicial record this appraisal of the evacuation:

"Descended from Eastern Asiatics [these Japanese-Americans] have been imprisoned as the Germans imprisoned the Western-Asiatic Jews."

The analogy is harsh, but it contains considerable elements of justification. We concede that most Japanese-Americans are good, loyal citizens from whom we have nothing to fear; but, we say, among them are a few who cannot be trusted. It would be difficult to ascertain which ones are dangerous, so we just imprison them all and take no chances. That is, in part, what Adolf Hitler did. He did not contend that all Jews were bad, but he claimed that some of them were, so he instituted a pogrom against all Jews who were unfortunate enough to fall into his power.

The analogy must not be carried too far. We do not propose to discriminate permanently against the Japanese-Americans. There is no blood purge, nor will



there be one. Every reasonable effort is being made to avoid even minor personal violence. Our pogrom against the Japanese-Americans is not of the sadistic type that Hitler has inflicted upon the Jews in Europe.

But from a constitutional standpoint Hugh and Ruth Kiino and 70,000 other native-born citizens, plus 30,000 immigrants of exemplary conduct, have been subjected to an intolerable imposition. They have been imprisoned without charge; they are to be relocated in new homes; they are forbidden to return to their old homes and are prevented from protecting their property rights; they are deprived of liberty and the enjoyment of their hard-earned property solely because of their race and color.

They are victims of an official psychology that was put into words by Lieutenant General John L. DeWitt, who inspired and directed the evacuation:

"A Jap's a Jap and it makes no difference whether he is an American citizen or not. I don't want any of them."

But Judge Denman, in the case entitled *Gordon Kiyoshi Hirabayashi versus The United States of America*, expressed a point of view much more in accord with accepted principles of Americanism:

"It is a matter of common knowledge to people of detached thinking in Pacific Coast communities, formerly living among these deported citizens, that their Mongoloid features and yellow skins have among them persons of the same high spirit, intellectual integrity and consciousness of social obligation as have the surrounding Caucasians.

"What is also pertinent is the fact that they have the same contempt for hypocrisy in their treatment by their white neighbors, and the same bitter resentment of a claim of their social inferiority as Americans have of the Nazi claim of Nordic racial supremacy."

## II

OUR Japanese-American problem is misunderstood by most Caucasians. This is exemplified by a recent editorial in a magazine of large circulation which grouped Japanese-Americans with prison-

ers of war, and demanded firmer treatment of inmates of our "alien internment" camps, of which that at Poston, Arizona, was specified by name.

The camp at Poston is not an alien internment institution. It is one of ten concentration camps known euphemistically as relocation centers. Seven out of ten of the inmates of those ten camps are American citizens. None went there because of any misdeed of his own.

To get the picture clear, let us recall what happened early in 1942 while our Pacific Coast was all ajitter with fear that the Japanese might stage an invasion before our battered Navy could recover from Pearl Harbor.

There were more than 100,000 Japanese-Americans in coastal areas. In general they occupied strategic positions. Their farms and homes surrounded vital war installations—factories, aviation fields, Army camps. Many lived near beaches suitable for enemy landings and on hills ideal for transmission of treacherous signals to an enemy approaching from the sea.

Before the war, and in anticipation of its approach, both Army and Navy Intelligence and the Federal Bureau of Investigation had canvassed these Japanese-Americans carefully to ascertain which were actual or potential spies, saboteurs, or fifth columnists. The moment that news of Pearl Harbor was flashed to Washington, Federal and local officers picked up every person of Japanese ancestry against whom counterespionage had found any cause for suspicion. There were several thousand of these, of whom many were interned and others, after thorough investigation, were released.

None of these was placed in the concentration or "relocation" camps. The relocatees were the 107,000 Japanese-Americans whose lives, so far as keen investigators could discover, had been exemplary. They were not disturbed at first, but in January and February of 1942, when a Japanese invasion seemed quite possible, even a few fifth columnists might have enabled our savage enemies to establish bridgeheads from which it would have been exceedingly difficult to dislodge them.



As a matter of discreet precaution it was decided to evacuate all Japanese-Americans to places where it would be geographically impossible for any fifth columnist who might have escaped detection to give assistance to enemy invaders.

In the case of the majority who are citizens, this evacuation because of race discrimination would appear to have violated the Bill of Rights. But because of the seriousness of the emergency and the known skill of the Japanese at subversion, the evil was accepted not merely by Caucasians but also by most, if not all, of the victims of the evacuation. I have talked with a considerable number of evacuees, including some who now are very angry about what has been done to them, and none questioned the wisdom of the original action at the time when it was taken.

But they assumed, in common with many Caucasians, that the evacuation would be of relatively short duration. It was taken for granted that as soon as all suspicious persons could be combed out and segregated under guard, the remainder would be permitted to go home. And even the pessimists supposed that the Nisei, who are citizens, would return home as soon as danger of invasion had passed.

Such hopes were not fulfilled. All Japanese-Americans were gathered into extemporized assembly centers, and then were moved to ten concentration camps known as relocation centers, situated all the way from inland California to eastern Arkansas on the banks of the Mississippi. Nothing was done about segregating the goats from the sheep. Any real danger of an invasion passed (as authority for this consult Under Secretary of War Patterson's public utterances) and still the Nisei were forbidden to go home. Former Supreme Court Justice Byrnes, as War Mobilization Director, has placed his imprimatur upon an Army-Navy statement that no change will be made in the evacuation policy for a long time to come.

### III

**T**HERE has been loose talk about how the evacuees have been and are being pampered, and about anti-American activ-

ities and loose discipline in the camps. I have visited the camp at Jerome, Arkansas, and have checked with competent, objective reporters who have visited other camps in order to determine what truth there might be in lurid tales told before a subcommittee of the Dies Committee on Un-American Activities.

So far as "pampering" is concerned, the situation at Jerome is typical of that at all of the centers. Let me tell you how the evacuees live.

The center consists of frame barracks roofed with tar paper and lined with wall-board. It is located on Arkansas River flatlands which had been abandoned by a rural resettlement project because they were too wet for successful farming.

There are 33 blocks, each consisting of 12 barracks, one mess hall, one recreation hall, and a combination laundry-bath-toilet building. Each barracks has 6 one-room "apartments" with a single overhead electric light in the center of the room. Two apartments, 20 by 16 feet, accommodate three persons each; two more, which are 20 feet square, are assigned to four persons each. The other two, 20 by 24 feet, are for families of from five persons up; one holds twelve Hawaiians who declined the offer of two rooms.

In addition to the bare rooms, the WRA provides a stove for each apartment and a metal army cot, a mattress pad, and two blankets for each person. That is all. Anything else the evacuees need or want—table, chairs, curtains, dresser, wastepaper basket, additional lamps—they themselves must provide or go without.

The mess hall in each block seats 250 persons on backless wooden benches at bare wooden tables. The evacuees are fed at government expense. All rationing rules are observed strictly, even for pork which the residents raise themselves. The WRA allows 45 cents daily to feed each person, which is substantially below the Army allowance; but at Jerome, and at least some other camps, the actual expenditure has never reached 40 cents and hovers closer to 35 cents. This goes farther than one might imagine, because the Army does the camps' buying, but in these days of high food prices it hardly provides for much gourmandism.



Recreation halls have for equipment only what the evacuees are able to provide. This varies greatly. Some have ping-pong tables, and in most of them there is weight-lifting equipment. Moving pictures from 16-millimeter film (which limits variety and up-to-dateness of the features) are provided by a co-operative. Patrons must bring their own seats if they wish to sit. Entrance costs a dime for adults, a nickel for children, at which prices more than \$1,000 profit has been made after renting projector and film, paying the operator, and meeting incidental expenses.

For the camp as a whole there are a nursery, a grade school, and a high school, all taught by evacuees who are not professionals, because California, the home of most of them, did not approve of Japanese-Americans as schoolteachers. There is an excellent Army-type 175-bed hospital, directed by Caucasians but staffed largely by evacuee doctors, dentists, nurses, etc. The Buddhists and various Protestant sects have resident pastors, and a priest from outside comes in to serve the few Catholics.

No evacuee is required to work for board, lodging, and incidental necessities, nor is employment guaranteed for those who want it. But in fact there have been jobs for all who sought them. At Jerome half of all residents, regardless of age or sex or health, are on the payrolls at wages ranging from \$12 a month for apprentices and common laborers through \$16 for most employees, up to \$19 for doctors, nurses, teachers, translators, and other professional and supervisory workers. When the family head is employed each adult who is dependent upon him receives a monthly clothing allowance of \$3.50 and each child one of \$2. Workers who are not family heads are entitled to clothing allowances only for themselves.

This, in bird's-eye perspective, is what we are doing for those Japanese-Americans who are not even suspected of any wrongdoing, as well as for the relatively few who frankly proclaim their preference for that savage nation against whom we are fighting in the Orient for the survival of civilization. Within the camps there is no discrimination between these two groups.

I doubt whether any reasonable person

would consider this to be pampering. On the other hand, it is not oppressive, nor have the hardships and deprivations been imposed deliberately or maliciously. Under such limitations as are imposed upon it by circumstances the WRA is trying to make the evacuees as comfortable as possible. If you feel, as many do, that a great government has no business making unoffending citizens live as these do, then blame should be placed upon those policymakers who waited until Pearl Harbor had been bombed before they created the War Relocation Authority and expected it to do the impossible almost overnight.

The Japanese-American problem was permitted to catch us napping. For this there was little excuse. There was nothing in the situation which was unknown or should not have been anticipated. The number of Japanese-Americans, their location, their business and social activities had been matters of record for years. A small but highly vocal group of Japanophobes in California had imagined and publicized every danger that could possibly arise from the presence of Japanese-Americans there in time of war.

Almost every American realized that we should have to fight Japan soon, and that when we did we should find her a tricky, treacherous, unmoral enemy. It required no imagination to realize that when war came we should have to guard against a fifth-column menace on the Pacific Coast. Likewise, nobody could have doubted that the anti-Japanese element in California—the few who were genuinely worried and the many who were jealous of the Japanese-Americans' industry, frugality, and success as farmers, fishermen, and business men—would take advantage of war to create all possible bad feeling against this minority.

Our investigative agencies, Army, Navy, and FBI, did their jobs and did them well. They were ready when the time came to round up potential enemies. But administrative agencies had made no attempt to prepare for what has become the relocation problem. That was permitted to arise almost overnight, so that it had to be solved extemporaneously without any fundamental plan and almost



without any guiding philosophy. It was tossed suddenly into the lap of a brand-new agency pulled out of the executive hat. That agency, the WRA, had simultaneously to feed and house and police the evacuees; to locate sites for relocation camps over the almost hysterical objection of governors, legislators, and other officials; to get the camps built in a period of manpower shortage and materials scarcity; and to evolve plans for getting the evacuees back later into circulation without too much disturbance.

Under such circumstances the WRA need not be ashamed of the physical care it is giving to its wards. Nor, if the truth be known, does it need to apologize for the policing of the camps. Much of the evidence heard by the Dies subcommittee was scandalously inaccurate, as certain of the individual members know but never have troubled to inform the public.

There have been a few unfortunate episodes, of which the so-called Poston and Manzanar incidents were the worst. In the former there was a three-day strike without violence; in the latter there was shooting, arising out of a misunderstanding and the apparently deliberate falsification of one evacuee "leader," in which two were killed and ten injured.

Both of these, and lesser disturbances in other places, arose out of the activities of hoodlums who took advantage of the situation to assault unpopular residents suspected of being stool pigeons.

But on the whole, considering the number of inmates and the conditions under which they live, morale has been astonishingly high and even minor personal clashes have been amazingly few.

#### IV

WHILE carrying on creditably its routine duty of providing for the daily needs of its wards, the War Relocation Authority has been far less successful in the longer-range program which is more important.

The essence of the relocation problem was set forth clearly and accurately in the October, 1942, issue of this magazine, by an Intelligence Officer whose official report, with certain elisions, was publicized

by permission of his superiors. After pointing out that most of the evacuees are law-abiding, loyal, and trustworthy, and as such are deserving of our intelligent consideration, this trained investigator proposed a specific program for dealing with them. His suggestions may be reduced to four major items:

1. We should offer in good faith to intern for the duration of the war all Japanese-Americans who profess loyalty to Nippon, to treat them decently and kindly while restraining them safely, and when peace returns to deport them to Japan.

2. We should list all Japanese-Americans who subsequent to 1930 and since they were thirteen years old have spent as much as three years in Japan. We should regard them, their wives or husbands, their children, and their parents as persons of questionable loyalty to the United States.

3. Likewise we should list all who have made repeated visits, however brief, to Japan within the past ten years; and officials of Japanese nationalistic organizations; and alien Japanese who have entered this country since 1933 as traders, students, priests, etc.; and all Japanese-Americans, alien or citizen, against whom the Army, the Navy, or the FBI has ground for suspicion.

4. In each relocation camp we should establish a board of review before which any person on the suspect lists could argue an appeal to be taken off. All who were unable to convince this board of their trustworthiness should be segregated from the remainder of the evacuees.

There is a fundamental duty which was not enumerated in the Intelligence Officer's report because it is inherent in the directive by which the WRA was created. Aside from temporary care, any sensible program for handling the evacuees would seem to include the four items mentioned above plus:

5. After segregation of the untrustworthy all others should be moved with maximum dispatch from the relocation camps into normal civilian activities where they could begin the long job of rehabilitating themselves. In this they should be given a degree of earnest government assistance predicated upon the fact that, if it were not for the government's interference



with their normal lives, they would not have been obliged to start life all over again in strange surroundings without resources.

The eminently sound recommendations reported in this magazine a year ago had been in the hands of the WRA for some months previous to that date. Yet nothing had been done about effectuating them until February, 1943. Then, as an incident to enlisting Japanese-Americans in a combat unit, each evacuee over seventeen years old was asked whether he wanted to stay in this country or be sent to Japan. Throughout the country 6,300 chose deportation—or had it chosen for them by husbands, parents, or guardians.

As I write, preliminary preparations are being made to utilize the center at Tule Lake, California, for segregation of these 6,300 and of the few others who are considered unsafe to be at liberty. There is no reasonable probability that segregation can be achieved before October, which will be a year after the recommendations appeared in print and some twenty months after evacuation from military areas was begun.

Meanwhile nothing whatever has been done about keeping the most viciously pro-Japanese away from the unquestionably pro-American. The two groups live side by side in the same barracks and eat in the same mess halls; they work side by side in field, kitchen, sawmill, and other community enterprises; they play side by side, and worship, visit, and shop, listen to the radio and read the newspapers. The disloyal are perfectly free to argue, cajole, and even threaten the loyal so long as they refrain from mayhem, and the WRA makes no apparent effort to counteract such subversive activities.

A flagrant illustration is the case of George Kuratomi, born in San Diego, who asked to be expatriated to Japan and who told me that he would like to fight in the Japanese Army. Kuratomi is a smooth, convincing young man who is thoroughly familiar with arguments to show why the future of all Japanese-Americans depends upon Japan because, he points out, they can never again hope to be accepted as Americans.

Kuratomi was described to me before

we met as a probable ringleader of the pro-Japanese element at Jerome. He discussed his opinions freely in the presence of a WRA executive. Yet he is executive secretary of one of the four Buddhist congregations at the camp, which among them include about 6,500 of the 8,000 residents. As such, he is provided by the government with an office in which to meet and talk with all comers. The day I talked with him he had two charming young Nisei women as assistants, not to mention the largest assortment of newspapers and periodical literature I saw in camp. It is easy to believe that he sees a great many persons every day, under ideal conditions for expounding his views. It is hard to see how the authorities could have done more to give Kuratomi facilities for weakening the faith of his fellows.

The delay about segregating Kuratomi and others like him, so as to protect loyal Japanese-Americans against their blandishments and threats, is due only in small part to inherent difficulties. Until recently no effort had been made because the WRA had not accepted the fact that pro-Japanese should not be permitted to mingle freely with pro-Americans. Even the present decision to institute a program of segregation did not come until an aroused public opinion, along with a recommendation of the Dies subcommittee, forced the Authority's hand. This is one good deed of the subcommittee in partial offset to the great harm it has done by publicizing irresponsible testimony.

Meanwhile relocation has proceeded with painful slowness. Up to the end of July—seventeen months after evacuation—only 10,720 had been released from camps on indefinite leave, with permission to establish homes and seek work anywhere outside the proscribed military zones. At that time such leaves were being granted at a rate ranging from 300 to 500 a week.

At first the machinery of relocation was slow and cumbersome. Each request for permission to leave the camps had to be investigated individually, and each permit signed by the WRA director in Washington. This took about six weeks. By the time the formalities had been satisfied the evacuee had become discouraged, and



more often the prospective employer had lost interest and had filled the vacancy.

Last spring the education, experience, and aptitude histories of 73,000 evacuees over 17 years old were recorded, and their names were submitted *en masse* to the FBI for clearance. By the time this appears all should have passed through the hopper, so that anybody approved—which means all but perhaps 7,000—can leave camp whenever he chooses, go wherever he wishes outside prohibited areas, and seek work. Meanwhile the WRA has set up six regional offices with 50 field branches from which agents are making contact with prospective employers, offering to them the services of their Japanese-American clients.

Thus the machinery has been greased, and the WRA is trying hard to get its wards out of concentration camps and back into the streams of industry, agriculture, and commerce, where their services are needed. And to-day, although there are less than 11,000 out working and approximately 100,000 still in the camps, WRA officials tell me they have more requests for Japanese-American workers than there are candidates to fill them.

But meanwhile the worm has turned. The Issei, the Nisei, and the Kibei would have been glad to stay at home and look after themselves, but Uncle Sam would not permit that. Now Uncle Sam wants them to get out and work, and they have lost interest. How did that happen? Much in the same manner that millions who could not find jobs during the depression in the '30's learned that they could live without working, accustomed themselves to conditions that at first had seemed intolerable, and lost their initiative and self-confidence so that they feared to re-enter economic and social competition.

Before Pearl Harbor our Japanese-Americans were a pretty self-sufficient lot who asked no odds and who looked after themselves. They lived rather well too, by their standards, even though those may have differed from our Caucasian standards, and they accumulated property. But when we evacuated them they had to make some disposition of their homes and businesses; they could not just lock the doors and walk away. So now,

even if we were to open up the prohibited areas, they could not return at a moment's notice and reclaim their possessions.

They listen to long-wave radio and read newspapers and magazines. From these, and from their own leading publication, the Japanese-American Citizenship League's *Pacific Citizen*, they get a hypersensitive impression of how the country feels about them. They read such distortions and exaggerations as those put on record by the Dies subcommittee; they read the bitter diatribes of some Pacific Coast journals and of the Hearst press generally; they see news stories about the Nisei in American Army uniform who was so brazen as to visit a cannery to see how his fruit was being handled, which caused a sitdown strike, following which the soldier was taken into protective custody by the sheriff; about the evacuees who got into an argument with soldiers in Denver and were clouted over the head by military police; about the Des Moines housemaid who fainted when she saw a Nisei at the door, which caused rumors, later disproved, that she had been assaulted.

Why, under such circumstances, should they be enthusiastic about going forth with their bare hands and starting from scratch in some new community where they may face social ostracism, economic barriers, or even physical assault?

When they were first put into the camps they were uncomfortable—crowded, without privacy or conveniences, with inferior food, little money, and less liberty. Their normal social contacts were disrupted. They were unhappy and they wanted to go home. But now time has passed, and what last year seemed intolerable has this year become preferable to the alternatives which they can see.

They are accustomed now to crowding, lack of privacy, inferior food. They have ceased to feel restrained because they cannot walk down the road without a permit. They have made new friends among the strangers who surround them, have located such old friends as are in the same camps, have developed an acceptable new social organization.

They are getting by with a minimum of responsibility. Perhaps they are better off than if they ventured into a hostile



world in wartime to try to lift themselves by their own bootstraps. Who knows? Why take the risk of finding out?

It seems very probable that their reluctance to make the break and their distrust of the reception they would meet among Caucasians have been exaggerated by the arguments of the pro-Japanese who have been permitted to work on them at will for these many months. Thus actual relocation, having been permitted to languish so long, has become a psychological problem more difficult than the mechanical problem it was in the beginning.

We could force them out, but this would be most unjust. We do not ride citizens out of town on rails and let them shift for themselves even when they have done wrong. These people have done no wrong. They are entitled to a maximum of assistance in the readjustment we have forced on them.

## V

WE MIGHT have done better with this evacuation and relocation if we had not been so occupied with other aspects of the war. But that is a superficial way to look for cheap comfort. The basic problems involving our 130,000 Japanese-Americans, 80,000 of them citizens, arose before the war when we had ample time; and it is our own fault that we did nothing about them then.

In the beginning we encouraged Japanese to migrate here because we thought that they offered a splendid source of cheap, easily controlled common labor. We were disconcerted when we discovered that they were human beings. Fred J. Hart, managing editor of the California Farm Bureau publications, told the House Immigration Committee in 1930:

"The Japanese becomes a menace because the Japanese has a psychology that he is as good or a little better than anybody else, and the Japanese has a great desire to become a landowner."

That, boiled down, is our chief complaint against the Japanese-Americans. They learned too quickly to be Americans—to hold up their heads, work hard, obey the law, save their money, invest it, and get their thirty acres and a mule or

its equivalent. So to protect ourselves against the initiative of this "inferior race" we prohibited further immigration, refused naturalization to those who were here, discriminated by law and by custom socially and economically, and refused to assimilate them. Now we penalize them because they are not assimilated.

To those born in this country we cannot deny citizenship without a constitutional amendment that would be too hypocritical for our stomachs. So we educate them as Americans; we teach them our glorious history as the land of freedom and opportunity, the refuge of the oppressed of all nations, the melting pot in which race and creed and color are burned away in the intense heat of militant democracy—up to that moment, in adolescence, when they naïvely presume upon those teachings.

Then they learn that they must not fall in love with Caucasians, for marriage with an Oriental would be obscene. They cannot inherit land from their parents, though half of them are top-notch farmers, because their parents, under California law which controls two-thirds of them, cannot own land. They cannot employ their manual dexterity in the better-paid skilled trades because so many trade unions, prating eloquently of democracy, refuse membership to Orientals. Like the Jews in the ghettos of Europe, they cannot live among those of another race.

The ethical outrage that we perpetrated when we evacuated these people is only the current manifestation of the deeper-seated outrage that we have imposed upon them for decades. We fear them as a group because we know that we have treated them shamefully, and we do not understand how any people can have taken so much abuse without building up an active resentment. So now, under the lash of wartime fear combined with a sense of national guilt, we are extending the prewar discrimination.

The WRA was permitted to establish camps in Arkansas only with the firm understanding that no evacuee would be released to live or work in that State. Governor Homer Adkins signed, if he did not inspire, a probably unconstitutional law prohibiting any person of Japanese de-

scent from owning land or from leasing it for more than one year. Arizona adopted a probably unconstitutional law limiting trade with them. Florida has a law forbidding them to own land there. Nebraska, Oregon, Utah, Washington, and Wyoming have alien land laws aimed at them.

California law long has been notoriously discriminatory. The bulk of Japanese-Americans lived in that State, and Caucasian economic groups which found themselves unable to compete with Japanese industry and frugality constantly agitated for extension of anti-Oriental statutes. Perhaps the worst of the offerings which have pockmarked California legislative calendars since Pearl Harbor would prevent any descendant of ancestors born in any nation with which we are at war from owning land in that State.

Evacuation and relocation emphasize what should long have been apparent. We cannot continue indefinitely paying lip tribute to the Bill of Rights while we deprive a minority of their constitutional prerogatives and prevent them from becoming assimilated. It would be better far, more honest and more decent, to deport every Japanese-American than to go on as we have been going.

Gradually most of the 107,000 who were evacuated are going to be relocated, to join some 20,000 who did not live in military areas and so have escaped much attention in this furor. But they are entitled to know whether we are going to accept them as Americans, on the same terms as other good citizens, and add them to the amalgam in our melting pot,

or whether we propose to keep them in a state of virtual peonage and treat them as pariahs.

How, for specific example, are you going to treat Hugh Kiino if he comes along asking for a job or a kind word? Hugh and Ruth and their baby were in Michigan the last I knew. They left Jerome a few hours after I talked with Hugh. They were exceedingly fortunate. Ruth found a housekeeping job with a family that is willing to let Hugh and their child live with her while Hugh finds work.

Do you feel that Hugh is entitled to go where he will and mingle as an American with other Americans, in spite of the fact that his parents migrated here from Japan instead of from England, France, Russia, Germany, Greece, or the country whence your own forefathers came? For they too were migrants—unless you are a full-blooded American Indian.

Your answer—our answer, as a people—is important to Hugh and Ruth and their fellow Japanese-Americans, but it is equally vital to us Caucasians. As to that I quote Governor Ralph L. Carr of Colorado:

"If we deny them the protection of the Bill of Rights, if we say that they may be denied the privilege of living in any of the forty-eight States . . . then we are tearing down the whole American system.

"If these people are not to be accorded all the rights and privileges which the Constitution gives them, then those rights and privileges may be denied to you and me six months from now for just as poor a reason as the one which is now offered against the Japanese."



# MEGSY

## *A Story*

MURRAY DYER



**T**O-DAY I heard the latest story of "Megsy" Winthrop. To understand it you have to know some of the earlier ones. To begin with, "Megsy" was not always his name. On the night of the last day of our first term at the School he was still just Winthrop.

We were in the dormitory getting ready for bed, Winthrop, Armitage, and myself. We were the new boys in the dormitory that term. So on this first "last" night we naturally drew together, not knowing that links stronger than steel were being forged. In our ears still rang the School Song. It almost seemed as though we could still hear the thunder of the chorus as the school sang it:

What though the world's three corners led by  
all the powers of Night,  
Come against us in their fury we shall shock  
them left and right,  
For the Chieftains stand a-watching by the Way.

We were to hear that chorus, and join the whole school in singing it, fifteen times in the next five years. On the last day of every term it was always sung in the Big Schoolroom, a room hung with the shields on which were inscribed the university honors of those who had gone before us—a room in which on nearly every desk was a name carved surreptitiously with a pen-knife and which afterward was famous.

The first time you heard that song as a

new boy you knew it was something very important, although you never could have explained why. The last time you heard it, the night before you left, after your course through the School had been run, it was with a vow. After the School Song everyone went to the dormitories. There on each bed was a copy of the school magazine with its record of the term just ended. On the last pages were two lists of names. The first list, under the heading "Salvete," was the list of new boys. That night in our dormitory Winthrop, Armitage, and I were looking at it, for there was the stark record of our entry:

"Salvete: Charles Edward Armitage . . . Harold Mortimer Winthrop." And my own name. There were other names too of course, but we three had landed in the same dormitory. Farther on down the page was another heading: "Valete." And in this list were the names of those who were leaving, together with a record of the things they had done for the School. Leading the list was the name Kyle. Arthur Wyndham Kyle. And after the dates of his birth, admission, and leaving:

Captain of the School; Captain of Games; Captain of the Eleven; Captain of the Fifteen; Prefect; Company Sergeant Major, Officers' Training Corps; First-class shot; Secretary, Debating Society; Secretary, Musical Society; Curator, Field Club; Conyngsby Scholar; Mathematical Scholarship, St. Catherine's College, Cambridge . . .

The list went on, fourteen lines of it in small type. Each of us read it and looked without comment at Kyle, lounging carelessly against the wall by his bed. In a few minutes he would order lights out and go down to join the company of Old Boys who always returned at the end of the summer term. Kyle had run his course well. There were other names of course, each with its list of honors won, records broken, and scholarship achieved. On that night the three of us, new boys, were very small fry indeed.

Winthrop did not receive the nickname which was to stick with him closer than a brother until the next term. He was christened in the Big Schoolroom one wet, windy afternoon with a southeaster rattling the window panes, driving against them stinging drops of salt-laden water from off the Channel. Several of us had been sitting on the radiator for warmth in the absence of any seniors. We thought we were committing to memory seventy lines of *The Lady of the Lake*, a weekly task. Actually we were listening to Winthrop defending *Little Women*. It was probably the first time in the history of the School that this book had been discussed in the presence of the names which gleamed on the shields in the gloom. There was something of sacrilege about it. *Little Women*—a girls' book. And not only mentioned but discussed in a room where men like Shelby, who played cricket for England, had sat; where men like Wilkinson, who had his Blue for Rugger, had swotted; where men like Paget, who had won a V. C. in the first World War, had read the *Strand* during prep, tucking it conveniently inside the covers of a school Bible. Yet we had to listen because Winthrop knew, even then, what he was talking about.

The character of Meg occupied him chiefly. He knew exactly what she was like. For one thing she was like his sister. An admission you simply didn't make, even if true, which we doubted, because Winthrop was a gentleman, and so was his father. What was worse his father was a famous explorer who would, we were sure, have been as shocked as we were. *Little Women* was by some sort of an American woman, probably half Indian. We lis-

tened in stunned, pained, yet fascinated silence. Those of us who heard him knew beyond doubt that he understood what he was talking about. What was worse he made it interesting. He sat on the radiator pipe, his bony knees hunched up to his chin, his dark, nearly black hair, uncombed, falling across his spectacles. Much of the time he was talking his wide mobile mouth kept breaking into an infectious grin, sometimes even a wild, gypsy, rattling laugh which was not like the honest guffaw of, say, Armitage. He finished his argument and looked round at us. Not one of us dared admit we had been forced to listen. His eyes, brown and lively, snapped behind the lenses of his glasses.

"I wish I'd met Meg," he finished. "She could probably tell me why my sister went to Bedales instead of Sherborne." And he laughed—that rather foolish, apologetic, yet infectious laugh that had a lilt in it.

Armitage yawned—loudly. Then he got up slowly, stretched himself, and said, "Well, Megsy, what about the Lady of the Lake? Have you got another sister like her?"

We laughed loudly and ribaldly to cover our feelings. "Megsy," we shouted with delight—"Megsy." And Winthrop was christened, even as the door burst open and crashed back against its stop with a bang as a crowd of seniors came pouring in from the Changing Room.

With the acquisition of his nickname, Megsy's character at school began to take on shape. It began to be clear that he was one of those who could never be made part of the Pattern. By the same token, therefore, he could never become an accepted leader. Nevertheless he had qualities of his own which compelled respect. In his field, for instance, English and later English literature and history, he was supreme. At weekly Repetition when, by forms, the whole school appeared before the Old Man to repeat from memory the lines set for the week, Megsy was never stumped. Start him in the middle of the line and he would finish it, and sometimes, taking the bit in his teeth, he would go on beyond the ten lines allotted



and roll out the cadences of Scott with a relish that to us, bred to the tradition that only girls like poetry, was allied to indecent exposure. He was forgiven only because at times he made up for it by comments outside the scope of the prescribed courses.

As when, for instance, in the Upper Fifth, during a course on Wordsworth he discovered with delight the lines to "The Green Linnet," which he promptly retitled "The Green Limit." After our shout of approval had died down, Paton, the English master, demanded of him as penance a lucid exposition of his views on Wordsworth as a major poet. Megsy took ten minutes to give them. And as usual, we listened. It was a wild, irreverent, but well-annotated comment ending with some pointed sentences concerning the influence of Wordsworth's love affair in France upon his later development. Two minutes after he started, the corners of Paton's mouth began to twitch and his hand went up to his mustache to cover the evident sign of his amusement. Paton listened in silence, then, when Megsy had finished, looked at him as one equal to another and said: "O cuckoo, shall I call thee girl, or but a wandering voice?"

The reading Paton gave to the line, his delicate underscoring of the word "cuckoo," and his allusion to Winthrop's nickname brought forth a burst of laughter, led by Megsy's own half-apologetic, foolish, lilting laugh.

Before this sort of incident could happen, however, Megsy had some heavy going to weather. In his early days at the School he was, because so obviously a non-conformist, always in danger of becoming a butt. There was for example the night when all of us in the Big Schoolroom were doing prep. In charge was Pilkington, late of the Coldstream Guards. Tired of the army, Pilkington had left it and taken to teaching. What he taught nobody seemed to know. He was down to teach simple mathematics to the lower forms. But there is no record that any of us who went through those forms ever discovered that he did. On this particular night Megsy put up his hand and said: "Please, sir, may I leave the room?" There was only one reason for wanting to leave the

room during prep but Pilkington evidently wanted it labeled. So he asked, "Why?"

"I want to go across the yard, sir," said Megsy. If pressed this was the standard euphemism, since the School's plumbing facilities were, literally, across the yard. But Pilkington had not been at the School long enough to appreciate this, so he repeated: "Across the yard! Why do you want to go across the yard?" By this time no one was doing prep. We were all watching Pilkington and Megsy. "I just want to go across the yard, sir," said Megsy uncomfortably. "Why across the yard?" said Pilkington, puzzled. "What's across the yard? What do you expect to see?" There was a roar of laughter and Armitage put up his hand. "We all have to go across the yard, sir," he explained, an all-but-imperceptible tone of contempt in his voice. "It's the way they built the School." Suddenly it dawned on Pilkington and he grew red in the face. To cover his confusion he got up, put his hands in his pockets and said: "Oh, yes! Yes of course! Across the yard! By all means. How interesting!"

This would have happened of course to whoever first put up his hand with the request. But, as the years went on, it seemed that it was always Megsy's fate to be the first to put up his hand. Just as always it was Armitage who explained, with a touch of scorn, that Megsy's requests were entirely proper. You might make fun of Megsy and often did. But you did not make fun of Armitage. And if Armitage ruled that what Megsy said or did was all right that ended it.

A strange relationship was slowly growing up between Megsy and Armitage. Armitage already was showing signs of the course he would run. He would finish as a brilliant example of the Pattern at its best. Level-headed, direct, sure of the validity of the tradition to which he belonged, he was marked as a coming man and he could have had the friendship of anyone in the School. Instead, he stuck to Megsy; with resignation, with amusement, with now and then distinct irritation. But still he stuck. He had other friends too of course. But Megsy knew him best. And on the rare occasions

when Armitage opened his mouth about anything, Megsy knew about it first.

Nobody could understand this, least of all Megsy. But he repaid it with a deep, unswerving loyalty, even though, while he was at the School, he never quite learned why he could be so irritating. There was, for instance, the night when the three of us were in the sick room, recovering from bad colds. We were in fact practically well. It was June. That night we had gone to sleep at lights-out quickly and efficiently as healthy young animals will. But the energy stored up by a week in bed made us sleep lightly, so at three in the morning we woke when a car door slammed outside. We heard a deep voice say "good-night." It was Mackenzie, the Senior Master, returning from a Masonic dinner. We got up and went to the window and then, seeing the beauty of the morning, we stayed, leaning on our arms, looking out.

We had been at the School long enough by this time to have absorbed the things it had to give that made it ours. One of those things was the last line of the chorus to the School Song:

The Chieftains stand a-watching by the Way.

That Way was the Icen Way, the old Roman road that began in Dorset and wound over hills and across valleys to London. A part of it ran through the School, and gave us a deep and abiding sense of continuity. By leaning well out of the window and looking to the left, we could see where, seven miles away, the Way climbed the Ridgeway hill. It was an abandoned road up the hill. Later engineers had veered from its uncompromising and direct course straight up, to build a highway that climbed in curves a horse and van could negotiate more easily. Yet still the white chalk gash in the hill persisted, so well and truly built by the Romans that even time had not been able to cover their handiwork. Hard by the Way, and running along the summit of the downs that fell away to the southeast, was a line of barrows, burial mounds of Stone Age chieftains who once lived in Dorset. Winter and summer the Way and the barrows were with us.

That morning as we leaned out of the window the world we saw was very beauti-

ful. We heard the whisper of the Channel tide rolling lazily up the beach. We saw the lavender that bordered the old stone walk that led to the labs. Far off was the moor, misty now in the summer dawn. Beyond, perched on a cliff ledge above the sea, stood the Coast Guard cottages. Behind it all the downs. The sun was not yet up, but the old horse that pulled the mowing machine around the cricket field was having his breakfast, quietly munching away in the corner where he was staked.

We said nothing, even after we had seen Mackenzie let himself into the main building. Then suddenly Megsy spoke:

O we speak not overmuch  
Of the strange things we have seen;  
Our eyes were not for such  
Over-keen.

The fairest thing we knew  
In a land of gaudy flowers,  
Was a daisy tipped with dew,  
English, ours.

It was Armitage who turned slowly, looked at Megsy, and said, stingingly: "Back into bed, Daisy. This was worth getting up for until you thought of that nonsense." Not for a good many years would Megsy admit that he had spoiled that dawn, not so much by having read those atrocious lines as by being young enough to remember and quote them.

By the time another spring had come we were old enough to appreciate the moor. It was a wonderful place. Summer migrants and birds of many kinds nested in it. Plovers, herons, owls, reed warblers, swans. Collecting eggs was a hobby most of the school took up at one time or another. To pursue it well called for an intimate acquaintance with the vast, uncertain, watery stretches of the moor. Across it diagonally ran an old cart track. Crisscrossing it ran dykes. Here and there, on patches of firm ground, copses flourished. It was in the copses that the herons nested. It was in the wild tough grasses of the open stretches that the plovers laid their eggs. Plovers' eggs are hard to find. When plovers see anyone coming they get off their nests and run through the grass before they rise into the air. Their nests are never where you see



them get up. All the while you are in the vicinity they circle above, crying mournfully. But when you actually come within a few feet of their nests the cry changes to an almost heartrending sob. When you hear that change you know that you must look carefully, that you must pass no tuft of grass by without looking under it.

It was a rule that no nest must be broken up. Only one egg could be taken. Since plovers lay clutches of four, that meant three for the mother to come back to.

Crossing the moor in spring was an art. The dykes were swollen, the cart track hidden, and the level stretches covered with the overflow from the rains. Large expanses gleamed blue in the April sunshine, dotted with green shining tufts of turf. Gradually you came to know these tufts. Some were solid and supported your weight indefinitely. Others could be used as stepping stones, but they sank beneath you if you paused on them. Still others were delusions—nothing but green fronds of grass floating on water. On these, if you stepped, you sank at once into cold, mold-colored water, in places up to your neck. For this reason those who went out to collect eggs always wore running clothes: a shirt, shorts, and rubber shoes, and carried a bag for the eggs. Those who knew the moor best could roam across it at will, never getting wet above the ankles, so thoroughly had they absorbed their knowledge of the dykes and various tufts. Megsy was one of these.

It was about this time that a law was passed making it illegal to collect eggs of summer migrants. A conservation measure that was undoubtedly good; nevertheless the School sent up a howl, for the moor had been considered school property. What matter that the law was meant to apply to the whole of England and not just to this little corner of it? The difficulty was resolved neatly. There was a provision allowing eggs to be collected for museums and bona fide field clubs under proper supervision, and the School had a field club. Inevitably there was some poaching. It was the duty of the local constabulary to prevent this. Obviously if a boy was caught coming off the moor with half a dozen eggs of one

species, he had taken more, far more, than the field club needed. He therefore was liable for a trip to the magistrate's court and a fine of one pound sterling for each egg, charged to his father on the bill at the end of the term. It was of course a point of honor not to abuse the privilege of egg-collecting on the moor. However abusing the local constabulary was quite another matter. And after the heavily uniformed members of this force had stopped several boys coming off the moor, and examined their bags instead of merely taking their word, it was felt that the value of a gentleman's honor was being called in question.

The first step was obvious. If you saw a policeman waiting on solid ground near where you were coming off the moor you merely returned into the watery wastes, picked your way quickly across the grass, and came off a mile farther up. The police genially let it be known they could handle this problem. Their men would come into the moor after their quarry. Unfortunately they were heavily laden and their boots and uniforms were not adapted to a fast, one-hundred-yard sprint over sinking tufts of grass. To say nothing of the fact that those who knew the moor like Megsy invariably led them into the center of a watery waste where one misstep meant immersion, and then, since that misstep was always forthcoming, stood by and offered comment on the stupidity of policemen trying to collect eggs when in uniform.

"If you want to collect eggs," Megsy one day told a constable floundering in water up to his middle, "you ought to dress as we do. Now you'll have to walk home with all those wet, heavy clothes on to change, and you'll probably get a cold. If you really want to collect eggs why don't you let me do it for you?"

Human nature being what it is, of course the constable, after his bath, first explained just what he proposed to do when he caught his quarry, overlooking the handicap of boots and sodden uniform against running clothes. Eventually, in return for being led safely out of the moor, he promised to refrain from any laying on of hands, but never would he promise not to look inside the bag. And always when

dry land was reached he solemnly inspected the eggs collected to see if there had been any violation. There was never any question of running away before that inspection was made. Anyone who did that would have been taken down by the whole school to the constable concerned. It was simply a game which the constabulary seemed to like to play with the School during the spring term.

However it was bound to pall on them in time. In fact it palled the minute one member of the force discovered that science had invented binoculars. Thereafter policemen rode round the moor on bicycles and watched the egg-collecting through glasses. It was Megsy who discovered how to play this game out. He would simply make sure he was being watched, then bend over a nest and pretend to take all the eggs and transfer them to his bag. When a complaint came in to the School, Megsy's innocence was outraged. "No, of course I never took more than one . . . he couldn't have seen me . . . I picked up several to see which one had the best markings . . ." But it was no good. The Old Man had the last word. Law and order had to be upheld. And besides, the Old Man was renowned for being able to see through brick walls.

"Well, Winthrop, what have you to say about this complaint?"

"Well, sir, I thought . . ."

"Ah . . . I see. You thought. Winthrop, there are two rules it's very necessary to learn in this life."

"Yes, sir."

"One is to think. The other is not to think. The difficulty, my dear Winthrop, is to know when to apply them. I'm going to cane you."

"Me, sir?" Megsy's tone was both complimentary and chagrined. The only thing he had overlooked was the Old Man's well-known ability to solve knotty problems.

"Yes. Bring that chair over and kneel up, will you?"

"But, sir. . ."

"Winthrop," the Old Man's tone was crisp, "would you rather I caned you or put the moor out of bounds to you for the rest of the term?"

Megsy was caned while we, our ears glued to the keyhole, counted the strokes.

Eventually the day came when Megsy had to be made a school prefect. He was in his last year now at the School. It was dangerous of course. After all, Megsy had not conformed to the Pattern. The Old Man and Paton understood his qualities. He would do brilliantly at Cambridge. But as a prefect—the School would never do more than tolerate him. Would he be able to keep order? The Old Man must have spent an anxious week making up his mind, but in the end he put up the notice which announced that Megsy henceforth was one of the elect. Characteristically he then took his hands off the reins and gave Megsy his head.

Although nearly five years had passed since that winter term when Megsy first came to the School he had changed little. He was taller and no longer wore glasses but his hair was still wild and unruly, and if anything he looked more loosely knit and disjointed than ever. Still he had made the Rugby Football Fifteen. That helped.

Among other duties which prefects performed was the taking of morning prep before breakfast. And new prefects dreaded the first time. On how they got through it depended in no small measure the degree of authority they wielded thereafter. If the School thought it could get away with it, it invariably stirred up trouble on first mornings.

The morning Megsy took it the School was quiet. Everyone was at his desk. There was not a murmur. This was more ominous than if there had been muttering and shuffling. Megsy came through the big door, in his usual hurrying walk. His hair was tousled, his tie carelessly put on, his collar crumpled. He walked up to the desk to call the roll. On the desk was a hat. Megsy did just what the School had banked on his doing. Instead of calling one of the boys over to put it away he picked it up himself. Under it, neatly arranged, were a pair of military hair brushes, a comb, and a bottle of brillian-tine. The School laughed. With the hat in his hand Megsy looked up uncertainly. And the laugh swelled to a roar.



Then the shuffle started. Every foot in the room began to rub backward and forward under the desks. Someone thought of opening a desk lid and letting it fall with a bang. Immediately fifty desk lids rose and fell with a thunderclap. The uproar now was so terrible that no voice could have been heard above it. And there, on the dais, facing the School, stood Megsy, the hat still in his hand, his face set and unsmiling as he faced them steadily, but not knowing what to do to stop it.

It was at this moment that the door banged open as it had that day five years ago when Megsy had been christened. Only this time, instead of a crowd pouring in, only Armitage stood there, his face like a thundercloud. So heavy had been the crash as he threw back the door that even over the uproar the School heard it and turned to see who it was.

One look at Armitage was enough. Armitage was now Head Prefect, Captain of Games, Captain of the Fifteen, and Head of the School. And he was obviously angry. Very angry. You didn't argue with Armitage when he was angry. As though a wind were passing, the noise fell to a murmur and then to absolute silence. Slowly Armitage looked round the room, then finally up at the dais where Megsy stood, the hat still in his hand. He took it all in. Then he began to walk up to Megsy. Looking at him you could not tell what he was thinking.

Halfway to the desk he spoke. "Winthrop"—his tone was friendly, warm—"I came in to ask you something about Rugger next term. Would you mind letting the roll go this morning?"

"Of course," said Megsy. And he signed for the door to be closed, signal that prep was to begin.

"Thanks," Armitage said, and he leaned over the desk, dropping his voice so that all you could hear was a murmur. For five minutes he stayed. And by the time he left, the School remembered what it had forgotten—Megsy and Armitage were friends. It was inexplicable, but there it was. And Armitage was a very sound man. If he liked Megsy, well, the School could put up with him, too.

Back in his study, Armitage raged to the

three of us who shared it with him. "I never saw such a bloody fool," he stormed. "Standing there with that damned hat in his hand, looking at those hair brushes as if he expected them to bite. I might have known something like that would happen." He might have added that it was only because he knew so well it *would* happen that he'd taken the trouble to be on hand that morning to back Megsy up. However if you had said that, Armitage would have laughed in your face and said that he didn't give a damn for Megsy. It was the prestige and authority of his position as a prefect that were at stake.

Megsy wrote his last page at the School as he had his first—with Armitage. It was the last day of the winter term and the Rugby football match against the Old Boys was nearly over. It was a grand day for football, the air cold and raw, gray clouds hanging low over the field. Huddled in overcoats, the School thronged the touch lines. It was a close game, very close. For more than three-quarters of an hour now neither side had scored. And the ball was in enemy territory. Suddenly one of the opposing forwards got the ball at his feet and started to dribble.

"Fall on it . . . fall on it," shouted Armitage. Megsy was running across and hesitated. And the chance to stop the movement was lost. The ball was picked up and whipped along the three-quarter line to Stratton, wing three-quarter for Cambridge and reputed to be the fastest man with a ball in England. Already Stratton had it and was moving down the touch line toward the School goal posts. So sudden and clean-cut had been the movement that no one stood between him and the goal line. A groan went up from the School. Nothing could stop Stratton now; all he had to do was run down the touch line and he would score.

But coming across diagonally was Armitage. Both men had about the same distance to run to where their paths would intercept. Armitage, fast though he was, could never hope to beat Stratton, yet Armitage kept coming. There was silence and immobility over that whole field now except for the two pounding figures of Stratton and Armitage. Stratton was



still a yard to the good—he flashed by and was ahead—the School groaned—and then the groan changed to a shout. Even as Stratton passed him, Armitage had plunged, his left arm had shot out, groped, gripped and hung on to Stratton's ankle. With a thud that was heard all over the field, Stratton was down.

Armitage was first on his feet. Stratton had been winded slightly and the ball wrenched from his grasp by the fall. It rolled into touch so it was the School's ball. Armitage had it. As though a button had been pressed the field was in motion again.

In the forefront of the men who came running up was Megsy. There was an instant flash of recognition between him and Armitage. Armitage drew back his arm and threw in the ball. "Take it with you," he roared and the ball spun up into the air to drop toward Megsy.

Megsy leaped; his loosely knit arms seized the ball; in that strung-out formation there was no weight ready to stop him. He burst through the enemy forwards as Armitage shouted again: "At your feet . . . at your feet, Megsy. Bunch and push him through."

The one advantage the School had over the Old Boys was that it had played as a team. Now at Armitage's words it functioned as a team. Megsy had the ball at his feet and was dribbling it down the field. Behind him were the forwards, giving the Old Boys no time to get in front and block the dribble.

Armitage's tackle and Megsy's dribble will live in the memory of all who saw that game that day. For eighty yards Megsy dribbled—so well, so accurately, so fast, that man after man who fell and tried to stop him found he had fallen too late. Twenty yards from the goal line Armitage yelled again, yelled as Potter, the opposing fullback, came in to fall. "Kick it, Megsy," yelled Armitage, "kick it on." And Megsy kicked, kicked it by Potter even as Armitage came rushing up from behind to gather it in one swift, graceful sweep of his arm and race over the line to score.

In the thunder that rose from the field Armitage and Megsy signed their names to their day at the School. They had

crossed all their *i*'s and dotted the final *i*'s. It was a superb Valete and a promising Salvete for their to-morrow.

That evening in the Big Schoolroom they sang for the last time as members of the School the song that closed each term. The chorus thundered into the night and was lost in century-old echoes along the Way . . .

What though the world's three corners, led by  
all the powers of Night  
Come against us in their fury we shall shock them  
left and right  
For the Chieftains stand a-watching by the Way.

Few if any foresaw how soon and almost literally the world's three corners would be coming in fury and that in truth they would be shocked—in the air, on the ground, and upon the sea.

In the New Year Megsy went up to Cambridge. Armitage went into the army. More than a year passed before they met again. When they did it was in a pub over a beer. There had been a dinner in London and several of us had met at it. We had gone to the pub afterward. There was a show running on the stage at the time which was very popular. In the last act the chorus shook off its garments and danced as nearly unclad as the censor would permit. Minders, always a rather unpleasant person, had seen it only three nights before. He was still licking his lips over the final act. Although we had all seen it too, he insisted on embellishing it with pornographic comments. Armitage finally had said: "I must say it bores me to sit and watch women taking off their clothes. I know quite well how to do that sort of thing myself without having to be shown in public." Megsy laughed, the same foolish laugh. Nettled, Minders remarked, "Well, it doesn't bore me. I like it."

"You seem to," said Winthrop. And Minders, angry, retorted, "Well, what do you expect after having been cooped up in a monastery for five years. Have you ever slept with a woman, Megsy?"

If it had been anyone else but Megsy the question would have been ignored. But Megsy had never learned what things not to talk about and that night he was mellow. He looked round at us, a foam-



ing tankard in front of him. He was slouched down in his seat so that only his eyes gleamed over the foam. "No," Megsy answered, "I haven't, but I thought about it once."

"My God," said Armitage.

"Thought about it!" said Minders in scorn.

"It was in Portsmouth," said Megsy reminiscently.

"One of those places on the way to the Dockyard, I suppose," said Armitage carelessly.

"Yes. I heard about it from a friend of mine. He said you could go in and for a shilling an article the girls would undress for you."

"Did you go in?" asked Minders. And his pornographic little mind was already busily at work.

"Yes," said Megsy, laughing foolishly again, "but I didn't stay. I took one look and slapped five bob on the table and ran."

"But what excuse did you give?" asked Armitage. "After all, you had to tell her something."

Megsy put down his tankard and looked round at all of us.

"I just said: 'I don't like your shape.'"

The group burst into a roar of laughter. Who but Megsy would have said that? We leaned back and guffawed. Megsy was priceless.

Now I come to the latest story of Megsy. When the war came he was an English master but he immediately offered his services. Since his father had been very well known, not only for his scientific explorations but also as a big-game hunter in Africa, and since Megsy himself had spent many of his holidays in Africa as well as his early life, he found, somewhat to his surprise, that he was roped in by Intelligence and sent to Cairo. For a long time he languished there, polishing up his Arabic and making friends on his own account with men who had known his father.

Meanwhile the traditional mills of the gods went to work.

In London a group of men discussed D.C. The letters stood for de Chamber-tin, who had a villa outside Algiers.

"You see," one of them said, "if only

we knew D.C. was behind us, we could take the risk."

"Why don't we send somebody over to ask him?" the second member of the group suggested. The rest laughed.

"D.C." said the first speaker, "is first of all French. He would do nothing unless he knew precisely what cards we were giving him to hold. If we told him that, and he refused, the job's finished before it begins. I think he's with us. But I'm not sure."

"He used to be a friend of Winthrop's." The man who spoke was tanned and spare, and his uniform looked as if it had been in the same sort of weather that had darkened his face.

"I thought of that," was the reply. "Unfortunately, Winthrop's dead."

"On the other hand, D.C. is a man, we know, who stands by his friends. And he's cosmopolitan."

"No Frenchman is cosmopolitan. He's French first."

"Perhaps." The man in uniform was very sure of himself. "But he has never let his friends down. Winthrop told me once that for a friend—a real friend—D.C. would do anything, go anywhere, keep any confidence."

"Well," said the first speaker again, and this time shortly, "Winthrop's dead. And we don't believe in miracles."

"He had a son, I believe . . ." The man in uniform looked round the group.

"Well?" The question was almost a challenge.

"For the son of his best friend D.C. might do a great deal."

"It would mean telling the son everything. That might be worse than the risk of going to D.C. direct."

"It might. But we could find out. If we can trust the boy—he must be a man by now—D.C. would see him for his father's sake."

"That still doesn't answer what we're to do if D.C. says no."

"D.C. would be told only if he agreed either way to keep quiet."

"He wouldn't do that."

"He might, for the sake of Alan Winthrop."

The first speaker leaned forward over his desk and looked hard at the man in

uniform. "Do you know something more than you're telling us, Gregory, that makes you so sure?"

"Yes," Gregory Havant answered. "I do. It's a good risk."

"Very well." And the order he got was: "Find Winthrop's son." So the wheels were set in motion and the search protracted until at last, as is the way, after a great deal of looking in far places Megsy's name was discovered in the files two floors below the office where Havant had sat, and two doors down the corridor. Some weeks later, at the Semiramis Hotel in Cairo, Havant and Armitage sat waiting.

"The man you're going to be responsible for," Havant was saying, "will be all right, I think. We've had to tell him everything; as much about the job as I know myself. He's been coached and trained in every detail. We couldn't put it on paper. He's had to commit it to memory. He's not even to talk to you about it. And you're not to question him. You have purposely been kept in the dark about this and you're to remain in the dark. When you get to D.C. you're to stay with him only until you know whether de Chambertin will agree to hear what we want to tell him. If he will you're to leave the two of them alone. The reason's obvious in view of what I've told you previously."

There was a knock at the door. Havant said, "Here he comes now." And in walked Winthrop. Armitage stood up. "Megsy," he said. And then again: "Megsy! Good God, it would have to be you."

Havant looked at them. "You know each other?"

"We were at school together, sir," Armitage answered. "You said just now that you thought the man I was to take in would be all right. I can tell you now that whatever you've told him is safe. At the same time, sir, in view of the orders you've given me, I must ask if I can be relieved of the responsibility of accompanying him."

Gregory Havant looked perplexed. "You were at school together?" he repeated. "Yes," Armitage said. Winthrop looked puzzled as he stood waiting. His hair, Armitage said later, was still as

disgraceful as ever and his uniform looked as though he'd slept in it for a week. For a time Havant looked out of the window at the Nile and across to the Pyramids. Finally he spoke.

"I understand perfectly, Armitage, why you want to be relieved. It's very proper. Under normal circumstances you would have to be relieved. There is not time now, however, to replace you. I do not think the action you're thinking of will ever have to be taken. But if it does you have your orders. You must carry them out. You will both leave to-night from Alexandria."

"Very good, sir," Armitage answered. There was nothing else he could say.

"Winthrop." Havant looked at Megsy, who saluted. "There's just one final question. How, when you get to D.C., can you be sure he'll see you? You said you'd be able to work that out by this afternoon. Have you?"

"Yes, sir," Megsy replied. "All I have to say is: 'The son of the man who stood with you at sunset on the rocks above Abu Simbel wants to see you.'"

"And he'll see you?" Havant smiled.

"Yes, sir," said Megsy. "He'll see me."

"Interesting," Havant muttered. "I knew I was right that day in London. Can you tell me what that will mean to D.C.? Or would you rather not?"

"I will when I come back, sir. I'd rather not now."

"Very good," Havant said. "When you come back will do. And good luck to both of you."

This is how it came about that several nights later a submarine nosed quietly to the surface in the Mediterranean off the coast just west of Algiers. Armitage and Winthrop were dressed like Arabs. "Remember," the submarine captain said, as he prepared to put them ashore, "for the next three nights I'll be here waiting for you. All you have to do is signal and I'll send a boat in and pick you up."

When dawn came, Armitage and Megsy stood outside the villa where de Chambertin lived. Behind them the cultivated plain reached to the Mediterranean. It was already hot on that plain. But as they waited outside the villa after Megsy



had sent in his message, a breeze came down off the mountains and cool, green, inviting clefts beckoned away from the shimmering heat waves that danced on the plain.

Less than an hour later several shots cracked in the stillness. Almost immediately Armitage galloped alone out through the gateway and headed for the mountains.

What happened during that hour he told me one night months later in New York. Steel-ribbed and armor-plated as he was, I think Armitage was glad to tell me. It was a confession. Although he knew he had carried out his orders, still he had to put in words to someone what those orders had been and why he had left the villa alone.

Here is the story of that hour as Armitage told it.

Both he and Megsy were taken directly to D.C. as soon as Winthrop sent in his message. De Chambertin, dressed in riding clothes, was in the gun-room, a cool, low, stone-floored room which faced the mountains. It opened onto a terrace. D.C.'s first words were a surprise and an unpleasant shock. "I have been waiting for you," he said.

"And," Armitage remarked, "as soon as he said that I knew something had gone wrong somewhere. There had been a leak, and I didn't like it."

De Chambertin was a magnificent-looking specimen—tall, weather-beaten, quiet. Coffee was brought in and, after that one disturbing greeting, D.C. did not speak for some time. He looked uncomfortable, as if he had something on his mind. Then he walked over to one of his gun cases. He'd been studying Megsy for some minutes.

"You have your father's sensitivity," he said to Megsy as he opened the glass door. "I can see that. But I do not think you have his love for danger. Although that is not important so long as a man handles himself well when danger is present." He took out a gun which he lifted carefully and obviously with affection. Automatically he broke the breech before passing it to Megsy. "This is the gun I was holding," he continued, "that night at sunset

on the rocks above Abu Simbel. It was your father's. After that night he gave it to me."

Megsy took it, held it for a few moments, then passed it over to Armitage. "You know more about guns than I do," he said, "but I know this: you'll never handle a finer piece of work." He turned to de Chambertin. "Sir," he said, "you spoke as if you knew of my coming . . ."

D.C. interrupted him. "My son, I knew someone was coming from the English. I did not know who it would be. But I might perhaps have guessed, for the English are careful at times like this. And since you are here I will guess again. Gregory Havant, I think, is the man who thought of you."

Armitage looked up at de Chambertin but he and Megsy were standing as if they were the only people in the room. "Gregory Havant is the man," Megsy answered, "but I did not come to take advantage of your friendship with my father for anything less than my country. And, in the long run, for your country. If I tell you why I am here will you keep all that I say to yourself, whether your answer is yes or no?"

There was the stamp of boots outside on the terrace and two men walked into the room with revolvers in their hands. "It is too late," D.C. said sadly and in heavy tones. "Too late."

Looking at the three of them, the senior German officer bowed stiffly and put his revolver back in its holster. "You are my prisoners," he said, bowing again to Megsy and to Armitage, "but there is no need to hurry. You may finish your coffee." Turning to de Chambertin he said, "You have done well for France to-day."

What followed Armitage told me tonelessly, in staccato sentences, speaking like a man who is cutting from his mind, one by one, the straps that bound to it a great burden.

"I knew this was the thing Havant had sent me to stop. Megsy knew too much to become a prisoner. I shot him. Those were my orders. When Havant gave them to me in Cairo he said the Germans now had a drug which made you tell everything you knew. That was why I had to know nothing, and why someone

had to cover the man who knew everything. Then I shot at the Germans. But I was running through them for the door when I fired. I had to get back to tell Havant. Those were my second orders.

"I had seen de Chambertin's horse in the courtyard when we came in. I jumped on it and galloped. I picked up the submarine the third night."

For a long time there was nothing to say. Then, because one of us had to speak, I said: "So the plan failed. Havant was wrong about de Chambertin." Armitage looked up. "No," he answered. "No. The funny thing is he was right. D.C. got in touch with him later. Megsy's death in his own gun-room had hit him

pretty hard. He sent Havant a message: 'For my friend, and the son of my friend, who also knew how to gamble, I will listen to what you want to tell me.'"

"And the rocks at Abu Simbel?" I asked. I couldn't help it although it didn't really seem important just then. Armitage, his voice once more normal, took up the question matter-of-factly, as if it had no connection with Megsy. "Yes," he said, "I've wondered about that too. Havant has an idea, but of course he's not going to tell me. I don't know. One day perhaps I'll meet D.C. again. If I do I'll ask him. He'll have to talk to me. Just as I had to talk to you."

Armitage got up and walked out.

Valete: Harold Mortimer Winthrop.



### *Block That Inverted Construction!*

**R**UINING the clarity and simplicity of many a sentence that we find in incoming manuscripts these days is a construction like that of this sentence which you are now reading. Accused by some people of devising and popularizing this curious construction is the magazine *Time*. Insisting that *Time* is not guilty, however, are many people who say that the habit is too widely spread to have sprung from the rhetorical eccentricities of a single magazine. Facing the students of American journalistic style is therefore the problem of deciding who is responsible and what shall be done to him. Suffering from nausea at the construction meanwhile, and wincing at using it even for purposes of admonition, are the editors of this Magazine. — George R. Clark



# HOW THE EIGHTH ARMY DID IT

## *The Story of the Mareth Victory*

GRANT PARR



THE Eighth Army was used as a stalking horse in the final battle of Africa; its Enfidaville attacks pinned down large forces of the enemy until the real drive could go in elsewhere. Yet Eighth Army units were in on the kill. The Eleventh Hussars were among the first into Tunis, and the Seventh Armored Division—the famous Desert Rats—took the surrender of the Fifteenth Panzer Division.

The Eighth Army's story is significant to-day because it stands as irrefutable proof that democratic nations can create fighting organizations superior to any the Axis has produced. The Eighth Army was a small army of course; but it was the spiritual first-born of the forces that welded the victorious Anglo-American army of North Africa. And what we have done can be done again on a much larger scale. We have experienced officers and an experienced nucleus of men. We have the equipment. By the time this is published these other, greater armies may already be on the move.

I want to tell the story of the Eighth Army as I saw it rolling on in the last great days of its African conquest—at the end of the longest advance in the history of warfare. Our imaginations have been too much peopled with the blitzkrieg feats of gray-clad hordes. Montgomery's lightning

war was spelled in English, fought in khaki.

With equipment built in the United States, Britain, Canada, India, and Australia, men from the four corners of the globe fought as a unit, a well-oiled machine which swept the Axis out of half of North Africa. It was no fair-weather machine either. At Mareth it was stuck when the mistake of two field officers made it possible for the Germans to hold up a well-planned frontal thrust. Yet without a pause the Allied battering ram extricated itself and struck again in another place. This article is an account of what I saw as a correspondent for the National Broadcasting Company with an Eighth Army that was victory bound and would not be denied.

After the repulse at Mareth, General Bernard Montgomery faced a situation that might have stumped lesser men. Many thoroughly competent generals would have settled back to reorganize, thus throwing the African timetable off schedule. Others would have hammered blindly at the barrier, succeeded at a high price in lives, and lost equipment or failed once more.

Montgomery did not hesitate. His right-hand blow had not broken the enemy's jaw, therefore he would hit with his left. But war being no Marquis of

Queensberry affair Monty determined to weight that left with steel knuckles.

Marshal Erwin Rommel faced a far more difficult dilemma. He was fighting the entire Mareth operation under the constant threat of an American advance from Maknassy which might have cut off his entire force. (The Americans were not strong enough to do this, but the Germans could scarcely have been sure of it.) He was also aware of a threat to his immediate flank at the gap south of El Hamma between the east-west Tebaga ridge (parallel to and just south of the Chott Djerid) and the Gebel Melab at the extreme north of the ridge of hills called Matmata which protected the inland side of the Mareth line. He dared not withdraw his Tenth Panzer Division from the American front for use against Montgomery. He dared not concentrate his two other weakened armored units (the Fifteenth and Twenty-first) either at Mareth or the Melab-Tebaga gap, lest the Eighth Army strike the unguarded alternate.

Holding the long British line curved around Medinine and abutting the Mareth position, Montgomery had the Fiftieth or Northumbrian Division, the Fourth Indian Division, the Fifty-first or Highland Division, the Tenth Corps, consisting mainly of the First Armored Division, and finally on the extreme left flank, opposite Medinine, certain Guards regiments.

Before the attack on Mareth was launched, Monty had sent the New Zealand brigades and the Eighth Armored Brigade around the hills of the German salient and up through the desert to strike at the Melab-Tebaga gap. The New Zealanders had moved only by night and dispersed their forces in the desert by day, but on the day of the Mareth attack an enemy plane flew close overhead. General Bernard Freyberg, oft-wounded, gallant New Zealand veteran, believed his column to have been observed and proceeded to move both by day and by night. By the time the Northumbrian men had driven a salient into the Mareth defenses, the New Zealanders had stormed and gained vantage points on either side of the Melab-Tebaga gap on the vulnerable flank of Rommel's salient.

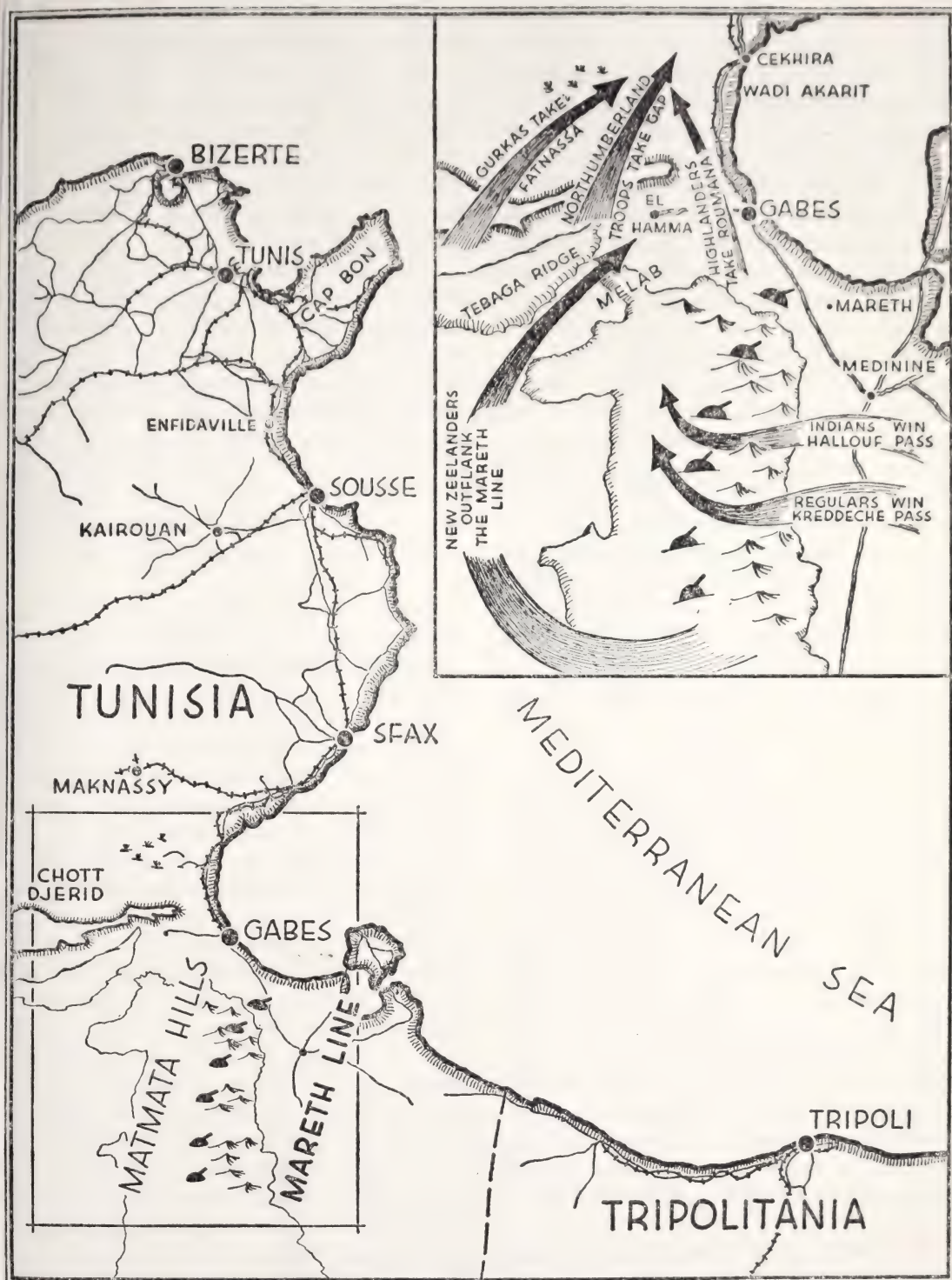
Now Montgomery determined to make Freyberg's outflanking operation the main show. He ordered the First Armored Division to swing around the Gebel Matmata and join Freyberg, and sent the Fourth Indian Division into Hallouf pass opposite Medinine in order to shorten communications lines to the New Zealand forces and provide a secondary outflanking movement.

The First Armored Division didn't leave the Mareth area until Wednesday, March 21st, the day the Nazis used the last-gasp strength of their Fifteenth Panzer Division to force the Fiftieth Division to pull back across the Wadi Zigzau in front of Mareth. The trek that ensued made the old covered-wagon migrations seem picayune. From start to finish the desert tracks (there was never a decent road and the vehicles usually made their own trails) looked like great winding snakes as the endless stream of trucks came on.

The tanks had rushed up first to be ready for battle when called. The trucks forgot dispersal for the sake of speed and the enemy air forces turned out to be so busy elsewhere that this risk proved justified. I made the journey through the desert in the foremost part of the transport section and I have never spent two more unpleasant days. The Eighth Army's trucks were by and large rickety affairs, having crossed myriad miles of desert in more than one campaign. Precious water boiled out of our radiators and we were limited to half a gallon per man per day for washing and drinking. In actual practice we didn't wash. "Shan" Sedgwick of the *New York Times* said, "European peasants get so dirty that eventually they become clean, like a tree." That was the state we attempted to gain, but when we finally reached water at El Hamma we were still dirty. The white dust was the worst. Men who rode in jeeps, trucks, or tanks got their faces powdered with it until they looked like weird clowns. There was no water to wash it off with so they just retained their strange complexion.

While the Mareth battle was swinging in favor of the Nazis, the New Zealanders attacked the center of the German defenses at "the gap" and drove in a wedge.





General Map of Tunisian Coast, with Insert Map Showing Eighth Army Thrusts Through and Around Mareth Line

The Kiwis' next move was a one-two punch of their own, first to the left and then to the right. The initial drive in the center had taken the Kiwis through minefields that the Nazis had occupied for two months. The "old one-two" put the En Zeds (for N.Z.) onto the hills on either side. But one high hill in front still gave the Nazis an observation post which enabled them to shell the New Zealanders unmercifully. The Maoris—native Polynesian-Melanesian New Zealanders—got the job of taking this observation point.

These little brown warriors hate the Germans and love the bayonet. In the last war at Gallipoli they are said to have fought uphill with bayonets alone, and because they were short and stocky they tossed skewered Turks back over their shoulders and fought on up. The Germans never bring things to such a pass if they can help it. Soon the Maoris had this observation point and the Kiwi line was straight and tenable. Then General Freyberg brought up his artillery and hid his tanks in the wadis. The stage was set for battle.

## II

FROM a hill in the Gebel Melab on Friday, six days after the first attack on Mareth, I peered through a swirling veil of dust to watch part of the decisive engagement as it unfolded itself in the great flat plain before me. I could see the Shermans and Crusaders of the Eighth Armored Brigade moving up to the line. Then the infantry went forward in trucks and debussed, to be lost from view in the dust eddies. Despite the terrible weather we had noted flights of Bostons and Kitty-bombers going over at regular intervals most of the afternoon. Then on the instant of four o'clock the bombardment began.

The mediums—"Long Toms" tossing 50- and 100-pound shells—were operating on each side of us and I could hear the eerie rumble of their missiles hell-bent for the enemy lines. Ahead I could see almost continuous flashes from the 25-pounders, and I learned afterward that the lateral concentration of fire was one gun to every thirty yards. Almost as soon as the barrage started I could, with the

aid of glasses, distinguish the forward surge of the tanks. They went up over the hills at the end of the plain toward the twisting white scar on the horizon that was an old Roman wall and marked the first enemy defenses. Line by line the tanks crossed the horizon and went on. The infantry followed but these I could not see. Then a friend shouted and pointed to the left.

Strung out along the plain and just approaching the first hill crests was a sight calling to mind the Biblical connotations of the word host. In the midst of a pall of dust rumbled thousands of vehicles of every description—tanks, Bren carriers, armored cars, jeeps, troop-transporters, gun lorries and limbers, gasoline trucks, infantry-bearing trucks. Inexorably the host rumbled forward; it was literally hours before the vast parade had moved past our vantage point.

As reconstructed from the account of General Freyberg himself, the attack looked something like this to the enemy. Waiting in his defensive trenches about 3:30 P.M., Fritz automatically scanned the skies as he heard the drone of airplane motors. Then he spotted them, eighteen dim shapes in the dusty sky, and a moment later bombs fell all around him. Cowering in his slit trench, he heard the sickening thud and zoompfh as the Bostons continued to rain destruction. He breathed a sigh of relief at being alive as his tormentors thrummed off again. But not for long. This time it was the diving Kittybombers which made him press his face to the dusty earth. All during the battle the Allied air forces furnished bombers at the rate of three squadrons an hour to make the first zone of the barrage. Fritz never really got out of his slit trench at all, for shells were soon falling all around him. It was a creeping barrage many yards deep, with the Long Toms laying down the first line, howitzers churning up the middle, and 25-pounder bursts preceding the tanks.

When his instincts told him the tanks were coming Fritz stuck his green helmet out of the slit trench and tried to man his gun. But he found that he was little better than a blind man. The strong southwest wind was whipping dust into his face



a thick white clouds, murkier than any smoke screen. When the dust cleared for moment the setting sun was in his eyes.

Some of Fritz's companions didn't believe there were tanks coming because they were so sure that the British attacked only at night. Freyberg had counted on that as an element of surprise.

Then the British tanks opened fire. The Shermans came first, then the Crusaders. It was about this time that Fritz threw in his hand. The barrage alone was usually enough for the Italians.

The New Zealand infantry—gallant veterans of Greece, Crete, and El Alamein and probably at that moment the best troops, man for man, in the world—went in with the Crusaders to dispatch recalcitrant Huns and take prisoners. The whole attack went on schedule and desired objectives were taken.

### III

I saw the prisoners marching back the next day, dusty, thirsty, and woebe-gone. The Germans were silent and miserable; the Italians were voluble about the injustice of their thirst, the foolishness of the war, and the sad fate which had forced them to fight in the first place.

The New Zealanders believe it was the sight of the First Armored host coming over the horizon on the heels of their own crunching attack which finally convinced the Nazis that it was hopeless to hold out longer. The job of the First Armored was to break through, and, as one British officer put it, "run like a scalded cat for El Hamma." The division started its run as the moon came up around midnight after the battle. It turned once, even as a cat will do, and clawed up the German tank units when they attacked its rear, then it sped on toward the Gabes corridor.

In thus driving entirely through the Twenty-first Panzer Division in a moonlight advance, the First Armored made mechanized-warfare history. The Germans had mounted many antitank guns in the wadis, but in the dim light the gunners did not realize what was happening until too late.

Some tanks were lost but the British soon shot up the antitank guns or dis-

armed the crews and told them to walk back and give themselves up. There was no time to bother about prisoners. Soon the German Twenty-first found itself caught between the New Zealanders and the First. When the German tanks then attacked the British rear, American-built, mobile 105-millimeter guns, called "Priests," moved back and shot up a few of these enemy machines. In eleven minutes the British antitank guns were unlimbered, mounted, and ready for action. A German attack would have been welcomed but it never came.

All day Saturday the Long Toms shelled a pocket of Germans on the right of the gap, a gradually draining inkspot ringed on the south by a tank rear guard. The Nazis counterattacked and took a hill which enabled them to shell the El Hamma road. The Maoris promptly swarmed up the hill and took it back again.

French General Le Clerc came to congratulate Freyberg, who was even then standing beside the American light tank in which he travels. The New Zealander was directing operations over the field-telephone system which the almost miraculous work of the signals section always provided a few hours after any unit reached a new location. General Le Clerc, slight and weather-beaten, simply dressed in olive drill, somehow seemed close kin to big, bluff, powerful Bernard Freyberg. They were, after all, both great warriors, superbly tough. Le Clerc's Fighting French and an "all-officer" Greek commando unit had played an important part throughout the battle by holding the hills to the right of the gap and thus protecting the Kiwis' flank. The French were often heavily shelled but hung on grimly and never complained.

While the New Zealanders and the British armored units were attacking through the Melab-Tebaga gap, the Indians had forced the Hallouf pass. The Divisional Commander, Major General F. I. S. Tucker, said later that had the Germans held the gap, the Mareth positions would still have been outflanked by the sixty-hour drive made by the Indians through the pass and the Matmata hills. The pass was actually used to shorten the lines of communication to the British and



Dominion force moving through the more northerly gap.

The Gurkhas, small hill men who seem incapable of fatigue while climbing or descending, clambered through the hills clearing out gun positions on either side of the pass while a British unit of the regiment marched straight down the road. Another unit went through farther south by way of the Kreddeche pass and drove across heavily mined areas.

Once when the Italians dropped mortar bombs from a 2,000-foot peak, the British 25-pounders lobbed shells up and covered the heights with a ring of smoke. While the enemy was thus blinded the Indians moved on. Human chains of Gurkhas handed thousands of stones up cliff sides to repair road demolitions. The most serious road breaks were repaired in less than eight hours. The Italians never stood for long. Once, when a group halted, the Indian gunners put down a barrage; then a bayonet charge was begun and 80 Italians came out with their hands up. The Indians took nearly 500 prisoners and suffered less than 100 casualties.

There were almost miraculous escapes from mines. Volunteer ambulance driver Edward C. Briggs of Port Edwards, Wisconsin, of the American Field Service, hit a Teller mine, had his ambulance blown twenty feet in the air over two other mines. The vehicle landed upside down—yet he and an M.O. riding with him were unhurt. Five men in a jeep were blown up like flushing partridges. None was hurt. A British officer on foot stepped on an S mine. He fell flat; the mine popped up in the air, but didn't explode. Another officer driving a jeep was blown fifty feet—and broke a small bone in his foot.

After getting through the Twenty-first Panzer Division, the G.D.C. led the First Armored directly to El Hamma but found it defended. He could have attacked the town at once but he had outstripped his ammunition trucks and did not want to accept unnecessary casualties by throwing in tanks and infantry unprotected by guns. His judgment proved correct, as the Germans evacuated the village a few hours later.

Both German panzer divisions now

swung to the east, toward Gabes, and fought a rear-guard action as they withdrew northward to the Gabes gap, later known as the Wadi Akarit position. Other Germans held up the First Armored's advance for a time north of El Hamma. The German strategy permitted most of the Mareth defenders to withdraw and escape. Monday morning the Highland Division rode through the abandoned Mareth line without firing a shot and reached Gabes shortly after noon.

Montgomery's quick thinking, combined with the courage and endurance of his troops, had eliminated the Mareth line, turned the Germans out of their best stronghold south of the "Tunis shell," and partially demoralized the routed enemy.

"They are done," General Freyberg said bluntly of the Nazis and predicted the end of the African battle within a month. He was nearer right than the pessimists at that.

#### IV

EL HAMMA was the usual sort of Arab village with numerous palms and buildings of whitewashed mud or stone, but it was as welcome to the thirsty British troops as the troops were to its French population. After days on half a gallon of water per man, the soldiers were quick to strip and plunge into the cool waters of a shallow little stream near the village or to take dips in the hot sulphur spring for which the town enjoyed local fame.

Small French children stood in the doorways at El Hamma and at the urging of their mothers gave the V for Victory sign as a British armored division rumbled through the streets of the village in pursuit of Axis units.

My party of correspondents reached Gabes in the afternoon on the day of our morning entrance into El Hamma, March 29th. It proved to be a small town, outwardly French, with buildings crumpled and gutted by bombs and German demolitions. It looked much like the towns of France itself after the horror of the First World War had passed over them. But parts of Gabes remained fairly intact to witness the charm it had once possessed. It had had modern movie houses, restaurants with grandiose French names,



and a Hollywood "tailleur." But all these places were closed. The Germans had taken all the food and wine and left the local population only what stocks they could keep privately.

The Germans and Italians were now holding the narrow gap between the salt marshes and the sea which became known as the Wadi Akarit line. The German units included the Panzer Grenadiers, the 90th Light, and the two panzer divisions. The 164th Infantry had borne the brunt of the New Zealand assault and been damaged almost beyond recognition. The unit had had an unhappy history in Africa. It was originally intended to be a garrison division in Greece but was rushed across to reinforce the Afrika Korps at El Alamein, where it was so badly mauled in the early night attacks by Australians and Highlanders that it was never able to take an active part in the fighting until the day the New Zealanders struck the gap.

That day one battalion lost about half its men and then surrendered when its ammunition ran out. The colonel proved to be a German of the old school, a veteran of the last war. Most of the 164th were older men and few were rabid Nazis. The adjutant asked the New Zealand officer in charge for permission to hold a last parade and the request was granted. The group, some 300 strong, lined up, drew to attention, and at a signal doffed their caps in honor of their comrades who had been killed. They then marched off quite happily.

Captured Germans painted Rommel as a leader loved by his men and hated by most senior officers. He was an adept showman and the men thought him a "regular soldier." He often appeared unannounced in an enlisted men's mess, spoke to the men as a friend, and asked about the food and their welfare in general. If the food was bad he would raise hell with the battalion commander until it was improved. Rommel, they said, liked to tinker and used the hobby to create the "regular soldier" idea. He once greeted a nattily dressed, perfumed Italian officer by crawling from under a tank, wrench in hand and covered more or less from head to foot with grease. The officers thought the Marshal stole most of the kudos and

the more snobbish resented his origin as the son of a schoolmaster.

The Italians had meanwhile adopted a prize system in an attempt to bolster waning morale. A captured document read: "The Commander in Chief has laid down that a money prize of 2,000 lire be granted for every enemy jeep captured or destroyed. C.O.'s may at their discretion grant special leave for cases of special merit. [Signed] Emilio Giglioli, Chief of the General Staff."

Probably the two American war engines most admired by friend and foe alike were the jeep and Sherman tank. The jeeps were the best possible vehicle for desert travel and the Italians feared them because they enabled British patrols to carry out all sorts of deadly hit-and-run raids. A British brigade commander who was wounded in the battle of the gap called the new Diesel-Sherman "as fine a tank as anyone could ask for" and added that gunners were amazed at the range of its 75-millimeter gun. In the desert it proved fast and, as tanks go, economical.

The Eighth Army now underwent a brief period of consolidation while supplies were brought up and men rested. The Germans made feeble attempts to upset Montgomery's preparations but they could muster only a few bombers for "single file" attacks by night or for flights of four or five in the daytime. Meanwhile our Bostons and Mitchells were still going over in flights of eighteen. Tankbusters—Hurricanes mounting cannon—continued to pare enemy armor. The Luftwaffe's attempt to hit back was pitiful.

## V

ON THE morning of April 6th, Montgomery struck again.

The thrust was not against the Wadi Akarit itself, for this defile is on the seaward side a small inlet and quite impassable, and from a point some five miles inland is a shallow, flat-bottomed ravine which is no barrier at all. The German defenses were based on two hill features, Roumana and Fatnassa, just beyond the wadi itself. Roumana barred the way at about the point where the wadi bed turned dry. Fatnassa and a small range



joined to it formed a barrier all the way west to the salt marshes. Between the two was a three-mile gap of comparatively flat country reinforced by the Germans with machine guns, an antitank gun screen, and an antitank ditch.

The Allied barrage opened at 4:15 A.M. and the actual attack went in two hours later, just before first light. Even earlier, Indian hill fighters—mostly Gurkhas—had slipped stealthily up the slopes of Fatnassa and neutralized most of the garrison there—using their deadly, silent knives called *kukris*.

The plan of the main attack was for the Highlanders to drive straight forward toward Roumana, take the peak, and then swarm down the opposite side onto the flank of the German antitank gun screen in the gap.

While the Scots were going over the top, the Northumbrian Division was to storm the gap and overrun the antitank ditch. They were to have the assistance of "I" tanks, mostly Crusaders. As soon as the German defenses were carried, the First Armored Division and the New Zealanders, truck-borne infantry, were to rush through and deploy as the situation demanded.

That was approximately how it all worked.

German nervousness was apparent throughout the night before the push. Reconnaissance planes came over frequently but failed to raise any ack-ack or otherwise to break the black silence in which the Eighth Army's front was shrouded. Then, just before the bombardment began, these Nazi planes began dropping parachute flares which lighted the whole area like a night football field. I hoped the light had not revealed the infantry which I knew must now be shivering in the cold up near the starting line. I had watched them move forward just at dusk, silhouetted against the dull red sky—steel-helmeted men on foot, bearing empty stretchers; trucks loaded with men; Bren carriers loaded with men. They were all forward by 3:30 A.M. and under the merciless light of these enemy flares.

Three of us, two British correspondents and I, started out after the flares had settled to watch the battle from a previ-

ously selected ridge. Off to the left we could hear a German plane go into a dive and then we heard bombs burst. But the enemy bombing was sporadic and we doubted if it did much damage. We were more worried about the possibility that the attack was anticipated.

During the barrage we were most impressed by two things—the noise and the cold. The entire horizon was a sheet of flickering, reddish flame and at times the noise merged into an almost continuous roar. It was hard to distinguish the bursts from flashes of our 25-pounders up ahead, but sometimes a shellburst silhouetted the top of Roumana ridge or a peak of Fatnassa.

We had been told that a Very signal at 5:20 A.M. would indicate the capture of Roumana ridge by the Highlanders. We did not see it. So, when dawn broke and we saw shells bursting on the slopes of Roumana, in the gap, and along the Wadi Akarit to the right, we feared that the attack had been delayed. But then a liaison officer on a motorcycle stopped to tell us that Roumana had actually fallen at 5:15 and that only the Very pistol had misfired. The shells falling this side of Roumana had been German. This officer said his Brigadier felt everything was going fine, that he was doubly jubilant in fact because he had found two lark's eggs. Such was the continual contrast of peace and war.

All through the day enemy shellbursts created agate-gray smoke puffs in the gap between Fatnassa and Roumana. Occasional bursts pocked the near side of Roumana's slopes and to the right, toward the sea, between Roumana and the coast road, the bursts bloomed in lines—evil crops to replace the young grain trampled down by hundreds of vehicles and the feet of fighting men. In the dawn hours the smoke puffs mixed with the morning mists and drifted slowly seaward. The smoke on Roumana gave it a sort of unholy halo. The smoke and mist were so mixed seaward of the ridge that the smoke screens actually laid down there could scarcely be identified. Then the cold morning wind turned warm and strong and whipped up fine yellow dust. The smoke puffs blew away quickly and the whole battle area



was shrouded in choking, blinding eddies of flying sand. Only toward evening did the wind subside and the smoke puffs return to their morning tricks, at last free from the competition of dust and mist.

Both Fatnassa and Roumana were all clear of the enemy by early morning and our forward troops were everywhere across the Wadi Akarit. But in the gap and to the right of Roumana the machine guns yammered on. Northumbrian troops fought in the gap until 3 P.M. and finally ousted stubborn Italians from a second, rougher wadi, the antitank ditch, and the gun screen which blocked the gap at the northern end. A little earlier Highlanders and British Armored fighting at the right of Roumana gained their objectives. Prisoners—ragged, dirty, unshaven, motley Italians—trudged back all day.

Meanwhile Rommel was busy. He had only about twenty tanks left in the Fifteenth Panzer, not many more in the Twenty-first. But he was still true to his apparent motto—"The best defense is a good offense." He had moved his Twenty-first over to support the Tenth Panzer on the American front and there was evidence that he had planned to attack United States forces on the same day that Montgomery struck. Beaten to the punch, he shifted the Twenty-first back and using the Ninetieth Light Infantry and the Fifteenth he counterattacked toward Roumana and Fatnassa. Both attempts failed. The Wadi Akarit line was gone and it was a rear-guard fight once more.

From the peak of Roumana ridge on the day after the battle ended we could see for twenty miles in both directions, and on the ridge itself as well as on the plains on either side was the crude mark of war. To the south, toward Gabes, the Eighth Army's soft body was hunching forward to cross the gap and continue the trek north. The thousands of trucks turned the tracks into winding rivers of dust. Just below we could see the endless stream moving through the gap.

Around us were the stone sangars and the dug-in emplacements of the Ninetieth Light. The Italians had held points lower down. Some of the dead Germans were still there. Like wax dummies, they

sprawled in grotesque postures beside their gun positions or near trenches where they had sought shelter from the British 400-gun barrage. They were not inviting objects for inspection, but it appeared that some had died of shrapnel wounds; others, less badly battered, had apparently been shot by the Highlanders who stormed the steep, stone-covered crest. Every square foot of the ground on the ridge and around it contained one or more shell fragments—and many of the stones were spattered with blood.

To the north we could see the German retreat in progress, or rather the British pursuit. The rivers of dust branched out in the brown-green landscape like the streams dividing in a flat delta. There was a huge black blotch on the bank of one stream—prisoners of war, we learned later. Near the horizon the dust spread into a flat horizontal line, like a seashore. But through the glasses it showed individual wisps and moved in ranks like Napoleonic battle lines. It was the start of a small battle—two brigades of Shermans were rumbling inexorably forward anticipating a clash with German Tiger (Mark VI) tanks sent south by Rommel to guard his retreat.

The Germans never fought long. As we drove northward later we saw little sign of them save rows of white crosses among the fields of daisies and poppies that disguised the brownish, semi-desert prairie.

## VI

A NATIONAL holiday could never have evoked the jubilation and general air of celebration that pervaded Sfax on the day the Allied troops arrived. The people turned out flower-laden and in force almost before the last Germans had left the town.

British tanks, shepherded by an impatient colonel anxious to pursue the enemy, entered first. Small boys, then young men, and eventually their sisters literally swarmed over the huge war machines handing flowers to the crews. The colonel tried to clear the streets but he was helpless. Finally the tanks proceeded slowly through the town laden with groups of cheering citizens. "Vive la Grande

Bretagne!" "Vive la France!" "Vive de Gaulle!"

The Eighth Army fought no more until it reached Enfidaville on the south of the "Tunis shell." Its long trek of 1,600 miles, the longest advance in history, was virtually over. The Germans entered their last battle with scant tank strength and a decimated, demoralized infantry—thanks to the Eighth Army.

What then of the men who composed this army? They came from all over the world, though most of them were English. English, yes, tough, uncomplaining, indomitable Englishmen. They were shy, soft-spoken, drawling lads with straw-colored hair, straight from the vales and moors of Yorkshire; and small, tough, desert-blackened Cockneys who had learned to take care of themselves on the sidewalks of London as many an American champ has learned on the sidewalks of New York. Officers, too, of course, but leaders who not only were free of the "old school tie" but wore no tie at all. The Eighth Army was a democratic army in manner and in dress—spit-and-polish had been forgotten long before in the press of important matters like fighting the enemy.

The Scots didn't wear kilts in the desert but some kept them in their bed rolls for special occasions. They still spoke with the rough brogue of the uplands, and the hearts that made their forefathers the living emblems of courage beat again in the men of the Seaforth Highlanders, the Black Watch—in every unit of the Highland Division for that matter. The division was badly mauled at Dunkirk and its losses were made up in part by English troops. These recruits measured up to the Highland standard, a great achievement in itself.

The New Zealanders are men much like those you meet on the dairy farms of Wisconsin, the grain and cattle farms of Iowa

and Nebraska. They are simple, unspoiled men with a great sense of democracy and, as far as I could discover, no fear whatever. The Australians had gone before the last great month, but you can see men like them in the range country of the Texas panhandle.

The Indians wore a dozen faces—Punjabis, Gurkhas, Sikhs, Mussulmans—but all fought magnificently when their peculiar specialties were required.

The South Africans were also absent at the last except for some technical units and their fliers, those tireless young men who flew the Bostons hundreds of times across the Mareth line, the Melab-Tebaga gap, and the Wadi Akarit. South African Negro troops were excellent as drivers and supply men.

There were never any Americans in the ground army proper, but American airmen flew the Mitchells along with the South African Bostons and R.A.F. Baltimores. American fighters bombed and strafed enemy troops, and our heavy bombers played a part in decimating Rommel's supplies.

The Allied air forces are of course a story in themselves. Their greatness and the greatness of the Eighth Army stemmed from the perfect co-operation between the two.

But the spirit of the Eighth Army always seemed to me typified in a little, sun-blackened driver named Vaughn. Vaughn had been in the last war, had spent three years in the desert during this. He still had a sense of humor.

Once in the middle of a searing day, amid clouds of blowing sand and dust, in what was incontestably desert country, Vaughn grinned and said, "It's all right. Don't you remember how Winston Churchill said, 'You're out of the desert now, lads?'"

They weren't then, but they were soon.

*For information concerning the contributors to this issue, see Personal and Otherwise among the following pages.*



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## WHAT IT TAKES TO BOMB GERMANY

*The Kind of Men Who Can Do It*

BEIRNE LAY, JR.

*Lieutenant Colonel, Air Corps, U. S. A.*

THIS is not a story of courage. Courage is a glut on the market these days among the ground, sea, and air forces. It is a story, rather, of peculiarities, American peculiarities, indigenous to the pilots and combat crew members of the Fortresses flying out of England. It deals considerably with a chip-on-the-shoulder, spit-in-your-eye young squadron commander whom I'll call "Cleve." He was typical of them all, in an exaggerated sort of way. I'll get to Cleve later.

As good a place as any to join this ornery crowd is over the Mediterranean Sea on the hot afternoon of August 17, 1943. From a surface vessel you would have seen a swarm of 4-engine bombers passing low overhead, but in essence it was not machines, but a bunch of men, up there. I was sweltering in the co-pilot's seat of one of those bombers, where 95-

degree heat was coming into the cockpit through wide-open air vents. A casual glance out my window on the right-hand side would have revealed a normal-looking formation of heavies, a bit strung out perhaps; but a closer look showed something else.

That B-17 below us on the right, for instance. A big bite was chewed out of the top of the fin and rudder. Cannon-shell holes gaped in the horizontal stabilizers and flippers. A yellow rubber dinghy was half dislodged from its cabin roof compartment and smoke trailed from a dead engine, its feathered propeller blades motionless. Many other ships in the formation were humping along on three engines too. On most of the nearer Fortresses you could easily see the battle gashes inflicted on metal skins by 20-mm cannon shells, rockets, and flak fragments.

Inside the bombers were wounded men, easing the pain with hypo needles and sulfa tablets. And dead men. Every ship carried a crew physically and nervously racked from nine hours at high altitude, including two hours under enemy fighter attack.

## II

THESE bombers had taken off from English bases of the 8th Air Force at daybreak, flown deep into Germany, bombed the Me-109G factories at Regensburg, crossed the Alps, and were now shuttling to bases in North Africa. The story of the bombing of Regensburg is being told elsewhere. Suffice it that we had reached the target in spite of the fiercest fighter opposition yet flung at a Group of heavy bombers and that many of our crews and airplanes were back there on the other side of the Brenner Pass permanently. We had lived through a supreme crisis—a session of nerves where the dentist's drill was loaded with explosive shells and the dentist was death.

At the moment we were attempting to close up the scattered formation. Sardinia and Corsica were within hostile fighter range off to our left, and we knew that the enemy could send better than a hundred single-seaters after us. But we skimmed on southward under a clear sky unmolested, staring continually at the blurred horizon of water and haze for a glimpse of the African coastline, although we knew it was still hundreds of miles away.

"B-17 going down," called a waist gunner.

The pilot and I looked out his side in time to watch a Fortress glide toward the water into the wind and sled along to a stop in a shower of white spray. Its crew seemed to know their ditching procedure, for in a matter of seconds a yellow spot pulled away from each side of the sinking bomber as the crew got clear in their dinghies. Another B-17 circled over them, transmitting a distress signal to the Air Sea Rescue people in North Africa. Our navigator gave the radio operator our estimated position for transmission as an additional precaution.

I checked our own fuel tanks. The

gages for the outboard engines read lower than for the inboards. I had the aerial engineer switch gasoline from tank to tank until we had evened up the supply.

"Think we'll make it to the coast?" asked Murphy, the pilot.

"It'll be too close for comfort," I said after a quick calculation. We were already on automatic lean mixture and slow r.p.m. Now we retarded the r.p.m. still further. You could almost see the individual blades of the four great props as they slowed down and bit deeper chunks out of the slipstream.

Another B-17 ditched a few minutes later, and another.

Some planes had lost fuel from holes shot in the tanks; others were confronted with excessive gasoline consumption or failing power. Our weary, battered Groups flew on through the torrid afternoon, cursing the quartering headwind that had built up, jettisoning ammunition and extra weight, wondering if the lead navigator was on course and if our gas gages were reading correctly. I found myself humming that song, popular in officers' mess and English pub, "Bless Them All." That's the way I felt about these gunners and pilots and bombardiers and navigators as I gradually relaxed and thawed enough to feel and think about what had happened a lifetime ago—the same morning. These fellows all round me in their Fortresses, rising and falling on the swell of the air ocean, had shown the world and the Germans what they could do. Bless them all.

A warning bulb on the instrument panel flashed red. In quick succession three more red lights came on. That meant a thirty-minute supply of gasoline for each of the four engines. It was almost 6:00 P.M. Time for a landfall. And then I saw the curve of hills straight ahead. The real thing, not a mirage.

As soon as we crossed the coast a remarkable aerial melee occurred. B-17's barely hanging together in one piece, or with seriously injured men aboard, or with a few pints of fuel left in the tanks, all spotted an airdrome located about a mile inland. They broke formation simultaneously and high-tailed it for that beckoning haven of refuge. Over the



eld it was every man for himself and the evil take the hindmost, for each was in an equally desperate plight and exercising emergency procedure.

I watched three B-17's, ignoring traffic patterns, approach the landing strip at the same time. The first one on the ground blew a tire and ground-looped partly off to one side, with his tail still obstructing the runway. The second B-17 rammed him and, incidentally, cleared the runway as both ships came to a stop well away from the landing strip. The rest got down safely, with as many as four B-17's on the runway at one time, although the normal landing interval is at least a minute apart. While this was going on the flying control officer on the ground went wild with excitement and frustration. Frantically he fired off red flares, yellow flares, flares of all colors, rockets, and anything he could lay his hands on. He might as well have saved his display of pyrotechnics. Those boys were scrambling in, come hell or high water, and I don't blame them.

Twenty minutes later our B-17 settled in a cloud of dust on the desert runway of our assigned field farther south, bouncing and floating through the thin hot air like a glider, because it was so light with its empty tanks.

### III

I FELT a giddy surge of gratitude that made my eyes water when I stepped out on the ground—real, hard, honest-to-God solid ground—and removed the life vest and throat mike that had been chafing my neck for eleven hours. A grimy, utterly spent band of men, we trudged from our parked bombers toward the only sign of habitation, a square cobblestoned courtyard with a French barracks on the north side and animal stalls on the other three. Past swarthy Arabs, donkeys, burros, guinea hens, chickens, sheep, and goats, we crossed the courtyard to a wide entrance where a U.S. Army mess sergeant and his K.P.'s waited for us with bacon and eggs and G.I. cans filled with lemonade and cakes of ice.

With full plate and tired appetite I returned to the courtyard and sat down with several other fliers on the edge of a

large stone fountain. It was cool in the twilight and a soft wind rumbled the leaves of the olive tree above us. I looked at the bleary-eyed face of the man next to me. It was Cleve, cocky Cleve, a little down in the mouth—but not out. Neither of us smiled. In fact I didn't see any of us laugh or do much wisecracking for a couple of days—for the same reason that a boxer who has just been knocked out the canvas is hardly in the mood for facetious remarks as he climbs back onto his feet.

"How did you get all the way down here, Cleve?" I asked.

"Don't ask me, chum," he said. "You ought to see my ship."

"Lose anybody?" I asked.

"I've got a dead radio operator out there," he said. "And they shot up my bombardier and top-turret man some."

We ate for a while. The first evening stars appeared overhead. Gradually the Arab courtyard and the men sitting about in flying clothes became unreal. I had the feeling of not being alive, of having died and gone somewhere else. Paul Gallico has written that "Men in battle do not know, or believe, that they are about to die, for if they did, there would be no more battles." I don't believe that this is true of the crew of a Fortress on a deep penetration. They have to get accustomed to the idea that they *are* going to die. If they fail to adjust to this knowledge they crack up and go to the rest home.

"My co-pilot is burned out," Cleve went on. "I'm having him taken off flying when we get back. He needs a long rest."

"What happened?" I asked.

"He went nuts when I wouldn't let him bail out," said Cleve.

"I don't mind admitting this was a rough ride," I said. Cleve nodded. Men react differently. Lots of pilots with an aggressive temperament might be aces flying fighters, whereas they can't face up repeatedly to just sitting in the nose of a bomber and taking it like a clay pigeon during fighter attacks and flak. It requires the temperament that will endure being tied to a post, with knives being thrown at you while you work a mathematical problem in your head, to make a



reliable bomber pilot in the Big League over northern Europe. It takes rubber-band rather than steel-wire nerves, and a rugged constitution to stand up to a primarily *passive* role in a death fight. Most of the boys in the 8th Air Force have it. The ones that don't have it receive, not the condemnation, but the sympathy of those that have. To understand is to forgive.

Cleve and I walked back to the parking area and said goodnight alongside his torn-up Fortress. The nose had a huge hole shot out of it by an explosive shell. Many other parts of the ship had taken a gouging. Crew members were already lying asleep on the ground under the damaged wings. I followed suit when I reached my bomber, tossing and turning for all of eight seconds before drowning in deep sleep.

When I passed Cleve's ship next morning he and the crew were already at work repairing their battle damage.

"She'll be operational by to-morrow," said Cleve. We had just learned that a bombing mission against Bordeaux on the way home to England was scheduled, and that only the bombers which could be made fully operational in twenty-four hours would participate.

I'll always remember that statement of Cleve's. It explains to me, better than tactics or good equipment or planning, why the high-altitude daylight precision-bombing experiment—an experiment undertaken in spite of much skepticism in some quarters—was achieving resounding results in spite of the fighter and anti-aircraft shield which Germany held over her heart. The statement may shed some light for you too if I go back ten days earlier, when I had first met Cleve at the bomber station in England where I was on temporary duty away from my staff job, to make a few missions, check out on four-engine equipment, and pick up some "education."

#### IV

I took a poor view of Cleve before I'd even met him. I had been circling the field for a landing when I saw the strange sight of a 4-engine bomber, with

three propellers full-feathered and standing still, diving on the control tower a roof height and pulling up in a chandelle like a fighter plane. As he reached the top of his climb the pilot restarted his three dead engines one by one and came in for a normal landing. "What a damned fool," I thought to myself. "If that show-off were in my Group I'd ground him for a month."

That night I met Cleve, who had the room next to mine in officers' quarters. He was a stocky, square-faced chap, with a to-hell-with-you look in his blunt eyes. He had a fast way of talking, with a peculiar twang in his voice that often penetrated my bedroom wall and kept me awake. He appeared young enough to be in high school. Soon he gave himself away by boasting of diving on the tower on one engine. He knew that he had caused a minor sensation. I tried to dampen his enthusiasm with some references to silly flying and unnecessary chances. He was a major and a squadron commander, and some other kid might kill himself trying to emulate a dangerous example. Cleve just shrugged his shoulders.

"I knew I could do it," he said. "You can do anything with these B-17's. I get tired of flying straight and level on combat missions. Next I'm going to dive the tower with all *four* props feathered. Want to go with me?"

I discovered that the other squadron commanders, flight commanders, and pilots and gunners were almost as individualistic as Cleve. They had the wrong attitude. Surely the Germans and the Japs would have considered their conduct very bad. They voiced their opinions loudly and often, criticized their seniors freely, followed many instructions very far from the letter, and were perfectly capable of passing up a general with their hands in their pockets. They had to a high degree the traditional American lack of awe for authority.

They were winning the war:

I learned that Cleve had been guilty of stretching a point pretty far. He had accompanied his squadron on a dangerous mission on which he was not scheduled. Called on the carpet, he said: "The boys needed me with them that day. If you



round me on account of it, you can have my squadron." The C.O. tore a few strips of skin off Cleve, but naturally he let Cleve keep his squadron. Cleve was widely considered the most skillful pilot in the Group and he was a natural leader.

Two days after the control-tower episode Cleve sank still lower in my estimation. I was scheduled to fly with him on the next morning's mission against the oil refinery at Wesseling, Germany. A flashlight hit my eyes at 2:30 A.M.

"Shake the lead out," said Cleve.

I climbed from my cot, fully dressed, groped in the blacked-out room for my flying bag, and followed Cleve over to the briefing. We stopped next at the combat-crew mess for breakfast and coffee, then climbed into a jeep and drove through the darkness toward the perimeter track.

"We're early, aren't we?" I asked.

"Yes," said Cleve. "But it'll take me half an hour to see all my crews. I think it helps them before a mission."

We drove to a hard standing, where a B-17 was parked, dimly visible in the light of a brazier over which the crew were warming their hands. Faint streaks of dawn diluted the stars in the east. Cleve bustled out of the jeep, wisecracked with the tense young pilot and gunners, checked quickly over the ship with expert eye and sharp comments, blowtorched a gunner for leaving his oxygen mask on the floor where it could be stepped on, and left the boys with the good news: "Steak for supper to-night." On our arrival I could sense that the crew were already feeling cut off from things, isolated, apprehensive of the coming mission. When we left they were warmed, reassured, part of an outfit that would be fighting alongside them later in the morning.

A hundred yards farther on we reached the next dispersal point. It was the same thing again. Cleve gave each man a spark of his own taunting self-confidence. Finally we came to our own ship, a few minutes before taxi time. He had scarcely a word for this crew. He was going with them.

Watching Cleve and the pilot start the four engines was a pretty sight. No over- or under-priming. No balking on the part of the big Cyclones.

"Hit one!" called Cleve. The prop of No. 1 engine whirled instantly into life with the first movement of the blades.

"Hit two!" It started.

"Hit three!" It started.

"Hit four!" All engines were running smoothly in about the time it takes to describe it. A small incident perhaps, but characteristic.

Punctual to the second, we roared down the 6,000-foot runway, pulling military power to get our extra gas and bomb load into the air. And then Cleve did the unpardonable. He held the Fortress on the runway long after it had attained take-off speed, until the airspeed needle climbed to 150 miles per hour. I shuddered to think of the strain on the tires, the risk of folding up the landing gear, and what would happen if a tire blew with that load of bombs. Twenty yards from the end of the runway he hauled back on the wheel with a great heave. We zoomed up in a 45-degree-angle climb. God only knows what the momentary overload on the tail surfaces must have been, to say nothing of the wings. As we leveled off at the top of the zoom Cleve turned to me with a big grin on his face. I glared back at him in a rage. I could have killed him.

On the mission Cleve did a flawless job of formation leading. As we approached the home base hours later, for a landing, Cleve said to me on the inter-phone:

"Did you know you can forward-slip these babies?"

"No," I said.

"Hold on," said Cleve. He approached the downwind end of the runway purposely too high, so that it would be necessary to kill altitude to get into the field at all, lowered full flaps, dipped one wing-tip down sharply, and held the nose straight with top rudder. We sliced down steeply toward the runway, crabwise. Then he reversed the slip to the other side. I had to admit to myself that it was masterly handling of a B-17, which requires real beef on the controls when it is thrown round like a single-seater. Cleve straightened out of the slip at fifteen feet altitude and rolled her smoothly onto the runway true as an arrow. But I still didn't like thirty tons of metal being



kicked round that close to the ground at slow speed with full flaps.

"Why don't you join a fighter squadron, where you belong?" I said as I walked away from the ship.

"Sorry you don't like the way I fly," answered Cleve.

In bed that night I lay awake thinking about Cleve. I wondered if he'd ever be able to adjust to civilian life after he had made his thirty missions. A dozen missions had made him hard as nails inside. Combat wasn't enough any more. He had to test himself with unnecessary and hazardous stunts. And yet his roommate had told me that Cleve was a sensitive, almost self-effacing kind of a kid before he left the States. Still, maybe it was better for a boy to react this way than like a co-pilot I'd ridden with a few days before on the Merville-Lille raid, who went jittery when a piece of flak hit his friend, the bombardier, in the stomach, and the boy bled to death internally before I could get the ship home. He was a damn good pilot too, but several extra-tough missions had brought him to his limit. I remembered how his right hand shook so that the coffee spilled out of the cup while we sat at the interrogating officer's table after the mission. And I knew this would never happen to Cleve. He had transformed himself into the perfect machine for killing Germans.

## V

CLEVE was leading the low squadron, favorite target of the FW's and Me-109's, when we crossed the enemy coast on our way to Regensburg and Africa. He was wearing the small pearl-handled automatic he always carried on raids in case he had to fight it out with some Jerries on the ground. Cleve loved firearms. Occasionally during the murderous onslaught of two hundred individual fighter attacks for over two hours on the way to the target, I caught glimpses of Cleve's ship from my seat in the high squadron. I watched him lose his second element—three out of the total of six ships in his squadron. Cleve held his position rigidly, never pulling up to the lead squadron for protection. He stayed

down there, protecting our flank, vulnerable and exposed, while I watched fighter after fighter swing in from the front of us and bore in at Cleve with 20-mm cannon shells and rockets. They killed his radio operator, injured his top-turret gunner and bombardier, shot away his nose-guns, severed his hydraulic system, damaged the electrical system, shot his rudder cables away on one side, and knocked his No. 3 engine out, setting it on fire.

I couldn't see all of this from the air, but I could see his engine burning and all sorts of external damage from cannon shells. I watched the fighters keep picking on him and I didn't see how he'd get to the target. I wondered why he didn't pull out to the side and abandon ship while there was still time. But Cleve's Fortress plugged on, bombed Regensburg, followed us over the Alps with the engine fire burned out, struggled along with us across the Mediterranean, and landed with us at our prescribed base.

I didn't get all the story until I talked with some members of the combat crew. A sergeant waist-gunner, who had served in China as a soldier of fortune and later on the front line with the Loyalists in Spain, described the panic that finally overcame the crew as members were killed and wounded, and the damage mounted until the ship was half shot to pieces. Over the inter-phone they heard the co-pilot ask Cleve to hit the abandon-ship alarm-bell switch. The crew prepared to bail. Again they heard the co-pilot insist that all hands abandon ship, and, this time, Cleve's reply:

"You son of a bitch. You sit there and take it!"

The brutal words came in the nick of time, sobered the crew, returned them to their guns. The co-pilot sat there and took it, but he was through with flying for life when he stepped out of the ship in Africa.

"We'd never have got to the target if it hadn't been for what the Major said," concluded the sergeant.

Now I wondered more than ever why Cleve seemed to be dying for the chance to bomb Bordeaux. You'd think he'd have had enough for a few days. A seat



back to England on a transport, along with the other crews of airplanes that had sustained major damage, was his for the asking.

Later in the day I watched Cleve and his crew completing a patch on the B-17's plexiglass nose.

"Think you'll get that old wreck fixed?" I asked.

"Sure," he said, and, after a pause, "Afraid to fly with me?"

Somehow I couldn't find the right words to answer him. Even if I had found the words I probably couldn't have uttered them. Because suddenly I saw in this American boy the inner core of whatever has made America great in the past and will keep her great in the future.

I saw through the front that he was putting up—the shield of hardness and callousness and recklessness. Cleve and

all the other Cleves who fly bombers against the Luftwaffe had been again and again through the soul-tearing experience of being divided between duty and the instinct of self-preservation. Duty had won. Faced with a bitterly tough assignment, he had made himself tougher and harder than the job by means of that resiliency and adaptability which a boy growing up in America commonly acquires, but which his goose-stepping opponents cannot duplicate.

Then and there I stopped worrying about Cleve. The same resiliency will stand Cleve in good stead when he comes home. He welcomes each new mission because it is one mission nearer the time he can cease to play his difficult role and lay aside his soul-armor, leaving behind him on the field of battle a dangerous and fallen foe.

## GRAVES: TOBRUK

JOHN PUDNEY

LIVE and let live.  
No matter how it ended,  
These lose and, under the sky,  
Lie friended.

For foes forgive  
No matter how they hated,  
By life so sold and by  
Death mated.

# THE TRUTH ABOUT THE DETROIT RIOT

EARL BROWN



ON Sunday, June 20, 1943, a common fist fight between a white man and a colored man precipitated a race riot in Detroit. Twenty-five Negroes and nine white persons were killed in the riot, the worst of its kind since the one in East St. Louis in 1917. The most remarkable thing about the Detroit riot is this: the possibility of such an outbreak had been foreseen for more than a year before it occurred; feeling in the city became more inflamed as months went by. All this was going on in what is really the munitions capital of the United Nations, a center where unimpeded war production is absolutely essential in making the munitions that go up to every battle line in the world—Italy, the Solomons, Russia, Australia, everywhere. Why was no action taken to prevent the riot?

When in August, 1942, *Life* said that Detroit was dynamite there were outraged denials from local officials. When a Detroit newspaper man wrote to Attorney General Biddle about the critical state of affairs in Detroit in March, 1943, Mr. Biddle replied: "Your letter has received careful consideration, although it does not appear that there is sufficient evidence of violation of any Federal statute to warrant action by this department at this time." What action the Federal government was not able to take in March it took

with Federal troops three months later.

The causes of the riot are both complicated and simple. In a city swollen with a mushroomed population, where shelter was almost unobtainable, the Negro population had become steadily more resolute in the determination to overcome discrimination; this determination provoked opposition in a large segment of the white population, an opposition that was egged on day and night by demagogues and exhorters. This state of feeling was further complicated by the fact that there was an intense distrust and suspicion between the automotive manufacturers and their employees, following a short and remarkable campaign in which the city had been turned into the strongest union town in the country. The atmosphere in Detroit was such that almost any incident would provide the spark to blow it up. The fist fight provided the incident.

The effect of the riot was as damaging to morale as a major bombing raid would have been. Though a recurrence of the riot is not expected, Detroit continues to seethe with hatred between the races. Nothing is being done about housing; some dwellings are labeled with signs that say "Nigger Keep Out." The day before I wrote this I saw three young white sailors and their girl friends yelling "Nigger! Nigger! Nigger!" at some



Negroes going by in a Woodward Avenue street car. Negro night clubs have been receiving regular visitations from the police, who line up the customers, frisk them, and in general shove them round. The Mayor holds conference after conference which result in no action. I attended a meeting of his Interracial Committee set up to determine the causes of the riot and to make recommendations as to how to remedy them. Every member, black and white, all but fell asleep. When the chairman announced that he was going on a vacation for the month of August everybody perked up and voted him a pleasant trip. As for the Commissioner of Police, he has undertaken to curb juvenile delinquency among the colored youth of Detroit with a policeman-ventriloquist, whose performances are designed to encourage virtue.

## II

THOUGH the fact is not widely recognized, Detroit to a considerable extent is a city of transplanted Southerners. It is an old town, the oldest in the country west of the original colonies. In the 90's it was still a self-contained, closely knit city of carriage builders and furniture makers, noted for its brick mansions, parks, and trees. All this was changed with the coming of automobile manufacture. The little factories of Robert Olds and Henry Ford and Henry Leland in the cow pastures on the edge of town eventually swallowed up the countryside. Since the turn of the century the city has proliferated; now it is urban yet broken up into a multitude of neighborhoods and centers.

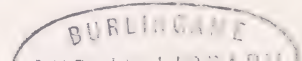
Henry Ford set his minimum wage at five dollars in 1914. The great migration, both black and white, from the South began in that year. Boomed by the First World War, it continued through the 20's, dried up during the 30's, and boomed again once the "defense effort" began. Here have come Willie Washington from the cotton fields of the Black Belt, John Thomas fresh from Tennessee and eager to draw down big pay at Ford's, the hillbillies from Arkansas and the Allegheny ridges, the rednecks and the

crackers. With them came the cross-roads preachers, white and Negro, the shouters and the exhorters, the tent-show camp-meeting gospel men, damnation Baptist and Methodist clerics from Southern small towns and the back country. These migrants moved in along with a stream of foreign born, of whom the Poles furnished the largest contingent.

In 1940 the population of the city was 1,623,000. The figure has shot up since then because of the demand for war workers. In the town and spilling over its edges there are now estimated to be about 210,000 Negroes, nearly half a million Southern whites, and perhaps 350,000 Poles (who are mostly Catholic). There are about 70,000 Jews.

Negroes live in practically every part of Detroit, but most of them live on the west side and in an east-side district called Paradise Valley. Paradise Valley, near Cadillac Square, is a belt of cheap, jerry-built two-storey brick and wooden stores and houses, littered with gin mills, pool rooms, Poro System hair-straightening parlors, grimy eating joints, and dives of every description. To this district came the young Alabama farm hand, Joe Louis, with his mother and sisters and brothers; here John Roxborough, with the assistance of crooked city officials and policemen, laid the foundations of his fortune in the numbers racket.

These people lived in a town in which the well-being of everybody, white and black, depended absolutely on automobiles. The reputation of the town was fabulous, for enormous fortunes had been made there. The crash after 1929 was even more resounding. It was in Michigan that the bank holidays began, and some of the greatest bank scandals were in Detroit itself. Accustomed to the doctrine of everlasting prosperity, Detroit became a desolate place during the depression. Only those who saw the town in the early 30's can conceive of the atmosphere of paralysis and despair that pervaded the place. For long periods the auto plants were shut down and the dependent industries with them. The fringes of Detroit were littered with Hoovervilles and in many dreary suburbs it was a common practice in winter to get





up parties to wreck houses for firewood. The greatest boom town on earth was flat on its back.

Detroit had been an open-shop town. Henry Ford, the great genius and monument of the community, not only had no union in his plant, but abominated Wall Street as well and refused to be a member of the Automobile Manufacturers Association. The city is now and for a generation has been a great ant heap of newcomers and strangers, to which more newcomers and strangers are forever being added.

So it was at the beginning of the depression, when the first attempts were made to start a union in the auto industry. In February, 1931, the Union League of Detroit, which included many of the most prominent industrialists of the city in its membership, began fulminating against Communists and what they judged to be criminal syndicalism.

These philippics from the Union League helped to inaugurate an era of demagoguery and exhortation in Detroit the like of which America has never seen. Los Angeles has been pale in comparison. Scarcely any segment of the population was left untouched. Chronologically, the first comer was Father Charles Coughlin of Royal Oak. He attracted no particular attention until he began his excoriations of Hoover and Wall Street after the crash in '29. By temperament an agitator and exhorter, he accumulated a tremendous following through the Middle West. He had not been agitating long when the Black Legion appeared on the scene in Detroit. This organization, an offshoot of the Ku Klux Klan, was organized in 1931 or 1932, and went in for hoods, grips, and passwords. It was a "poor white" organization from the start and violent against Catholics, Jews, Negroes, and "radicals." The exposure of the order followed the arrest of the murderers of a Catholic named Charles Poole in May, 1936, and gave the police clues to a long list of unsolved crimes—including several murders, burnings of houses, and the bombing of Coughlin's house and the Workers Book Store, as well as the homes of a number of labor organizers. A grand jury investigation resulted in the

naming of eighty-six persons as members of the Legion. These included a member of the Legislature, the manager of the State sales tax, a city treasurer, sheriffs, and other officials.

By the time Coughlin's *Social Justice* was booming, Detroit was sizzling with every sort of panacea, agitation, and political nostrum. The Townsendites were present in force; Voodooism flourished among a number of Negro groups; the Anglo-Saxon Federation was a local movement, and there were many others.

But the most continuous and red-hot exhortations came from the Bible Belt pulpитеers. The two most spectacular of these were and are the Reverend J. Frank Norris and the Reverend Gerald L. K. Smith. Norris, a native of Alabama and a vociferous Baptist, was the editor of *The Fundamentalist* and the pastor of a church in Fort Worth that claimed a membership of 10,000. In 1926, in most sensational circumstances, Norris shot and killed a man in the study of his church in Fort Worth. In 1935 he came to Detroit and became the pastor of the Temple Church, commuting to Fort Worth by plane in order to shepherd both flocks. His is the standard sulphurous gospel thunder of Southern tradition, but in excelsis.

Gerald Smith has been showier in his politics than Norris, though it would be impossible to be more stentorian. Smith was a minister of the Disciples of Christ and had a reputation as a go-getting preacher in Indiana and Wisconsin. By 1935 he was so busy with Huey Long that he abandoned his Shreveport congregation. He was what Harnett Kane called one of Huey's strongest "air conditioners." Eventually, after Huey's death, Gerald showed up in Detroit after a long and lonesome wandering among the Townsendites and other outfits of the discontented. By the time he reached Detroit he had organized the Committee of One Million, which was to serve as a background to his spellbinding. He was and is a skillful demagogue. After Coughlin's *Social Justice* had been denied the mails, it wasn't long before Gerald had a periodical called *The Cross and the Flag*. Last year he ran for the Republican sen-



atorial nomination on a "Tires for Everybody" platform and found himself at the tail of the ticket; now he is doing his best to galvanize the fragments of the old Detroit America First contingent into an America First Party.

These three men—Coughlin, Norris, and Smith—are the best known of the Detroit religious-political-agitational crowd, but behind them are thousands of others. It is estimated that there are more than 2,500 Southern-born evangelists in Detroit alone. Some have gospel tents, some have regular churches, some are radio exhorters, some work in war plants and preach in their spare time. Their doctrine is red hot. A local Presbyterian preacher described them this way: "Their forerunners for generations preached from the crossroads and school-houses that 'Christ came to His Own and His Own received Him not.' His Own being the Jews." Many of these preachers are members of the Ku Klux Klan or its front organizations. They argue that the Jew is dangerous, that Russia is a menace, and as for the colored man, that he is not only a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, but must be kept firmly in his place so long as the Lord God Jehovah reigneth. The advertisements of these exhorters fill a page and more in the Detroit Saturday papers. The sermon topics—"Hell's Own Razzle Dazzle," "Increased Commotion Among Nations," and "God Spared a Wicked City"—are as hot as the sermons. For more than ten years emotional hard cider of this character has been pouring in a flood over Detroit. It contributed in no small degree to the feeling that produced the riot.

After 1933, when economic recovery, the New Deal, and Relief blew some breath of life back into the town, the automobile business began to recover. The sporadic attempts to organize the automobile workers became more frequent; after Section 7a got into the statute books the effort never stopped. In October, 1936, Chrysler recognized the United Automobile Workers. In November, 1936, came the sit-down strikes at Flint, followed by the General Motors strike in January and February, 1937.

The capitulation of General Motors was followed by the establishment of the union throughout practically the whole industry.

Ford alone held out. The union could never be sure of itself until Ford was organized, and one of the crucial factors was Ford's Negro employees. Not only were many of them anti-union but practically all of them were profoundly loyal to "Uncle Henry" because he was the only big manufacturer who gave Negroes jobs. Before the advent of the UAW-CIO the Negroes were systematically excluded from the craft unions in the automobile industry.

In the past, when a colored man arrived in Detroit with his heart set on a Ford job and five dollars a day wages, he had found that it would help to get a letter from one of the various Negro preachers who were in Ford's good graces before he applied for a job. The result was obvious. The colored boy made a beeline for the preacher, joined the church, secured a letter, and got a job. The church had saved another soul, the pastor had gained another follower, and Mr. Ford had hired another "safe" worker.

Company vigilance over this boy did not cease when he punched the time clock and went home. Company investigators went to picnics, scrutinized his marital life, and kept an eye on his politics. More than half the Negro automobile workers worked for "Uncle Henry," the man who first paid five dollars a day. If these men were to be organized the union had not only to overcome the influence of Harry Bennett, Ford's powerful personnel director, and the Ford police; it would have to circumvent the traditional personal attachment of the colored people for Ford himself.

The CIO had made considerable capital originally out of its announced intention to obliterate race and religious lines in its organization. This was the theme of many a resounding speech. In Detroit the United Auto Workers had no choice. They had to include the Negroes or run the risk of losing the whole game. This was the situation in 1940, when a campaign was undertaken on a grand scale to bring Ford into camp.



## III

DURING these years the political organization of Detroit blindly followed in the wake of the city's mushroom growth. Local government has seldom been efficient, clean, or good. Following a graft scandal a quarter century earlier, the old board of aldermen had been abolished and a non-partisan system put in its place. The councilmen are usually elected on a popularity basis, and the council meetings are not unlike the bedlam that reigns on any Sunday in Plaza Square in Los Angeles. Among the current incumbents of the council are Billy Rogell, former star shortstop of the Detroit Tigers baseball team, and Gus Dorais, coach of the Detroit Lions professional football team. If the Tigers win a pennant local acid tongues say that any nine of them could be elected to the city council with ease. Edward Jeffries, the present Mayor, is an American who was educated in England. The riot has not made him a happier man, but neither housing nor any other ameliorative move gets forward any faster because of his anxiety.

The management of police graft is as trying a job in Detroit as it is anywhere else, but in 1939 the distribution of gravy got out of hand. The wife of a Detroit gambler committed suicide. Before doing so she wrote letters to the Mayor, the Police Commissioner, and the newspapers, saying that her life had been wrecked by the sort of life she had to live as a gambler's wife. These letters blew up the works. The Detroit *Free Press* started a crusade against gambling; and after several months' rummaging had satisfied the paper and others that the city officials were knee-deep in a variety of rackets, a one-man grand jury was called to investigate the matter. Former Circuit Judge Homer Ferguson of Detroit, who was later elected to the United States Senate because of his work in this investigation, found enough evidence to lead to the conviction of a former mayor, prosecuting attorney, superintendent of police, sheriff, three city councilmen, and a whole crop of minor police officials. All went to jail except Mayor Reading,

who, along with John Roxborough, Joe Louis's manager, and Everett Watson, a numbers banker, is still out on appeal.

The investigation showed that the policy racket was dominated by Negroes and operated with the connivance of city officials. Rackets among Negroes however do not flourish in very lush pastures. The gravy comes from the nickels and dimes of both blacks and whites—of a population at the bottom of the heap. But policy playing is popular and the morning gamble is a fling toward a golden fortune by sundown. Because it is as popular with whites as with Negroes the total take of this five-and-dime racket is enormous. If it is to operate the police must be cut in on the melon. In Detroit the cops not only gave the Negro racketeers free rein but protected them from white gambling competition. There was a reason for this: the Negro gamblers were not as likely to resort to gunplay to settle their differences. They were easier to exploit.

Though city officials were happy to let the Negro racketeers flourish, along with their white brethren (Roxborough's numbers racket is said to have been going full blast at the time he was on trial), they were not especially concerned with the fact that, as usual, the Negroes had the worst Detroit slums to live in. This is not to say that the white slums were attractive. Housing hasn't been a popular issue in Detroit. Real-estate interests were against government housing and rent control; and once when private capital dabbled in a housing project the result was the conviction of three city councilmen on graft charges.

Paradise Valley is one of the most intensely crowded urban districts in the United States. Filthy, smelly, dive-ridden, whore-infested Hastings Street is as crowded as Coney Island on a hot Sunday. Men and women with their pockets full of war wages live with their children, packed like sardines, in the horribly dirty one- and two-family houses and apartment buildings on Hastings and other streets of the Valley. Four and five families live in space where one or two were crowded before. At the corner of Adam Street a small group of Negro business men have built a sumptuous



bowling alley and a beautifully appointed air-conditioned night club called the Three Sixes. Here the night-lifers of Detroit, both white and black, listen to the best Negro bands and pay feverish prices for liquor while a hundred yards away Negro children, jammed in lousy bedrooms, can scarcely breathe.

As always, the more resolute Negroes who accumulate a competence seek to escape segregated districts. Detroit is pecked with little islands of middle-class, prosperous Negroes who have got out. The establishment of these islands has frequently caused ructions. In 1925 a Negro doctor, Dr. Ossian Sweet, moved into a house in a white district. When a mob of four hundred persons stoned his house and then rushed it, Dr. Sweet fired into the crowd and killed a man. Sweet was defended by Clarence Darrow at a sensational trial and was released. There have been other incidents of this character, including the agitation to prevent tenants from moving into the Sojourner Truth housing project for Negroes. It finally took troops to get them in. Three white men were indicted by a Federal jury for inciting riot at the time of the Sojourner Truth riot, but they have never been brought to trial.

Intermittent race disputes of this character did not prevent the Negro population from getting some political preferment. They represent a large and desired block of votes. The practice of voting at large for councilmen in the city prevents Negroes from being elected to that body, but there are two Negro assistant prosecuting attorneys. The State Labor Commissioner is a Negro, and one of the State Senators is a Negro. The city-owned Detroit Street Railway Company employs about a thousand Negroes as motormen, bus drivers, and workers of other sorts. With the police it is another matter. Out of 3,600 cops only 40 are Negroes; there are two Negro firemen in the city.

#### IV

THE inauguration of what was first called "the defense effort" plunged Detroit into confusion. The division of

opinion in the country over foreign policy was reflected in the city. The automobile manufacturers were in a tremendous run of prosperity; the notion of converting the plants to war production was vehemently opposed, and this opposition was not weakened by the tactics of William S. Knudsen of General Motors, who had been made head of OPM. The vigorous promotion of the Reuther Plan by the Auto Workers Union was balked both in Detroit and in Washington. War contracts were accepted, work on the Chrysler Tank Arsenal, built with government money, went ahead, and plans were made for Willow Run; but there was little feeling of common enterprise.

In the spring of 1940 the union went ahead with its campaign to organize Ford. It was a long job, but finally in April, 1941, a group of workers started a strike without the permission or knowledge of the union officials, and the die was cast. Although a few thousand of Ford's loyal Negro workers stayed on their jobs when the strike broke, many of them later signed up with the union and joined the strikers in picketing the plant, because the union officials went out of their way to prove to them that it accepted them as equals. To-day the largest union local in the world is UAW-CIO Local 600, the River Rouge Ford plant local. It has about 90,000 members and about 18,000 of them are Negroes.

The Auto Workers Union had now swept the board in Detroit, and many an oration from union rostrums declared that the color line was no more. There are 450,000 members of the UAW-CIO in Detroit and about 55,000 of them are Negroes. These are truly gigantic figures. Negroes have prominent and influential positions in the union. At Ford's, for example, the recording secretaries at the River Rouge, Willow Run, and Highland Park plants—jobs paying up to \$4,500 a year—are all Negroes.

But union membership, while it can accomplish extraordinary things, won't do everything. This huge contingent of men almost defied discipline and organization. Here were whites and blacks, Jews and Christians, hard-shelled Southern Baptists, Polish Catholics, Full Gospel men,



Socialists, Communists, followers of Coughlin and Smith. Factionalism has been rampant in the union ever since it was organized. The stakes for which the factions jockey are far from inconsiderable. There is money—in the shape of well-paid jobs—and there is real power. Internal conflict first came to a head in 1938, when the union's first president, the Reverend Homer Martin, a firebrand Baptist preacher from Kansas City, was thrown out. The Communist issue, always on the stove, continued to sizzle. Finally there are the race and religious issues, and they began to burn fiercely two years ago. There are thousands of union men who are members of the Ku Klux Klan or the organizations that follow in its wake—the Dixie Voters League, the United Sons of America, the Southern Society, and the Mantle Club. There are thousands of Catholic union men who revere Coughlin; thousands who belong to the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists. Judophobia, Negrophobia, and a dozen other phobias heave and bubble in the union and these hates are sometimes employed by adroit maneuverers to further their own ends.

The union now divides into two principal wings. The right wing, led by Walter Reuther, international vice-president and author of the Reuther Plan, has the support of the Socialists. The left wing, which has the Communist support, is headed by George Addes, the international secretary and treasurer. Above these two wings is the president, R. J. Thomas, who sweats blood in the effort to keep to the middle of the road. Negroes appear in both the right and the left wings, and so do the other race and religious groups.

By the time Ford was organized this great, floundering trade union, riven with discord, was the biggest single influence in Detroit. It vociferously backed the war and was incessant in its demand for labor-management committees. War production, though it had managed to achieve remarkable records, was still moving by jerks. By the summer of '42 there was an acute labor shortage. Some manufacturers were hoarding labor while others clamored for men. Skilled workers, not

needed at the moment, were put to work sweeping floors at big wages to prevent their going elsewhere. Workers in the Chrysler tank arsenal struck because they couldn't smoke during work hours; spectacular publicity was talking about production at Willow Run when not a single plane had been turned out; a worker told a reporter: "I'm going to stay home tonight and go fishing; we're not getting anything done here."

## V

IN THE midst of all this there was a steadily increasing tension over the race question. An editor of a Polish paper told of anti-Negro handbills being distributed on the steps of St. Florian's Church in Hamtramck during the Sojourner Truth riots. At the same time the Negro population was becoming more determined to get rid of some of the color bars. The Negro press was plugging a "Double V" campaign for victory at home as well as abroad, arguing that a war against the fascists didn't mean much when there was intense race discrimination at home. This resolution among the Negroes was manifest from top to bottom. At the bottom, the Negro tough element was constantly having brushes with the white toughs. Fist fights were common. Farther up the scale, Negroes who had finally got skilled jobs were determined to hold them and not to be ousted by whites. These efforts were viewed with alarm by many of the brimstone exhorters, who urged the white man to stand fast.

Meantime the Jews were shivering in their shoes, for they too were getting their share of abuse. This was true inside the union, where despite official statements of policy the race issue was rampant. The declared intent of the union was to insist upon the "upgrading" of Negroes to better jobs to which by skill and merit they were entitled. This policy the War Manpower Commission and the Federal Fair Employment Practice Committee had been trying feebly to promote. These efforts provoked bitter contentions both inside the union and out.

That there were the makings of an



upheaval was now clear to everybody in the city. As Mayor Jeffries subsequently admitted, a riot was expected. The only question was—when? It is a singular fact that in face of this expectation neither the city government nor Washington made any positive moves.

Shortly after the turn of this year there began a series of anti-Negro "hate strikes" in the plants. It is remarkable that, aside from a number of individual fist fights, there was never any rioting in the plants. This led to the suspicion that the race strikes were being planned and engineered. The incitements were all familiar from the old Klan days. On the 25th of March there was a strike at Vickers when two Negroes were upgraded. Other such strikes followed, including one at the Ford River Rouge plant. In the first six months of this year more than three million man-hours were lost in hate strikes of this character. Officers of the union held their breath at every strike, fearing that feeling would boil over, a riot would start, and the union members would get completely out of hand.

On May 27, 1943, came a strike at Packard when 20,000 white workers walked off their jobs in protest against the upgrading of three Negroes. The situation bordered on the fantastic. In the Packard local union hall a white worker and a Negro, who were both opposed to the strike, sat on the banister listening to a wild harangue from a Southerner. "I don't wanta work nex' to no nigger. They all got syphilis. If one of 'em touches you, you'll sure get it." Having delivered this noble thought, the speaker walked over to the Negro on the banister and said: "Gimme a cigarette, will ya, Joe?"

A feature of these hate strikes was the appearance of anti-Jewish scrawls in plant toilets. Max Chait, an axle builder at River Rouge since 1934, said: "I caught a big Irish shop committeeman typing a filthy poem about Jews in the plant. I took the poem to our local's president. He promised to investigate but I haven't heard anything since. An Arkansas hillbilly passed round a cartoon strip in the plant called 'History of America.' It showed an Englishman shoving

an Indian off a cliff, an American shoving the Englishman off, and finally a Jew, with hook nose and all, shoving the American off."

Shortly after this Mayor Jeffries called together the editors of the three local dailies, the *Free Press*, the *News*, and the *Times*, to take counsel. The consultation over, nothing was done. A procession of Negro leaders and a few white leaders constantly visited City Hall beseeching the Mayor to take heed and do something about the impending upheaval. The Mayor listened, but appeared to be more confused after these visitations than before. Then all hands relaxed to await the inevitable. It came on the evening of June 20th.

## VI

BELLE ISLE PARK is on an island in the Detroit River, connected with the city and Grand Boulevard by a bridge. There may have been a hundred thousand people in the park that humid Sunday afternoon, the greater number of them Negroes. It was anything but peaceful; tension had been screwed up to the breaking point. An altercation between a Negro and a white man became a fist fight and the fighting spread.

By the time the police arrived a party of some two hundred white sailors had pitched in and were attacking the Negroes. By this time it was a riot and fighting spread across the bridge into a riverside park on the mainland near the Naval Armory. Small fighting units had got going in the city itself when, at about 11:30, a Negro named Leo Tipton was said to have grabbed a microphone in a Negro night club and urged the five hundred customers present to get busy and "take care of a bunch of whites who had killed a colored woman and her baby at Belle Isle Park." This false rumor had a twin that was circulated among white crowds: that Negroes had raped and killed a white woman on the park bridge. By midnight the fight had spread north, east, south, and west, and Paradise Valley was going crazy. By three in the morning store looting was in full swing and at daybreak both black and white mobs were attacking street cars crowded with



war-plant workers on their way to and from work.

An elaborately detailed time sequence of events is given in *Race Riot*, a report on the riot by the Messrs. Lee and Humphrey of Wayne University.

At four that morning (Monday, June 21st) there was a meeting in the office of Police Commissioner Witherspoon to determine action. Mayor Jeffries, Colonel Krech (the U. S. Army Commander of the Detroit area), Captain Leonard of the Michigan State Police, John Bugas (in charge of the local office of the FBI), and Sheriff Baird were present. Colonel Krech told the Mayor that the military police could be on duty in Detroit forty-nine minutes after a request had been cleared from the Mayor through the Governor to the proper U. S. Army officials. Nothing was done about this at the time and by 6:30 Commissioner Witherspoon decided that there was a letup in "serious rioting."

At 8:30 in the morning (June 21st) a Negro delegation called on the Mayor and asked him to send for troops. At 9 o'clock Commissioner Witherspoon asked the Mayor for troops. Jeffries telephoned to the Governor, who transmitted the request by telephone to the Sixth Service Command Headquarters at Chicago. By 11 o'clock it was known that troops could not come unless martial law was declared. Governor Kelly hesitated to do this. By this time gangs of white hoodlums were roaming the streets, burning Negro cars.

At noon Mayor Jeffries attended a meeting of the Detroit Citizens' Committee, an interracial body, where President Thomas of the UAW-CIO demanded action to stop bloodshed. More requests were made for martial law, though the move was opposed by a local colored preacher, the Reverend Horace White, who wanted the job done by the police and Negro auxiliaries.

The police proved uncertain. Mr. Humphrey gives this first-hand story:

There was an automobile burning on Woodward and up a side street a Negro was being horribly beaten. Eventually the mob let the Negro go, and he staggered down the car tracks and tried to get a street car. The car wouldn't stop for him.

The Negro was punch drunk. There were

policemen down the street, but they didn't pay any attention to him.

I started shouting, "Hey, copper," and pointed to the Negro in the middle of the street. The policeman finally took notice of me, but instead of going in the direction in which I was pointing he walked over to his parked scout car. Then two huge hoodlums began to slug the Negro, and he hung there on the side of the safety zone, taking the punches as if he were a bag of sand. That infuriated me, and I yelled even louder to the cops, all the time gesturing toward the Negro.

Finally the policeman started walking toward the fight, which in the meantime had moved down the street. Then the crowd started pushing me around, but I kept moving and kept my fists up near my chest, and the crowd moved after the much tastier and more permissible Negro game.

At four o'clock that afternoon Major General Aurand arrived from Chicago. By that time high school was out and bands of 16-year-old white and colored boys had joined the fighting, while a mile from City Hall a crowd of white and colored students peacefully and noisily watched a ball game that would decide the city high school championship.

At 6:30, just as Mayor Jeffries was going on the air with a plea for a return to sanity, four white boys, aged 16 to 20, shot down Moses Kiska, a middle-aged Negro, who was waiting for a street car, "just for the hell of it" and because "we didn't have anything to do." A few minutes later the Governor proclaimed "modified martial law," forbade the sale of liquor (almost twenty-four hours after the riot had started!), shut amusement places, and told the people to stay at home. But still no troops.

At 7:30 Mayor Jeffries, according to the *Detroit News*, made an inspection trip and watched men stopping street cars, pulling Negroes off the cars, and beating them up. At 8:30 the Mayor returned to the Police Commissioner's office and agreed that the situation was out of control. At 9:25 the Governor formally requested Federal troops, and the 701st Military Police Battalion was sent to Woodward Avenue to disperse the crowd. At 11 P.M., informed that a proclamation from the President would be necessary before he could get Federal troops, Governor Kelly telephoned to President Roosevelt and at 11:55 the President issued the proclamation. By morning 6,000 troops in



trucks and jeeps were patrolling the city. It took the United States Army to assure protection to the twenty-nine Negro members of the graduating class as they left Northeastern High School after the closing exercises!

## VII

BY Thursday Governor Kelly decided to ease the curfew restrictions. Congressman Martin Dies, apparently having come to the conclusion that the riots had been fomented by Japanese-Americans legally released from internment in the West, announced that he was going to Detroit to investigate. He was urged to stay away.

On Monday, June 28th, Commissioner Witherspoon made a report to the City Council justifying his conduct and that of the police. "This was not believed to be a proper time," he said, "to attempt to solve a racial conflict and a basic antagonism which had been growing and festering for years. Such a policy could well have precipitated a race riot at a much earlier date and one of much more serious proportions. The fact remains that this department did not precipitate the riot." The proposal of Councilman Edwards that a county grand jury be called to investigate fifteen unsolved riot murders was rejected by both Council and Police Commissioner in a hurry. No more grand juries, please.

"Don't get the impression that I'm afraid of a grand jury," said the Police Commissioner, "but it would be an unfair position to put any judge in." The upshot of the Council session was the chloroforming of any grand jury notions and the appointment of a five-man committee to plan and finance new housing and recreation facilities.

As the city began breathing more freely officials began casting about to assess what seemed to them proper responsibility for the riot. On the 30th of June Mayor Jeffries stated that he was "rapidly losing . . . patience with those Negro leaders who insisted that their people do not and will not trust policemen and the Police Department. After what happened I am certain that some of these leaders are more vocal in their caustic criticism of the

Police Department than they are in educating their own people to their responsibilities as citizens." This showed which way the wind was blowing. Less than a month later, on Monday, July 26th, a subcommittee of the Mayor's Interracial Committee visited Prosecutor Dowling and asked that he appoint a grand jury to investigate the riot. The Prosecutor, apparently unaware that a reporter from the *Free Press* was in the room, not only declared that he was against a grand jury but also took the opportunity to charge the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and the *Michigan Chronicle*, the local colored weekly, with being responsible for the riot. When his statement was published in the *Free Press* the next day, the effect among the Negro population of Detroit was as if a bomb had been dropped. Instantly tension was heightened again.

When I interviewed Mr. Dowling a few days later he denied that he had accused the NAACP and the *Michigan Chronicle* with being responsible for the riot. "Why, I like Negroes," he said. "I know what it is to be a member of a minority group. I am an Irish Catholic myself."

Then, as if to find a scapegoat to assuage the feelings of the Negroes, the Prosecutor continued: "It's a pity the way the Negroes are treated in the Valley. Why the Jews have them living on top of one another. The Jews own all the food and liquor stores. They own all the pawnshops and get a profit of forty-two per cent out of their business in the Valley. The Negroes in the Valley don't have a chance under such a setup."

The report of the Governor, issued August 11th, took a line not very different from that of the local prosecutor. (Of course the report did not accuse the Jews of robbing the Negroes.) The net result of the various statements was to put the blame on the Negro population and their various organizations; the bungled management of the crisis by the city officials was ignored and, as Mayor Jeffries put it, "We'll know what to do next time." Neither before the riot nor since has there been any real effort to deal directly with the more obvious and glaring reasons for the outbreak.



Perhaps the most remarkable statement came from Attorney General Biddle who, in March, had found no way to act in Detroit. It was a long statement made in the form of a letter to the President on July 15th, and contained a number of recommendations. Among other things he suggested "that careful consideration be given to limiting, and in some instances putting an end to, Negro migrations into communities which cannot absorb them, either on account of their physical limitations or cultural background. This needs immediate and careful consideration. . . . It would seem pretty clear that no more Negroes should move to Detroit. Yet I know of no controls being considered or exercised. You might wish to have the recommendations of Mr. McNutt as to what could and should be done."

When this proposal by an Attorney General was challenged as being obviously unconstitutional, Mr. Biddle replied that he could not comment on his "strictly confidential" letter to the President—the President who had issued Executive Order 8802 against discrimination. But it is remarkable that in the entire document there is not a word that suggests that joint action between responsible blacks and whites is essential if any real progress is to be made. The last thing in the world that American Negroes will consent to is any compromise in their status as citizens. Meanwhile, what should be done in Detroit?

1) Call a Grand Jury to investigate the riot. One probable result would be the indictment and conviction of many rioters, black and white, who otherwise might go free. It would certainly restore some confidence to Detroit citizens, especially the Negroes.

2) Set up a bona fide working committee of colored and white citizens representing all groups in the community. Let the city government give this committee solid backing in working out and putting into practice a real and not a window-dressing program for dealing with race relations. The Mayor's present Interracial Committee is a sham.

3) Let the Auto Workers Union really put on the heat in stopping hate

strikes. In every instance strikes to prevent the upgrading of Negroes have been defeated. Why not stop them?

4) Let the Detroit papers quit playing up crimes committed by Negroes, and stop giving the untrue impression that Negroes are more lawless than whites. The papers themselves know what the truth is.

5) Freedom of speech is a constitutional right, and there's small chance that the anti-Negro exhorters will reform. But local papers and radio stations could put in some real effort to tell the people of Detroit some constructive news about the local Negro population.

6) The police should give up their habit of intimidating Negroes as a matter of routine. They have been doing this in Detroit because they regard it as an easy way to keep the Negroes in line. Such tactics build hate.

7) The police should crack down hard on every black or white thug in town. Let it be known that equal justice is being handed out. The tonic effect will be remarkable.

8) Appoint more Negro policemen. Detroit badly needs more policemen anyway. The Negroes will be inclined to step lively with a little more alacrity if it's a colored man that's carrying the club in Paradise Valley. During the riot the Detroit Negro cops (about forty) are said to have been kept in the station houses. At any rate, Commissioner Witherspoon was unable to tell me where they were when the riot was on.

9) There are a number of anti-Negro schoolteachers in the Detroit public schools. Investigation would uncover them; they should be ousted. Let black and white school children get their instruction on the level.

10) The shelter and recreation situation has been described until the people of Detroit know it by heart. Do something.

There are other American cities where the local government is apprehensive and half expects a riot. Most of the suggestions enumerated above would hold good anywhere. Why not get busy?



# THE STRANGE CRUISE OF THE YAWL *ZAIDA*

## *Part I*

LAWRANCE THOMPSON

*Lieutenant, U.S.N.R.*



*On Christmas Eve, 1942, the newspapers carried a small notice to the effect that nine enlisted men aboard a Coastal Picket yawl, which had been blown far out to sea some weeks before, had finally been rescued by Army, Navy, and Coast Guard ships and planes. This is the story of those nine men, and incidentally of the co-ordinated rescue work of all branches of the armed forces, under orders of the Commander Eastern Sea Frontier. I was not on the yawl during her long ordeal, though I have since been out on patrol aboard her. But in order to have the reader share as vividly as possible the experience of those brave men, I have written the story as it might have been told by any one of them, interrupting the narrative from time to time with passages in italics which tell how the Navy organized and carried out the search for the missing vessel.—The Author*

ONE of the smallest vessels at the Coastal Picket Base at Greenport, Long Island, was the fifty-seven-foot yawl CGR-3070, which had been familiar in Larchmont yachting circles as George Ratsey's *Zaida* before her owner turned her over for the duration to the Navy and Coast Guard for use in off-shore anti-submarine patrol.

Those of us in the Coast Guard Reserve who had been assigned as crew to the *Zaida* were pretty happy about it. Some of us had known her before she got her covering of war paint—a trim vessel with the sheer lines of a racing craft, but wide enough of beam to be comfortable and dry, even with all sails set in a spanking breeze.

The 3070 had been commissioned October 1, 1942, and since then had been out

on patrol four times. Our station was about fifty miles offshore. It seems odd to call it a "station" because it was only an area of fifteen square miles plotted on our chart, and we had to depend on the skipper to tell us when we had reached it. So far as appearances went, we might just as well have been sailing around in the middle of the Atlantic. Wherever we looked there was nothing except the uneasy ocean flattened out in all directions to the horizon.

We could patrol our grid any way we wanted to because our only assignments were to keep constant lookout while on station, to report any unusual occurrences, and to be prepared for such rescue operations as we might have a chance to carry out. On days when the weather permitted we might take advantage of a good

breeze to beat up into the wind on alternate tacks until we neared one edge of our station, then come about and sail back toward the middle of the grid on a comfortable reach or run. But the chances were that there would be enough rough weather to make us satisfied with letting *Zaida* ride the seas hove to.

Once we were on station and had everything snugged down, only the two men on watch had to worry about submarines. The rest of us would drop a line overboard, fool around with odd jobs, or go below and sleep. I don't know why it was that we always felt sleepy. Of course the routine of the watches didn't often work out so that anyone could get anything like an eight-hour stretch of sleep. The two men who stood the mid-to-four watch would have only about two hours in their bunks before the clatter of dishes and the smell of Java and bacon from the galley would wake them up. If they slept until the fellows began shouting the breakfast "Chow down" that would usually be the end of their cat nap. And if they slept through that there would be the noise of five or six men gathering round the table, rattling silver and mugs and plates, talking and laughing.

The crew used to waste a lot of time arguing about which was the worst watch to stand. It all depended on the weather. Otherwise there wasn't really much to choose among them. You might even say that each watch had something in its favor. Of course the daylight watches from eight to noon and noon to four were pretty much alike. When there was nothing in sight on the horizon there was always the business of trying to keep a bright eye peeled for periscopes or telltale feathers of wake where the periscopes might be. We would keep imagining that we were seeing things. Let the wind change enough to kick rollers into a chop, and there would be all kinds of lights and shadows on the water, so that you would be sure that you saw at least a dozen periscopes before the end of each watch. Every time you saw a whale or a porpoise it gave your stomach a sudden turn; the fellows on watch often shouted "submarine" too quickly, and got a razzing from the others when they came on deck to see

where the sub was. And just the constant thinking about what might happen was enough to give you the feeling that there was no friendly vessel within a hundred miles of *Zaida*. Then you might sight a ship hull down on the horizon, and it would be a relief to worry that blurred image through the powerful binoculars until she had disappeared or until her course brought her near enough to be recognized for what she was: a Navy PC boat or possibly even a destroyer. That would make you feel better to think that you were really a part of the whole big hide-and-seek game going on along our coast, all the way from Monhegan Island to Key West.

Another kind of excitement during daylight watches was the occasional appearance of blimps and planes. The trouble with the planes was that they would sight us after we had sighted them; would suddenly change course and come round to give us the once-over. On bright days that would be pleasant enough, but on foggy or cloudy days we always had the feeling that the plane might see us just as she was passing over and, mistaking us for a submarine, impulsively drop a couple of eggs on us and blow us to hell.

On nights when there were neither stars nor moon time seemed to drag heaviest. Two of us on watch would talk ourselves out after a while and just sit in the cockpit staring at the blackness all round us. Ears took the place of eyes, and we would listen to the different sounds of water slapping round the hull and under the taffrail. Occasionally, if we talked in low voices, one of us would stop in the middle of a sentence, certain there had been an unfamiliar noise. There was no need to say, "Listen." We would sit there, straining to hear something that might have been nothing. After a little the conversation would begin again, always low and deliberate, so we could listen overside between pauses. That kind of watch made you more tired than a watch kept with moon and stars for company. It would always seem longer between the hourly reports over the radio telephone.

Somehow we liked to hear the radio phone tubes warming up and the static beginning to crackle through the loud-



speaker. That phone was our one sure proof that we had not been completely forgotten by those ashore. Usually there was no reason for us to make reports at the hourly times; but it was nice to listen for the voices of men on the other Picket Boats and see what they had to say. Once each night we would have to check in with the shore radio station just to let them know that our set was in order and that all was well with us. No matter how routine that might become, it was always an occasion when *Zaida* spoke her little piece and was acknowledged by the crisp voice of the monitor in the radio station on shore.

## II

YOU get nine men penned up in a ship the size of *Zaida* and they get to know one another pretty well. By the time we started on our fourth patrol, just after Thanksgiving, most of us felt as if we had been shipmates for years.

Our skipper was Curtis Arnall, who had owned his own cruising cutter on the Sound. He had the advantage over the rest of us because he knew navigation and could take sights with a sextant. Somewhere he had learned Morse code too and could use flags for wigwag. So he rated his Chief Bosun's Mate insignia. He had been an actor as well as a yachtsman, and just before he volunteered for service with the Coastal Pickets he had been playing the part of Buck Rogers on the radio program.

Then there was Joe Choate, our exec, a tall quiet fellow with thin sandy hair, who had worked for the Guaranty Trust Company before he joined up. Joe had had a lot of practical experience knocking around offshore waters in his own sloop and on other sailing vessels. He was nuts about sail; they say he turned down a chance for a lieutenant's commission because he was afraid he'd get stuck on land.

One of the crew that everyone took a shine to was a Bridgeport boy named Toivo Koskinen, whom we all called George. George had been everything from a boilermaker to a longshoreman, and for a couple of years before joining up had been half owner of an oyster boat. He knew all the tricks about sail and power, could tie knots faster than any of us, could

splice wire and rope so you couldn't worry it loose with a sailor's awl unless you put your mind to it. And he was strong. It was a fine sight to see him pulling himself hand over hand up the shrouds to the spreaders.

Two of the crew had left college to enlist. One of them was a Larchmont boy named Edward Jobson, who had just completed his freshman year at Williams. Jobbie was the youngest of the crew, but not youngest in windjammer experience. In fact Jobbie had sailed as crew on *Zaida* back in the peaceful days when Mr. Ratsey always kept two hired hands aboard to do the dirty work and supply all the little touches that keep a ship bright with spit and polish. Jobbie carried on in the same manner. Whenever he was off watch he'd start puttering around the deck with a cloth or would be worrying a halyard into a nicer coil so it would run free without snarling.

The other college youngster was Ward Weimer, a medical student who had just finished his undergraduate work at Dartmouth. Ward didn't look much like a sailor. He had long thin hands that seemed to be more fitted for an artist. He planned to be a surgeon, and could tell stories by the hour. When he got going on limericks, some of them pretty hot, he would chant one after the other to the old "Turili-Urili" tune. Naturally he had charge of our first aid kit.

The only other member of the crew who had been with us from the beginning was an Irish New Englander, short, fat, and talkative, named Vance Smith. Before he came to Greenport he had been doing some Auxiliary patrolling of harbor and inlet waters around Swampscott; and if there was one subject Vance knew better than sail it was sea. His experience wasn't just the kind you'd pick up by being in the Marblehead yacht races year after year. He had plenty of that, but he also had the uncanny extra sense of sight and smell that Massachusetts fishermen have, knowing what the wind smells like when it gets in a certain direction, how the currents set, why the water looks different at different times, and somehow being able to put all that information together and use it to get home.



Smitty was the one who was bothered most by some of the skipper's peculiarities. For instance, the skipper seemed to feel obliged to keep himself apart from his crew, which would be all right aboard a larger ship but not aboard *Zaida*, where everyone had to eat and sleep in close quarters. He never let anyone else take or send any messages over the radio telephone, night or day, though he must have known how eager we all were to get the chance. He handled all the details of navigation by himself, taking sextant readings, consulting his tables, and recording his findings on the chart by lines and crosses. He never dated the crosses, never explained to anyone else how close his plot came to the dead-reckoning position. That got on Smitty's nerves, and he would often clomp down the companionway to study the chart and wonder out loud whether we were on station or not. There were other beefs we had too—all of them petty, but cumulative. By the time we set out on that fourth patrol, after Thanksgiving, some of us had asked to be transferred to other ships—but our requests had been turned down.

There were three men who had been with us only a short time, all somewhat older than the rest of us. One was a Brooklyn taxi driver, Ted Carlson, who had seen some pretty hard life during his forty-one years; but religion and vegetarianism had got him somewhere along the way. When he was off watch he would sit in the cabin with his Bible in his hands, reading his daily assignment. He didn't have any particular aptitude aboard ship. He did what had to be done but he didn't seem to take any pleasure in it.

Another of the older men was Arnold Windsor, forty years old, who had owned a thirty-foot sailboat for some years. He was a handy man at the wheel and capable at odd jobs like splicing and rigging sail. He had a knack for marlinespike seamanship in general, kept the ends of ropes whipped, and sewed up seams that chafed through. If anyone wanted the ditty bag for anything it was pretty safe to assume that Windsor had it.

Jim Watson was the third of the newer men, and he was quite a character. He

was short and slight of build, wiry and quick in his actions. He had been a fisherman off the Grand Banks for many years and had also gone farther north, hunting seal. On those sealing cruises his ship would be out during several months of winter weather. He didn't talk easily, but when he was on watch different things would get him started and he'd tell about the time a ship capsized on a reef, broke up, and all hands were lost; or about the time his crew brought back the captain dead and kept him on ice until he could be handed over to the undertaker. Pleasant tales to pass the long hours of night watch.

### III

ALL the men, new and old, seemed to have some misgivings about the patrol that started just after Thanksgiving, 1942. It was partly the way the weather had been acting, partly the fact that the good fall days were done, and *Zaida* wasn't exactly designed for winter service. We had stepped a little pot-bellied cast-iron stove fast to the bulkhead between cabin and galley, and had used it enough to find it would burn blocks of pressed coal in fine style when we were on a starboard tack. When we came about on a port tack the wind blew down the vent and filled the cabin with smoke. But it was better than nothing and worked pretty well when we were hove to on station.

As we headed out for our station there was the usual kind of banter, but there didn't seem to be so much of it. Once past Montauk, we found that the sea was building up, and for the next five days the sea ran unusually high. First one fellow would be sick, then another. By the next to the last day of our patrol all of us had been sick enough to make us look forward with extra eagerness to solid land and a few good nights of sleep.

The day before we should have been relieved we got a message from the base advising us to proceed several miles on an easterly course to investigate a possible submarine contact. That wasn't very good news for us because it meant that we should have to beat back to our station in the teeth of winds that threatened to reach



gale strength. But we set more sail and proceeded to the rendezvous, several miles off station. While we were out there another message came over the radio: small-craft storm warning. There were jeers and violent language from the listeners aboard *Zaida*. A helluva time to find that out! What landlubber was in charge of weather predictions, and how far inland was his station? "Shut up and listen," someone shouted. The message continued: the wind might build up to 30 knots. No! Not really! Somebody called up to the men on watch in the cockpit and asked them to estimate the present wind velocity. Silence. Then, "About 35 to 40." Maybe we should send storm warnings ashore!

We were hove to at the time. Some of us were a little worried to see the way the northwest wind made us sail, even with sails backed. *Zaida* seemed to make too much headway, and the combination of wind and current might set us in toward every sailor's dread—a lee shore. We asked the skipper, but as usual he kept his thoughts pretty much to himself. We knew he couldn't say exactly where we were because he hadn't been able to use his sextant for more than twenty-four hours, and the radio-direction-finder was out of order. All that afternoon the hairy clouds racing low across the ocean shut out the sun, and all that night there were no stars. It looked as though we were in for trouble.

That next morning, December 3rd, was the end of our patrol and we kept near the radio phone, hoping to hear an early clear-message from the Picket Boat sent to relieve us. The longer we waited and listened the stronger the wind blew and the more the seas built up. Perhaps the relief boat had not sailed; in that case we should be told. Growling and nervousness increased among the crew. After a while the skipper said that if the storm kept building that way we might have to stay put long enough to ride it out. There were groans from the seasick boys who had taken beating enough.

Then the voice came over the loud-speaker. The shore station again, calling in all Coastal Picket boats because of an expected blow that might build up to 35

knots before the end of the day. So what? We estimated that the wind was already stronger than that. *Zaida* was bouncing through rollers and chop like a cockleshell, and water kept coming over the fo'castle head in drenching sheets. When the yawl put her bowsprit under, the spray drove aft and soaked the lookout and the man at the wheel. If we started for the base we should have to beat into heavy seas just enough off the wind to make the going tricky, even under power of the little auxiliary engine. If we kept sailing hove to we could weather the blow better. Jobbie was at the wheel, and from the way he kept licking spray off his lips, spitting and swearing, we knew he was having enough trouble keeping the seas head on. As each roller started to lift the bow Jobbie would put the helm down slightly and ease the yawl up to the crest, then ease her off a bit and slide down the roller into the trough. It seemed enough to ask of anyone, just keeping the nervous little lady up into the wind without trying to go anywhere in particular.

The only trouble with that was the possibility that we were already so far north-east of our station that we might be getting into shoal water. Smitty said so first. He pointed to the nasty water off the starboard beam and said the whitish color was sand being churned up from the bottom. It certainly looked like it. When Smitty went below and told the skipper we were in shoal water the skipper brushed him off flatly with a disgusted, "Nonsense." But Smitty was the kind of fellow who would argue with God or the devil, and he started trying to convince the skipper. Words grew hotter and hotter. Joe Choate tried to shut Smitty up, but he had to admit that Smitty might be right. The upshot of it was that all three of them began a little parade between the chart shelf and the cockpit. Smitty argued that we must be on Nantucket Shoals and in danger of capsizing; the skipper said we were well south of Martha's Vineyard—perhaps as much as twenty miles south of No Man's Land. At last Smitty made the skipper admit that wherever we were, that funny-colored water meant we were in trouble and would need help. Back they climbed over the coaming of the companionway



hatch, and the skipper turned on the radio phone while Smitty bent over the chart. Pretty soon the skipper began calling the shore station, and when he got an answer he stated that we were in need of assistance, that our position was about twenty miles south of No Man's Land.

Smitty, who had just turned away from the chart in disgust, was suddenly thrown by an unexpected pitch and roll of the yawl. His face hit the edge of the metal bulkhead, and he fell forward with a crash on the cabin deck. There he lay, stunned a little, with both hands over his face. We pulled and hauled until we had him up on a bunk. The sharp edge of the bulkhead had done a mean job. Blood ran from an ugly gash in his forehead, his nose was flattened and broken, and there was a hole in his upper lip as though his teeth had been driven through. Ward Weimer got out his first aid kit and started mopping and patching with bandages and adhesive tape, while the rest of us just stood helpless and watched. After Ward was through we put Smitty in one of the leeward bunks and lashed him in with sail stops so he wouldn't get thrown. He had been seasick the day before, and this new mess didn't help him any.

After that beginning trouble came thick and fast. As the storm kept building up toward a sixty-knot gale, *Zaida* had more and more trouble. The violent gusts made the long mainmast bend like a whip; the stays and shrouds whistled and screamed, the heavy storm trys'l slatted and snapped until a torn hole appeared in the luff at the foot of the sail. To make matters worse, water seemed to be leaking into the bilges from somewhere, and that scared us. We took up some floorboards in the cabin deck and bailed with buckets because the deck pump worked so slowly. Smitty gave us the creeps by talking like a Calamity Jane from his bunk and saying he was sure the seams had opened. Watson, who had been tinkering with the busted radio-direction-finder, said the spray beating down through the companionway hatch had soaked it just enough to throw it out of kilter. So he braced himself against the locker beside the little pot-bellied stove and held the heavy machine in his arms to get it dried out.

#### IV

ABOUT noon calamity hit us. Above the screeching of the wind topsides, we heard the awful sound of tearing canvas, the sharp cracking and flapping of loose ends, and shouts for help from Jobbie and Carlson on watch. We found out afterward. The shackle had carried away at the head of the storm trys'l, the tracks came down in a stream of sparks; the slacked-off, billowing canvas had burst out of its bolt ropes.

Before anyone could do anything, the yawl fell off the wind until she was caught broadside in the trough of the heavy seas; then the next breaker, a big one, towered over helpless *Zaida* like a beach swell swamping a toy boat. The breaker crashed and *Zaida* keeled over on her portside with a groaning clatter. Her tilted deck was completely buried under a great sheet of green water that seemed powerful enough to send her to the bottom of the ocean. But as the breaker passed over she staggered back and righted herself, then lurched violently to starboard. She was hurt but still afloat.

Down below, the crew were tossed about like dice in a box. Those on the starboard side were thrown bodily across the cabin to port, then thrown back against the starboard bunks. Before they could pull themselves together a flood of water crashed down the companionway hatch, lifted the skipper off his feet, and swept him on hands and knees all the way through the cabin to the galley. The heavy table, wrenched loose from the cabin deck with floorboards and all, smashed itself against the bulkhead over Ward Weimer's bunk. Two men were badly hurt, but we didn't know it at the time. Watson, caught with the heavy radio-direction-finder on his lap, was thrown solidly against a lower portside bunk, and while he was down the pot-bellied stove tore loose and bounced down on top of him. Joe Choate had just come off watch and was lying on one of the lower starboard bunks. When *Zaida* went over, Joe was tossed clear across the cabin and landed with a thud against the solid port handrail secured to the cabin overhead. He struck on his forehead and got a clean



cut about three inches long from his left eyebrow straight up into his hair. The rest of us were tossed into crazy positions, all in a heap together, with blankets, heavy-weather gear, boots, books, and personal effects piled on top of us. We all fought to get untangled from the mess, because the water was soon sloshing around the cabin a good foot deep, and we thought we were sinking. Clouds of smoke and steam filled the cabin as the water met the fire in the pot-bellied stove.

As soon as we could get on our feet we scrambled for the deck. It seemed certain that Jobbie and Carlson must have been swept overboard. But they weren't. Jobbie was hanging over the wheel, gulping and pointing off to leeward. We looked and saw our precious yellow life raft bobbing along like a cork on the chop. It had been washed out of its cradle atop the cabin overhead. We couldn't do anything about it. Carlson, draped over one corner of the cockpit, was coughing and waving toward the taffrail. The mizzen mast had carried away just above the gooseneck; the shrouds still held fast, so the sail and broken mast were dragging in the water.

While George was cutting the useless mast free with an axe, Joe Choate bellowed at us to form a bucket brigade. We piled down the companionway, hauled out pans from the galley, and settled down to almost two solid hours of bailing. The more we bailed the more we had to bail. The following seas broke over the taffrail as we ran before the wind, and water pouring into the cockpit drained partially into the engine room and the head, then into the cabin. After a long time we had the water down below the level of the cabin deck. To keep it there more bailing was done every hour or two.

While we were bailing we saw the cut on Joe Choate's head, and the stream of blood that kept trickling down his face as he crouched over the hatch in the cabin deck. After a while he grew so weak from loss of blood that he just lay back, exhausted. Ward said stitches would have to be taken; better not touch it now. So we eased him into his bunk and lashed him there with more sail stops. Joe just lay there quietly sopping up the blood

with towels until it clotted and stopped.

Poor Watson was hurt worst of all. He said he knew he had some ribs broken because he heard them crack when the direction-finder and the pot-bellied stove hit him. He was in serious pain, but Ward didn't have anything to give him except aspirin. By the time we had him patched up and lashed in his bunk the cabin looked like quite a little sick bay.

By the middle of that afternoon it seemed that help was in sight. A big Army bomber started circling above us and blinking some kind of message at us with a light. The skipper went on deck with the Aldis lamp and answered. Before he could blink off much of a message the big plane leveled off and disappeared in the haze. We expected he would bring back a patrol boat of some kind before long, and that would be the end of our troubles. All of us dreaded the approaching dusk because we had no idea how far out to sea we might be blown if no rescue came before darkness set in.

But it grew darker and darker until we couldn't even see the bowsprit as we sat in the cockpit. We tried to keep a bright lookout, but the wind blew colder and colder until snow began to drive hard in our faces like frozen rain. If only we could keep from capsizing again we might get things back into some kind of shape; might even patch up sail and start beating back toward shore. But it was a long night, cold—and black as a pocket.

*Meanwhile at Headquarters of the Commander Eastern Sea Frontier in New York word had been received that CGR-3070 and other Coastal Pickets were in distress; and, in spite of the bad weather, Army and Navy planes and Coast Guard cutters had been sent out to locate the ships and help them in.*

*An Army bomber from a Massachusetts base reported having located the 3070 some thirty-five miles east of the position she had reported. A Navy bomber later reported having seen her being blown farther and farther out to sea. These messages were relayed to the nearest Coast Guard cutter, but she had her hands full already towing another battered Picket home through heavy seas. Two other vessels were immediately ordered to the rescue, one of them from Newport and the other from Boston.*



## V

WE WERE a sorry sight by the next morning—the morning of December 4th. The gale was still blowing; the tattered canvas was flapping; the cabin was a shambles. We had some spare canvas but we couldn't risk breaking it out until the wind died down a bit. There wasn't much we could do.

Smitty and George went to work on the generator, which wouldn't start because there was so much water in the gasoline. They strained the gas through a piece of cloth, a little at a time, and finally got enough to make the generator work again. So we started recharging the batteries, which we had pretty nearly drained of juice sending out distress messages over the radio phone.

Meanwhile some of us fooled with the sea anchor, trying to slow up our speed. Just before we capsized we had had it all rigged and ready to use. But it gave way when we went over, wrapped the line round the stern, and then swung around to the bow. We hauled it in by the trip-line and after we were running under bare poles before the wind we put it out astern. The trouble with that was that it reduced our speed so much that the following seas came over the taffrail into the cockpit. Then the men on watch would let out a bellow and we would run up to help bail like fury because water in the cockpit kept running down into the head and into the cabin. Then we'd have to start bailing the bilges out again.

Not long before noon that day the lookout spotted a ship about four miles dead astern. The weather was still squally and the low clouds cut the visibility so much we couldn't tell what she was. But she kept coming along on a course that would take her by on our port side. We were sure she was a rescue vessel, and everyone started whooping and slapping backs. At first she looked like a PC, then she was too large for that, and we decided she was a cutter. As she got closer she looked like a destroyer; but somehow wasn't just right. Smitty had been sleeping through all the excitement, but we woke him up and he came up on deck. He took the glasses and squinted for a while, then handed them

over to somebody else and started swearing.

"She's a Limey destroyer," Smitty said. "She won't stop." Down he went to get some flares. He was still below when the destroyer came alongside, and damned if Smitty wasn't right. We could see men on her deck looking us over, but she went right past, knifing her way through heavy seas. When she kept on going we all began to holler and wave our arms over our heads. Before Smitty brought up the flares she had started to come about. She swung in a wide half-circle, headed up into the wind, and closed us on our starboard side. When she was near enough a British voice shouted over and asked what we wanted. The skipper shouted back that we had some injured men aboard, that we had been capsized the day before and had lost our storm trys'l.

The destroyer plowed upwind quite a way, to think it over, I guess. A snow squall came up and we lost sight of her. After a while she came back alongside and asked the skipper what he wanted to do. The skipper had been pretty upset by the whole thing, but it was plain that what he wanted most to do was to get the yawl back to port. He said only one man was badly hurt; that we weren't leaking much, if at all. Then the destroyer paid off again.

Some of the fellows had had enough and were all for abandoning *Zaida*. Watson was so anxious to get off that he said he'd rather take a chance of jumping overboard and being thrown a line than of staying on the yawl. Joe wanted to stick; he said he thought the destroyer could tow us in. Apparently the destroyer captain decided to take us aboard, because he rigged a crash net on the portside aft and then started edging upwind toward us again. But with the seas pitching both of us round in different directions, it was no go. In that sea it would have been the end of the yawl if the destroyer had smacked against her. The net seemed to get fouled in the destroyer's propeller, and they had quite a job getting it inboard again. After a couple of tries the officer in command on the destroyer said he couldn't take us off but he'd shoot us a towline.

Under those conditions it's no fun to se-



cure a tow at sea. They shot a line across our bow and it missed by only a few feet. The next time they tried something blew up in the gun and the line fouled. The next shot was perfect, and the line fell right across our bow. But before we could haul in the hawser *Zaida* yawed on the crest of a wave and the line parted over the bowsprit. So they tried another tack. They bent the line on something like a life preserver and floated it down to us. That would have worked all right if the destroyer could have stayed in one place. She had to keep some headway to be controllable, and she would keep running past us before we could hook the line and draw it in.

After several tries they hauled the life preserver aboard, went downwind from us, and started pumping heavy black bunker oil on the water to see if they could smooth the seas down a bit for us. We could see the great patch of oil getting closer and closer, but it didn't seem to have much effect. After a while it was all around us, and what a stink it was! Just to add to the fun, the seas kept breaking over the taffrail, and the deck of the yawl was covered with the slimy grease. It sloshed into the cockpit, and we got it all over our cold-weather gear. We began tracking it down into the cabin, and as men got exhausted from slipping round on deck, they went below for rest and stretched out on the mattresses, oil and all. Some of the stuff got into the bilges, and all the rest of the cruise we had that smell of bunker oil to remind us of the Limeys. But it worked enough to get the line aboard. After about eight tries they got the line near enough for us to haul it in with the boathook. Then we kept taking it up until we got the heavy tow hawser, secured it to the mast, ran it forward to the chock and over the bow. We waved an OK, and they began taking up the slack slowly.

By that time we were all so wet and cold and tired that we went below. George decided that we wouldn't have a tow very long in that weather unless some sort of chafing gear was rigged to protect it, and he got Carlson to help him. For some reason George crawled out on the bowsprit to secure the chafing gear. He was just

about done when a big sea caught him wrong, and he slipped.

The force of the sea broke the hold he had with his feet, and he was washed completely over the side. As he lost his balance on the bowsprit he had kept his feet locked together, and for a split second he swung head downward, reaching for the heavy chain bobstay. Then the water tore him loose and threw him against the bow. Carlson said afterward that he had heard about the fear in people's eyes when they are being swept overboard, but the only look on George's face was one of disgust. For a second or two he disappeared completely from sight, and Carlson thought he was a goner. Then a big roller lifted him up alongside; practically threw him right back on deck. He reached for the wire life line, caught it, and pulled himself aboard. It all happened so fast that Carlson didn't even have time to pray. George was all right. When he came dripping into the cabin the first thing he said was, "Well, boys, *I've* had a bath today, and that's more than any of you bastards can say."

That happened just before dark. The destroyer increased her speed slowly and in a little while we were slamming through the night. The seas would spank against the bow with a thud, as though the water were made of cement. And then the stern, hauled over the crest, would sit down so hard the thud would jar your teeth. We worried to hear and feel the beating that *Zaida* was taking. But she plowed on through everything that came, hour after hour, and nothing happened. On deck it was so dark we could just barely see a blue light on the stern of the destroyer, about a hundred yards off; the rest of her was lost. Someone asked where we were headed, and for the first time we remembered we hadn't asked. Maybe we would wind up in Scotland for our next port of call. At least the worst was over, we said, and the rest didn't matter very much.

But the worst had just begun. About midnight there was a jolt and we began to lose headway. It was as though someone had put on the brakes and we were skidding to a stop. The men on watch went forward and hauled on the towline. It

was broken off clean, just forward of the bow. The chafing gear had worn through.

We couldn't see the destroyer, and couldn't tell whether she knew she had lost us. The blue light on her stern had often been hidden by low clouds and snow squalls. Of course there was the chance that she would turn and look for us. We put on our spreader lights, pretty dim because of the weak batteries, then shot off red flares. We shouted, but there was no use of shouting against wind and seas. Nothing came of it.

You could tell by the faces of the crew that everyone was pretty low. There we were, on our own again, perhaps a hundred miles out to sea, with sails in bad shape, one mast gone, water in the gas, salt water in the fresh water, two injured men lashed in their bunks, and that stinking oil all over everything. All night long the wind kept driving us south and east through squall after squall. It was freezing cold, and that solid darkness out there in the middle of nowhere was worse than the cold. If the destroyer circled in that weather, visibility was so bad she might run us down before she saw us. We tried to keep sharp watch, but the snow stung

our eyes and half blinded us. We kept hoping for daylight, but it was a long way off.

*At Headquarters in New York, shortly after one o'clock on the afternoon of December 4th, a message was received from the British destroyer Caldwell reporting 3070's position and condition. Orders went out immediately to a gunboat out of Boston to proceed to the scene and take the yawl in tow. A few hours later another message came from Caldwell saying she had 3070 in tow and was proceeding to Halifax.*

*The gunboat was ordered to change course, and messages were exchanged arranging for the two ships to rendezvous at sea the following day so that Caldwell might be relieved of the tow. Then, shortly before midnight, came word that the tow had parted.*

*Careful search plans were worked out, to begin with daylight. The Army agreed to have eleven bombers extend their daily sweep to participate in the search; groups of Navy PBY planes were assigned to comb designated areas; fourteen Canadian planes on patrol out of Nova Scotia were alerted. All surface vessels known to be in the area were asked to keep bright look-outs. For four days this vast search continued without success. There was no word of Zaida.*

*The concluding installment of "The Strange Cruise of the Yawl Zaida" will be published in the next issue of the magazine.—The Editors*



# RODZINSKI COMES TO NEW YORK

MOSES SMITH



SOME time after it had been announced that Artur Rodzinski had been appointed conductor and musical director of the New York Philharmonic Symphony Society he was asked by a brash newspaperman, "Hasn't New York the reputation of being the graveyard of conductors?" Rodzinski agreed and at the same time welcomed the implied challenge. "The public," he said, "is exacting and so are the critics. But I'm a fighter. I can take it."

Anyone who is familiar with Rodzinski's career would be unlikely to deny that he loves a fight, whether the fight is of his own or another's making. He seems to have a talent for getting into trouble.

He was in the middle of one of the most serious troubles of his career at the time he so stoutly asserted he could take it. Less than two months after the announcement, late last December, that Rodzinski was to be the Philharmonic's new conductor the lid blew off. The management revealed that, in addition to three members of the orchestra who were resigning, fourteen others, including the concertmaster Mishel Piastro, were to be dropped. Piastro issued a denunciation of both Rodzinski and the Philharmonic management, saying, among other things, that he was being made the "scapegoat for the management's past mistakes." From Cleveland, via the United Press, Rodzinski sent a succinct answer: "I am discharg-

ing my preparatory duties as the musical director of the New York Philharmonic to the best of my ability in conformity with musical conscience and artistic integrity." A grievance committee, purporting to represent the entire membership of the Philharmonic, set up shop at the Hotel Wellington, near Carnegie Hall, and issued the first of its periodic bulletins enlightening the public on what it regarded as the real issues of the case. Formal charges were filed with Local 802, American Federation of Musicians, demanding an apology or money damages from Rodzinski, on the ground that he had defamed the character of the dismissed musicians and had jeopardized their livelihood. And the Philharmonic management persistently refrained from comment except to dump the entire business into Rodzinski's lap.

From the hedging statements of the officers of Local 802 it was difficult to ascertain whether they would be lined up for or against the Philharmonic musicians—their fellow-members—who threatened to quit the management entirely and to run their own concerts next season. The management, through unofficial spokesmen, "pointed out" that the Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York was a New York State corporation, with complete ownership of its name. And the musicians' union, quite aside from the squabble about dismissals, continued to be

tough in its negotiations for a more favorable contract for the Philharmonic musicians for another year.

The controversy had become so violent that it was hard to see how it could be settled without somebody's losing face. Only a miracle, it seemed, could save the Philharmonic and Rodzinski. But the miracle took place. The United States Rubber Company bought the rights to the Philharmonic Sunday afternoon broadcasts on a fifty-two-weeks-a-year basis. The obvious implication was that everyone was going to be made happy. The Columbia Broadcasting System, which for years had carried the broadcasts through the regular winter season as a sustaining program at a cost of as much as seventy-five thousand dollars a year, would now make money on them, and would have a year-round program into the bargain. The Philharmonic management would increase its revenue from the broadcasts. The musicians' union, in turn, could count on a more favorable seasonal contract for the Philharmonic musicians, as well as additional revenue for them from the broadcasts, now on a commercial scale. And finally it was made known that a compromise had been worked out by which some of the dismissed musicians would be rehired.

Rodzinski came out best of all. But if luck had saved him at a critical point in his career, as his enemies might assert, his friends could point to numerous other occasions in that career when the more plausible explanation for his successful escape from difficulty had been his own resourcefulness and his varied powers; and they could argue that a man less resourceful would obviously not allow himself to become entangled so often. Rodzinski has overcome difficulties so frequently that he and those about him must have had small doubt that he would come out on top this time also.

Through the ten years during which he held his previous post with the Cleveland Orchestra he had apparently incurred the active displeasure of many influential Clevelanders, including members of the orchestra board. After long and considerable undercover disagreement the concertmaster had at last resigned. Rodzin-

ski had the reputation of being cordially disliked by many musicians of his orchestra, a fact which by itself would not be particularly significant, since conductors—especially prima donna conductors on the American scene—who are *not* disliked by their men are exceptional. But there had also been a long feud between Rodzinski and the manager of the Cleveland Orchestra, Carl Vosburgh. This feud was so badly concealed as to embarrass those who had to deal with both men. A shrug of the shoulders from one of them at the mention of the other's name was more eloquent than words—or silence—as an indication of the feeling between them. Again, such running disagreements between conductors and managers are not uncommon; but in this instance the disagreement was somewhat exceptional in its intensity and in the degree to which it was public.

But that too was characteristic of Rodzinski. For what distinguishes him from other symphony-orchestra conductors in this country is not that he is ambitious, or that he alternates between warm-hearted generosity and irritable severity, or that his moods are variable, but that he combines these qualities to an unusually intense degree.

## II

LIKE many artists, Rodzinski is subject to impulsive enthusiasms which soon cool off. Anyone who works among musicians, as I do, is prepared to take such expressions at considerably less than face value. For example, at the beginning of my business and artistic relations with Rodzinski (by virtue of the fact that I was in charge of the classical record production of Columbia Recording Corporation and had negotiated a contract with the Cleveland Orchestra) I did not take too seriously Rodzinski's first interest in the great body of previously unrecorded orchestral repertoire. I expected—and my expectation was confirmed—that presently the conductor would begin to want us to assign to him some of the juicy plums, the popular romantic masterpieces, which are the big sellers on records, as they are the most popular items on concert programs. We accordingly revised our plans at a



later meeting, and I regarded the affair as settled.

Not so Rodzinski. As the time for recording approached he insisted on further revisions of our program. This sort of thing happened not once but almost regularly during my three years' relations with him on the Columbia job. It was in vain that I used to protest, first to Vosburgh, then to the conductor directly, that my associates and I could not run our business that way; that a recording session—an expensive affair—had to be planned carefully and definitely if the expenses were to be kept down.

A lamentable occasion was a session in the season of 1940-41 which called for the recording of the Violin Concerto of Alban Berg. The Concerto was a complex, superficially unattractive composition, unlikely to enjoy a large immediate sale, even though the conductor and I agreed that it was a masterpiece. Both of us were doing it mainly as a labor of love, but of course with an eye also to whatever artistic prestige might accrue to both the conductor and my company. For these and other reasons I had repeatedly urged that the recording proceed with dispatch and be concluded within two hours, the shortest period for which, according to union rules, we might call a session. Before the session Rodzinski and I had some discussion as to the prepared repertoire which would be available in the fortunate and unlikely event that the recording of the Concerto required less than two hours. Rodzinski was eager to do the "Spanish Rhapsody" of Ravel, which he had presented in recent concerts. I consented on principle to recording it at a future session, but preferred immediately the Mendelssohn "Italian Symphony," which had also appeared on a recent Cleveland program, for which we had more urgent catalogue need, and which might more safely be recorded piecemeal (we would obviously not have time to record either composition in full). The conductor apparently agreed to my choice.

At the actual session the performance of the Concerto went beautifully; and all hands—the soloist, Louis Krasner, the conductor, and the orchestra—co-operated admirably and with such dispatch

that the recording required less than an hour and a half. The men were given a brief rest, while my co-workers and I prepared to record two or three "sides" of the "Italian Symphony." While I waited in the soundproof booth where the recording engineer sat at the control dial, my assistant reported by telephone from the stage that the music of the Ravel Rhapsody and not the Mendelssohn Symphony was open on the stands of the musicians, who were already reseating themselves. I told him to remind the conductor that the scheduled work was the "Italian Symphony." Through the window of the booth I could see him talking to the conductor and the latter shaking his head, refusing the proffered telephone mouthpiece. The deadlock lasted for ten agonizing minutes, at about thirty dollars a minute, before I inevitably yielded.

We began the Ravel piece. The recording had proceeded only twenty minutes when the session came to its scheduled close. The men were just beginning to be in the "groove" of a difficult work, and it seemed silly to stop them now. (I had anticipated this very predicament in my talk with Rodzinski.) So I allowed the session to continue for another hour. Everything went badly then (I don't blame Rodzinski or anyone else for this calamity, which is a hazard of the best-organized recording session) and we emerged with only one approved side and three to be done over.

During the following summer Rodzinski prevailed upon Jerome Kern to do for him a symphonic synthesis of "Show Boat." When I discussed the repertoire for the approaching season's recording with Rodzinski at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, where he has a beautiful house and a large farm, I was quick to agree to his suggestion that we record the Kern work, both because it promised to be a sure-fire hit to gladden the heart of our sales manager and because I loved the "Show Boat" music. It was agreed between us that Rodzinski would present the premiere in his Cleveland concerts as early as possible in order that we might quickly record the work and possibly have it on the market as a Christmas package.

I had to go to Hollywood later in the



summer, and called on Kern. I was glad to learn that he had already completed his commission, which he called "Show Boat: Scenario for Orchestra." Stop watch in hand, I listened to him run through a piano reduction of the full score which he had sent to Rodzinski. I was excited anew by the wonderful tunes, and agreed that Kern had found just the right form in "Scenario," which aptly summarized the action and spirit of "Show Boat." But when Kern had finished playing, and when we had agreed on the division of the work into record sides, he proceeded to what proved to be the principal business of the afternoon.

He told me that Rodzinski had seen the score and had reported that he didn't think it quite suitable. Kern had tried to find out why, but without much success. He had assured Rodzinski, as he did me, that he had followed the outline of his original intentions, as stated in the first correspondence between Rodzinski and himself. So far as I could see, Kern had indeed delivered his end of the bargain save in one relatively unimportant particular: instead of having Robert Russell Bennett, the expert orchestrator, retouch the Kern draft, as originally suggested, Kern had finally decided to do the whole job himself and had worked a month on it.

Kern was obviously upset by the turn of affairs. I realized that mediation was in order. I told Kern, quite honestly, that I agreed with him; that I thought Rodzinski could not have meant seriously what he said and that probably he just wanted to be coaxed. I assured Kern that I would undertake the task of coaxing, for which I had had—especially in Rodzinski's case—not inconsiderable experience. Subsequently I telephoned Rodzinski in Stockbridge, went over the whole affair, and found him no more specific in his objections than he had been earlier in his letter to the composer. It seemed obvious, as I had guessed at Kern's house, that the difficulty was mainly that Rodzinski had cooled down from his original enthusiasm—for what reason I could not discover.

I hadn't cooled though, and this time I was not going to let the conductor get away from me. As persuasively as I

could I employed the arguments which I thought would have most effect on him. I told him that the piece would be a great success in the concert hall and "terrific" on records, and that everyone concerned, including Rodzinski, would make a lot of money out of it. I even threatened, if he abandoned the project, to record the composition promptly with another conductor and orchestra on the Columbia list. (I had got Kern to agree to allow my company to do the first recording of "Scenario" anyhow.) The last argument was obviously the clincher. Save for a last-minute flurry just before the Cleveland premiere, when Rodzinski insisted on having the closing measures revised, the project proceeded on schedule. The Cleveland premiere was an enormous success, as were numerous subsequent performances by the Clevelanders on the road and three performances, including a Sunday-afternoon broadcast, by the Philharmonic with Rodzinski as guest conductor. The recording, issued a month or two later, was a hit.

### III

**B**UT an estimate of Rodzinski based on such incidents would be inaccurate. He is no mere bundle of variable emotions.

He is an unusually intelligent and informed person, not only in his own musical sphere but also in the realm of world affairs. He reads the papers. Of course he reads the critics, is sensitive to them, like most other performers, and is influenced by them in his artistic decisions. But he reads the news pages also. Long before armchair strategy became a national pastime he was well posted on military, political, and economic affairs. The fact that he was born in Poland, political football of Europe for centuries, is a partial explanation. In addition he has a better general education than most musicians have. He earned the "Doctor" before his name at Vienna both in law, which his father wanted him to practice, and in music, which he inevitably made his career. Beyond these things though, and in spite of his tendency to run with fads, whether for expediency or emotional reasons, he has brains, acute analytical



powers, and, especially in music, exceptional talent for integrating large-scale projects and ideas.

In the smaller affairs of daily life he can be an engaging, sociable companion, a host who puts you promptly at ease, as he did me in his Cleveland home one Sunday afternoon when all the others had left and we adjourned, with our scores, into the kitchen to brew tea. He can be witty as well as penetrating in conversation, and can laugh heartily at a joke, even at some jokes on himself. His nearsighted eyes are keen and take in details that brighter ones miss. He has a powerful head and his face is quick to break into a smile which is especially infectious because it is like a grin. He is for the most part free from those annoying, often preposterous affectations of the manner of the *grand seigneur* with which you have to put up in the case of many other celebrated conductors and musical performers. I don't say that Rodzinski does not regard himself as a *grand seigneur*. But if he does it is as a twentieth-century model, minus the trappings of a bygone era.

Rodzinski has had excellent training and has solid musical equipment for the job of leading the New York Philharmonic. After studying in Vienna he returned to his native Poland, where he was presently conducting the opera in Warsaw. It was there that the visiting Leopold Stokowski had a look at Rodzinski in action and was so favorably impressed that he asked him to come to America as his assistant. For three years thereafter Rodzinski performed the threefold assignment of assistant to Stokowski with the Philadelphia Orchestra, leader of the Curtis Institute Orchestra, and principal conductor of the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company. In 1929 he was appointed conductor of the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra. When the conductorship of the Cleveland Orchestra fell open in 1933, Rodzinski went after it on his own power and got it, with the assistance of Arthur Judson, who is not only manager of the New York Philharmonic but also the most powerful figure of the American concert world.

In Cleveland Rodzinski performed such wonders in rebuilding the orchestra that it surpassed in virtuosity all American

orchestras except the big three of the Atlantic seaboard—Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. With still too little to do, he organized operatic performances as part of the subscription series of Cleveland symphony concerts. One of these, in 1935, was Shostakovich's "Lady Macbeth of Mzensk," which was presented in New York as well. The provocative nature of the libretto, which developed a mild scandal here and a major political one in the Soviet Union, and the brilliance of Rodzinski's direction brought him national attention.

He was engaged as a guest conductor of the New York Philharmonic when the star of Toscanini was setting over that institution in 1936. Rodzinski was well liked, especially because of a spectacularly brilliant concert presentation of "Elektra" by Richard Strauss. Clearly he was a "must" for the Philharmonic's next season, with Toscanini gone. As it turned out, the relatively unknown John Barbirolli was given the first ten weeks of the season, Rodzinski was assigned the last eight, and in between came three composer-conductors. The betting was rather better than even that Rodzinski would get the permanent assignment thereafter. But by one of those inexplicable decisions of the Philharmonic management and its august board, Barbirolli, who had been scarcely a brilliant success during his guest tenure, was announced as permanent conductor before Rodzinski even had a chance to appear in the sweepstakes. The decision, which was to create new troubles for the Philharmonic, puzzled the public and no doubt bewildered Rodzinski.

But presumably he did not give up hope for the New York position. His chance came finally during last season when it became obvious, after two more demoralizing Philharmonic seasons of big-name guest conductors (including Rodzinski), that order must be re-established by the appointment of a new director. For a long time the betting favored Koussevitzky of Boston, but at the last moment he decided against leaving his present berth. In a mild panic the directors quickly appointed Rodzinski and gave him three years in which to make good.



To his new job Rodzinski comes as musician-conductor, thoroughly professional, surer with the tools of his craft than most of his star colleagues. Unlike many of them, he has been refreshingly free from phony attitudes that pass for inspired interpretation. He is businesslike in both rehearsal and concert. He is not, it is true, so businesslike that he does not sometimes arrive late for a rehearsal; in fact, this practice has lately almost become a habit. Nor does his prevailingly brisk procedure prevent him from occasionally indulging in antics. At a broadcast in Cleveland some time ago one of the broadcasting officials was both surprised and amused to observe Rodzinski playfully tossing pennies to members of the orchestra during the intermission, when the oral commentator was on the air, even though a large audience was on hand and presumably the scramble for a missed penny might produce untoward noises on the air.

But in actual public performance he is regularly businesslike in manner. In fact, he almost seems to cultivate this manner as a pose—as if he hoped that his audiences would note that he does not wear his heart on his sleeve, no matter how moving the music. He is so completely the master of the technique of conducting that he tends to be ill at ease when the music—like a Mozart symphony—offers small scope for his virtuosity. On the other hand, when he is performing large-scale enterprises which excite him—like Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust"—his virtuosity can produce wonderful results. Even here though, the excitement is intellectually tempered.

His intellectual approach can be of enormous service as a reaction from the usual over-emotional, distorted, overplayed presentations of romantic masterpieces. I remember how exciting I found his way with the Tchaikovsky Fifth Symphony, simply because he played the work "straight," without attempting further to emotionalize and sentimentalize a work that is almost hysterical to start with. I got a similar impression from his reading of the "Fantastic Symphony" of Berlioz, another of those grandiose projects that find Rodzinski in his element.

In a newspaper interview Rodzinski

recently struck out, by implication, against conductors (save only Toscanini) who direct from memory. With some inconsistency he has himself conducted from memory on occasion. For the most part though he has the score before him, in concert as well as at rehearsal, whether or not he refers to it much. In recent years he has tended more and more to dispense with the baton.

A tallish figure, with a powerful, irregular physique and with a tendency to paunchiness, he has the good sense not to pose, on the platform or off, as an Adonis or a tailor's model. His gestures and movements on the stage are neither graceful nor awkward. They are simply professional, functional.

#### IV

RODZINSKI has arrived by dint of positive qualities like intellect, ambition, and musicianship, and in spite of negative qualities which might have upset the career of a lesser figure long ago. He has probably missed some chances and ruined others by his idiosyncrasies, yet he has gone on somehow to bigger ones.

One such mishandled opportunity came when he was selected to engage and train the NBC Symphony Orchestra, created for Toscanini. Rodzinski assembled a superlative orchestra, engaging men from leading American symphony orchestras, including his own at Cleveland, but carefully sparing the Philharmonic because Toscanini had only recently resigned from it. But whatever good will Rodzinski may have created for himself at NBC by his apparently ruthless co-operation he seems to have soon dissipated in embroilments with the orchestral musicians and officials.

Despite his ambition and alertness to the main chance, he has often been tactless to people in positions of authority. This frankness would be more commendable if it were not wrapped in an air of arrogance. Toward the powers-that-be at the Philharmonic, aside from Judson, Rodzinski seems to have behaved unexceptionably, and he found ready backers, particularly among the feminine members of the board, at the time the selection was



made; yet no sooner was he in than he seems to have gone his own way again in making the wholesale dismissals, including the pointedly tactless discharge of Piastro. Another conductor might have waited a year before getting rid of a concertmaster he didn't want. But Rodzinski, seemingly insensitive to arguments of expediency and taste, acted at once.

The prevailing opinion among those "in the know" is that Rodzinski decided to dismiss Piastro because he felt that Piastro took too lightly one of the principal duties of a concertmaster—enforcing discipline among the string players. Piastro was not however the first concertmaster with whom Rodzinski has had a serious disagreement. I have mentioned briefly the case of Josef Fuchs, an exceptionally able violinist, who was concertmaster in Cleveland from the time Rodzinski took charge there in 1933. By the time my association with Rodzinski began, in 1939, relations between Fuchs and the conductor had apparently deteriorated pretty badly. When Fuchs resigned in 1941 there was obviously no love lost between the two, even though, probably for the sake of form and for the benefit of Fuchs's numerous admirers in Cleveland, he was recalled as soloist in a pair of concerts during the following season.

Fuchs was succeeded by Hugo Kolberg, also an able man, who had been concertmaster of the Berlin Philharmonic for four years before coming to the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra in 1939. He was engaged in Cleveland for a single year, 1941–42, at a salary less than he asked but in the expectation that an adjustment would be made the following year. When another year had rolled round Kolberg was offered a new contract on the same terms as the old. He reminded the conductor of what he understood to be a promise, but Rodzinski denied having made any promise and even refused an innocuous compromise from Kolberg. Kolberg turned down the new contract bluntly.

Among informed Clevelanders and New York musicians there is a strong belief that Rodzinski planned to bring with him to the Philharmonic Tossy Spivakovsky, who succeeded Kolberg as concertmaster at Cleveland, and that he was deterred from

doing so by the unpleasant publicity following the announcement of the block dismissal. Many still believe that Spivakovsky will come to New York after another year. It is said also that Rodzinski originally intended to make many other replacements at the Philharmonic from his Cleveland musicians, estimates running as high as two dozen; but Rodzinski or someone in his confidence talked about this possibility and it was reported in a Cleveland newspaper. Whether because the report came out prematurely or because it was groundless, Rodzinski denied it; and of the approximately fifteen new members of the Philharmonic only two are from the Cleveland Orchestra.

A tempting subject for speculation is how the reorganized orchestra will respond to Rodzinski. His reputation of being a tough man to work for has been aggravated by the public controversy over the dismissals. A certain amount of hostility on the part of many Philharmonic musicians would therefore not be surprising at the outset. But this does not necessarily mean though that Rodzinski will not get along with the orchestra effectively. Some conductors have been thoroughly disliked by most of their musicians and yet have produced eminently satisfactory artistic results. Rodzinski's task will not be easy, but for one of his unquestioned ability and wide experience it will be by no means insuperable.

Judging from Rodzinski's past achievements and enthusiasms, it may be predicted that his programs for the Philharmonic will have wide variety and will be frequently spotlighted with large-scale, elaborate musical projects and special programs, like music from infrequently heard operas. They will have the usual overemphasis on romantic music, in which may be included the tone poems of Richard Strauss, a Rodzinski specialty. And they will tend to neglect the early classical masters, Bach, Haydn, and Mozart, in whose music, as I have indicated, Rodzinski does not seem to be at home. Presumably the programs of Bruno Walter, who will serve as guest conductor for six weeks during Rodzinski's first season with the Philharmonic, will compensate for some of this neglect.



Howard Barlow, who will conduct for two weeks as the only other guest, seems likely to provide excursions into the music of contemporary American composers. Rodzinski himself has a long and honorable record for devotion to contemporary composers of other lands, particularly Shostakovich. He has already indicated to intimates his own intentions toward American composers. Unless they are established names, like Aaron Copland and Roy Harris, Rodzinski will make no promises to present any scores that they submit to him. Instead, he will place on the shoulders of the Critics' Circle of New York the responsibility of selecting, from reading performances at rehearsals, those works which are worth presenting in public. He followed a similar procedure during the closing period of his stay in Cleveland.

## V

LIKE many artists, Rodzinski owes much to his wife, the well-born Polish grandniece of Wieniawski. A healthy, good-looking, hearty, animal-spirited woman, as emotionally stable as her husband is variable, she has the patience and sense of humor to guide him over dangerous shoals. When Rodzinski thought he had discovered a specific for his physical ailments in goat's milk she cheerfully threw herself into the purchase of the Stockbridge property, and for a while they raised goats not only for their own supply but also for the dairy market. It was a typical Rodzinskian enthusiasm, which quieted down after a couple of years. But they continued to spend their summers and entertain hospitably in the Berkshires, where Rodzinski presently developed another hobby, the Oxford Movement.

Rodzinski's wife has to put up with the usual aberrations of an excitable artist-husband. She provides for his spells of restlessness at night by keeping stocked a special food cupboard in his bedroom, so that he may have a night snack without notice. She also has to humor his superstitions, one of which is manifested in his insistence that at the moment he is about

to walk onto the concert stage his arm be pinched hard so that it hurts.

Rodzinski has a strong religious bent, which probably explains his enthusiastic espousal of the Oxford Movement. Once an admirer was talking with the conductor. "What," she asked, "do you do when you aren't occupied with music?"

"I'll tell you," said Rodzinski, "but you must keep it a secret. I read the Bible."

On a number of occasions Rodzinski has shown that, despite his propensity for getting into quarrels, he is capable of the magnanimous gesture. The following tale, as I set it down here, is a composite from several sources which do not agree on all details, but I believe I have caught the spirit. The occasion was a particularly trying squabble. After a long tour, when the musicians as well as the conductor were tired out, they were rehearsing a new work. A difficult passage came off muddily from the violins. Rodzinski in anger announced that every member of the string section must practice his part overnight and be prepared to play it individually the next day. The men were resentful, and Kolberg, the concertmaster, was only partly successful in his attempts at mediation. Some of them refused to obey the conductor's order the following day and were adamant when Vosburgh, the manager, was called in to remind them of their contractual obligations.

In the conductor's room, where the string players assembled before the concert that evening, the men unanimously indicated their intention to stick by the offenders, from whom Rodzinski had demanded an apology. Vosburgh said the conductor was prepared to play the concert without strings if no apology was made.

Meanwhile the audience was in its chairs in the front of the house. The hour for the scheduled opening of the concert had arrived, with neither side yielding. Suddenly Rodzinski, regardless of the position into which he had got his manager, seized one of the musicians and said, "All right. I apologize. You apologize. What difference does it make? We are all musicians. Let's make music together."

And they did.



# WE MODEL OUR FIGHTING SHIPS

C. LESTER WALKER



NOT so many weeks ago, as this war goes, our Navy found itself with a unique and extra-worrisome problem on its hands. One of the biggest and newest of our plane carriers (for reasons of censorship she must remain nameless here) had to be put into another ocean in a hurry. That meant of course taking her through the Panama Canal. But the great trouble was that it was dubious if the big flat-top would go through. And yet she *had* to go through! The enemy was on the move and a battle pending.

The whole situation was electric with potential disaster. The Navy knew the measurements—the beam of the carrier, the width of the canal locks. It knew there was some clearance—a matter of inches—and that it was enough perhaps for any normal ship. But a carrier in such a tight squeeze was a new and special problem. For a carrier is built lopsided. All her superstructure rises from the extreme starboard edge of her flight deck, and this off-center build gives her a different pull in the water she travels through. Unlike a normal ship, the Navy knew, she would drag on one side more than on the other. And once she was in the locks and under tow, this uneven drag would produce a sideways pull. How much? No one knew. And since there were only inches to spare, the ship could be expected to swerve into the lock walls, damaging herself, possibly smashing the locks, and

even thereby plugging the canal. Still this carrier was needed—urgently. Should the Navy try to send her through?

For solution of its problem the Navy turned to its David Taylor Model Basin, a new and amazing ship-experiment laboratory tucked away in an obscure valley in Maryland.

One morning some days later an officer from the Bureau of Ships in Washington called the Basin. "That Panama Canal job—can you rush it—tell us if we can get that carrier through the Canal—right away?" Admiral Herbert S. Howard, director of the Basin, and his staff officer in charge of the project answered yes, they thought so, they'd try; and the Basin swung into action to speed up the job. Within a few days its ship-testing experts had ready along its deep-water basin a scale replica of the locks of the Panama Canal, and in the technical laboratory special test apparatus and measuring and weighing instruments never devised before were being rushed to completion. Meanwhile the model-making shop had finished a twenty-seven-foot wooden duplicate of the tight-fitting plane carrier, exact in every necessary detail. Next day this model was floated out of the workshop into the quarter-mile, dark tunnel of the testing basin and hitched under the towing carriage that, trestle-like, spans the pool. A pretty girl took her stand at the control platform. Two observers climbed aboard

the carriage and sat down at their instrument tables. There was a whirring of hydraulic pumps, a swish of water, as the carriage, like a bridge in flight, began to rush forward into the darkness—and the tests were on.

Two days later, before the report on the tests was finished, Captain Harold E. Saunders, the Basin's technical director, called the Bureau of Ships and reported informally: "You can take that carrier through." The finished report was then rushed by special messenger to Washington. There it was put aboard a fast plane for the Canal Zone. Some days later the big flat-top was passed through the canal—unscathed.

This is not an unusual case. This sort of thing goes on at the new basin almost every day. When the British decided that invasion in this war would be amphibious on a scale that the tacticians had never dreamed of before, they decided in the next brain wave that landing craft of a new and special type would be necessary. Their own hands very full with advance fighter-plane experimentation, they called on our Navy to develop the needed boats—and in a hurry. It was for that reason that our Bureau of Ships one day got the new testing basin on the telephone and was again—and as usual—in a terrible rush. How soon could new-type landing boats be modeled and tested, and the results got ready for the manufacturers? What followed was the birth of LCI(L), the now famous *Landing Craft Infantry (Large)*.

The Basin started work at four o'clock of a May afternoon. It designed and modeled all night, all the next day, the following night. Three seven-foot models were completed and run through rapid tests for form, speed, and power. Later—some time after these tests were completed—the Basin threw up a sand beach at the end of the shallow-water pool, and the wooden landing-craft models then ready were driven on to it by their own motors, steering by actual working rudders, and with to-scale weights inside them to simulate tanks. As the beaching operations went on, the "tanks" were shifted about, taken out, put back. On the basis of only its very first experiments—for form, speed,

and power—the Basin was able to call back the Bureau of Ships within forty-two hours after the order had come in and give exact specifications on the landing barges for history's biggest invasion. One of the most valuable discoveries it had to pass along was about the motors. The barges, the Basin announced, would not need three engines—only two. That's what they had a few months later when they grounded their noses on the beaches of Sicily.

All this work which the Navy's new basin does is accomplished, notice, chiefly with models—with things in miniature. If it wishes to solve the problem of why a new hull form on a 400-foot destroyer does not give the hoped-for additional speed (a matter which has the designers and the engineers calling one another uncomplimentary names) it will make its tests with a Lilliputian version of the destroyer: a model only twenty feet long. So with propeller problems (their noise and vibration), or paravanes and mine detectors, or the crushing strength of submarine hulls. The Basin's specialists will explode a half ounce of TNT (a piece the size of the end of your thumb) under water, and take stroboscopic moving pictures, which are ultra slow-motion, of just what happens to undersized, wafer-thin hull plates. They will then prescribe what ought to be done to increase bottom-plate strength on a 12,000-ton cruiser. Or the Bureau of Ships will give an order in effect something like this: "A new battleship. A given shape of hull. Wanted: 33-knot speed. How much horsepower must be put into her? Length of ship: 600 feet." The Basin will specify what power should be put into the giant battlewagon to get the required speed, after towing a model—identical in every curve of her hull—which is twenty feet long.

The building where all this semi-magic goes on is a glistening white structure sitting in a green meadow in Carderock, Maryland. Carderock is northwest of Washington about twelve miles and in the rocky gorge of the Potomac—fresh water here and a setting and atmosphere far removed from the sea. The testing basin itself (there are adjuncts to it: laboratories, machine shops, woodworking rooms, etc.)



looks like a long silver mailing tube laid down in the valley, its lower half buried in the earth. To the general public, strangely enough, the establishment is almost unknown. Yet, scientifically speaking, it is one of the wonder buildings of the world. For instance, the basin is the only building known which follows the earth's curvature.

## II

THE Basin came into being—to go back to first causes—because an English engineer, one William Froude, discovered one day in the middle of the last century that the behavior of big ships could be prophesied by the performance of small models of the same geometrical shape. Froude developed a way of measuring the power needed to tow a model and then of relating that to the amount of power necessary to propel the full-sized ship. He also showed that model-towing could enable one to find the best shape for a hull for a particular need.

The British Admiralty was impressed and gave Froude about \$10,000 for further tests. He evolved a formula based on what he called "the law of comparison or corresponding speed." The formula said that if you took the ratio of the length of the model to the length of the full-size vessel, found the square root of it and then multiplied by the given speed of the larger craft you would have the corresponding speed of the model. Worked in the other direction, the formula enabled Froude to say positively that, with water resistances known, a fourteen-foot model with a speed of 3.85 knots indicated a corresponding speed of 23 knots for a ship of geometrically the same hull which was 500 feet long.

What Froude did, and what the Navy's new basin does to-day, was to get the *resistances* of the ship. For a ship's hull traveling through water there are two of these. One the engineers call *frictional*, and this is easy to get at on any hull. It is produced by the rubbing of the water along the hull, and can be readily calculated by towing a thin plane of the same length and area as the wetted surface of an accurate model. The other resistance is termed *residual*, and rises from the wave system which the ship itself throws up. A

ship with a beautiful high bow wave is an inefficient ship. A ship with no bow wave at all would be perfect. The kind of wave a ship makes is influenced by the shape of her hull, and if you can model the hull to reduce the wave, you can cut down the residual resistance. When Froude showed that successful experimentation could be done with ship models a few feet long, it was something revolutionary in the shipmaking world. One of the results was that the British Navy profited.

Our own Navy had no model-testing basin of any kind until almost the turn of the century. Then someone pointed out that we were paying handsome bonuses to the shipyards for speed above contract almost every time the Navy got a new ship. The rate was \$50,000 for every quarter-knot extra. It seems that the Navy designers were unable to be certain of their estimates for the power needed to get the required speed. They over-powered the ship—to be on the safe side; and in one twelve-year period the safe side cost the government and the taxpayers \$2,500,000 in unnecessary bonuses. Then Congress stepped in and appropriated \$100,000 for a model-testing basin to be built at the Washington Navy Yard. After that no bonuses had to be paid for extra speed.

This testing basin, although small business compared to the new Carderock establishment, proved its worth in many ways, even in times of peace. It conducted research on the matter of suction between passing ships. This had usually been termed "a mysterious force" and passed off with a shrug of the shoulders. The Navy Yard basin brought to light the true nature of this between-ship suction and measured its forces. On another occasion it performed a considerable service for the port of New York. Engineers and shipping people were in a dither because the Army was casting dubious eyes on a couple of new piers then a-building for two big liners which would berth in the Hudson River. It was asked if the piers could be extended into the river any farther without causing traffic hazards when the liners were moving in. The Washington Tank, so called, made a replica of the lower Hudson, with piers, channel buoys, accurate models of light-



ers, ferryboats, and other ships, and then ran a model of a thousand-foot liner up and down. Movies were taken, and surface and underwater disturbances accurately registered. On the findings the Army engineers limited the pier lengths.

Well before 1936 this first basin had established itself as invaluable, but it was obsolete and inadequate. With the idea of a two-ocean Navy beginning to loom in many minds, the need for a new basin became obvious. So in that year, almost unnoticed, Congress voted \$3,500,000 for the job. It was decided to call the new project the David W. Taylor Model Basin, for Admiral Taylor who had been in charge of the Washington Tank for fifteen years and was the world's foremost authority on the speed and power of ships; and the Navy engineers began at once to draw up plans for a super ship-testing laboratory—one which would surpass any in the world.

It was a fortunate beginning and just about in the nick of time. The new basin would be completed in June, 1939; our second World War would start three months later.

### III

WHEN the new model basin at Carderock was being built someone remarked, "This place is being constructed as if the Hamilton Watch Company were doing a building job for the Pennsylvania Railroad." This is hardly an exaggeration, for the Navy's new model basin, big as it is, is a building put together with precision tools.

Fortunately the Navy had an expert available who knew how to do the job—Captain Harold E. Saunders, who had visited model basins all over the world. Saunders (now technical director of the Basin) directed the whole designing and building of the new plant, and, with the Turner Construction Company of New York as builders—who a few months later were to construct our Pacific Naval Air Bases at Pearl Harbor, Wake Island, and Midway—was to see the water admitted to all the testing pools in about fifteen months' time.

The Navy planned to have four testing basins in the one building. There would

be a high-speed basin 1,168 feet long for motorboat models like the PT's, naval airplanes, and pontoons. A small-model basin, 142 feet long, for special research with extra-small models. A turning basin, for testing maneuvering and twisting—as to evade torpedoes—which would straighten out like the shank of the letter J into a shallow-water basin 303 feet long by 51 wide by 10 deep, for river-craft models, barges, and tugboats. Then a deep-water basin 963 feet long, 51 wide, and 22 deep, for models of the biggest ships. Along the sides of these pools heavy steel rails would be laid, on which would run the carriages which would tow the models. These rails would have to be set with fantastic accuracy, so tremendous is the step-up in transferring results from a twenty-foot model to a full-size ship. The rails could not be straight in the usual sense but must follow the curvature of the earth. This meant that in their 1,200-foot length they must curve away from the absolutely horizontal a total of  $\frac{3}{8}$  of an inch!

The "why" of this requirement lay in the fact that  $\frac{3}{8}$  of an inch up or down hill over 1,200 feet would allow the force of gravity to act on the speed of the towing carriage, accelerating or retarding it. Of course the amount would be infinitesimal. But it was crucial in these tests. The speed of the towing carriage must be absolutely uniform. Well, not *absolutely*. It could vary 2/100 of a knot!

A result of these precision requirements was that the rails and walls of the basin building at Carderock were laid literally with a microscope. The concrete was poured directly on to the granite-gneiss ledges of bedrock, making a structure about as immovable as man or nature can devise. Then the engineers imbedded what they call "chairs" (really heavy cast-iron cushions) in the tops of the concrete walls, double-securing them with long track bolts. The rails were then laid on the chairs, and in turn bolted down. Each of them equaled in weight the heaviest railroad rails—165 pounds per yard—and had to be set with unbelievable precision. Their lateral tolerance was to be 5/1,000 of an inch. And no rail could vary more than plus or minus



5/10,000 of an inch from the true level over the distance of 1,200 feet.

How the rails were leveled to curve to the radius of the earth was, to anyone but an engineer, a trick of genius. Water was set into the testing basins and its surface used as a reference plane. This was done by the use of punts carrying between them a leveling bridge and dial micrometer which established a fixed height above the water surface at all points along the basin. Thus the rails aligned to this height ran absolutely parallel to, or rather concentric with, the water surface, which of course curved with the earth.

So delicate was the instrumentation in this work (done of course with microscopic and electric precision checks) that it was necessary to shut down all blowers, seal ventilation openings, and use an air lock for access to the basin space—lest there be water disturbances. "A man walking across the caisson dividing the deep- and shallow-water basins," one of the engineers has said, "or a truck on the road outside, would raise waves of 1/1,000 of an inch. Too much!" And while the rail-laying was going on, the water level in the basin was dropping, from leakage and evaporation, at the rate of 7/10,000 of an inch hourly. This had to be compensated for and the instruments adjusted every hour accordingly.

The rails themselves were of carbon-manganese steel and before delivery had their tops specially treated. Twenty-five flame jets were traveled along the head of each rail at a set rate of five and a half inches per minute to toughen them. When they were set in place, their heads met at a 45-degree angle, in order to avoid the battering-down at the joints suffered by the usual square-set railroad rail. With this "scarf joint," as it is called, a wheel load would be carried partially by one rail before the wheel would leave the preceding rail. But the bases of the rails were cut square. This was done so that if expansion occurred, the bases would come into contact before the heads. Thus the heads would never be forced laterally out of position.

This rail-laying at Carderock took eighteen months. But the results have justified it. To-day when a wheel of the 42-ton

towing carriage passes over any rail the vertical deflection never exceeds 1/1,000 of an inch. By comparison—the escapement wheel in many watches is often allowed a grosser tolerance.

#### IV

WHEN a particular job problem comes into the Carderock model basin it is first talked over in conference. Captain Saunders calls in his various experts, and designer's specifications and blueprints are studied and discussed with representatives of the Navy Department requesting the tests. The problem may be: "What is the best hull form for a new battleship of 35,000 tons' displacement which must make a maximum speed of 26 knots?" After a general test program is laid down, the models and the test equipment necessary are designed, and the designs then sent to the Basin's shops.

In the model shop, a long, sunlit workroom smelling of sawdust and paint, a crew of four men set to work with two-inch-thick layers of white pine. The wood is rough shaped, then carried, a layer at a time, to the bed of a giant press. There, building up from the bottom, each layer is given a hot coating of waterproof casein glue and pinned with wooden dowels to the layer beneath. When the "block" is complete the press clamps everything together with a total force of over a million pounds.

After sixteen hours the twenty-foot model-to-be is removed from the press and placed upside down on a "profiling machine." High-speed cutters then trim it to roughly hull form. The final truing follows and is done by hand. Workmen with planes and sandpaper, and an artist's love of taking pains, smooth the lines to within a hundredth of an inch of conformity with the ship's blueprint specifications.

Finished—painted combat gray and resting bottom-up on a couple of wooden horses in the model-making shop—the battlewagon's hull is a thing of beauty—and surprise. You notice that she is flat-bottomed as a barge, is quite keelless, and will have four propellers. You think, small-boy-like: "Wouldn't it be wonderful to own one!"



The standard twenty-foot models weigh about 2,000 pounds and cost, ready to tow, about \$400. Total outlay for their construction and the tests that go with them, for a multimillion-dollar battleship, runs to \$1,500-\$3,000. This is pretty cheap when one considers some of the results. On one occasion some torpedo boat destroyers failed to make their contract speeds. The shipbuilders blamed the hull forms designed by the Navy and wanted to make changes costing up to \$40,000. Model experiments showed that slight changes, costing only \$2,500, would do. And another case occurred when the Navy first designed its scout cruisers. Plans were for 4,000 tons' displacement, a length of 350 feet, a maximum speed of 26 knots. Model tests showed that the hull shapes were unbelievably bad. These scout cruisers, as planned, would require double the horsepower to make the same speed as a ship actually 100 feet longer but with a narrower and shallower hull!

On completion the battleship model is floated to the deep-water testing basin and hitched underneath the towing carriage. The carriage spans the pool and resembles some creation of Buck Rogers. It looks like a bridge that has got lost in itself. A weird maze of pipes running into knobby, spherical joints spiderweb every which way. In general, however, they form an isosceles triangle. Its apex rests on the far side of the pool, and its base upon four Indian-file driving wheels which stand, ready to go, on the microscopically laid main rail.

You can go aboard for the test run. The basin water is mirror-still. Not a leaf, not even a dust film mars the dark surface. It looks as the Holland Tunnel would, you think, if it were straightened out and a lot of water let in. What light there is is artificial, for there are neither skylights nor windows. (This was deliberate, to keep out aquatic growths; but white algae have grown.) The 85,000-pound carriage (heavy as a Pullman car) takes its power from copper trolley wires overhead and starts with the smoothness of an oil-driven electric locomotive. For eight seconds it flies down the basin at exactly 18 knots. Underneath, the model battleship is cutting the water with a new

kind of bow wave. A stroboscopic camera is recording the performance. A delicate dynamometer is measuring resistance to 32/100 of an ounce, and marking it on a revolving drum. And underneath the new battleship's hull, hydrogen sulphide solution, running out through holes in the hull, is streaking sternward, turning the white lead paint black and marking the wavy and important "flow lines."

On the findings the Basin will suggest changes in the new ship's hull; and some of the suggestions from model testing have been revolutionary. The novel midship shape on 10,000-ton cruisers like the *Salt Lake City*, which figured in the battle off Guadalcanal, and the new form of underwater body for their stern, were developed by model tests. They resulted in our being able to build full-size ships which would travel at destroyer pace—over thirty-two knots—using lower driving power at maximum speed.

In another case experiments discovered that certain ships could be made easier to drive by extending the bow in a blunt or rounded form below the water. The enormous bow wave usual in such ships was greatly reduced, with a corresponding reduction possible in engine power. The bulb bow is now on the ships of our Merchant Marine, and on our biggest battlewagons and all our cruisers, adding to their speed in combat—thanks to the models.

## V

ACCORDING to Admiral Howard, the new basin's greatest contribution in wartime is its ability "to give quick, practical answers." The speculative or the theoretical nowadays receives scant attention. And the Admiral can cite you some very convincing current instances.

Within the past few months the Basin has been called on to tell the captains of our ships the best way to avoid bombing attacks. It was not known with any exactness just what could be got out of any particular type of ship in the way of twists and turns. The Navy therefore asked the Basin to furnish information for every type of ship in the Navy: "Tell just what course that ship will follow if the rudder is put over to a given angle at any speed." The



Basin conducted the tests in the turning basin, using self-propelled models, carrying tiny target lights, which snaked through the darkness. A movie camera on a platform under the roof recorded the twistings; and the results are already evident in the increasing success of our convoys.

Similarly, after our earliest landings in the Southwest Pacific, the Basin was called on. There was much criticism of the fact that the ships carrying supplies and stores on that venture were not loaded to their fullest capacity. A particular squawk was that the order of loading had been faulty. First things had not come out first for use on the beach. Officers of the various amphibious forces came to the Basin and asked if models could be made in which all hold and storeroom space would be accurately shown and which could be taken apart deck by deck. The Basin produced the models. The Quartermaster Corps officers practiced loading them with model tanks and model packages of food. When the North Africa and Sicily landings came along, the perfection of the unloading operations was close to a miracle.

Then there was the case of the *North Carolina* and the *Washington*. These ships were completed just as we entered the war. They were the first of a whole series of super-battleships and intended to match anything afloat. Imagine the horror in the Navy when, on their putting to sea, they vibrated so badly that the guns could not be used at high speed. Vibration in naval ships is a common problem to-day because of increased power, higher speeds, and the new heavier-than-ever gun batteries; but these two battlewagons outdid themselves in their cases of the shakes. What would happen in battle, at all-out speed, was a disturbing question. "And to add to the worry," a Naval officer has said, "the *Bismarck* happened to be on the loose just then."

The Navy put in a hurry call to the Basin. The Basin had a model propeller shop, water tunnels, stroboscopic equipment for making 2,500-revolution-per-minute propellers stand still and show their bubbles (cavitation tests, they are called); maybe the Basin could take the jitters out of these two new ships. The Basin sent

its diagnosticians to take a trip on the *North Carolina* and the *Washington*. They recommended certain changes in the size and the blade shapes of the propellers. The original vibration troubles vanished. The ships rejoined the fleet.

Another war problem the Basin solved not in the towing tank but in the laboratory. The Navy wanted to know how to speed up the handling of ammunition in the ammunition-handling rooms of certain gun turrets. This is terribly important in battle, as in general the faster the handling the faster the firing. The Basin designed and mocked-up dozens of new handling arrangements in the laboratory, on a rolling platform which reproduces the tossing-about a ship gets at sea. The importance of its ammunition-handling discoveries could be illustrated by the performance of the cruiser *Boise*, which, taking on six Japanese ships off Guadalcanal, sank all of them in 26 minutes, one of them in *less than 60 seconds*. That is fast firing, and means fast ammunition-handling behind it. In this experiment too the Carderock laboratory worked things out to such a fine point that it even determined the best material for the soles of the shoes of the men in the gun crews.

Model launching tests are another Basin specialty. While the new battleship *Alabama* was on the building ways Carderock built a model of the Norfolk Navy Yard building slip, launching ways, and surrounding water front; and then, with a model of the *Alabama's* hull, investigated what would happen at the launching. Similarly, it helped out on the *New Jersey*, one of the most mammoth of our new battleships. The Basin built replicas of the ways in the Delaware River off the Philadelphia Navy Yard, and showed that the new ship must have a longer length of run than usual after hitting the water, and how long the run would be, and that it *would* be necessary, as suspected, to slew or swing the stern of the giant vessel around if trouble was to be avoided.

PT-boat hulls, and PC-boat hulls, and the controversial shapes of the Liberty and Victory freighters have all been tested in the Basin's waters. The welded tankers *Schenectady* and *Esso Manhattan*, which broke in two, brought a flood of problems.

Tests now on in the laboratory are expected to lead to a solution of tanker-welding troubles. Even the mysterious Sea Otter ships were given a workout in miniature in the deep-water pool. But the results are something the Basin discreetly keeps the lid on. It has more

interesting things to talk about right now. Admiral Howard, the director, will tell you:

"It's the *U.S.S. Shangri-la*. We are making preparations for model launching experiments for this new aircraft carrier which is to bomb Tokyo."

### *What Does X Stand For?*

SOMETIMES the war news sends us to our row of Baedekers for some local reference. Having found it, we stand leafing through the red-covered volumes—and abruptly we find ourselves in that half-forgotten Europe that was the tourists' paradise: a continent studded with fine hotels and agreeable pensions (\*Grand, \*Splendide, and Beau-Site, well spoken of); full of cathedrals (with late-Renaissance \*Cloisters), and museums which amply repay a visit, and recommended walks to heights commanding admirable panoramas (comp. Guide-Book issued by local Alpine Club). In one such volume, 1895 edition, we came upon the following. As you read it you will probably guess before long the identity of this untroubled and untroubling spot for whose name we have substituted the symbol X:

"X (1885'), a small . . . town with 2,300 inhab., was down to 1803 the seat of an independent provostry, or ecclesiastical principality, the dominions of which were so mountainous and so limited in extent (165 sq. M.), that it was jestingly said to be as high as it was broad (interesting relief-map in the above-mentioned reading room). One-sixth part only was cultivated, the remainder consisting of rock, forest, and water. The handsome old abbey is now a royal château. The *Abbey Church* possesses Romanesque cloisters, carved stalls, marble tombs of the Abbots of X, and an interesting crypt. In the *Baumgarten-Allee*, in the middle of the town, are pleasant public gardens. To the E. of the church is the *Wika-Weiher*, with a fountain. The *Luitpold Park*, in front of the royal villa to the S. of the town, was embellished in 1893 with a bronze *Statue of Prince Luitpold*, regent of Bavaria. This point commands a fine view. . . . X is a very favourite summer-resort, and the environs afford an almost inexhaustible variety of beautiful walks and excursions."

If you haven't guessed what name we have concealed with X, turn to the Personal and Otherwise columns. — George R. Clark.



# THE Easy Chair *Bernard DeVoto*



I PROPOSE to set down here certain doubts, the most extreme of which I do not share. In order to do so I must commit the sin of vagueness of which I accuse my own side—because I have only eight columns and want to fill them with discussion, not definition. I therefore use the term “liberal peace” without defining it further than this: I mean a peace in which the United States will collaborate with other nations to establish order, maintain it co-operatively, prevent the outbreak of aggression, and facilitate the spread of freedom and what we call international justice.

I believe that liberal ideas are the only ideas that can work toward that end, but I wonder if those of us who hold them are not willfully adding to the fog through which we stumble.

Within the past few weeks (this is written toward the end of September) Mr. Churchill at Cambridge and Governor Dewey at Mackinac have proposed a military alliance between the United States and Great Britain, and Mr. Wallace and Mr. Hull have made important speeches about peace. Nearly every comment on Mr. Hull’s speech that I have seen complains that it said nothing. I agree, but I cannot see that Mr. Wallace said more, whereas Mr. Churchill and Governor Dewey said a great deal, whether or not you happen to agree with what they said. I wonder if those of us who have liberal hopes, and are now heavy with liberal doubts, are not making our way harder by refusing to get out of the area of vague and ultimately meaningless ideas within which Mr. Hull and Mr. Wallace confined themselves.

THE most extreme doubts are being voiced by the most intransigent New Dealers, who believe that Mr. Roosevelt has betrayed liberalism and can now see in his favor only the fact that Mr. Wallace still speaks well of him. They believe that the Administration has adopted a peace policy and that it runs something like this: we are committed to the prevention of social revolution in Europe and have joined ourselves with the conservative portion of British opinion which looks to the establishment of an Anglo-American bloc against Russia. But—they argue—a certain amount of revolution is inevitable. If we prevent it now we not only make sure that it will be more violent when our armies are withdrawn but, even before we land, we throw the moderate and liberal elements of the occupied countries, who would otherwise be our strongest safeguard, into dependence on Russia and support of radical aims. As we reconquer Europe, instead of supporting liberal elements, we shall ally ourselves with reactionaries. We have done so in North Africa and Italy; we are preparing to do so in Greece, France, Yugoslavia, and doubtless elsewhere. A deal with Vichy appears to be in the making, just as we have made deals with Darlan, Giraud, and Badoglio. Probably an equivalent deal will be made with corresponding forces in Germany. We shall hold to our intention of getting rid of Fascism and Nazism, but what we shall confine ourselves to getting rid of will be the leaders, organizations, and external symbols of Fascism. Our policy will not change the alignment of forces, the economic interests, and the social conditions that created

Fascism and will promptly create its equivalent.

This policy, the complainants say, must be understood as a working understanding between the United States and reactionary clerical-agrarian forces in Europe. It stems (and here the doubters admit that they are simplifying too arbitrarily) from two things—the Administration's awareness of the international importance of the Catholic Church and its even stronger awareness that two pivotal states, Massachusetts and New York, which are necessary to Democratic success in 1944, can be swung by Catholic votes. Domestically it surrenders to the most reactionary portions of the Democratic Party, the metropolitan machines and the Southern bourbons, and necessarily abandons the domestic program of the New Deal—which, however, has already been abandoned in appeasement of business and industry. Internationally it loses us the middle-of-the-road groups in Europe who are our natural allies, revives European power politics with the United States as a participant, and makes another world war inevitable.

**I** FIND the outlook tolerably dark but not so dark as all that. Important parts of the complaint contradict one another—thus, if one half of what it implies about communism is true then the other half can't be. Another important part is, at least in some degree, a surprising acceptance of an ancient bogey of American politics by people who have usually understood that it is a bogey. Finally we have got to work within the possible—and things look different when you glance at the working alternative, at the Republican Party.

A domestic policy sufficiently liberal to incorporate lessons from the past fourteen years has been formulated by a good many Republicans—though there is no certainty that it can be got past other Republicans who have learned nothing since the sound-money campaign of 1896. But is there any liberal Republican foreign policy, is there any Republican foreign policy at all? The conference at Mackinac stopped Senator Taft's prearranged declaration cold and so proved that the party is willing to

come down almost to 1900. But I cannot see that the official declaration which was substituted moves into the twentieth century. It was as vague as anything Mr. Wallace has ever said, so vague that even Colonel McCormick found it undisturbing. Republican support for the Fulbright Resolution signifies no liberalization; that resolution means all things to all men and leaves the door wide open to the neo-reservationists of the coming peace. The press insists that liberal Republican governors have wrested leadership from reactionary Republican senators, but that derives more from Mackinac than I can find there. In the first place only Governor Dewey has said anything unequivocal, and his record does not suggest that he will hold to what he has said when the heat is turned on. In the second place, even if the governors should formulate a liberal foreign policy, there is little reason to believe that they could hold their party to it.

That leaves Mr. Willkie as the only man whose support of international collaboration can conceivably lead the party in a liberal direction. Liberal Republicans have two things to say about him. The more extreme profess to find in his program a scheme, attractively dressed in liberal garments, for the dismemberment of the British Empire whose intent is to open Asia and the Far East to American capital. The less extreme accept his liberalism as sincere but hold that the best we can hope for is that he will be able to stop the total reactionaries, who, it is assumed, will again rally round Senator Taft and deadlock the convention. Then, they say, Governor Dewey will walk off with the nomination—and with a compromise that will endanger everything.

There are certain known quantities in this equation. Not all the anti-British, anti-Russian, and anti-collaboration groups in the country are Republican, but the powerful ones are. Most of the isolationists are Republicans, among them groups suspected of potential or actual agreement with Axis peace aims. Most of those who think it more important to defeat Roosevelt, the New Deal, or the Democratic Party than to win the war or effect a secure peace are Republican. So are most of the groups in which we think



we see a potential American fascism. All these are threats to a liberal peace. Less sinister but also threatening are great industrial interests which believe that the Republicans have a chance to start with 1920 all over again and great agricultural regions which are quite contented in their tradition of indifference to Europe.

Unless the Republican Party refuses the support of the sinister groups and succeeds in converting the others we should be idiotic to dream that it can make a liberal peace. While it derives support from them, neither Mr. Willkie nor the progressive governors can make sense internationally.

Mr. Roosevelt has committed his party, whoever its candidate, too far for retreat. Even the metropolitan machines and the Southern reactionaries will have to stand on international collaboration. Our problems are how to prevail against the clearly gathering, cyclical reaction against the sins which makes the Republican threat formidable, and how to make the Democratic policy at once liberal and possible. The first problem will take care of itself if the Republicans fight the campaign of 1944 primarily on domestic issues, as they currently seem certain to do. That is the surest way of neutralizing the cyclical reaction and it will leave us free to grapple with the second problem. This is where we depressed liberals come in.

The necessity of political organization is to find some unifying program in support of which groups of divergent interests can be combined. The necessity of the Democratic Party is to combine groups in such a way that the interest they have in international collaboration will outweigh the interests that divide them. We shall not be helping out if we try in any way to deny the existence of such interests, if we prayerfully ask them to expire, or if we ask too much of our own people or of our allies.

**WE** HOLD to one overmastering belief: that the national interests of the United States, Great Britain, Russia, and China do not fundamentally conflict. Our hope of peace lies in convincing the American people that the belief is true. The beginning of conviction is a clear under-

standing of what our interests are. Our allies are certain to discuss peace arrangements with clear ideas of what their interests are and just how far they will be willing to compromise some of them. Mr. Churchill has told us that he does not intend to preside over the liquidation of the British Empire; if we ask too much of Great Britain in regard to, say, India, he may be forced to tell us what we can do. No one supposes that the Russians will give up what they see as safeguards to their security merely because we believe in Democracy First. We are going to get agreement from the British and the Russians only to specific proposals which show that our overmastering belief is true.

That is why Mr. Hull's and Mr. Wallace's speeches said nothing to the point. Democracy First is a stirring phrase. Most of us hope for what it implies, perhaps most of us believe in it. But what does it mean to the British in relation to India here and now, and what does it mean now or will it mean hereafter to the Russians? Nothing that is translatable into immediate action. We may be able to buy support of noble vagueness from a small nation which we have conquered. But from great and victorious powers we are not going to be able to buy anything at all. At best we are only going to be able to demonstrate to them that our mutual interests bid us hang together.

But Mr. Churchill's and Governor Dewey's speeches are something else. No one supposes that we are going to ensure peace by signing alliances with Russia and Great Britain, or that alliances are a guarantee of even temporary peace. But they are the first step, the indispensable step toward making other steps possible. They establish specific propositions for specific contingencies and so make a background against which our fundamental belief can be displayed and tested. They alone promise order and stability rational enough, and likely to last long enough, to permit the development of the innumerable bonds of interest and co-operation on which we base our hopes for durable peace.

Furthermore, if it is only by the concrete propositions of alliances that we can hope to establish collaboration with the

great powers, it is only with their concrete propositions that we can assure American support for collaboration. How large a military establishment will the American people support? How far and in what ways will they consent to its employment as "an international police force"? How far are they willing to modify their conception of Senator Taft's magic word, "sovereignty"? The possibilities of collaboration are confined to the answers to such questions. But no one knows what the answers are, for no one even asks the questions. No one asks how far, to what extent, and in what contingencies.

Phrases of good will do not answer such questions. Instead, they play into the hands of reactionaries, who use them to increase confusion, fan suspicion, strengthen prejudice, and surround the realities with a smoke screen. Every time Mr. Wallace makes a speech Republican senators have a gorgeous jag talking about a quart of American milk a day for every Arab. We have got to stop draining our hopes for peace—which are fantastic if they are not rigorously realistic—into magnificent nonsense which the opposition can use against us. We have got to stop preferring the word to the deed—we have got, in fact, to stop sacrificing the deed to the word.

OUR belief is that the interests of the great powers do not conflict irreconcilably. If that belief is not true, then there is no hope in words or anything else for a durable peace. If it is true, then the first duty of liberal leadership is to make it so clear to the American people, across the lines of lesser interests, that they will support collaboration. That means information—education—immediate, comprehensive, and above all clear. But people can be educated only in terms of concrete propositions: see, we agree to *a*;

Russia to *b*, Great Britain to *c*. None of these is in conflict with our total interest; none of them is in conflict with any interest that had not better be compromised or forfeited for the sake of our total interest. We are committing ourselves to *a*, *b*, and *c*; that does not mean *d*, *e*, or *f*.

It is a task for political leadership—for political expertness, not for political smartness. At some time or other, late or soon, our leaders are going to have to ask the public to support concrete propositions—the time will come when actual measures will have to be accepted or rejected. Will acceptance have a better chance if the public has been prepared for them by a long course of theoretical benevolence, or if it has been prepared by long instruction in what they mean, what they imply, and in what contingencies they can operate? Will acceptance have a better chance if the opposition has been able to organize ignorance and suspicion against benevolent notions so vague that they may mean anything at all, or if it has been forced to deal always with proposals so sharply concrete that they allow it no obscurity to maneuver in?

I do not expect Mr. Roosevelt or anyone else to enthrone righteousness everywhere on earth in the space of a few years. I do not suppose that he and a majority of the American people can bring in the kingdom of heaven by negotiation. I do think that he, or a man who accepts his policy, can protect American interests while negotiating with relentlessly realistic allies; that without compromising American interests he can shape negotiations toward a liberal end; and that he can command American support for that end. But I don't think that liberals are making his chances any better by insisting on talking about words when the public is going to have to make up its mind about programs.



# CRASH IN THE JUNGLE

FRANK P. BENDER

*Major, U. S. Marine Corps*



THE 26th of July, 1942, was my last day of combat in a B-25 out of Port Moresby, New Guinea. Townsville, Australia, had been bombed by the Japs the previous night, and our intelligence figured that the planes that hit it must have come from the Japanese seaplane base at Gasmata, on the island of New Britain, east of New Guinea. So we loaded all our serviceable bombers with hundred-pound bombs to set out for Gasmata. Five planes took off.

From the beginning none of us was crazy about this mission, because the range was about all we could do with the B-25 if we cruised at a slow cruising speed. Naturally if the flight was to run across any of the enemy it would have to put on some speed and use the valuable gas, in which case the ships would not reach the home base. We knew that we should run across them at one time or another, since we had to cross over Buna going and coming, and Buna was then in Japanese hands, and we did not particularly like the setup.

Anyhow the flight did not last long, for we were just about over Buna on the way out when they hit us like a ton of bricks. Our formation drew rather close together to concentrate our fire better, and we settled down to a good scrap. I'm not sure exactly how many of them there were, but somehow they just seemed to be

all over us like a swarm of bees. I guess there must have been about twenty of them. About fifteen minutes after the fight started my ship was hit for the first time, and I felt a sharp, rather hot feeling just above my left ankle. It didn't bother me especially, for my foot worked all right, so I knew it was just a flesh wound. It must have been about two minutes later when the ship was hit by a cannon shell; the plane gave a lurch and fire spread from the navigator's compartment back.

I was not aware of the size of the fire at the time, but I did know that my elevator controls were shot out and that I could never get the ship back to the home base and land it, for it started to go down in a shallow glide. Because of the proximity of the Japs below and the fact that the ship seemed to keep on an even keel, I tried to keep going for a minute or two. Then I looked back and saw the inferno that I was flying; I rang the alarm bell and, using the inter-phone system, called to the crew to bail out. By this time Sergeant Hawter, my co-pilot, was trying to open the hatch above us so that we could get out. However the damned thing was wedged shut and it was impossible to open it.

I saw what was going on and told Sergeant Hawter to go back and get out through the main escape hatch in the

navigator's compartment, and he got up and went back. I looked back a few seconds later but could see nothing through the dense black smoke but a red glow coming from the back of the ship. The ship was so full of smoke that it almost suffocated me and I tried to open the hatch, which was impossible. Suddenly the ship went into a violent spin and threw me out of my seat and onto the top of the ship, so that I was held against the top by centrifugal force. I had hit my head, so that I must have been about half conscious, because the only thing that I could think of was how soon we should hit the ground, and how quickly and painlessly it would all be over for me.

Then the miracle happened: while spinning to earth the plane exploded, and as it blew itself apart I was blown into the air. I came to consciousness again when the cool air got to me, at an altitude of what I judged to be three thousand feet. We had been fighting at twelve thousand feet. The ring on the chute just seemed to shine up at me when I regained consciousness, for that is the first thing I recall seeing. The chute opened in good shape without a jerk that I can remember. All around me in the air were pieces of my ship, small pieces that must have been blown off it in the explosion—elevators, rudders, and other light parts and pieces.

I could hear the fight still going on above me, but could not see anything, for it was above a protecting overcast. When I was still fairly high up I heard the largest part of the ship hit the ground. It seemed like a long time, and I floated very slowly, I guess, because I was thinking of a friend of mine, Lieutenant Anderson, who had to bail out in the Philippines and then was shot out of his chute by Zero fire—dropped the last thousand feet or so without a chute. But these Nips were still carrying on the fight far above me. (I learned later that they succeeded in knocking down another of our ships, Lieutenant Schmidt's—so far as is known, every member of the crew was killed—and in damaging the others so badly that they were barely able to get back to the base.)

At last I was getting close to the ground, and I guess I was lucky to hit in a small tree rather than one of the mam-

moth ones that grow there in New Guinea. I crashed through the tree and hit the ground in a marshy spot. I sprained my back in the tree, my ankles on the ground; the shrapnel wound in my ankle was deep and wide, and there was a gash in my right knee, sustained, I guess, when I was blown from the ship. My head was cut and ached, but at least there I was, on the ground and alive—how I'll never know. I crawled out of that underbrush after getting the chocolate rations, quinine, iodine, fishing lines, and knife out of the jungle kit in the back of the chute. Then I crawled up on a high spot to lie down for a few minutes, put iodine on my open wounds, and collect my senses a little.

## II

WHILE parachuting down I had noticed a native hut not far away, and after resting for a few minutes I wandered around until I found a path. I knew that if I followed it one way or the other I'd come to the hut and possibly some natives. I knew too that there must be some natives somewhere, for there was a long knife near the spot where I landed. I figured that some native had been frightened when he saw me and had dropped everything and run. I limped along the path and came to the hut and a native garden. These native gardens are a plot of ground, usually some distance from the village, in which all the trees are killed by cutting a ring round each one. They are left standing, and are consequently easy to spot, since they show as a lot of gray trees among the green jungle. The main foods grown in these gardens are pawpaws, pumpkins, and yams.

There were no natives present at the garden when I got there. I guess that seeing the plane crash in their back-yard and then seeing me arrive as I did had sent them into the jungle. In that part of Papua the natives are semi-civilized, and they remained in the jungle, probably looking me over before venturing out. I knew darned well that they were around however because the natives of New Guinea have a smell that I can't describe, but that is plenty ripe. The smell is caused by their method of washing themselves in



coconut oil, then letting the oil get rancid on their persons. There was nothing for me to do but to sit in their garden and wait for them to show up, meanwhile calling "*Tabada!*" which in their language means "white friend."

In a few minutes their jabbering started and then they came out to me. First the little black ones, to whom I handed my captain's bars and a few coins that I had in my pocket. There must have been two hundred of them in all, each one shouting directions (I guess) in the native tongue. But one of them knew a few words of English (very few), and finally I was able to make them understand that I wanted to get to the wreck, which I was able to spot because of the smoke.

The gruesome part of this I won't go into in detail; it will suffice to say that I buried my engineer and bombardier in their parachutes. I believe these brave men were killed by the cannon shell that wounded me, for it must have hit on the nose of the ship. I also saw my co-pilot, who evidently had been overcome by smoke when he left the co-pilot's seat and never did get out. The two rear gunners had bailed out and landed somewhere, but I couldn't find them. The part of the ship that I found was so well burned that I could salvage nothing, and the rear end of the ship, where the box of rations was kept, was nowhere around—it must have been blown off and away from the rest of the ship in the explosion.

In about two hours I was on my way. I was convinced that these natives were friendly and was able to get from them that they were going to take me to "the missionary." I made sure that the missionary was not in Buna, but rather the other way, and also that he had been there a long time, and so was the real McCoy.

The hour was then about ten o'clock in the morning. Walking on the jungle "roads" was nothing short of agony; every joint and muscle ached and pained, but I was mighty glad to be on my way because the Japs could not be very far behind. At two in the afternoon we reached the mission, where the missionary helped dress the shrapnel wound in my ankle and gave me some tea and cookies. It was plain that he was worried at seeing me though, and

not without reason. The Japs were only six miles away and would no doubt send out a patrol when they either saw or heard of our crash. I didn't know what the Japs would do to a missionary, but I did know that it wouldn't go very well for him if they found him hiding or helping me. He did offer to hide me for some time, because when I got there I was just about able to stand up, I was so lame and tired. Nevertheless I told the guide to take me to the hideout of another missionary, who was living in a tent in the jungle with one other white man, a Captain Austin. There were several native boys, and when they saw what shape I was in they built a stretcher out of branches and the blanket, and carried me to my destination. We started from the mission at about three o'clock.

The natives carried me all that day, stopping only at two native villages to rest and drink some coconut milk. At one of these villages an old shriveled-up woman came crying to me with a bowl of pumpkin and a wooden spoon. I could do nothing but eat some of the food, although I was not hungry, especially for food from that filthy woman and her gang of a family, each one dirtier than the one before, and all of whom had no doubt eaten from the same bowl; but rather than have anyone angry with me at that time I ate some of the food, hoping that I wouldn't get any of the diseases that were evident on these natives.

When the natives see a stranger in the town they behave in a peculiar way—the women back off and wail, set up a devil of a howl, then get some food. Each village that we passed was a little more uncivilized than the one before, and in each the inhabitants wore less clothing than in the one before. In most of them no clothing is worn at all by the men, and just a small bark skirt by the women after they are grown up.

At about eight o'clock that evening we reached the hideout of the next missionary. As we came into the lamplight of the tent I heard a voice that I immediately recognized as Sergeant Thompson's say, "It's Captain Bender." My hopes were lifted, as I thought at least both of the rear gunners must be there; but as it was, I was



awfully glad to see one of them. According to Thompson's story, the other gunner had got out too, and his chute had opened, but evidently he had got lost or been captured by the enemy, so close were we to their camp. Good old Tommy didn't have a scratch on him and was in the best of spirits. Besides the Sergeant, Captain Austin, and the missionary—whose name I cannot recall—there was one other man, who later did so much for me that I can truly say that if it hadn't been for his unselfishness and care I don't know whether I'd be here or not.

This man was Doctor Harry Bitmead, W.O. 2, Australian Army. He had been in Papua for seven years, operating a small hospital at Buna. When he heard that the Japs had landed in Gona he immediately began to station his native P.I.B. boys (Papuan Infantry Battalion) at key points so that when they saw the enemy they could warn the rest of the population. Bitmead had been in the middle of this work when a Jap patrol captured him. This was on the night of July 21st. Unarmed except for a bayonet and with only one boy with him, the only thing he could do was to surrender to a mob of tommy guns. The Japs took him to their camp. The next day in the afternoon they took him out and put him before a firing squad, raised their guns so that they pointed at his head, and held aim. When the squad before him had held this position for a while a new squad would come up and change places with the first one. This went on for a few hours, and Bitmead, exhausted, fell to the ground. When he came to and opened his eyes it was dark, and nobody was standing guard over him, so he headed for the jungle. He had no shoes and this was rough on his feet, but for three nights he made his way toward the camp of the missionary, hiding during the daytime and eluding the scouting parties in the night. Arriving at the camp where I met him, he was ready to make the trek across the Owen Stanley range the following day, his feet as raw as a couple of steaks. That was Harry Bitmead.

The camp was nothing more than a lean-to of leaves with a platform of small branches to sleep on. I was awfully tired

but was not able to sleep that night or for quite a few nights following because of my back, and also because of the fear of the Nips, who were not far away. The only weapon we had was my .45 pistol. The night seemed awfully long, but eventually daylight came—and with it the news that one of the natives had turned traitor and given the location of the camp away to the enemy and, further, that the Japs were on their way up to get us. We had to wait there for two hours more for our guide, and then set off for the next village along the way. The missionary remained at the camp, depending on his walk of life to protect him from the enemy; and Captain Austin claimed that his leg was in too bad shape to make the journey—the poor man was about fifty years old, short and fat, with an old ailment in his leg. He planned on making his way down south along the shore from Buna, picking up a native canoe and working his way round the end of the island, a trip that would take many days. To me it seemed a crime to split up this way, but I had nothing to say, knowing as little as I did about Papua and being in the condition that I was. (Later reports were that Captain Austin was killed by the Japs.)

### III

So our party set off, a half-caste for a guide, Sergeant Thompson, Doc Bitmead, and myself. Before starting, the Doc had bandaged my legs as well as possible with pieces of Sergeant Thompson's parachute, which Thompson had thoughtfully brought with him from where he landed. We ground the sulfanilamide tablets that I had and put the grains in my open wounds. We had a few carriers who carried the three blankets, the bandages, and two cans of bully beef (so unpopular with the American soldier). We also had the chocolate from the parachute packs, some tobacco strips that we got from the camp, and a little sack of salt. These last items we used as pay for the carriers.

The first two days I was able to hobble along, leaning on one of the native boys, and we made our way toward Tuffi, a port along the coast east of Buna. Our



idea was to try to get a boat from the natives at Tuffi. But presently the guide began to wonder whether the Japs were not there already, so he and the Doc changed the plans and decided to go over the Owen Stanley mountains. One of the reasons why the Doc had wanted to reach Tuffi was that there might be some medical supplies there and we were in dire need of them. We were all taking our quinine sparingly, for now we knew that it was going to be a long trip. I slowed the party down now because the wounds in my legs were getting very bad. The shrapnel wound was becoming swollen and septic and my knee was by this time infected, stiff, and swollen. It might not have been so bad but the mountains were sometimes nearly straight up and down, very difficult for me to climb, unable as I was to bend my leg. I fell constantly, each time the pain becoming worse, and sometimes I nearly slipped off the mountain trail, which would have been a really bad fall.

The food for the first few days was ample if one felt like eating. There were coconuts, bananas, roasted yams, and native pumpkin, and the natives so far were friendly and generous.

Beginning on the third day, I was absolutely unable to walk a step. Both legs were out of commission, my knee was swollen up to twice the normal size, and the only thing left for us to do was to get some carriers. The Doc got them from the village in which we slept, or attempted to sleep, by offering them some tobacco for carrying me for the day.

During the period between the third and the seventeenth day of the trek the going was terrific. Part of the way we had to make our own path through the jungle, and since this path had to be wide enough to let a stretcher pass, hacking it out was necessarily a very slow and tedious process. Up the sides of mountains that seemed sheer cliffs and then down the other side we went. To me it seemed that I was forever being handed up or down, seldom carried forward. To get past a chasm we had to fell a tree across the gap. I was carried over streams often so deep that the water came up to the necks of the carriers, and they had to hold the litter over their heads while

they fought the rapid current and rocky bottom.

One spot I remember especially. We were going along, with me swinging on my stretcher from side to side (the stretcher was suspended from a pole by vines), when I opened my eyes and looked over the side. To my amazement I looked practically straight down to a river winding along far below. I marveled to myself at how sure-footed the natives were, walking like this on the very edge of a cliff. Imagine my consternation when I looked the other way—it was the same on the other side! There we were on a path about two feet wide on the very top of a ridge each side of which was a cliff with a river winding at the bottom—a valley on each side. What faith one has in others at a time like this! I knew the vines holding the litter would not break, and I also knew that, although the carriers might stumble slightly, they would not fall.

Day after day the mountains were abrupt, there were rivers to cross, jungle to hack through, spiders, pain, sickness, rain, and misery.

The natives in the middle of the island were different, and at times they were mean. In a couple of villages we had a little trouble finding carriers and in one of them the natives flatly refused to carry me. I just pictured myself stranded there, with my leg swelling up more and more each day. We were in a quandary, especially as the Japs were not far away. We had two boys who were willing, and I told the Doc that I'd try to get along by holding these two round the neck. But when I got about twenty feet from the hut we had spent the night in I could stand the pain no longer and collapsed on the ground. I don't know whether the rest of the natives took pity or what, but one by one they came over to me and looked at me; then they began to build a stretcher and in another half-hour we were on the way. But after about half an hour of walking they put me down and began to argue among themselves. The Doc could understand some of it and—of all things—they were arguing about whether they would carry me any more! Nice spot I must say, right in the middle of the jungle, and I couldn't move a step.



After about an hour of this—it seemed like a year to me—they decided to go on, and we reached the next village just at nightfall. After that day I could hardly blame them, for every inch of the way had to be chopped out of the jungle.

It was very easy to tell when the natives were angry because they would bounce the stretcher about and be careless about bumping it into trees; then when I had to shout in pain they would sing and chant at the top of their lungs, laugh and scream. Sometimes I think that if I had had a gun at that time I would surely have shot them, for I was half out of my mind then with rage. But I had given my pistol to Sergeant Thompson. The shouting and singing of those blacks is something to hear; they sang the same song over and over continuously, and when a village was "*kala-kala*" (meaning near) they shouted louder so that the natives of the village could hear us coming and know who it was. Being "near" a village to them is anywhere from three to two hours from it.

Finally, on or about the sixteenth day of the journey, the country became hilly instead of mountainous, and the following day the trail was much easier, even though the flatlands were covered with bamboo thickets. In the meantime the runner that we had sent ahead some days before had reached the mission we were heading for, and help had come to us on the fifteenth day, consisting of native policemen, carriers, food, and drugs. This enabled us to pick up another white man who had been lying in a native village in very bad shape from malaria. We gave him all the quinine that we had, and with our extra carriers we could bring him along in our party.

#### IV

**I** WAS mighty happy when on the eighteenth day our party reached the mission—a place I had been to before when I

had had to make a crash landing just off the New Guinea coast.

This mission was as close to an actual Shangri-la as any place that I shall ever see. In a clearing in the middle of the jungle were a group of buildings, gardens of banana trees, coconut trees, green grass, and cultivated plots of vegetables. The missionary was awaiting us, had a wonderful bill of fare all ready, beds, and bath water heated—in fact everything to make our stay comfortable. I was carried upstairs to his bedroom and made as comfortable as possible. The first thing my eyes fell on was a cushion that had come out of our ship the time that I had landed in the ocean a few months previously. My entire crew had signed it and had given it to the missionary as a souvenir. I don't think I've ever seen a man radiate hospitality as he did; he even had his natives put on a show for us, the natives singing and dancing, which they seemed to enjoy.

I was not able to enjoy anything however, for by now my knee was roughly the size of a football and paining rather badly. It had burst about a week before and was discharging all the time now. The Doc operated on it with a razor blade, which possibly did some good, but I just about passed out with pain.

We remained there a day; then we went down the river by native canoe to the mouth of the river; and then by sloop, through a cold, soaking rainstorm, to an Australian spotters' station at Abau; and then by sailboat—a two days' run, during which I lay in a filthy hold infested with huge roaches—to Port Moresby. There I was taken to the American hospital, where they operated on my leg. Three days later I was flown in a B-25 to Townsville, Australia; after ten more days I went by hospital train to Brisbane; and thence in due course back to the States. A long trip home from that crash in the jungle!



# THE ELECTRICAL BASIS OF LIFE

GEORGE W. GRAY



THE patient was a clergyman, the popular pastor of an important church in a Midwestern city. He arrived at the Mayo Clinic one morning with a group of friends who had become alarmed by signs that he was slowing down mentally and were loath to believe that his sixty-one years could account for the change that had come over him.

He himself rather laughed at their fears, for the evidence seemed to him minor, indeed trivial. In the pulpit he had announced a hymn at the wrong time, he had arrived late at a wedding at which he was to officiate, he had forgotten to shave on occasions, had sat unconcerned while the bathtub was overflowing and flooding the floor, and several times had fallen asleep in the presence of guests. None of these incidents meant much, but together they presented a marked departure from his usual alert, vigorous, punctilious self.

The man looked so hale and hearty that the doctors at the clinic wondered if he really could be ill. He was genially co-operative with their examination, answered all questions, showed an excellent memory, and performed exercises in mental arithmetic promptly and accurately. His eye grounds were normal, and x-ray photographs of his head revealed nothing to cause question. The only disquieting report came from the electroencephalograph, which showed a slight distortion

in the brain waves received from a small area above his right forehead. Although not very pronounced, the abnormality was of the kind associated with brain injury, and the examiners decided to proceed to the next and more serious step—an examination which required hospitalization of the patient.

In this further examination the cerebral ventricles were injected with air; a treatment which throws the brain structures into bolder relief; then x-ray photographs were taken from different angles. These showed certain tissue pushed to the left, evidence of an expanded mass on the right side. Meanwhile also the brain-wave abnormality had become more pronounced. So Drs. H. W. Woltman and W. McK. Craig decided to operate.

They found the tumor, removed it, and in a month the patient was so far recovered as to be able to leave the hospital. Four months later he was going about his duties in a way that convinced the doctors—and his parishioners—that he was again completely normal.

The case is particularly striking because, despite the many tests made in the general examination, *the brain waves provided the only clue to the hidden disease.* Moreover, they pointed directly to the location of the trouble. It is difficult to speculate on what a surgeon would or would not do in a given situation, but surely in this case, without the positive evidence provided

by the brain waves, he would have been reluctant to go on with the more formidable technique of injecting the brain with air, a procedure that is not without danger.

The first brain waves were recorded by the Jena neurologist Hans Berger in 1929. Ten years ago the electroencephalograph was still a laboratory novelty; to-day it is standard clinical equipment. In all suspected cases of tumor, clot, or other brain lesion the present practice is to prospect the entire dome of the skull with the electroencephalograph, area by area. The Massachusetts General Hospital reports that of four hundred verified cases examined in this way, the brain waves indicated the location of the trouble in 84 per cent. The examination can be made in a few minutes. It is not necessary even to pierce the skin, for the electrodes are merely laid on the scalp, and they pick up the pulsations which reflect the activity of the brain cells directly underneath. Sick or injured cells generate electricity in a pattern different from that of normal cells, and it is this fact that gives the brain-wave recorder its growing value in medical diagnosis.

In the study of epilepsy, for example, the instrument has become almost indispensable. For the epileptic, in 85 cases out of 100, has an abnormal brain-wave pattern which usually is characteristic of his type of the disease. Dr. W. G. Lennox has called these abnormal brain waves "dysrhythmia," and it is possible by observing alterations in the dysrhythmia to foresee and anticipate a convulsion. The electroencephalograph enables the doctor also to follow variations that occur in the epi-

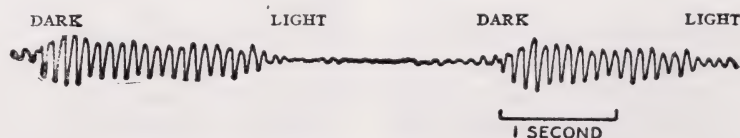
leptic brain during treatment; and thus, to a degree, provides a means of checking on the results.

But it isn't only disease and injury that affect the brain-wave pattern. When a man is called on to apply his mind to some problem—to do a sum in arithmetic, for example—instantly the character of the electrical pulsation changes. If he goes to sleep the brain waves slow down. There is some reason to believe that if he dreams the brain waves are affected by the dream images. Light has its effect, for merely opening the eyes invokes a shift in the frequency and amplitude of the waves, which suggests that the sense of vision stirs up brain activities which do not exist when the eye is inactive.

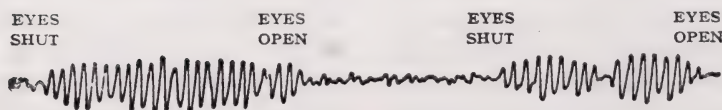
This response of brain cells to excitation of the optic nerve by light appears in all animals that have been tested. Several years ago Professor E. D. Adrian of Cambridge University made a record of the brain waves of a water beetle. During the experiment he turned off the light, waited two seconds, and then turned it on again for an interval of two seconds, after which he again switched off the light. The result was as in the upper diagram below.

Then Professor Adrian repeated the experiment with himself as the subject. The electrodes were laid on his scalp; while the instrument was recording he shut his eyes, kept them closed two seconds, then opened them for two seconds, after which he closed them again. The brain waves of the eminent scientist recorded themselves as in the second diagram below.

I am indebted to Dr. Robert S. Schwab for these contrasting records, which he received from Professor Adrian. They show



THE BRAIN WAVES OF A WATER BEETLE



THE BRAIN WAVES OF PROFESSOR E. D. ADRIAN



that the electrical response of the human brain to light is not very different from that of the lowly beetle's brain—and the same is true of cats, dogs, guinea pigs, and other animals. Medical men have found this characteristic effect a means of distinguishing true from false blindness.

Such a problem was presented not long ago to Dr. Frederick Lemere in Seattle. He was called into consultation to determine whether a factory employee who was claiming workman's compensation had really been blinded by an accident. The accident was the sudden short-circuiting of a live wire in the workroom, producing dazzling flashes of light. The employee said he was so blinded that he was no longer able to read or work. His eyes looked normal. The pupils reacted to light, and it was impossible to tell from the usual examination whether his sight had been impaired or not. But when the electrodes were attached and the brain waves began to appear, they were the long slow alpha waves characteristic of the brain in darkness. The man was given a pencil and told to look at it closely. He held the pencil before his eyes, and peered and peered, but there was no change in his brain-wave pattern and the doctor concluded that here was a case of true organic blindness.

In other instances brain waves have provided conclusive evidence of malingering, and cases of blindness rooted in hysteria have also been identified. There was, for example, an epileptic woman suddenly stricken with complete blindness after being dosed with a drug in treatment of her epilepsy. She had also had an argument with her husband just prior to the loss of sight, which made the doctor suspect that her condition might have a neurotic origin. In the dark her brain waves were of the typical slow-frequency, long-amplitude pattern. But when she opened her eyes in the light they quickly changed to short fast waves, though she declared she still couldn't see a thing. Dr. Lemere assured her that now she ought to be able to see; he told her that the apparatus was providing a treatment for her blindness; and under this suggestion she immediately recovered her sight. The diagnosis: hysterical blindness.

## II

NOT only the activity of the brain, but also every impulse that passes through a nerve has its electrical component. In the eyeball a current flows between the transparent cornea and the photosensitive retina. Every muscle contraction is accompanied by an electric current. Every movement of a leg, an arm, a finger, the wink of an eyelash, the shiver of the skin, the ceaseless flow of the blood through arteries and veins discharges electricity. Indeed, the action currents of nerve and muscle carry far greater electromotive force than the delicate alternating currents generated by brain cells, and have been known much longer.

Heart waves were first detected back in 1856, but it was not until 1903 that the Leyden physiologist Willem Einthoven invented an instrument able to pick up and record adequately the currents generated by the beating heart. From Einthoven's primitive gadget of forty years ago the extremely responsive and precise electrocardiograph of to-day has evolved. At the time of the First World War the instrument was still a novelty, its apparatus filled a room, and only a few experts were able to interpret its curious complicated rhythm of zigzags. The thing is now compact enough to be built into a portable cabinet.

To detect brain waves one must place the electrodes on the head, and the currents that are picked up are those of the brain cells directly underneath. But such proximity is not necessary in recording heart waves. The cardiologist will strap one electrode to the patient's wrist, the other to his ankle, and it is uncanny to see the electrical pulsations of the heart writing their curves, spikes, jagged peaks, and dips through such distances.

These complicated markings record the sequence of nerve impulses and muscular contractions which operate the heart. They tell the doctor whether or not the four chambers of the living pump are synchronizing. If the ventricle which is receiving blood from its auricle begins to contract before the auricle has delivered its load there is a backward thrust of the



undelivered blood, and the disorder is known as heart block. Other failures of co-ordination too are reflected in heart waves, though it has taken some first-rate detective work to decipher the code. Many events are proceeding simultaneously. While the right side of the heart is pumping blood into the lungs, the left side is pumping into the arteries, and the waves of the electrocardiogram are the algebraic summation of all that is happening right and left. Many efforts have been made to separate the simultaneous events, and an approximate analysis of the various components of the waves has been made, but recent work at the Yale Medical School adds a new refinement to this knowledge. Here, in experiments with dogs and monkeys, Drs. H. E. Hoff, L. H. Nahum, and Bruno Kisch found a means of simulating injury to any part of the heart by covering its surface with a blotter saturated with potassium chloride solution. By simply placing this over the right ventricle they can reproduce the effects of damage to this ventricle and get a wave pattern which reflects the operation of the left ventricle. By reversing the procedure they get a wave pattern from the right ventricle. The salt solution does not affect the functioning of the heart. It merely stops the electrical currents from the surface area which it touches and so leaves the rest to provide the waves.

The electrocardiograph's great value lies not only in its use in diagnosing a suspected heart condition, or in confirming a diagnosis made on other evidence, but also in its service as an instrument of detection. It is able to reveal abnormal states of the heart and details of diseased functioning which are not betrayed by pulse, blood pressure, or heart sounds. By analysis of the waves many an incipient case of heart disorder has been discovered early, in time for measures to be taken to slow down the course of the disease. The years that have been added to human lives through this detective service run into many millennia.

### III

A GREAT deal of medical research is currently being done on the electrical behavior of the body, and it seems likely

that the next few years will see various diagnostic and exploratory aids added to those now provided by brain waves and heart waves.

At the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, for example, an electrical technique is being used to check on the progress of treatment for infantile paralysis. The electrical currents generated by afflicted muscles are measured, and they provide a direct index to the vigor and activity of the muscles themselves. This work is being carried on under the direction of Dr. Mary A. B. Brazier. Preliminary studies completed in 1943 indicate that the method may have an application in many other conditions affecting muscular function.

At the Presbyterian Hospital in New York a possible means of detecting cancer of the stomach through an electrical test seems foreshadowed in researches initiated by Dr. Edmund N. Goodman of the surgical staff of Columbia's College of Physicians and Surgeons. For several years Dr. Goodman has been studying the electrical properties of the stomach, first at Cambridge University and later at Columbia, and he discovered that the voltage changes when the stomach begins to work. Measurement of the electrical potential of the empty stomach gives a fairly standard value; if milk is then introduced into the stomach the voltage rises to a new value and stays about that level during digestion. When Dr. Goodman extended these studies to persons suffering with stomach ulcer he found that the degree of voltage change was different. Then he tried patients afflicted with cancer of the stomach, and found the order of change still different. Early cancer gave a more pronounced indication than late cancer. Meanwhile Dr. Goodman has entered the Navy Medical Corps, but the tests have been continued by his associates and their results are now being analyzed.

Still another electrical property of the body is the varying resistance of its tissues to the conduction of a current, and this is providing a technique useful in war surgery. The skin for example will conduct the electric current readily in some areas, with marked resistance in others; and at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore Dr.



Curt P. Richter has been seeking the reason for this difference. He finds a close correlation between nerve activity and skin conduction. He has mapped the normal body's surface areas of low resistance, and finds that when the principal nerves serving these areas are drugged with procaine or some other anesthetic the skin immediately develops high resistance to the passage of electricity. As soon as the drug's effect wears off, the area again becomes more conductive. This suggests that when nerves are inactive the resistance of the skin increases—and it offers a simple means of examining a wounded man to determine whether nerves have been severed or not.

A person wounded in the forearm by a bomb fragment in February was examined by Dr. Richter the following December. The electrical resistance in certain fingers was ten times that of the rest of the hand, indicating an injury of the ulnar nerve which had only partly healed. In a man who had suffered a compound fracture of the left shoulder Dr. Richter's meter showed that a nerve had been severed and had not regenerated. "A skin-mapping test made at the time of the fracture would have revealed at once the severance of the nerve," he said, and by prompt suturing the nerve very likely would have been saved. In both cases, partial paralysis of arm muscles had occurred in consequence of the nerve injuries.

Since the early tests were made at Johns Hopkins this technique for exploring peripheral nerve injuries has been used on patients at the Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, and the University Hospital of the University of Maryland. The measurements are made by imposing upon the skin at two separated points a direct current from an outside battery. Dr. Richter finds this method helpful also in the investigation of abnormal sweating and circulatory disorders of the hands and feet. At present it is being used in studies of Reynaud's disease, diabetes, and other conditions of sluggish circulation.

Alternating currents encounter a resistance different from that stirred up by direct currents. Their kind is called impedance—and the impedance of the skin to imposed alternating currents is being ap-

plied at Yale to a problem in aviation medicine. Here, in the laboratory of acromedical research, Drs. L. F. Nims and Jan Nyboer have developed a method which uses measurements of electrical impedance to record changes in blood circulation. Under centrifugal forces developed in an airplane during dive-bombing and other rapid turning maneuvers, the blood surges in the direction of the force and assumes densities approximating that of molten iron—and by means of this electrical measuring device accurate records are made of these swift and violent changes in circulation. The device and its operation have not yet been described for publication, but it can be said that they represent another of the many practical uses now being made of the mysterious electrical properties of the human body.

#### IV

**B**UT what do these varying electrical properties mean? How are they generated, controlled, and maintained? What is the order of priority? *Is electricity a consequence of life*, a by-product of the biological activities of heart, muscle, nerve, brain, and other organs and cells? Or is it the other way round, with electricity the primary force, and *is life a consequence of electricity*—growth, development, aging, and death all being the physical effects of electrical causes?

An interesting theory touching on these questions has been proposed by Drs. H. S. Burr and F. S. C. Northrop. They put electricity first. They see every organism, from microbe to man, as the dwelling-place of a dominating electro-dynamic field, something analogous to the magnetic field which reaches out from and surrounds a magnet. The electro-dynamic field of each body governs its growth, directs its development, and influences all its processes of living. By delicate experiments the field has been detected in the eggs of animals even before the eggs were fertilized. Evidence of its presence in embryos and adults, of its distortion by disease, and of its departure at death has been adduced by other experiments. The field is different for each species, and presumably for each individual. It is the architect of the



body, building according to the inherited pattern laid down in the genes before birth. Thus all that an organism is or does is the expression of its field of electrical forces.

Once, when asked for a definition of electricity, Sir William Bragg, the British physicist, answered that "electricity is the way matter behaves." According to Burr and Northrop this is true of the living matter of flesh and blood no less than of the inanimate matter of the storage battery, telephone, dynamo, and cyclotron.

Harold Saxton Burr is professor of neuro-anatomy in the Yale Medical School. Back in the 1920's he was investigating the early development of nerves in the embryos of animals. No other tissue would seem to be so fundamental for anatomical study, since nerves control every muscle and organ. Without the nervous system the body would be devoid of intelligence, sensation, and movement. Yet the body begins life without this master organ. For there are no nerves in the germ cell, and it is not until the original cell has multiplied many thousands of times that a small central group differentiates into a rudimentary brain and spinal cord. At about the same time, protuberances begin to bud off from the embryonic stem to form the beginnings of legs and arms, and other buds mark the rudiments of eyes and ears. It is not until later that fibers sprout from the spinal cord, push their way into the growing buds, and connect up leg muscles, arm muscles, eyes, and ears with the central nervous system.

But how do the fibers know which way to grow? And how do they know that their growth into one pair of buds is to take the form of optic nerves, into another pair, auditory nerves, into another pair, nerves peculiar to legs, and so on? More fundamentally, what tells the nerveless embryo to grow a brain in the first place, to start a leg here, an arm there, and then to wire into the appropriate areas the varying patterns of leg nerves, eye nerves, ear nerves, and all the rest?

These questions fascinated Burr, as they have many others; for the problem of cell correlation is one of the oldest in embryology. Professor Hans Spemann had recently posed the idea of a growth-directing

monitor which he called "the organizer." Another German biologist, Paul Weiss, called the mysterious architect "the biological field." But merely to give a thing a name is not to explain it, and the Yale investigator was not satisfied with a new word for an old mystery. He began a series of experiments with salamanders to see if he could fool the organizer or trick the biological field into growing a nerve in the wrong place. If the architect could be caught in a mistake, perhaps the error might betray a clue to the nature of the architect itself.

Working with embryos so small that the dissection had to be made under the microscope, Dr. Burr cut tissue containing a known nerve from its normal position, transplanted it to a new location, and then resumed incubation of the embryo. Experiment after experiment was tried, and nothing happened to confuse the organizer. Again and again the transplant grew its nerve into the proper spot in the brain, or else died and was absorbed. But finally the stratagem was successful. One day a transplanted organ of smell grew its olfactory nerve into the mid-brain, where vision is controlled, instead of into the fore-brain, where the sense of smell has its nerve center. This convinced the scientist that at least the nervous system could be eliminated from consideration for the role of organizer. Whatever the directing agency was, it could not be nervous in origin.

Could it be electrical? This question would naturally occur to a neuro-anatomist, for nervous action is measured in terms of the sudden spurt of electric current which courses through a nerve at the instant of its excitation. Dr. Burr spent much of the next year reading the literature of electrophysiology, beginning with Galvani's historic observation of the contraction of the suspended frog's legs in 1780. The electrical discharges of nerves and muscles, like those of electric eels and fishes, occur intermittently, like a flash of lightning, and after each discharge the voltage drops to zero or thereabouts. But there is another kind of electricity in living things. It was first reported in 1854 by a German experimenter, Buff, who found electricity flowing between the root



tip and upper parts of a plant, not intermittently as in nerves and muscles, but in a continuous stream of direct current. Others have repeated the experiment, and it has been found possible to detect a steady direct current in single cells.

In particular, Burr was impressed by the findings of a physiologist at the University of Texas, Professor E. J. Lund, who since his student days at Johns Hopkins has been studying these direct currents in both plants and animals—measuring their voltages, mapping the areas of high potential, correlating the direction of electrical flow with the direction of growth, piling up an impressive array of observations and interpretations. Burr says it was “Lund’s brilliant and meticulous study” that gave direction to his own research in the electricity of life, which began in 1931. The following year he published his first paper on the subject, outlining “An Electro-Dynamic Theory of Development” suggested by studies of rates of growth in the brains of salamanders.

But a great many experiments lay ahead if this theory was to be fully tested. And a first problem was to develop a convenient measuring device. For the electrical outputs to be detected are of micro-dimensions, and, except for the highly complicated quadrant electrometer, all the meters then available were in effect motors and consumed electrical units in the process of measuring them. Dr. C. T. Lane of the Sloane Physical Laboratory was called into consultation. He devised a circuit that harnessed vacuum tubes to do the job. Dr. L. F. Nims designed a special system of electrodes by which the apparatus is attached to the living subject whose voltage is to be measured. Altogether, two years were occupied in the design and development of this instrument, but the final result is a highly sensitive voltmeter which can measure millionths of a volt without taking toll of the quantity it is measuring.

Burr’s technique is to attach one electrode to one part of the body and the other to another part; the instrument measures the difference in electrical potential between the two areas. This difference is expressed in voltage or electrical pressure. It indicates also which area is negative to

the other area, and thereby registers the direction of electrical flow.

With this apparatus hundreds of individuals, representing a wide variety of species ranging from bacteria and the sensitive plant to man, have been explored electrically. By systematically measuring the voltage differences between various parts of an organism it has been possible to map the over-all electrical pattern of the individual. This over-all pattern is the electro-dynamic field of the theory of Burr and Northrop.

## V

FILMER STUART CUCKOW NORTHROP is a professor of philosophy at Yale. His principal interest is the philosophy of science, and in 1931 he published a book, *Science and First Principles*, outlining a physical theory of nature. In this book he reviewed the Greek concept of continuity. It was the fundamental principle of ancient science, derived from the mathematician’s and astronomer’s emphasis on structure and the constancy of form in nature. Then he compared the modern Newtonian concept of atomicity, based on the discontinuity of matter as disclosed by physics and chemistry. The Greeks emphasized the one, the whole; the Newtonians emphasized the many, the parts in eternal motion; and there was no reconciliation between the two principles. But Professor Northrop pointed out that a consistent world picture must recognize both principles. Nature has its discrete bodies—stars, planets, molecules, and atoms—but it also has its fields of force through which the bodies move, and each body, by its behavior, both determines and is determined by the field. The idea of the field is implicit in Einstein’s theory of relativity and also in the atomic theory of wave mechanics; the idea of the particle, in modern quantum physics. Northrop generalized the rival concepts into a unified theory of the cosmos as a macroscopic atom binding the many by its field into the one.

It was Burr’s reading of this book that brought the anatomist and the philosopher into collaboration. Their first joint statement was a comprehensive paper extend-



ing Burr's "Electro-Dynamic Theory of Development" of 1932 into "The Electro-Dynamic Theory of Life." This was published in 1935 in the *Quarterly Review of Biology* and boldly proposed to explain life as electrically organized and determined, "an expression of fundamental law operating in living and non-living matter alike." By 1939 a wealth of experimental results had been accumulated in the laboratory, and Burr and Northrop restated their thesis in a report to the National Academy of Sciences in Washington on "Evidence for the Existence of an Electro-Dynamic Field in Living Organisms."

The evidence continues to pile up. In recent studies with frog's eggs for example the anatomist has been able from electrical mapping of the tiny spherical egg to predict its development. Although the surface of each egg appears uniform, the voltmeter detected striking differences in the voltage of various zones of equal area. Dr. Burr pencil-marked the zone of highest voltage, predicted that the brain would form along that axis, and then put the egg under incubation. Sure enough, the animal's nervous system developed in the place where the electrical pattern said it would. Similar results are reported from experiments with salamander eggs. These studies give conclusive evidence of the activity of the electrical "organizer" in advance of the formation of the embryo.

In studies with mice Dr. Burr found a correlation between electrical activity and wild growth. In certain individuals there were violent distortions of the normal electro-dynamic field in areas of the breast, with voltages high—and two to three weeks later cancer appeared in the breasts of these animals. The Yale group have extended these studies of cancerous mice in several directions. Not only have they been able by the voltage measurements to get warning of the presence of tumors weeks before any enlargement, hardness, or other evidence was seen or felt, but they have found differences in the electrical pattern between cancer-susceptible mice and those of cancer-resistant strains.

In studies with human beings Dr. Burr and his associates have found that the electro-dynamic field of the individual is

affected by wounds, and reflects the rate of healing in wounds. They have found that it reflects the menstrual period in women, and that by measuring the electrical potential of the body one can determine the moment of ovulation. Inasmuch as this monthly release of the human ovum is the only time when conception can occur, and the entire process from the release of the reproductive cell to its disappearance occupies a period of not more than twenty-four hours, a method of determining the time of ovulation is of practical interest to the gynecologist.

A New York gynecologist, Dr. Louis Langman, has used the Yale voltmeter on several occasions to determine the time of ovulation in women who wanted children but had been unable to conceive. Despite the generally held dogma that ovulation takes place only at the middle of the cycle—i.e., at or near the fourteenth day after menstruation—these studies as well as other observations show that in about seventy-five per cent of women regularity is the exception rather than the rule. Ovulation may take place at any time, even during menstrual flow. In three women tested by Dr. Langman, artificial insemination, administered within a few hours of the voltmeter's indication of ovulation, was successful. After years of infertile marriage the three women became pregnant and were safely delivered of normal babies.

It is implicit in the Burr-Northrop theory that these variations of voltage are aspects of the electro-dynamic field. We are to think of the field as a pattern of electrical forces at home in the body, and at work there; remarkably constant, and yet fluctuating to a degree, swayed by the varying activities, periodic changes, and occasional accidents that befall the body. Brain waves, heart waves, the intermittent discharges of nerves and muscles—all are imposed upon and modify the constancy of the continuous field.

The field which resides in the body is master there, but outside fields may impinge upon its control, restrict or distort its influence. For we live in a world of overlapping fields—the magnetic field of the earth, the electric field of the sun which plays occasional havoc with telegraph cir-



circuits and short-wave radio, the gravitational field of space-time, in addition to the individual electro-dynamic fields of all the plants, animals, and human associates with which we come in contact.

One of Dr. Burr's experiments is a demonstration of the "living dynamo." He places a two-inch salamander in a shallow glass vessel which is filled with salt water, sets the vessel on a turntable, and then rotates it between the two electrodes of a galvanometer. As the animal rotates, its electro-dynamic field generates a current which swings the pointer of the galvanometer. You see the needle oscillate with the impulses induced by the alternating positive and negative poles which are the electrical expression of the animal's head and tail. Here is the counterpart, in a living system, of the rotating armature of a dynamo. It is a demonstration of Faraday's discovery on which the electric-power industry is built: the discovery of induction—of the ability of a *moving* field to induce an electric current in another system.

This dramatic proof of the presence in the animal of the electro-dynamic field, and of its power to induce effects in other circuits, has its implications for the human system. For man too is a field in motion. In his ships, trains, motor cars, and aircraft he moves faster than any laboratory turntable. Our planet's motions of rotation on its axis and of revolution round the sun, and of participation in the solar system's flight through space, subject the human body to velocities of thousands of miles per hour. Of what may be induced in the body by these motions of cosmic origin we can only speculate. The maintenance or well-being of the electro-dynamic fields in plants, animals, and human beings may bear some dependent relation to the constancy of the exterior fields.

Quacks have seized on the concept of the electrical nature of life, and here and there "electronic specialists" are engaged in the practice of diagnosing disease from the "electronic vibrations" of the patient's blood; and, in some cases, of treating ail-

ments by "electronic" means. The Yale group have been embarrassed by claims made by some of these practitioners that they use "the Yale apparatus." The truth is that the Yale apparatus measures only voltage differences between two areas of an organism; it has no power of detection of "electronic vibrations," and is of no use in treating any kind of illness. It was designed as a research tool and is an exceedingly sensitive laboratory instrument of exploration.

## VI

LIFE is electric. Of that we have evidence from every kind of living thing. The medical use already being made of the body's electric properties in such devices as the electrocardiograph and the electroencephalograph gives an intensely practical aspect to the search for the mechanism of this life force. If electricity is primary, if it organizes growth and directs development as the experimental results suggest, then it would seem that no other subject of biological research is more fundamental.

As the great era of modern medicine was born of the marriage of chemistry to physiology, it may well be that the great era of to-morrow's medicine will derive from physics, in whose realm electricity is the primal energy. Chemistry is now expressed in terms of electrical forces. The affinities and repulsions of the chemical elements in nutrition, respiration, and the other body functions are explained by the position and number of their electrons. To paraphrase Sir William Bragg's definition: Electricity is not only the way matter behaves—it is matter.

And matter is matter wherever it is. The carbon, iron, nitrogen, oxygen, and hydrogen of flesh and blood are no different from the carbon, iron, nitrogen, oxygen, and hydrogen of earth and sea—all exquisitely balanced systems of electric charges. Surely it is this unity of nature that is the pledge of our future. Therein lies our hope of a better understanding of the complex anatomy of man and of the world in which he lives.

# CIVILIAN NIGHT SONG

JAMES BOYD

THE pine trees stir in the first breeze of night,  
Slow southwest breeze that comes with dark,  
And branches that were shrouded out of sight  
Begin, against the moon, to stand out stark,  
And town dogs start to bark.

The moon's bulk grows and reddens on the hill,  
A sullen eye behind the trees;  
Under that eye the earth turns deathly still.  
All creatures hush; the pine trees cease  
To feel the faintest breeze.

The whippoorwill begins his walloping  
Far off, a spirit answers back—  
Weird shout of those who cannot speak or sing  
But will be heard despite their lack  
Until their sad throats crack.

The heat which muffles down the screech-owl's quaver,  
Has stilled the rabbits dancing on the grass,  
The sportive and the gay has lost its savor  
For them, as long since too, alas,  
For me who loved what was,

Who knew old summer nights and low hot moons,  
Nights of this selfsame dying air,  
But never feared the night birds' broken tunes  
Because, beyond their voices of despair,  
A new day would be there.

But it is coming now—oh, mournful sound—  
Long engine whistle through the night,  
Rolling its dirges up the rising ground,  
Trailing sad echoes in its flight  
Under the moon's dull light.

Down the dark grade the echoes rise and waver,  
The car wheels roll together in their mass . . .  
Stand fast, dead heart, be colder or be braver  
To face the tremor that the earth now has,  
To feel the wheels, to taste the acrid flavor  
Of dead boys' bodies in the summer grass,  
Stand! while the troop trains pass.



# HE RUNS A HOTEL

ENID GRIFFIS



*This article is the first of a series by various authors on everyday life in wartime in terms of the experience of actual individuals in occupations affected by the war.—The Editors*

ON THE morning of September 7, 1943—the day after Labor Day—Stanley Budd sat before the roll-top desk in the office of his summer hotel in Spring Lake on the New Jersey shore and closed his books on the biggest season of his career. It is a small hotel, The Breakers, compared with the domed and winged expanses of the fashionable hotels farther down the shore, but it is Mr. Budd's living, and in the spring of 1942 it had looked for a while as if that living might be swept clean away on the rising tide of war. It was not; but on that morning last September he looked back upon two summer seasons so packed with unforeseen crises and apparently insurmountable difficulties that only a man of energy and determination could have come through them. If you wonder what it's like to be a summer-hotelkeeper these days, listen to the actual tale of Mr. Budd's adventures.

When he bought The Breakers in 1935 it was a rather gaunt-looking frame-and-stucco structure topped by a pair of old-fashioned peaked towers, and with a wide veranda running across the front of the hotel and flanking both sides—an unpretentious place, but situated in one of New Jersey's quietest and most attractive summer communities, and so near

the ocean that, sitting on the front porch, one could enjoy the exhilaration of a sea voyage with none of its hazards. Patronized largely by solid family people of comfortable means, retired schoolteachers, and respectable elderly ladies living on the income of capital accumulated by shrewd forebears, The Breakers was a nice little property. Between 1935 and the spring of 1942 Mr. Budd practically made the place over. He sheared away the old-fashioned peaks, refurnished the lobby and living room and bedrooms, put in modern tile bathrooms with showers, and installed a dishwashing machine, a new gas range, and a huge electric refrigerator.

Even spread over a period of eight years, these changes constituted a heavy drain on Mr. Budd's limited finances. They meant putting back each year a large share of the ten-weeks summer season's profits. In order to keep running expenses within bounds he had to do the work of three or four ordinary men; he had to be his own manager, steward, bookkeeper, and room clerk, and often his own houseman. The first sign of activity round The Breakers in the early spring was the sight of Mr. Budd removing the shutters from doors and windows on the ground floor, or, poised on a stepladder, unswathing chandeliers in living room,

lobby, and dining room. The last sign of closing was the same man nailing up the same shutters, reswathing the chandeliers, rolling up the green-carpet in the lobby, or carefully covering furniture with great white sheets.

In all those years there was nothing spectacular about business at The Breakers. It had its good seasons and its bad, but it earned Mr. Budd a fair living, and he was satisfied. Then came 1942.

Weeks before The Breakers had begun to get the winter cold out of its joints in the spring of 1942, Budd knew that he was up against a tough situation. Shortly before that a national weekly had run pages of photographs of oil-covered, wreckage-strewn Atlantic Coast beaches—a display which alone was enough to discourage the most ardent lover of the Jersey shore. But that wasn't all. Rumors began to pile up: that a complete blackout was to be enforced for ten miles inland, from the coast of Maine to the coast of Florida; that all hotels and summer places fronting on the ocean were to be closed for the duration; that if Germany attempted an invasion of the United States it would undoubtedly come somewhere along the Atlantic seaboard; that German submarines were hiding off the Jersey shore—were even refueling, with the help of resident enemy aliens, at points as near as Asbury Park; that the bodies of seamen from torpedoed ships were being washed ashore daily; and so on, *ad horrendum*.

Long before his usual time for returning to The Breakers to get things in shape for the season, Budd packed up a few clothes, a bottle of aspirin tablets, and a small electric heater, and made for the shore. What he saw on his arrival did nothing to allay his fears. The sea was blue and calm. Far out he could see the ships of a long, gray convoy moving slowly down the coast. Nearer, a two-masted fishing vessel rocked on the ocean swell, and nearer still ran the white line of foam where the waves broke on the beach. But there the familiar ceased. For fully a mile on either side of him, as well as on his own private beach in front of The Breakers, the shore was smeared with oil, blackened by pools of tar, and strewn with the burned bones of sunken ships.

The next morning Mr. Budd set about making plans to have his beach cleared. A dredging outfit was hired—at a cost of forty dollars a day—to dig a deep trench in the sand. Into this trench workmen from the local community shoveled and scraped the tar and oil-soaked sand, while other workmen removed the charred jetsam and loaded it into a truck that had been run up onto the boardwalk. Within a week The Breakers' private beach looked just as it had in seasons past.

But rumor had done its work. On opening day the hotel, with a capacity of 125, had only 15 guests, and during that entire first week the house count never went above 21. Even on the second of July, which ordinarily marks the beginning of a mad Fourth of July week-end rush, guests merely trickled in. Fortunately for Mr. Budd the weather suddenly turned blistering hot, and by July 4th people were crowding in, willing to brave any peril, imaginary or real, to escape the city's heat.

## II

OBSERVING the reactions of his guests, Mr. Budd found no reason for optimism. They were thankful for the cool sea breeze, but they were restless and uneasy. "Everything has changed so!" they kept exclaiming. On that there was no room for argument. The change was not so noticeable during the day, for the beach was as clean and sun-swept and the ocean as invigorating as ever. But at dusk a pall seemed to settle along the coast. Hooded lamps on the boardwalk, black on the ocean side, cast a dim and feeble glow on the sand dunes with their sparse clumps of shining sea grass. Lights went out in the pavilions. In hotels and homes blinds were pulled to the sill, and curtains drawn until the whole place took on a blank, untenanted look. After dimout each evening the boardwalk became almost completely deserted, except for the armed coastguardsmen and soldiers, who, in pairs, passed and repassed on their ceaseless patrol. For the most part the hotel guests spent their evenings huddled in groups on the blacked-out veranda, staring at the darkening sea and the thin stream of traffic that moved slowly along



Ocean Avenue with headlights dimmed.

But there were no air raids, no German invasion attempts, and no dead bodies washed ashore over the week-end, and slowly people began to drift back to The Breakers. (Even so the house count for the entire month of July averaged only 72.) Those who came even grew rather to enjoy the daily drama of shore life: the convoys moving along the coast in the early morning and evening, with their escort of destroyers and their overhead patrol of planes and Navy blimps; the occasional flurry of excitement when a rumor spread that a Nazi agent had been discovered signaling to an enemy submarine from the window of a hotel down the street; the coastguardsmen clearing the beach of surf fishermen and other civilians at sunset each evening.

In the "front of the house"—the hotel term for everything having to do with the guests and the front office—things were going reasonably well. If that had been all Mr. Budd could have begun to breathe more easily. But the job of keeping a working staff going in the back of the house was driving him to distraction. Ordinarily The Breakers had no trouble obtaining experienced help, and many of its workers returned to the hotel season after season. But in the summer of 1942 the Army had begun to take its toll; better jobs with higher pay had lured many of the old employees away; and early in the season it became clear that it was going to be a case of "take what you can get and be thankful." Mr. Budd was lucky in getting back his old chef and his second cook; but there his luck deserted him. In previous summers he had hired only white help, and in keeping with that tradition, he set out as usual to assemble his crews. In the weeks preceding the opening of the hotel he managed to line up 15 white workers where he needed at least forty. The group comprised: 1 very uncertain dishwasher; 1 unpromising headwaitress; 6 young and completely inexperienced waitresses; 1 elderly but experienced chambermaid; 4 bell boys—2 experienced and 2 inexperienced; 1 lifeguard; and 1 bath-house boy.

Budd then began recruiting colored workers, and finally succeeded in obtain-

ing his complement. But the moment the crews began to assemble, the trouble started. The white waitresses refused to sleep in the employees' cottage with the colored waitresses and chambermaids—which, as it turned out, was a break for the colored girls. Mr. Budd, keeping a firm grip on nerves already frayed, capitulated. Four rooms on the top floor ordinarily used as guest rooms were assigned to the white girls as a dormitory, which they promptly proceeded to turn into a kind of glorified slum dwelling. With one exception, they seemed imbued with the single idea of rushing through their work as quickly as possible in order to get on with their eternal "dating." In their time off during the day they lounged on the hotel beach in revealing bathing suits, or disported themselves in the breakers, indulging in all manner of horseplay with whatever was available in the way of males. In the evening they tore out of the dining room, leaving their stations disordered and crumbstrewn, yanked off their uniforms, slid into summer dresses, and were off for the night. As a result, each morning they had practically to be pulled out of bed, to appear later in the dining room bleary of eye, frowsy of hair, and rumpled of uniform, often after their guests had already been seated at table.

In a normal season Mr. Budd would have paid them off after the first week. But this was not a normal season; he was desperate for help, and the girls knew it. The bell boys too knew it. They came on duty late and sneaked off early. They hung about the kitchen, filching food and flirting with the waitresses, while in the front of the house the desk clerk banged frantically on the bell and arthritic ladies buzzed impatiently for the elevator. They slouched on their bench, chewing gum and reading the comic strips, when they should have been straightening the chairs on the porches, plumping up cushions in the lobby, or chipping ice in readiness for the demands of thirsty guests. They talked back to the day clerk and sneered openly at guests who neglected to tip them promptly and generously.

To Mr. Budd, who has always prided himself on his hotel's courteous and effi-



cient service, this was agony. Each morning he spent precious time on the telephone calling the various employment agencies. "Any good waitresses to-day?" he would inquire hopefully in his clipped but pleasant voice. "Any bell boys? Any bus boys? Nothing to-day? Well, keep me in mind. Call me if any come in." Then, popping an aspirin into his mouth, he would get on with the hundred and one jobs that required his personal attention.

### III

IF STANLEY BUDD had come up to hotel managership the easy way it is doubtful if he would have been able to stand the strain of that summer. But he had come up the hard way. Born on a farm in upper New York State, he had run away from home at fifteen and found himself a job in the kitchen of a hospital at Middletown, New York, where he cleaned silver and pushed food trays through the long tunnel that led to the wards. His second job was in a Middletown store (merchandise 5 cents to \$1.00) where he received a salary of \$5 a week—out of which, incredibly, he not only paid for his room and board and clothes but hired a local business-school teacher to tutor him in the evening in shorthand and typing, and paid rent on a typewriter. Later he went to a business college in Poughkeepsie, completed a full year's course in four and a half months, and shortly thereafter got a job as secretary to the manager of a small summer hotel near Ellenville, New York. Liking hotel work from the start, he stayed with it, becoming in turn a night office clerk, day clerk, and later night manager in a big Bermuda hotel; manager of a fashionable club in Florida; and finally manager of a hotel at Peekskill which he leased on a ten-year contract.

Now, a spare man with graying hair and keen brown eyes, he is almost unvaryingly described as "quiet," "all business," and "a close dealer—but fair and just." "He's a lone wolf," is the way one of his acquaintances puts it. "I handle his insurance, and he doesn't say twenty words a year to me. Keeps his own counsel." He sticks closely to his job; although he has owned The Breakers for eight years—

and managed it for three years before that—he still finds little time for community affairs or the social amenities. "He lands here in the spring," say rival hotel managers in Spring Lake, "opens the hotel, runs through his season; and three days after Labor Day he's gone again." Such a man was well prepared to meet emergencies that kept him constantly on the run.

One of these emergencies arrived about the third week in July, 1942, when Mr. Budd's troubles with his working staff were at their worst. One evening a rather large convoy—from the hotel veranda Mr. Budd could count eleven ships—moved northward up the coast. Shortly after dark there was a sound of distant booming, followed by two bright yellow flashes far off on the horizon. The next morning the sky and sea were hazy and overcast, and all along the northern section of the horizon a heavy black pall hung in a broad band. By 7:30 the shore was alive with craft of all kind—fishing boats, rowboats, a small launch or two, and farther out, two long, low ships. Every craft in sight was active, moving up and down, backward and forward, as though in search of something. They kept it up all day. By afternoon the activity seemed to have localized itself in one quarter, far out in mid-horizon.

The night that followed was a wild one, with a tearing wind, spilling rain, and lightning and thunder. The next morning Budd knew that the worst was about to happen. The breakers were dirty and heavy with the dreaded "slick" and the smell of oil was in the sea wind. Bathers came out of the ocean shining with oil and daubed with tar that had to be removed by a sponge bath in kerosene, followed by a tub bath with soap and hot water. By evening the beach which had so lately—and so expensively—been cleared was again disfigured with deposits of oil and tar, and strewn with charred and finely splintered wreckage.

The manager of The Breakers had to make a decision. Should he go to the expense of clearing the beach again, with no guarantee that this same thing might not happen many times during the summer, or should he close the beach for



the season? The Breakers' private beach, with its safety lines and its lifeguard, was one of the hotel's big drawing cards, and Budd knew that to close it might mean financial disaster. Besides, the hotel rates specifically included bathing privileges. Within a few hours he had made his decision. He closed the beach; but in order to fulfill his obligations to his guests he made an arrangement—at a cost of between four hundred and five hundred dollars—whereby all guests of The Breakers might have the use of the salt-water pool or the ocean beach at the town's north-end pavilion, three short blocks up the boardwalk. There was some grumbling of course. A few guests even checked out when they learned of the change. With characteristic straightforwardness Mr. Budd notified all prospective guests of the altered arrangement. A few canceled their reservations, but the majority came, and the house settled down with more or less grace to the new order.

Summer that year was like one of the old-time movie melodramas, in which the hero no sooner extricates himself from one critical situation than another approaches. Before the end of July three of his most dependable kitchen workers had been called into the armed forces, and he could find no one to replace them, even at much higher pay. The chef suddenly demanded a big jump in salary and threatened to quit if his demands were not met. One of the best colored waitresses left on a day's notice to take a Civil Service job in Washington. The housekeeper's assistant, frightened one night by a practice air raid, packed and left for her home upstate. One of the chambermaids fell downstairs and broke her ankle; and since there was no one to replace her and the house was already understaffed, Mr. Budd was obliged to close one whole section—eleven rooms—on his top floor for the remainder of the season.

The bell boys chose this particular time to stage, in their quarters in the basement, a wild party that kept the guests and the neighbors awake half the night. Mr. Budd, his patience at an end, fired them without palaver next morning, and after much difficulty succeeded in getting two colored boys to take over. Their advent

ushered in an era marked by a new high in casualness and informality. Mornings came when the elevator bell buzzed in vain, wastebaskets and ashtrays remained unemptied, and arriving guests stood among their luggage on the pavement in front of the hotel wondering if everyone inside had died during the night. Sam and Garfield always had excellent explanations of their absences. Sam had got a post card from his draft board telling him to report immediately. Garfield's mother had telephoned that his father had to go to the hospital for an operation. Sam's aunt had died suddenly, and his family had called him home to help with the funeral arrangements. Garfield's father had to have a transfusion, and Garfield had hurried home to "give blood."

During this period there was many a day when Mr. Budd, aided by a colored houseman who was heaven-sent, had to pinch-hit as bell boy and elevator operator. As he himself put it: "I think I did everything that summer but cook and make beds." It was almost literally true. One of his employees still tells of going to the kitchen during the dinner hour one evening to find Mr. Budd, his coat off, sleeves rolled up to the armpits, scraping plates above the garbage tin and stacking dishes in the dishwashing machine at the rate of two ordinary men. The dishwasher was off on one of his periodic tears, and there was no one else to keep the supply of dishes flowing into the dining room.

Every summer hotel has its quota of chronically complaining guests. The Breakers was no exception in 1942, and there were times when some of the guests seemed to Mr. Budd to be unaware that there was a war going on. (His own attitude toward the war is suggested by the fact that last winter, instead of holidaying in Florida, as had been his custom, he took an apartment in New York, volunteered his services to one of the local draft boards, and put in many hours each day doing monotonous but necessary routine clerical work.) There was the guest who pleaded with him to be allowed to keep her shades up (despite the ocean-front blackout) because she wanted to look at the sea and it was so "depressing"



to have them down; the woman who complained about "this awful gasoline rationing" because it made it impossible for her to take her spaniel out driving on hot afternoons; and the newly arrived guest who, finding the beach smeared with oil, wanted Mr. Budd to *do* something about it, adding, "Where does it come from anyway?" Mr. Budd is a conscientious and ordinarily deferential host, but that time he told her.

Somehow Mr. Budd managed to struggle through that first wartime season. It began to look as though the worst of the hazards had been met and overcome when new trouble threatened. The government began taking over hotels along the New Jersey shore for the housing of soldiers. As it turned out, the Army skipped Spring Lake completely. But once again rumor had done its work. Guests at The Breakers that closing week of the season gazed sadly at the sea and then at Mr. Budd. "Well," they would say, "I guess this will be our last visit till after the war. They'll certainly take this place over before the year's out—no doubt about it." As far as they were concerned, it was a foregone conclusion: The Breakers was "out" for the duration.

#### IV

**B**Y THE spring of 1943 the government had still not touched The Breakers, and it seemed obvious that it had no intention of doing so. But Budd knew that, once again, he was up against a difficult situation. Psychologically, his old guests were prepared *not* to return. Mentally they had already ruled it out as a possibility and were making other plans.

So early in April Mr. Budd ran his customary small advertisement in the metropolitan papers, and then composed a letter to go to all former patrons of the hotel. In it he pointed out that The Breakers had not been taken over and would be ready, as in the past, to welcome summer vacationists. In the few brief paragraphs that followed no selling point was overlooked. By this time the Allies had begun to win their battle against submarines in the North Atlantic, and Mr. Budd, who had already made several

trips to Spring Lake to check up on the beach, was able to report that the sand was clean and the ocean free of oil, and seemed likely to remain so throughout the season. He admitted that food might not be as plentiful or menus as varied as in years past, but guaranteed that The Breakers would do as well by its guests as was humanly possible.

There was an interval of waiting; and then the letters began to pour in. It soon became evident that the problem this year would be not in persuading people to come to The Breakers, but in providing all those who wanted to come with suitable accommodations. Housewives, harassed by the difficulties of planning meals and running households under wartime conditions, booked rooms for their entire families. Overworked executives in need of vacations yet unable to wander far from their desks, and severely restricted in the use of their cars, were glad to find a quiet spot within easy train ride of the city. Sons of former patrons, married now and in the Service, found The Breakers an ideal place in which to spend furloughs with their wives and families. Before the hotel opened for the 1943 season, on June 25th, many of Budd's best rooms were booked through to Labor Day, and reservations in general were almost triple those recorded at the same time the previous year.

Not that the summer of 1943 was all beer and skittles. Far from it. For one thing the increase in rates of fifty cents per day on all accommodations (made in view of rising labor and food costs) came nowhere near covering the expense of feeding the guests—an expense which proved to be almost double that in 1942. Then in addition to the old problem of help, there was now the new problem of laundry, and the vastly more complicated one of food rationing.

On the help problem Mr. Budd had learned something from his experience of 1942, and he now proceeded to reap the benefit of that experience. Generally speaking, the colored workers whom he had employed the previous summer had served him loyally and well, and so he decided that this year, except for the front office staff, the housekeeper, and the bell



boys, he would hire only colored men and women. Early in the season he wrote to the cream of his 1942 crop offering them jobs for the 1943 season. Two of his old chambermaids, one kitchen man, the pantry woman, and three waitresses replied expressing their willingness to return, and promising to recruit friends to swell the working ranks. They were as good as their word, with the result that by the time the hotel opened it was fairly well manned. With the exception of the chef and the second and third cooks, most of the new employees were inexperienced; but they were intelligent and willing, and by the end of the first week the chambermaids and waitresses were handling their jobs with smoothness and efficiency.

Unfortunately the same could not be said of the cooking crew, which, according to custom, arrived before the house opened for a tryout. The first meal was, to use Mr. Budd's own word, "terrific"—so bad, in fact, that the manager sent it back to the kitchen untouched, and followed it later to inform the new chef that if he couldn't improve on his initial performance he might as well pack up. The chef and his wife (who had been engaged as pastry cook) packed. Mr. Budd moved the second cook up into the chef's place, moved the third cook up to second, and waited anxiously for the next meal. It was good. He followed up his move by wiring to a first-class pastry cook who had been with him two summers before on the chance that she might be free to come to him. She came and Budd felt a weight roll from his shoulders.

But it was all too good to last. July 1st was pay day. That evening the chef and the second cook went on a pleasure excursion to Asbury Park. At 4:30 of the next afternoon neither had yet appeared in the kitchen to prepare for the evening meal, and when at the dinner hour the first capacity crowd of the season surged into the dining room it was to find that dinner was not ready. There was only one thing to do, and Mr. Budd did it as soon as the evening meal was finally over. But it left him with no cooking crew, and no reasonable hope of securing one on short notice. He appealed to the pastry cook. "Eva," he asked, "do you suppose you

could take over until I get reorganized here?" Eva, big, broad, serene, figuratively patted him on the shoulder: "Now, Mr. Budd, just you don't worry about a thing. I can cook, and if you can get somebody to help out with the pastry we'll get along just fine."

Budd had one more chambermaid than he needed, and from the upstairs crew he recruited a woman who had some knowledge of pastry-making. He put her in the bakeshop, where, with Eva's help and supervision, she turned out hot breads, cakes, and pies that were a joy to the palate. This team, assisted by Slim, a dependable, hard-working kitchen man, worked out so well that Budd raised their pay, made Eva chef, and put her in complete charge of the kitchen.

From that point on things ran more smoothly, although there were several upsets before the house settled down for the season. Many of the employees were apparently unprepared for the deductions made in their wages for the withholding tax, and the first pay day after July 1st was a critical one, marked by ominous grumbling and open complaint on the part of the crews, by patient, oft-repeated explanation by Mr. Budd, and in the late afternoon by the sudden, unannounced departure of the hotel's two dishwashers. A few days later the draft board caught up another dishwasher, and the crew was depleted still farther. When at last the kitchen staff was once more complete Budd found that where ordinarily he had eleven men, now he had only one; all the rest were women. Contrary to expectation, the arrangement proved to be a happy one; in fact Mr. Budd says that never in all the years he has been running the hotel have things gone so harmoniously and well in the kitchen.

The necessity, occasioned by the manpower shortage, of hiring high school boys to answer bells posed still another problem. The New Jersey law states that no male employee under eighteen years of age may work more than forty hours a week, and that each must have one day off out of seven. Three of The Breakers' boys came under this ruling. Budd had no sooner worked out the complicated schedule required by these conditions than



one of the boys left to take a job nearer home. Budd did some more juggling with the timetable, and just had it working smoothly when his night clerk was called home by the illness of his wife, and he had to break in the oldest of the bell boys and press him into service at the desk. It was the first week in August before he again had his full complement of four.

The laundry problem too was an ever-present worry. Before the hotel had been in operation a week it became clear that something would have to be done about the linen. The local laundry, staffed—or badly understaffed, rather—by workers who were for the most part inexperienced, simply could not turn out the work, and Mr. Budd was obliged to pass round the word that for the duration beds would be changed once a week instead of twice; face and bath towels in the morning only, instead of every morning and evening; and table napkins once a day instead of at every meal. Under this new routine he managed somehow, but not without the constant harassment of late, and short, deliveries, bundles of linen mislaid or lost in the general shuffle, and bills that failed to check.

But it was the food rationing that produced Budd's No. 1 difficulty of the 1943 season. On this score, because of the system of point rationing devised for hotels, Mr. Budd found himself badly handicapped from the outset. Under this system the number of points allowed for the season was determined by the volume of hotel business recorded for August, 1942, and the number of pounds of now-rationed goods used during that same month. The hotel was allowed points to cover 70 per cent of the supplies used during the previous August, and in order to obtain additional points it was necessary for him to show by July 15, 1943, a ten per cent increase in business over August, 1942. Since, at The Breakers, business was at its peak in August, 1942, whereas in 1943 it *began* at the peak on July 1st, it was impossible for Mr. Budd to show the increase necessary to obtain extra points without falsifying the record, which of course he refused to do. There were moments about that time when he almost wished he

had a bar at The Breakers, for everyone who buys a drink in a hotel can be counted as a guest, even though that drink is nothing more than a ten-cent glass of Coca-Cola. Such an arrangement serves substantially to bolster the record of hotel business; but Mr. Budd has no bar.

Once it has calculated the number of points allowable to a hotel, the local rationing board issues the hotel manager two ration checks, one to cover the total number of points allowed for processed foods, and the other to cover the total points allowed for meats, fats, fish, and cheese. These checks are immediately deposited to the hotel's ration-point account in the local bank, to be drawn against as points are used. At the same time the hotel is furnished with two books of ration checks, one for processed foods, and one for meats, fats, etc. In general appearance, make-up, and color these checks are like the ordinary ones. Each week the hotel manager, after going through his bills, writes checks payable to respective dealers showing the number of points owing each for supplies furnished during the seven-day period. The dealer then presents these at the bank, which reimburses him in points, in order that he, in turn, may replenish his supplies.

By some process of calculation known only to God and the local rationing board, Budd's allotment of points for coffee was ample but on other scores it was woefully inadequate. (Guests who took more than twelve meals at the hotel were obliged, according to law, to surrender their ration points during their stay, but this did Budd no good whatever, since these could not be used for the purchase of hotel supplies and were called in merely to keep people from playing both ends against the middle when it came to food rationing.)

Dividing his total points up into weekly allotments, Mr. Budd found that somehow he would have to feed an average of 135 guests and 50 employees three meals a day on about 2,000 points per week for processed foods, and approximately 3,000 for meats, fats, cheese, etc. Since a small roast of beef—enough to provide one slice each for 30 guests—cost 320 points; enough lamb to supply the table for one meal took another 584; and a week's supply of butter (60



pounds) required 600 points, it is clear that Mr. Budd had a problem on his hands. The rapidity with which points melted away is shown by a typical weekly expenditure in which 3,000 red points went as follows: 1,900 for meat (which, if they had all been spent on roast beef, would have provided only one slice of meat per person for the entire week); 600 for butter; and 500 for shortening. Nearly 1,800 of the 2,000 blue points were exhausted as follows: 1 case of fruit cocktail (enough for one meal), 486 points; 1 dozen No. 10 cans of tomatoes, 884 points; one case of pie cherries (enough for 6 pies), 400 points. And, by the way, 12 pies were required for one meal if only fifty per cent of the guests ordered it.)

Ordinarily Mr. Budd uses only fresh fruits and vegetables at his table, so that on a normal fruit and vegetable market the matter of managing on his allotment of blue points would have presented no particular difficulty. But the 1943 market was anything but normal. In the summer of 1942 peaches were plentiful and cheap, at \$1.00 a basket. Last summer they were hard to get at \$2.50. Watermelons in 1942 could be had for 50 cents or 75 cents each, and cantaloupes at \$3.00 for a box of 45. In the summer of 1943 watermelons cost \$2.50 each, and cantaloupes \$7.00 to \$7.50 a box. Berries doubled in price, and fresh vegetables skyrocketed to new highs. Sweet potatoes, which soared from around \$1 a bushel in 1942 to \$7 and \$8 a bushel in 1943, provide a good example of the trend. Faced with this situation, Budd was forced to resort to the use of many canned items.

In spite of the inadequacy of his red points, Mr. Budd tried to provide his guests with beef once a week, and with lamb twice, filling out his menus with liver, sweetbreads, hamburger, pork, and items less high in point value. Even so, in order to manage, he was obliged to institute two meatless days a week, Tuesdays and Fridays, and to depend heavily on fish, poultry, and eggs. A single indication of the extent to which this was necessary is given by a comparison of his bill for fish during the week of August 9, 1942, which amounted to \$17.80, and a similar bill for the corresponding week of

1943, when it reached \$130.00. Fortunately, fish and ducks were plentiful, though high in price, fish having gone from 20 to 35 cents a pound in a year, and duck from 20 to 38 cents. At that rate it cost Budd \$38.00 for the one hundred pounds of duck required to round out one meal. Chickens too were used as often as possible, but the supply was definitely limited, and Mr. Budd had once a week to drive ten miles into the country on the chance of obtaining enough to supply him for two or three meals. Butter of course was pathetically scarce during the 1943 season, but by investing in a butter-cutter that chiseled 60 pieces from a pound where only 48 had been obtained before, he managed to allow each guest one piece—and no more than one—at each meal. Only at one meal during the season did his guests have to go butterless, and that was because of a breakdown in the delivery of the wholesaler.

Even essential, unrationed items were sometimes impossible to obtain, as witness an order placed by Mr. Budd one day. In it he asked for cottage cheese, eggs, mayonnaise, chocolate, and waxed paper. He got only the mayonnaise.

Eggs proved to be one of the most difficult problems. Along with fish and poultry, they had to be counted upon heavily for well-balanced, nourishing meals. For table use and cooking combined, The Breakers required five crates, or 150 dozen eggs, a week. One day when the hotel had been in operation less than three weeks Mr. Budd went to the kitchen to find Eva in something as nearly approaching a tizzy as Eva ever got. The week's supply of eggs promised for early that morning had not arrived, and there were barely enough for breakfast—and none for the day's baking. Mr. Budd hurried to the telephone and called the wholesale dairy which supplied him. Yes, they realized they hadn't delivered the eggs; they were very sorry, but there just weren't any eggs that day. How soon would they have some in? Well, really, they couldn't guarantee anything definite. . . .

Mr. Budd did some quick thinking. His housekeeper, he knew, had some friends who operated a farm near Trenton,

some forty miles away. It was a long way to go for eggs, but eggs he had to have—and in a hurry. He called in the housekeeper and consulted her. Did she think her friends would help him out? The housekeeper was dubious. Most of the farmers in that neighborhood disposed of their eggs through a central marketing agency to which they pledged their entire output; but she would call and ask. The conversation was not encouraging. Finally, as a special favor, the farmer agreed to let the hotel have one crate, and volunteered the information that he had a neighbor a few miles up the road who might be able to let Budd have a few eggs too. It took most of the morning to make the trip, and then he obtained only three crates of eggs where he needed five. It was at that point that The Breakers began serving its guests one egg for breakfast instead of two.

These are mere indications of the kind of problems with which Mr. Budd found

himself faced at intervals during the entire 1943 season. There were times when he scarcely knew from one day to the next where to turn for food for his table. But when local dealers mopped their brows shook their heads, and muttered distractedly that they didn't know how much longer they could keep the supplies coming, the manager of The Breakers had a stock rejoinder: "Have you still got oatmeal?" Oh, sure, there was plenty of oatmeal, but . . . "Then what are you worrying about?" Budd would demand with a grin. "Nobody is going to starve as long as there is oatmeal in the country!"

Labor Day came and went and the problems of the 1943 season were behind him. Probably he will face new ones in 1944—but he wonders now whether they can be any more bewildering and require quicker and more resolute adaptability than those which accompanied hotelkeeping during these past two summers.





# NO NEWS IS BAD NEWS

*A Story*

CHRISTOPHER LA FARGE



*This is the fifth story in Mr. La Farge's series, "East by Southwest." These stories, their characters and their happenings, are all entirely fictional. They grew from the observations and experiences of the author as a war correspondent in the southwest Pacific. If, happily, they seem true, it must be in the sense of a truth that illuminates rather than reports, for here there is no transcription of actual events.—The Editors*

I KNEW what time Charlie Calthrop, the correspondent for INS, had got to bed the night before because he had (as he usually did) fallen through the hole in the board floor of the tent we shared, and his curses had awakened me. After I had put iodine on the abrasions on his shin (for one does not neglect scratches in the tropics), I looked at my watch, noted it was past two o'clock, and went back to bed and to sleep. I was not at all surprised, then, when he slept through reveille in the morning.

You had to be really sound asleep to do that at the Navy Casuals Camp. Reveille was broadcast over a violent system of loudspeakers placed with great skill all about the camp. I lay in bed, half awake, in no hurry to get up, and planned my day. I was due to leave Touébon, the capital of the island of Balade, that afternoon on the cruiser *Las Vegas*. I should have to pack and get my laundry and do other chores.

Presently a loud and nasal voice came over the loudspeakers, preceded as always by an amplified bosun's pipe. "Chow,"

it said, "is being served now. There will be no chow after seven o'clock. I repeat. Chow is being served now. There will be no chow after seven o'clock." Charlie Calthrop groaned and rolled over on his other side.

I got up and I went to the Chief Petty Officers' lavatory and took a shower and shaved, and then came back to the tent and began leisurely to dress. Through the open flap of the tent I could see long lines of sailors in dungarees advancing slowly on the main Mess Shack. I was half dressed when the loudspeakers opened up again: "The following men lay down to the Captain's office, at the double. Seaman, 3d Class, A. J. Bloodock; Fireman, 1st Class, S. R. Moody. I repeat." And it did. Charlie groaned again and stirred. I put on my shoes, found my cap, loaded my pockets. I was about to leave when the nasal voice again began: "Will the following named officers please report at eight o'clock to the Reception Center for the censoring of mail. Ensigns J. S. Mahoffey, A. M. Gurlick, O. O. Valenti. Lieutenants M. Grossford, G. J. Blanker,

Junior . . ." It was a long list. At the end, the voice said, "I repeat," and of course proceeded to.

"May God strike that brass-lunged hell-hound dumb," said Charlie and rolled over again.

"He's purveying news, like you," I said. "You'd better get up. You'll miss breakfast. And you'll get no work done."

"Thank God," said Charlie, "I did my piece yesterday."

"You'll be hungry later."

"Not me," he said. "Not after last night. And I can't face all those rosy, those apple-cheeked ensigns tucking in orange juice and enormous plates of oatmeal and ham and eggs and coffee and then moving on to those huge sugared buns that they cover an inch deep in jam. Golly! I wish I hadn't thought of it."

"You won't sleep here," I said.

"Go away," he said.

I left him and went to the Officers' Mess where *chow* was being served now and, mercifully, until seven-thirty, and I had breakfast. It was much as Charlie had described it, but I had had plenty of sleep and could take it. Breakfast over, I went up to the C.P.O.'s latrine which, being famous, was called the Mountain View House. It was an eight-holer with a fine view over the camp. It was a very interesting spot.

There were six customers as I entered and took my place, and another man followed me in. Two men were reading comics, one was studying some typewritten sheets of paper. The others were talking.

"He said he expected to get the 40-millimeters on by the end of this week," said a thin man. "But he won't."

"Is that so?" said a large, hard-bitten C.P.O. several places down. "I didn't know they was installing them here."

"That's what Glendale told me," said the thin man.

"Captain McHenry, he was crying for 'em," said the hard-bitten man. "He says with them 40's their torpedo planes is cooked."

"He's got the *Westerly*, Harry?" another man asked.

"That's right."

"What's new about the *Westerly*?" asked the thin man.

"I ain't heard nothing," said Harry. "On'y thing I've heard is that the *Las Vegas* got in with her carrier."

"The *Superior*?"

"Yeah."

"When?"

"Yes'day afternoon."

"They get into anything?"

"Not 'at I heard. You hear anything?"

"On'y she's going right out again. They got a lotta new fliers and a new Executive. It's a shakedown cruise."

"Yeah, I suppose so. So long. I'll be seeing you, Arthur." Harry departed then. Another C.P.O., very square and solid, who had been smoking outside, took Harry's place.

"Hello, Elliott," said Arthur.

"H'are ya?" said the new arrival.

"What's new, Arthur?"

"Nothin'. You heard anything?"

"On'y that the *Westerly* got it."

"Is that so? Bad?"

"Dunno. I heard tell she got a fish into her, but someone said it was a bomb. Any a you heard anything?"

"No," said the others. "Where was she?"

"That's all I heard," said Elliott. "Any chance of whisky around here?"

"No," said Arthur. "On'y beer, and a sorta brandy, local stuff."

"Rotgut," said another man. "Don't fool with it."

"You know Chief Droskin?" asked a bald man, rising and preparing to leave.

"Sure," said Elliott. "We was on the *Big E* together for a while. If you mean Jim Droskin."

"That's him. He's here," said the bald man.

"Is that so?" said Elliott.

"Yeah. Been here two weeks, and whaddya know?" said the bald man. "He's awready got him a French girl. Regelar."

"Him?" cried Elliott. "Droskin has?"

"Yeah. He has her regelar. I knew you'd laugh."

"White?" asked Elliott.

"Well, yeah—mostly," said the man.

"So long."

"So long," said Elliott. "Ain't that the God-damnedest thing?"

The two men who had been reading the



omics and the one who had studied the typed sheets now left and their places were at once taken by three new men. One of these wore dungarees. The others wore khaki.

"Hello, Arthur," said the man in dungarees.

"Hi, Joe," said Arthur.

There was silence for a while. Then Arthur rose and left and shortly after he had gone Elliott got up to go.

"So long," he said, and left.

"So long," said the others.

"Is that Chief Elliott, was on the *Big E*?" asked Joe.

"Yup," said another man.

"Anything new?" said Joe. "He usually knows something."

"The *Westerly* got hit," said the man. "She got a fish and a bomb into her, I hear."

"Where away?"

"Dunno. It ain't been released."

"Captain McHenry's ship, ain't it?" said another.

"That's right. Or so I believe. You ever know Chief Droskin, Jim Droskin?"

"Sure, I knowed him. What's of him?"

"Nothin', on'y he's got him a steady girl here. French."

"Fer Gawd's sake!" said Joe. "*Droskin* has got him a girl? Here? Where they is scarcer'n hen's teeth?"

"That's what."

"Gees, you never know. White?"

"So they say."

"Well, well," said Joe. "That's bigger news than the *Westerly*."

As there fell another silence then, and there were already several men waiting, I left and went back to the tent.

Calthrop was still in bed under his mosquito net, but he had given up trying to sleep through the frequent announcements and he was smoking.

"Where have you been?" he asked.

"The Mountain View House," I said.

"Any news?"

"Just scuttlebutt," I said. "The *Las Vegas* is in, which I knew last night. Chief Jim Droskin has a French girl, mostly white, and the *Westerly* has been hit."

Calthrop sat up. "Where? When?" he said.

"That's all I know," I said. "Some say a torpedo, others a bomb. Place and time unknown. Her captain is McHenry."

"What a hell of a reporter you are!" said Charlie, and he lay back on his pillow.

"Now I'll have to find out for myself."

"Do," I said.

We talked, in a desultory manner, while I packed my gear. Then I said good-by to him and lugged my duffel to the gate, checked out of the camp, and was lucky enough to get a lift in to Touébon with a kindly colonel of Engineers. He dropped me at the Navy Press Relations Office in Touébon.

That office occupied the rear third of a Quonset hut. The other two thirds were occupied by two elderly and high-ranking Navy officers engaged in deciding what form communiqués should take. One could occasionally hear them, through the wallboard partition, arguing the choice of an apposite and unrevealing word; but more often they discussed how to spell it, and from time to time they sent in one of their yeomen to consult the Webster that Press Relations thoughtfully maintained for the correspondents, who frankly admitted they could not spell.

There were three correspondents already there. They were Fareckson of AP, Maydriss of U.P., and the Englishman, Honscoll, of the London *Daily Express*. They were reading the COMSOPAC *News*, an official, mimeographed, four-page sheet printed entirely in capitals. The Press Relations yeoman was typing busily.

"Good morning," I said.

"Morning," they said.

I sat down and picked up a copy of the *News*. As I did so, the Press Relations Officer, Lieutenant Basswall, entered.

"Good morning, gents," he said cheerfully.

"What's the news?" said Maydriss.

"Not a new, men, not a new," said Basswall.

"Lord!" said Honscoll.

"Except," said Basswall to me, "that you leave at three-fifteen from the East Dock and I've got a truck to take you and your gear down from here at three."

"Thanks," I said.

"Honest to God, Bass," said Maydriss, "is there *no* news at all?"



"None," he said.

"Bass is right," I said, "except that the *Las Vegas* and the *Superior* are in. They are leaving almost at once for a shakedown cruise because the *Superior* has a new Executive and a lot of green pilots. Beyond this, Chief Petty Officer James Droskin has, to the wonderment of his friends and acquaintances, got him a French girl, regular, and she is almost entirely white, and the *Westerly*, Captain McHenry, has been hit by either a torpedo or a bomb or both."

"Great God!" said Basswall. "Where in hell do you pick up such stuff?"

"In the C.P.O.'s powder room at camp," I said. "Where else?"

"Where indeed?" said Honscoll, without looking up. "Where, where indeed?"

"Not here," said Maydriss. "Is it true, Bass?"

"First I've heard," said Basswall. "But I'll inquire."

"And if it's true about the *Westerly*," said Honscoll, "what then? Do you suppose that dear old bird Lieutenant Gladding, by the grace of God naval censor and heart of stone combined, would let us use it?"

"No!" shouted Fareckson.

"Listen to this," said Maydriss, a large and amiable man. "This will give you boys an idea of what you can say, and how you can say it." He read from the *COMSOPAC News*. "'Commenting at his press conference concerning his intentions on this anniversary, MacArthur piously remarked . . . That is a splendid word, that *piously*. Do you suppose our Admiral suggested it, or do you think the boys next door got it out of Webster to promote inter-service love?'"

"Sh!" said Basswall. "For God's sake, boys! They rank hell out of me."

"Poor old Basswall," said Fareckson.

"Always a bridgehead and never a bridge," said Maydriss.

"It's a hell of a thin partition," Basswall said.

It was at this moment that Charlie Calthrop came in. Charlie is not a beautiful man at best, and now his hard-boiled face was extra-red with rage.

"Look!" he cried, letting the screen door slam behind him. "By God, look

at my story now!" He held out six sheets of typewritten paper. There was not one of them that did not have at least ten neatly cut holes in it. I had seen a good few censored articles, but none like this. "That," he said, "is the work of Colonel Denvers. What in hell do I do with a thing like that?"

"Put it on the pianola," said Honscoll. "It will either play 'Home, Sweet Home' or 'Don't Get Around Much Anymore'."

"You think it's funny," said Calthrop. "I don't. What do you propose to do about this, God damn it, Basswall?"

"Hey, take it easy," said Basswall.

"Take it easy?" said Calthrop. "Listen, pal. I laid this piece out in outline and showed it to Gladding. He said it was O.K. I spend two days and three nights checking up on my material, and ruin my health. I brush the beetles off my typewriter and write the piece. I take it to Gladding. He says O.K. again. I leave it with him because in it I have to mention the God-damned Army. He sends it to Colonel Denvers. Denvers makes a lace doily out of it. What in hell do I do? What *can* I do? What *can* you write? And every C.P.O. at the Casuals Camp knows the *Westerly* has been hit and I bet we can't say that either."

"We know where *you've* been," said Honscoll.

"Didn't Denvers ever read that directive?" asked Calthrop, ignoring Honscoll.

"He read it," said Basswall, "because I read it to him over the phone and sent him a copy."

"And doesn't it specifically outlaw this sort of duplication of censorship?"

"Yes," Basswall said.

"So what?" cried Calthrop. "Look at it. A good piece, full of news, and now it's not worth putting on the wires. What the devil are you allowed to file from this stinking command?"

"Listen," said Basswall. "I knew about this, Charlie. Gladding phoned me and told me. I called the Colonel. I reminded him about the directive, pointing out politely that it was from the Admiral. He threw his rank at me, just as he did with Gladding. What could I do? We're only lieutenants in the Navy and he's a full colonel. He said you mentioned the



aks the boat carried and that the tanks  
re Army and he wasn't going to let you  
ite about that raid and mention tanks."  
"Because the Japs don't know we used  
nks against them?" asked Calthrop.  
What a farce!"

"I'll do what I can," said Basswall.  
But now it all has to go through channels  
nd you know what that means. After  
l, the Army is technically in charge of  
his island. By the time this clears, if it  
ver does, your yarn will be cold goose,  
m afraid. I'm damn sorry."

"Sorry!" cried Calthrop. "What good  
oes your sorrow do me?"

"Take it easy," said Maydriss. "It's  
ot Bass's fault."

"Nuts!" said Calthrop, and he went  
out of the little office, slamming the screen  
loor behind him.

"Damn," said Basswall. "And I put  
him on to that story."

"Sure, sure," said Maydriss. "Char-  
ie's just mad. He's not mad at you, Bass.  
It's just more TAFU."

The letters of that New Zealand ex-  
pression stand (approximately) for: Typi-  
cal Army Fuss Up.

"I'll tell you," Honscoll said. "And,  
gentlemen, you may have the privilege  
of quoting me directly. There'll be TAFU  
about news from here and everywhere  
else until your big chaps in Washington  
sit down and decide what news is really  
worth in time of war. When they've  
done that all this'll stop, you mark my  
words. There's no bloody use *saying* news  
is important unless you believe it. Un-  
quote." He reached down and lifted his  
typewriter off the floor and set it in front  
of him. "Now," he said, "I shall do a  
spot of work. London waits breathless  
for me to speak."

"To-day?" said Maydriss gently. "A  
story to-day?"

"This sort of thing flows out of me like  
from reporters in the movies," Honscoll  
said. "I shall file it this afternoon, while  
all of you cheer."

"So?" said Maydriss. "To-day, my un-  
conscious Limey friend, is Good Friday.  
Radio Touébon, under the aegis of that  
unfighting Frenchman, Monsieur Haricot,  
is shut. To-morrow is Good Saturday,  
Sunday is Sunday and is Easter. Monday

is Good Monday or something equally  
sinister. Radio Touébon, that sensitive  
instrument which can give out with the  
amazing volume of three thousand words  
a day for *all* the correspondents of this  
area, will accept your think-piece cheer-  
fully on Tuesday at nine-thirty A.M., if  
Monsieur Haricot is not delayed. Piously  
delayed, I should add."

"Good God!" said Honscoll. "Is that  
true or are you pulling my leg?"

"It's true," said Basswall.

"Who the devil runs this war?" de-  
manded Honscoll. "Monsieur Haricot,  
or the United States?"

"You sound like Calthrop," said  
Fareckson.

"I feel like him," said Honscoll. "We  
are bothers under the skin. But it's like  
I said. There'll be TAFU till the boys at  
the top make up their minds that news  
really is a weapon of war." He closed  
his typewriter slowly and sadly. As I had  
errands to do, I left then. But I didn't  
forget what Honscoll had said.

I was driven to the East Dock at three  
o'clock, but the boat that was to have  
taken me aboard broke down, and even-  
tually I got out to the *Las Vegas* in one  
of the liberty boats from the naval land-  
ing. While I was waiting there, I fell  
into conversation with an older C.P.O.,  
the Quartermaster, and we introduced  
ourselves. His name was Alfred Lincoln,  
and he told me a good deal about the  
*Las Vegas*. He was proud of his ship, of  
its officers and crew.

There were no officers going out on that  
boat. Chief Lincoln saw to it that my  
duffel bag was put aboard for me and  
he told me to stick with him. Being  
sober himself, I think he was sharply aware  
that most of the sailors on the landing  
had (as the Irish put it) drink taken.

"Come up forward with me, sir," he  
said. "You won't mind the boys, will  
you? They've had liberty, that's all."

"Hell, no!" I said.

"They're good lads," he said.

We got aboard and sat forward on a  
pile of mail sacks, and the good lads piled  
on noisily. Among them was another  
Chief Petty Officer. I think he was the  
ugliest man I have ever seen, his face pock-



marked, a huge scar twisting one corner of his lip into a permanent grin, his sandy eyebrows so long and thick and bushy that they looked artificial. He carried a bottle, and he was full of charm.

"Hiya, Alfred, old cock-a-whoosis," he called out, and he made his way heavily forward. "Outa my way, scum," he said to the sailors. "I gotta get next to old man Lincoln, the uncle of his country, on account he needs a drink."

"Let 'er go, Chief," they cried. "Gangway for the Chief. He's carrying the stuff."

"Don't none of you bastards trip me," said the ugly man. "It wouldn't take but a feather to knock me down."

"Let 'im by!" the sailors shouted, and they laughed, and so did the Chief. Finally he got forward and he sat down, very suddenly, next to me.

"Whoopee!" he said.

"This," said Lincoln, introducing me, "is our Chief Water Tender, Jim Droskin."

"Oh, yes," I said, before I could help it. "Sure."

Chief Droskin looked at me. "You sound," he said to me, "like you'd a heard a me."

"Who hasn't?" called out one of the sailors.

"Yes," I said. "I did hear of you."

"Where away?" said Droskin.

"You came up for discussion this morning at a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Mountain View House," I said.

There was a roar of laughter from all hands. The boat cast loose then and began its choppy progress out into the lovely harbor.

"Scuttlebutt!" said Droskin. "Don't believe it. What'd you hear, pal? Have a drink."

"No, thanks," I said. "Your need is greater than mine."

"A pal!" said Droskin, and he took a drink. "Have a pull, Alfred, old step-an-fetchit. You look sad, damn if you don't."

"Had all I need," said Lincoln.

"Boy!" said Droskin. "Two strikes." He took another pull. "What'd ja hear? About me. At the morning retreat."

"Yeah, what did you hear?" cried a sailor.

"What's new about the Chief?" called out another.

"Don't mind them, sir," said Lincoln. "They're good boys."

"Don't fret," I said. "I was in the last war."

"Give, give!" cried the boys. "Make with the scuttlebutt!"

"Tell all," said Droskin.

"Lay off," said Lincoln.

"To hell with you," said Droskin. "He's my pal, and he's going to tell me."

"All right," I said. "I heard you were able to corral a beautiful French momma for your very own, and that on the island of Balade. And mostly white."

There was a howl of delight from the sailors.

"Good old Droskin!" the men cried. "What a man! What a pan!"

You could see that Droskin was delighted. He beamed at me.

"By God," he said, "white? After three weeks, coffee looks like cream here. Now you gotta have a drink."

I drank a little from the bottle he handed me and passed it back.

"We're pals," Droskin said. "But they is going to have to close up that Mountain View House, it's dangerous." He finished the bottle and threw it into the harbor. "When you get aboard, you come aft," he said to me. "You come aft to the C.P.O.'s room, you do it. We'll make you damn well at home. Shake the teeth outa your head but we always got coffee. We always got something to eat. Never mind the officers. They're the best damn officers on the best damn ship in the best damn navy in the world. But you stick with us. Come aft. And by God, pal, I'll show you my new momma's photograph. Burn you up."

"O.K.," I said. "Thanks. I will come."

"You do that, sir," said Lincoln. "You'll be welcome."

"And they ain't a man on this here boat who won't help you out and about," said Droskin. "True or untrue?" he demanded of the sailors.

"True!" they cried.

"By God," said Droskin, "there's our ship! There she lays. Ain't she lovely? True or untrue?"



"True!" they shouted again.

We were circling in to the *Las Vegas* then, and they were right. She was a beautiful ship, with long, clean, fine lines. When we had made fast, they all went aboard, and the wonder of it was that they went steadily and quietly, and saluted the quarterdeck briskly and with gusto, and all their faces had changed, as though someone had switched off a happy light but had turned on pride in its stead.

You can see, then, that I was off to a running start. To get a general idea of the functions and techniques of a cruiser which, together with a group of destroyers, accompanies an aircraft carrier to form a small task force is not difficult when all the officers aboard are as kind and patient in answering questions as were these on the *Las Vegas*. Even Lieutenant Commander Sisson, the Communications Officer, whose job is a tricky one, told me a lot. But it was because I went aft to the C.P.O.'s room and drank coffee with them (until I knew them all), and because the boys who had been on the liberty boat remembered me in a friendly fashion and introduced me to their friends, that I became aware of the rumors and their effect. The men conceived that (being a correspondent) I must know more than they did, and (not being an officer) would be likelier to tell of it, and certainly be easier to approach. It was the story of the *Westerly* that was troubling them.

"What do you know?" they'd ask me. "Is it true she got hit?" Or, "Where was she when she got it?" I could see they didn't believe me when I said I knew less than they did.

"She was with the *Waco* and the *Paugatuck*, and she had about ten or a dozen cans," one man told me. "We hear she was up off of Nettle." Nettle is the code name for one of the islands near to the Japanese.

"I don't know," I said.

"I wish to hell you did," he said. "Or someone."

You heard it everywhere. It was astonishing how it grew. They were wondering all the time what else had happened, what was being concealed from them. Even the C.P.O.'s were worried, though they discouraged talk of it. You

can get an idea of how far it had gone from the conversation I overheard by the after 20-millimeter guns near the fantail. There were two men cleaning and oiling one of them.

"I tell you, Henry, she went down," said one, a fair-haired boy with a conceited face.

"Nuts," said Henry. "Jesus, George, you always got a lot of stuff to tell."

"I know it's true," said George.

"How the hell d'ya know? Did the communications boys tell ya?"

"Them goons!" said George. "They never give out with nothing. All they get is in code anyways. If you gotta know, I heard it from Semple, and he heard it up topside."

"Aah!" said Henry. "Semple! That's good, that is. You hear it from a God-damn mythologist, and you believe it!" Mythologist is what they call a meteorologist. "Next you know, you'll believe him about the weather."

"He heard it topside," said George. "I tell ya, it's true. If it wasn't true, why in hell wouldn't they leave us know?"

"I'm tired of listening to the stuff you give," said Henry, but I could feel that he was shaken, that he half believed it, and that it worried him as it had begun to worry many others of the crew.

It worried me too, a little, and so I took it up with Chief Droskin. I was sitting with him drinking coffee in the C.P.O.'s room aft. The vibration, as he had said, was terrific, for the room was near the stern and the *Las Vegas* was making tracks. There was no one in the room but us, and we had to shout to be heard over the rattle of coffee cups and the other incessant noises of a metal room shaken visibly.

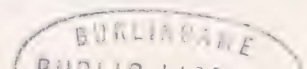
"You musta been sober," he was saying. "Otherwise you wouldn't remember so damn good what went on on that liberty boat." He grinned at me.

"How about you?" I said. "You seem to remember it."

"Who, me?" he said, and laughed. "Listen, pal, old man Lincoln never gives me a chancet of forgetting it. He pours it into me, night and day. I awmost believe it myself now, I heard it so often."

"I guess you'll survive it," I said.

"Sure," he said. "But there ain't no





story is so damn funny you can laugh at it twenty times a day, is they?"

"No," I said. "That's what bothers me about this rumor of the *Westerly*."

"Yeah," said Droskin. "That's bad scuttlebutt. It's doing no good, in a hurry. I've tried, and so have all the Chiefs, to stamp her down, but she grows up where you stamp. It had ought to be denied or confirmed, official, so we could be shet of it."

"It ought," I said.

"Listen," he said. "You ain't official. You got no rank to trouble you exceptin' you eat in the wardroom. How well do you know Mr. Sisson? Like him?"

"Yes," I said. "I know him only fairly well. He seems to me damn intelligent."

"He's a fine officer," said Droskin. "Whyn't you speak to him?"

"I will," I said. And I meant to, but events moved too fast for me.

What happened, as I gathered the story by little bits afterward, was this. The *Waco*, sister ship of the *Westerly*, and in the same task force off the island called Nettle, was hit by two shots from a Japanese cruiser. The Jap cruiser was part of a task force accompanying a convoy. The *Waco*, knowing that time was everything, sent a message in the clear—that is to say, not in code—giving the position of the Jap ships and stating that she was temporarily out of control, her rudder having been hit. Part of this message, relating that the *Waco* was seriously hit and by an enemy cruiser, was picked up by the sailors on duty in the communications section of the *Las Vegas*, then almost eight hundred miles away. As the message was not in code (and they had had no specific instructions as to how to deal with such a contingency as regards the crew), they assumed that it was fair enough to tell of it. And they did so.

The message came over at dawn. By eight o'clock everyone on board had heard it, though it had grown and was oddly garbled. I heard this garbled version first near the 1.1 guns.

"Jesus, did ya hear about the *Waco*?" one of the gunners asked me.

"I heard something," I said.

"She's sunk," said he.

"I didn't hear that," I said. "I heard she was hit."

"She's sunk," he said. "Bloscowicz told me, and he's communications."

"Gosh," I said.

I climbed down from the 1.1's and went in search of Mr. Sisson. At the foot of the ladder was a young sailor named Costello. He was putting aluminum paint on some rust spots on a davit.

"Did you hear it, sir?" he said. "About the *Waco* and the *Westerly* and the *Paugatuck*?"

"Well, what did you hear?" I said.

"The *Waco*'s sunk. The *Westerly*'s hit bad, again, and they say the *Paugatuck*'s gone and some of the cans."

"I don't believe it," I said.

"It's what I heard," he said.

I went forward to the wardroom, but it was deserted except for the stewards. I left, deciding to go up on the bridge and find out about this. On my way up I ran into Frester, one of the radio boys.

"Gawd," he said, "I guess we're on our way up now."

"Up where?" I said.

"Nettle," he said. "My gosh, they've sunk all three of them cruisers and I hear the most of the destroyers is hit bad. Anyway, what can they do against cruisers? And what in hell is happening to the transports was with that force?"

"It's scuttlebutt," I said. "No one's mentioned transports with our force."

"Hell, no," he said. "It come right in, in the clear, over the radio."

"Nuts," I said. "Don't believe it."

"You heard something new then?"

"No," I said. "But all this is just rumor."

"Not now," he said. "It was, first off about the *Westerly*, but it ain't now."

I started up for the bridge again. As I did so, they began target practice, shooting the 5-inch guns at smoke pots dropped into the water by planes. I put cotton in my ears and went up to watch. When that was over a torpedo plane from the carrier towed a sleeve back and forth over our task force, and all the ships practiced shooting it down with 20-millimeters and 1.1's. There was no time to ask questions. Everyone was too busy, and there was far too much noise.



The shooting lasted till noon. I was standing on the bridge, pulling the cotton out of my ears, when I heard the loud-speaker click on, and the bosun's pipe sound over it.

"Listen to this," said Commander Carter, the Gunnery Officer, who stood beside me. "This is Sisson's new idea. And the skipper let him try it."

"Attention!" said the loudspeaker. "Attention!"

Forward of me, in their circular station, the sailors on that constant watch they keep, swung in their swivel chairs, binoculars to their eyes. But you could detect a difference in their pose. They were listening. Below me (for I could see a great deal of the vessel from my vantage point) those who had been busy-ing about stood still or moved very slowly, one ear cocked toward the nearest loud-speaker.

"We are beginning to-day," said the pleasant and recognizable voice of Mr. Sisson, "a regular feature. It will be a noon broadcast of news to supplement your Trans-Radio Press morning paper. We shall tell you on these broadcasts a little more than is permitted to be printed, for you will realize that the Trans-Radio sheet goes to many people on land as well as at sea. Remember, each day at noon, or as near noon as conditions permit, we are going to bring you the latest hot news—or as hot as we can get it and serve it. Like lots of things you see and hear on board this ship, this news is for you and not for the shore. You are getting inside dope. This first time, there is not much news.

"To begin with, then, let me tell you that we have received a fine report from that altogether reliable source, Mr. Tomakizu Hori, spokesman for the Japanese Board of Information. Mr. Hori says (I quote): 'We must counter the American methods of fighting even if our men have to resort to vile and dishonorable methods to do so. The American people have no spirit of sportsmanship and fight like wild animals without any sense of fairness.' End quote. I thought you'd be glad to know this. You might tell the Marines.

"In a very recent engagement north

of our present position one of our cruisers received two hits. She and the other members of her task force had run into a Jap force attempting to supply one of their bases. One Japanese cruiser has been sunk, one badly damaged, one transport sunk, two damaged, one destroyer set afire, and the Jap force has fled to the north. Our cruiser has temporarily repaired her damage and rejoined her force. Another of our cruisers of that same force had also suffered a near miss, ten days previously, by a bomb, but the damage was slight and to her superstructure, and was adequately repaired at sea. Casualties were light. As so many times before, we have sunk two Jap vessels, damaged four, at a total cost to us of two hits, neither fatal, to one American warship. Let's keep it up.

"In closing, I know you will be happy to learn that according to the Japanese in their latest report of last week's action, they have sunk or damaged thirty-two of our transports while downing one hundred and seventy-five planes. I have made a careful tabulation of all Japanese claims to date and regret to report to you that the entire United States Navy now consists in *minus* one hundred and ten ships. We are, therefore, at the bottom of the sea. How do you like it down here?

"That is all. Next broadcast to-morrow at noon."

"Well?" said the Gunnery Officer. "What do you think?"

"Good!" I said. "Damn good. And high time, I'd judge."

"You'd judge right," he said.

It was the next day, about eleven forty-five, that I walked aft in the bright, hot sunshine, and stood near the fantail again. The boys were busy cleaning the 20-millimeters and loading the drums, for we had had firing practice again, beginning at dawn this time and continuing intermittently till nine. But I was watching the planes being taken aboard the *Superior*. There were very few waved off now for a faulty approach, though when we had begun our cruise a lot of them had had to take two or three shots at it. Presently I became aware that George, the blond boy with the conceited face, was having words with his partner, Henry.

"So what? So what?" said Henry. "Get the rags and use your feet, feller, and save your mouth for all the eating you do with it."

"Is that so?" said George. He threw a piece of waste down hard on the deck and stalked off forward. After a minute, I moved over and stood near Henry.

"Good morning, sir," said Henry, very cheerfully.

"Hello," I said. "How goes it?"

"Good," he said. "Good."

"Your boy friend seems peeved," I said.

"Aah, him!" said Henry. "He's mad because I piped him down. He gives out with too much of the bilge he hears around, and he don't know what the hell he's talking about."

"Nobody likes to be piped down, I guess," I said.

"No," he said. "But, God, it had to come some time with that lug. He's O.K. He just uses his mouth when he ought to rest it and give his ears a chance. We shot good, didn' we?"

"Yes," I said. "It was good."

"Did you notice that second sleeve," said Henry, "the one that . . ."

The loudspeaker clicked on, and the bosun's pipe sounded, stopping Henry instantly in the midst of his sentence.

"Attention!" came Mr. Sisson's voice. "Attention! This is the noon broadcast of inside news."

"I hope to Jesus George is listening," said Henry, with a happy expression.

I thought of Charlie Calthrop and of what Honscoll had said, and I was happy, too—for the *Las Vegas*—though I was wondering about the larger field.

## P E R C E P T I O N

RUTH LOIS SIMONDS

HERE at the winter window if you stand  
 Quiet, the house behind you, people near  
 As touch through darkness should you reach your hand,  
 Back to the fire—the silences of snow  
 Will fall before you, clean against your eyes.  
 You will feel frost. Reason you could not know  
 Spreads flat before you, infinite and clear.  
 Thus at the pane, lonely though not alone,  
 In the forsaken field perception lies,  
 Freezing to fear the marrow of your bone.



# I AM A LUXURY

ROLLO WALTER BROWN



IT WAS a banker who broke the news to me. He is as white a banker as anybody need require, and he sought to make my ordeal as nearly painless as possible. "But," he said, "sometimes we have to face things just as they are—'realistically,' you know—and when we look at a case like yours in that way, why there's nothing to do but admit that you are in the luxury class. The old world can go right along on its wartime way and never miss you."

He went into detail. There were three counts against me. The first one was simple enough: "You see, you deal in ideas. Now that's all right when everything is running smoothly. If we are not facing a crisis, nobody can object to a man's doing pretty much as he pleases—studying Sanskrit if he wants to, as some of the men do over in the Harvard Yard there. But in these times—and remember, this is no expression of any personal wish of mine—ideas are out the window."

So I know where I belong: somewhere below beano and dog racing. And to the first of the three counts that leave me on this level I must plead guilty. As a free-lance writer I do occupy myself with all sorts of reflections, comparisons, and contrasts, points of view, projected designs, and general prospects that are lumped together as "ideas." I find it interesting to ponder—sometimes not too

gravely—the advantages and defects of our present ways of living together, the importance of the art spirit in men's lives, the influence of men's ingenuity on economic beliefs, the hungering of men for a religious justification of existence, and a thousand other matters that in one way or another seem to me to have something to do with life's livableness.

In like manner I must admit that I find myself living at a time when there is an overwhelming tendency to get along without ideas. It is not the style to bother with anything still in the stage of theory, anything deep down or far ahead. Predigested "practical" surface facts are the thing. They do not require any holding of one's opinions in suspense, or the mental eyestrain of trying to take the long view. The vogue of the hour is the impatient attitude.

That this should be true in wartime is perhaps natural. We must bend all our energies to the immediate task of saving our souls. But just what is it that saves souls? The wartime neglect of that question is fundamentally but a part of the general neglect of ideas that had settled upon us long before the war came. In the jittery days of universal appeasement it was difficult to get for ideas the consideration they deserved. The difficulty has only increased. Anyone who would go into a question with a certain quiet thoroughness soon discovers how com-

pletely he is out of step, not only with a vast majority whose concern is always with the tinsel of life, but with all sorts of persons in places of power who get credit for thinking when they are only jobbers in other men's secondhand generalities.

But it is more than a disregard of ideas; it is a fear of them. The sturdy-looking citizen that one meets in trips over the country fears ideas with the fear of a frightened child. "There was never any reason for dragging our beautiful country into somebody else's war, and I turn off the radio whenever anybody begins to discuss the matter." "Why should I worry about whether we have colleges of liberal arts or not?" "No, I have never read the Russian constitution, and by God, I never expect to." "Why worry about how many Chinamen are killed off? There'll be plenty left." "I know nothing about the Beveridge Plan. If you care for a practical man's opinion, the more we try to plan, the worse off we are." "No, I am not losing sleep over any damned post-war world. It will be bad enough when we get to it without thinking about it in advance. All those things have to work themselves out automatically."

It need not be an idea that embraces the destinies of other peoples. I have never gone on a crusade for any "alien" idea—that I know of. But from the resistance I have encountered when I have championed purely native ones, I marvel that an idea of any sort is ever able to make its way out into the main current of human tradition. Sometimes I am led to wonder if the fatty degeneration we have suffered in keeping away from ideas has not rendered us sightless. I wonder if we are not losing the war—by losing sight of what it was to settle—losing our integrity of spirit, dying faster than we are growing, to-day, to-morrow, imperceptibly ahead, because not even one great idea stirs us to envision anything beyond the customary. We are enthralled in the most deadening isolationism that man can experience—that of being swept by events first in one direction and then in another in a fishfly existence where we are out of touch with our elemental selves.

So why should I shrink too much from the charge that I deal in ideas?

THE second count was equally simple, and it was closely related to the first: "You are just an individual. You do not have the backing of any institution or organization. You speak only for yourself."

Even if the charge were a criminal one, every word of it is true. Twenty years ago, of my own choice—and that of my wife—I elected to live as one of the free individuals often eulogized in American oratory. I would be an independent producer; I would live by selling my "ideas" in the open market. It was not because I was a professional rebel. I was not trying to be different. I only wished to be myself. It would be interesting, I thought, to stand related to the world through whatever merit the things I was concerned with might possess, without the weight of any organized influence. Not that I spurn institutions or organizations, or shrink from contributing anything I can through them. But I had seen the overworking of prestige, and I had come to prize the feeling that I need not depend on an institution or organization for my point of view, or for its acceptance by anybody else.

I know, then, something of the attitude in my own country toward anyone who tries to go the individual's way. It did not take me long to discover that the men who shout the loudest and most savagely in favor of the sanctity of the individual are the ones who depend for their own existence and power on some kind of organization. Their declamatory pronouncements have become the greatest of all American jokes. We bow down before an organization as if it were ten gods. A man who has a card showing that he has office headquarters somewhere, no matter how inconsequential he may be himself or how shaky or even insolvent the business he represents, stands somewhere in the world, and on the strength of something actually not known, and sometimes nonexistent, can forthwith get hotel accommodations and credit, or transportation, that the individual, no matter how important or solvent, must wait for until he has established his right to respectful consideration. I have stood in line and seen it happen a thousand times.

There is a fear of the individual com-



parable to the fear of an idea. An individual is not readily predictable. An individual might kick over the traces—he does if anybody does—and an organization never gets going to that extent. Men will contribute money for chemical or biological laboratories, a famous university president once reminded me, yet will balk at investing money in stray potential Pasteurs to whom the laboratories would be heaven. Not even a poet can be thought of in his own name. He must be known as the winner of some organization's prize, the recipient of some organization's gratuity. Then he becomes somebody. "William Shakespeare, famous as an early Pulitzer prize-winner. . . ."

A man has to be thought of as a representative, however humble. Once when I was to speak to several thousand persons in a Midwestern city, and the newspaper reporter came with his cameraman to the hotel, he noted that my address was Cambridge, Massachusetts, and began by asking: "Connected with Harvard University, aren't you?" He was greatly disappointed when he learned that I was not, though he confessed that he supposed Harvard was a snooty place. He was still more disappointed when I added that I once had a brief and happy connection with Harvard, for he immediately took it for granted that I had been thrown out for gross immorality or unpatriotic practices. Finally when the cameraman had gone he said confidentially: "Now I pledge you my word I will not mention anything in my story; but would you mind telling me, just for my own information, who it is who is sending you here?"

I enjoyed the satisfaction of telling him that I was there only to represent myself. But when I went to the auditorium and saw a printed program, I found beneath my name the words: "of Harvard University."

Sometimes I myself have felt the thinness of the thread of an individual's life. When I go to see a friend who is the head of a specially creditable organization, and catch a glimpse of him through four or five open doors, at ease at his desk, a hall clock ticking ponderously, I think he must be fortunate. Occasionally when I see the friendly banker far back in his

solid place surrounded by vice-presidents, collectors of loans, and vaults with shining doors, I experience a sudden sinking at the thought of my precariousness. A drunken driver, a slippery pavement, a thoughtless word—so slight a thing might leave me just nowhere at all.

But soon that is over. Here I am. Every time I am in certain cities I walk past buildings with polished granite fronts that once housed solid banks that I have outlasted. Sometimes, too, in the quiet I remember William James: "So I am against all big organizations as such, national ones first and foremost; against all big successes and big results; and in favor of the eternal forces of truth which always work in the individual and immediately unsuccessful way, underdogs always, till history comes, after they are long dead, and puts them on the top." Not that I have illusions about being miraculously converted into any kind of great St. Bernard topdog at a later time. But I do know as well as a man can know anything that much of something essential to life is destroyed in the wholesale pressures of top-heavy organizations, and is nurtured in the ways of individuals.

AS FOR the third count, it was devastating beyond any ordinary defense: "You are showing gray above the ears."

Now where is there anyone who can stand up and say that gray hairs—even premature ones—have not become a misfortune and a tragedy in our industrial-minded society? We grow tearful over the preciousness of equality of opportunity, and then on a given day, in the name of an abstraction, we announce that henceforth there is to be no further opportunity whatsoever. From that date forward experience and wisdom add up to exactly nothing at all. When New York City reports something like a half-million men and women past sixty-five and therefore exposed to the humiliation of being made to feel that they are too old to be useful, too old to make important decisions, too old to take up new ideas, we can know by the simplest processes of arithmetic how terrible a thing is happening to the country as a whole.

In a year when war supposedly had



created a demand for every kind of human worker, I have spent time in trying to find employment for several men who were in no case over fifty-five. They were college graduates, they had had diversified and successful experience; but through the country's shift to a war economy, or similar dislocation, they were left with nothing to do. These men had to tramp the streets for months, and wait by the hour in line, until two of them contemplated suicide as the simplest way out.

My own case might have been tragic had it not become a farce. At the suggestion of the Vice-President of the United States, a senator, and three or four heads of commissions or committees, I sought in some way to enlist for the wars—for any kind of usefulness that would help win a struggle that I had been denounced for advocating before Pearl Harbor made my view official. After I had filled out blanks—often enough in duplicate—twenty-eight different times through a year and a half, and had had more than a hundred interviews and special consultations, I luckily came into possession of a memorandum made by the head of one office to this effect: "Why not be honest with this man and tell him that, though we have no age limit, it always turns out that the person we are looking for is younger?"

A new ethic is resulting. There are all kinds of human beings past sixty-five. Men and women of great need or great energy have discovered that an employer may notice no decline in their work at all if only they succeed in concealing their age. So when circumstances permit, they lie about the matter. One of my oldest friends—a middle-aged man when I was a boy—moved fortunately from one city to another when he gave up a position which he had long held. He was young-looking and he was competent. He stepped his years back just a decade, and secured a position where the retiring age for office workers was seventy. So when at seventy-nine he spoke regretfully of having only one more year to go, everybody talked about what a shame it was to lose the services of such a man just because he approached seventy. I know persons in their thirties who have "lost" their birth certificates and are building up

a buffer of reserve paper years to use if they still care to work on when they are sixty-five. Eventually though, they do come to a deadline, and are left—as a distinguished retired university professor put it—"to sit down to enjoy the hell of waiting for the inevitable."

But no reminder that I may some day reach sixty-five disturbs me too much. For nobody can retire me. My destiny is not in the hands of any industrial head, or university president, or other single person who can call me in some morning for the final interview. I can continue doing anything that interests me. I may even decide to start one movement: I may go forth and incite those who have grown more rebellious as they have grown older—as anyone must do who reflects upon what the species might have achieved by now—to get together and reveal to the world its true state and its potential state, in the light of experience.

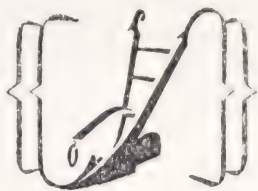
SO IT is not unbearably depressing to be charged with being a luxury. And I could enter a countercharge. I believe that the combination of attitudes which makes me out a luxury is a menace to America and the world. Is it so difficult to see what has happened where too many people have not bothered with ideas, but let somebody else do their thinking for them? Is it much more difficult to see, on the other hand, how ideas grounded firmly in individuals are a source of immeasurable power? Is it not possible to see in like manner that if we are to have the reverence for all life which a true world outlook requires, it is little short of idiocy to fight for the freedom of the Czechs or Chinese—and they ought to have been fought for sooner—and then in the same breath treat the grayheads—or any other minority—in our own country with an asphyxiating genteel intolerance? And if it is possible to see these things, just who is to call upon a man to stand and be sentenced because he busies himself with trying to get the hang of things a little in his own way, and hopes to keep on right ahead to the limits of nature?

I have an ironic impression that it is not the defense that ought to stand convicted, but the prosecution.



# THE CURIOUS MERCHANT FROM HOLLAND

WIELAND HERZFELDE



I MET him twenty-eight years ago, one autumn evening in 1915, in the Wilmersdorf suburb of Berlin, at Ludwig Meidner's, the painter. Only solid, order-loving citizens lived in the four- and five-storey houses of Wilmersdorf—shopkeepers, doctors, government officials. But above them, under the roofs, we lived, Berlin's bohemians.

The building of elevators had made the attics profitable, as they could now be called studios. The demand for them was great because at that time writers and poets also wanted studios, although they didn't have to have a northern exposure. Apartments seemed to them too smug. And anyway, they were too expensive. And wasn't there a special charm in gazing at the moon and stars through the slanting skylight? We felt ourselves nearer the cosmos, the eternal, unalterable beyond the powers-that-be.

The powers-that-be have never appealed to artists, particularly to young ones. At that time, though, we hated these powers deeply, because on account of the war they reached menacingly into our existence, into the very life of the young artists who before 1914 had never bothered about politics, had hardly even read the newspapers. No matter what the war was about, it was not about art or things of the spirit.

We would have been ashamed to judge people on the basis of their nationality, to consider them enemies therefor. The Russian Chagall, the Frenchman Apollinaire, they were close to us, they felt and searched and experimented as we did. The officers and the professors, the bankers and the trustees, even if they happened to speak German, what difference did they make to us? They had only sneers and disdain for our poems and paintings. How could they expect enthusiasm or "sacrifice of blood and toil" from us? Some of our friends had already fallen, among them some of singular talent. Franz Marc, the "Blue Knight"; the young poets Georg Trakl and Alfred Lichtenstein; Weisgerber and Macke, the Munich painters, were buried somewhere and rotting and with them also the work they might have created. We too were threatened by the same—we didn't call it fate—we called it madness, crime, murder!

Almost worse than the idea of death or being crippled was the dread of Prussian barracks drill. For us, the individual, the personality—as it had been even with Goethe, of whom we otherwise weren't too fond—was the most important thing, its development the actual reason for living. Even in our outward appearance we tried to indicate this. Deliberately we wore unkempt clothes, our hair awry; the

very manner in which we moved and acted and spoke was meant to prove that we stood apart from the world, expressing protest and at the same time a little conceit. Even among ourselves we tried to remain individual. To be original, to have a face of one's own, seemed to us to be a sort of artistic achievement.

I was therefore astonished that autumn evening in 1915 when I saw this stranger in Meidner's studio. New faces were of course not unusual in our circle. Everyone brought people along if he felt like it. Even that most respectable of German customs, that of introducing yourself by name to others, was consciously not recognized.

I was surprised only at the appearance of the young gentleman. Yes, he was quite the gentleman. He looked like a fashion model. His ash-blond hair was faultlessly cut, carefully brushed, and the part was as sharp as the crease in his trousers. (The rest of us wore just pants.) His reddish face, his bold profile, and his blue, mistrustful eyes could have been those of a German officer, had not a trace of doubt and shyness made them appear too sensitive. No, this man would have found less favor with a sergeant than the rest of us. They could cut our hair, fit us into uniforms, and regiment us into the correct posture on the training grounds; but he sat on his chair like the monument to the eternal civilian. "Don't touch me!" his entire attitude commanded. That conservative gray, spotless suit, just a bit too tight on the muscular torso, that silk tie with the small tight knot on the starched, light-blue shirt, those blue-black, almost transparent socks above the almost purposely displayed ankles, the thick-soled oxfords with the heavy punch-hole designs—no doubt these were the things the man loved, and at no price would he exchange them for any sort of uniform.

At the same time he didn't make the impression of a gigolo or a fashion fool. His face expressed sternness and determination. The correct and silent manner in which he followed the conversation had something rejecting, considering, snobbishly secretive about it. Neither superficial nor hollow could you call this man, despite his fashionable appearance. I didn't even think of that. Anyone who

had anything to do with us—any one of us—himself assumed meaning for us. I was on this principle that we made friends. Business or family considerations were foreign to us. Sucker relationships were as much beneath us as a marriage for money. Compromise was sin.

Perhaps I would have found out more about this queer stranger—whether he was a writer or a painter, where he came from, which modern artists he preferred, what periodicals he worked for—but I didn't have a chance because a heated debate was going on as I entered. One of those present had found that fatal post card in his mailbox telling him to report in sober and scrubbed state at such and such an army office.

The argument was about what this fellow was to do. Follow instructions? Simply ignore them? Escape to Switzerland, as several others had already done successfully? Make believe he was sick? Or go and refuse to serve? Meidner, the oldest among us, whose feeble, dwarflike figure protected him from every possibility of being called, was opposed to any resistance. He based his counsel on Tolstoi's teachings.

My friend Davringhausen however (incidentally, the only one of us who dressed elegantly, although because of the too heavy material of his suit, the too wide pants, the spats, and the Egyptian cut of his crow-black hair he still managed to look like an artist), Davringhausen was for simply playing dead. Who could then prove that the order to report had actually arrived? Before the bureaucrats caught up with it months would pass. Then one could worry about it again. Maybe the war would be over by then.

"Do you really think that's possible?" the stranger asked, almost shocked, although he hadn't said a word before.

Davringhausen shrugged his broad, padded shoulders. "I don't know," he answered a bit sneeringly. "I hope so."

The stranger smiled obligingly. "Oh, so. I was afraid you meant it seriously."

It became quiet. The conversation had begun to be interesting.

"Huh?" Davringhausen exclaimed. "What's there to be afraid of? Or didn't I understand you right?"



"Hm, afraid . . . ? That's a rather exaggerated way of putting it. It would be, for me, only personally of course . . . it would be quite disturbing for me. But please don't be bothered about it. It's really out of place here." He made a gesture of rejection.

We stared at him coldly, as if to say that he was really out of place here. At this moment it first became clear to me that he was a stranger to everyone else too. Except maybe to Meidner. A smile hidden behind the red mustache of Meidner's foxy face seemed to say, "At last!"

I couldn't contain myself. "What did you say?" I exploded. "Personal matter? Why, it's unbelievable! It's only a question of whether you are for the war or against it!"

The stranger punished my violent directness with special amiability.

"I?" he answered, surprised. "What I think of the war? Well, that's a rather unusual question. One should think it would really be of no interest to you. As a neutral foreigner—I'm from Amsterdam, you know—and as a business man, I see these things less expertly, but at the same time less subjectively . . . or at least moderately so."

Now we all spoke at the same time.

"Really, from Holland?" "How can you speak that way? The war is a human tragedy!" "What business are you in?" "Who do they think will win, in Holland?" "Do you deal in art, or what?" "From Amsterdam to Berlin, that beats everything!"

## II

THE excitement, the confusion seemed to please the young man. His eyes suddenly became almost candid and at the same time teasing. But his answer—he replied to everybody simultaneously in a sort of monologue—sounded all the more hard and arrogant.

"Well, what can I say, gentlemen? You are really somewhat . . . somewhat . . . Sure, Berlin is a big city, but it's not the whole world. These generalizations . . . I refuse to have anything to do with them. Definitely, I came here with the best intentions, on business, as I said, and you want to force me into confessions.

Strange. Yet I understand. I understand completely.

"But what do you want from me? We Dutchmen are not in the war. And so we can see things in a different light, and also more quietly, more clearly. War has always existed. Even you won't change that." He laughed, shortly, contemptuously. "Everyone tries to get the best out of things for himself. Now don't misunderstand me, gentlemen. Not that I haven't got a heart. On the contrary. Quite the contrary. If I were without pity I shouldn't have come to Berlin at all. It's no mere pleasure trip for us, believe me. Your coffee is disgusting. . . . Fortunately I brought along some of my own Havanas. . . .

"As I said, it seems to me that I've hit on a business, a plan. I must say in advance that it depends completely on a not too quickly reached peace. It's a charitable plan too. The war creates, and this also you cannot deny, an unusually broad field—many generous opportunities for charity. And I want too to help heal the wounds, all the more because at the same time the war brings wonderful business possibilities!

"You all know the coffee house on Potsdam Place, the Piccadilly. In 1914 they rechristened it Fatherland House. They bet on the wrong horse. Piccadilly—something exotic, hit the nail on the head. Fatherland—you find it at every corner, so that you cannot stand it any more! But enough of that.

"What do you think of this? I've rented the whole shooting match, with two, three thousand war wounded thrown in. You know, people without legs and noses. Arms also not absolutely essential. You've got first-rate false limbs here. You should read last week's *Berliner Illustrierte*. Patent of some Professor Basekiel. Quite terrific. Hats off to German technique.

"And as I said, cripples are a dime a dozen. Of course they get support. But everyone can stand a little improvement. See, we Dutchmen are more practical people. We even think more soberly about humane values. Judge for yourself: Doesn't the war victim get more out of this than out of all these arguments



as to who is guilty in the war and who'll win it? Don't kid yourself. Neither a Frenchman nor a German can grow a new leg from generalizations."

He laughed, and our looks became ever more hostile. But he continued as if he didn't notice.

"Only a small formality still makes trouble. The raw material. Your officials don't understand a thing about business. On the battlefields behind the front there are billions of shell splinters just lying around. Pure gold, I tell you. You have only to have enough brains to collect them. And what happens to them, gentlemen? Nothing! The Belgians stand knee-deep in them and starve. Your army is all right. Can't say anything against that. But otherwise—no broadmindedness, no initiative. Believe me, our little Holland understands business much better.

"Now, listen. I let the stuff be collected, sorted, and packed. Then, my cripples will neatly and carefully paint them by hand, with the Iron Cross framed in ivy—oh pardon, in oak leaves—and with some motto, something like 'Of Great Times' or 'Every Shot Hit the Spot.' For more pious people maybe something like 'Our God Who Planted Iron' or 'God Gave Us and God Saved Us.' You get what I mean.

"A couple of traveling salesmen, war wounded of course: it's harder to say no to such people. And I can bet you that before you know it every German writing desk will have such a clean, polished paperweight or ashtray. Millions, I mean it, millions can be made at it. And at the same time, the people get something charming in the house. On the other hand, the poor cripples are also helped. No, no, gentlemen. You don't always have to emphasize the hideous. Such a war has also cultural value."

He was interrupted. We all yelled at him. "Are you crazy?" "Why, that's blasphemy!" "You are a vulture of the battlefields!" "That's idiotic, nothing will ever come of it!"

The young business man listened to the protests willingly, as if it were a discussion of answerable business arguments. And then he continued, in his difficult-to-interrupt monologue:

"I see, gentlemen, you have doubts. Well, this is not only a question of ideas and convictions, but of something much more important, much more meaningful: of turnover. Never forget, the world lives by turnover. The business man is the actual king of our century. You are only a disappearing fraction. Why don't you want to grant the simple man the joy of being able to tell his descendants at some later date, 'And I was part of it too!' by having such a cute, painted shell splinter as a memento on his desk or china buffet? You look down upon the masses. That's it. As a business man you can't allow yourself that. Not as a business man. As an artist, of course—that you know better than I do."

I became uncertain. What was I to think of this man? Was he really a merchant from Holland? He spoke like a born Berliner. Did he really mean it? Or was he hiding quite different opinions behind his words? If he had been bald-headed and fat it would have been different. But this young man, charming in spite of his opinions? The idea was horrifying.

One of my colleagues, who had quickly won considerable glory and conceit by way of a patricide drama, seemed to be bothered by similar thoughts.

"Permit me one question." He turned to the Dutchman with a supercilious glance. "Business is completely above our heads. So let's leave it at that. Something completely different interests me in this connection. Your opinion about death. I'm just working on a play about this problem. It would be quite essential for me to discover what you think about it. Are you neutral about that also, by any chance? Or have you ever thought about it?"

We turned toward the man to whom the question was directed. He seemed not to notice its polite impertinence. He assumed a thoughtful attitude and answered softly, haltingly:

"Death? . . . A strange word. So soft, so melodic in your language. Almost tempting. . . . Wait a minute. What do you mean actually? Have I ever really thought about it? . . . Well of course . . . or maybe not. A hideous topic.



... It's surely better not to think of it. Somehow, it's also indecent. It's got to happen sometime; everyone must die, that's accepted. Best thing is not to worry about it. At any rate, not openly. After all, it always remains a personal matter, even in a war. If you have a family, well of course that's something else. Then you've got to be insured. But you don't mean it that way. As a playwright you are trying to discover the general, the philosophic. In a way it's important, I concede. There is surely something . . . quite definitely. I suddenly remember a minor experience I had just a short time ago.

"Are you interested? I can't get it out of my head. Listen. Now, how was it? . . . Yes. . . . In Scheveningen last summer I walked with a woman on the beach. Peaceful, moonlit night. You understand, sometimes you like to be alone. I mean alone with someone. We were walking. A wonderful woman, incidentally, a dancer at the beach club.

"Well, how shall I put it? There was actually nothing unusual about it. The sea. The dunes. And then the woman. In a word, an optimistic mood. And so we walked. The air was cool. I sensed her warm body under her thin dress. And then I stepped on something soft, slippery. What was it? I looked. Nothing. A dead cat. Washed up. We went on. But what shall I say, it couldn't be as it was before. The optimistic mood was gone. As if blown away. . . . Well . . . that's the way it is with death."

He stopped. And we remained silent. As if we too had stepped on a dead cat.

On the way home, I said to Davringhausen, "He's an unusual person. I must find out what he is. I can't quite believe he's a Dutch business man. He's a Berliner. That incident with the woman and the cat and the change of mood, the way he told it, so contained, almost lyrical. He must belong to us somehow. Only where we have what we call our souls—you may call it religion or belief in humanity; you know what I mean—there he has nothing. Just nothing. Or only doubts. Or an empty hole. Nothing. Not such a simple person, you can bet.

He must have suffered some terrible disappointment as a child. Since then he has lost all faith."

"Apparently a very lonely man," Davringhausen reflected, "and apparently he was also alone when he stepped on the cat. And he added the woman for the same reason that he assumed the role of the business man: to give himself the appearance of a conventional person."

I didn't answer, slightly annoyed by the certainty with which my friend spoke about the stranger.

### III

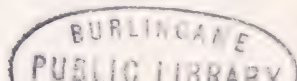
I COULDN'T forget him. The following afternoon I went to see Meidner. He was still sleeping and received me in his nightshirt. The place stank terribly from smoke and alcohol. Meidner smiled secretly and victoriously when I asked him to tell me the truth about the Dutchman. He was proud of having introduced this man to us. The man was an artist, he said, somewhat crazy, but not untalented. A queer duck.

He didn't want to tell me his name or address, insisting that he knew neither. He had met him accidentally while he was buying paints. Since then the man had come around several times, and once he had brought some of his work along. But he had never given his name or address. And Meidner hadn't asked him.

It was obvious that Meidner was lying. Apparently he was afraid to lose his monopoly over this unusual person. My urging didn't help. I went home without discovering anything more. Yet I wasn't completely disappointed, for now I knew that the stranger was no business man and surely no Dutchman either.

I can't remember exactly whether it was days or weeks before I spied him again on the terrace of the Kaffee des Westens. He was sitting alone at one of the round marble-topped tables.

I had the impression that he didn't like the fact that I greeted him and sat down at his table. And when I started to talk about his drawings he was obviously annoyed. Meidner exaggerated, he said. It was only a hobby of his. Ridiculous to talk about it.





But I knew this man too well already to take his word at face value. If he enjoyed talking in parables about the war, why not about his own work? Meidner was hard to please. When Meidner said a man's work showed talent it meant something definitely out of the ordinary. I had no particular reason for wanting to see the pictures. I was a lyric poet. But I loved painting—pictures by Botticelli, Hodler, Marc, Kandinsky hung in my studio. My brother was a painter, as well as my friends Erbach and Davringhausen. Despite this, my explanation today for my thick-skinned insistence upon seeing the drawings, which the man practically refused to show me, is that I wanted to see the man himself more clearly through them, maybe even to break through his violent desire to remain misunderstood.

When he finally did write his name and address down (very clearly, with drawn rather than written characters), I was still not convinced that the name wasn't yet another invention, maybe one to get rid of me. I hadn't the slightest idea that this was a name I would never forget. Despite my doubts, I asked him if I couldn't come and see his drawings. He agreed, although unwillingly.

#### IV

IT TAKES about ninety minutes to go from Halensee, where I lived, to Suedende. From the stranger's exaggeratedly neat clothes I had decided he would like punctuality, so I rang the bell of his studio exactly at three o'clock, the time we had agreed upon. Only after several rings did he ask through the closed door who it was. In a changed voice, he answered after a while, without opening the door: "I'll not be home for half an hour. Won't you please walk round until then?"

That was all right. The answer fitted the man. Maybe he had forgotten the appointment, or had doubted I would come. Now he wanted to clean up, or choose the drawings he wanted to show me.

The neighborhood was as dismal as such neighborhoods generally are on the outskirts of every big city. What could

have moved this artist to live in this suburb, far from colleagues, art schools, museums, and theaters? Maybe it was cheaper here? The house looked quite poverty-stricken. One among thousands of tenements. But his clothes didn't indicate poverty. How could one figure this man out?

When I came back, he opened the door immediately. Elegant as always, he wore calfskin oxfords with quite low heels, like an acrobat's, and a black suit and a black derby. You could have thought he was just about to go to a funeral. But he lifted his hat with a friendly smile and asked me heartily to sit down. Water for tea was boiling. Cups were ready. He talked to me without reserve, as to an old friend.

Was this then the actual person, and all that had gone before a mask? Or was this animation in black still another mask? Or were they all true, if only for a fleeting moment, like the unending variations of a kaleidoscope?

I looked around. The chalk walls were covered with pictures, or at least beer and whisky ads, circus posters, photographs of clowns, artists, and cowboys. Most of these bore dedications. I can still remember one of them: "To my dear old friend Chingachgook from his old friend, Thomas A. Edison." Quite seriously, he said that he had been to America, but from the large number of such dedications and from a certain similarity in the signatures, I decided that all of them had been written by their owner, as a sort of mockery of his own daydreams. I said as much and with a boyish, teasing laugh he readily admitted it.

We sat down to tea. He served it politely, almost ceremoniously, on an unplanned burlap-covered table knocked together out of soapboxes. We sat on the same sort of boxes. The bed was behind a curtain. An iron washstand, an old-fashioned worn desk, several other boxes, a homemade, darkly varnished bookcase, a rack crowded with walking sticks—and nothing else. And my host sat there with the air of an elegant rich relative come to visit his poor relation. I could have been the poor relation. Aside from my enthusiasm for art, I owned nothing else.



And you could see it from my clothes.

The thing that astonished me most was that I didn't see one drawing or anything else in the room to prove that a painter lived there. Only after my insistence became very uncomfortable did he open the tops of the cases on which we were sitting. They were crammed full of drawings and water colors—thousands of sheets.

Not since then has the work of an artist made such an impression on me. At that time I couldn't explain what made me so enthusiastic about these pictures. And their creator could explain the reason for my enthusiasm even less.

"You are mistaken," he said; "this work is not worth a thing. I can prove it to you, with letters from almost every competent and recognized expert in Germany. I have sent these things to all sorts of art critics and dealers, to museum directors and well-known editors, to the most modern and to the more conservative. All these gentlemen have, without exception, agreed that the drawings are bad, infantile, clumsy—in a word, worthless."

I interrupted him. "Oh, stop that. Those people don't understand anything. Your pictures are splendid, I assure you. I see it, I feel it. I haven't the slightest doubt."

He suddenly became very cool. "Tell me, how old are you? And who are you, actually, to speak this way? Who listens to you? I've told you—serious, experienced men, whose achievements are certain and recognized, have given their verdict. Not *one* art magazine has found even *one* of these scribblings good enough to reproduce. And then you come, a young nobody, without a cent to your name, denounce the critics as charlatans, and insist upon the contrary. Tell me—doesn't it sound ridiculous, even to you?"

While he was trying to put me in my place, I kept looking at other drawings and my opinion only grew stronger. Particularly the colors of the aquarelles, with their tormenting pale lilacs and their murderous reds, I saw as the language of a sensitive and strong heart. What difference did the sobering words of their creator make?

"What do you mean, ridiculous?" I interrupted him. "Do you consider your-

self ridiculous when you create these things? You wouldn't do it if you didn't believe in it."

He laughed embarrassedly. "Oh, that's something else. I have fun at it. I like to paint and draw. Right. But what does that mean? The biggest dilettantes enjoy making worthless junk. The worth of a piece of work isn't measured by the pleasure with which it is made. Its worth is determined—mark this—is determined not by me or by enthusiasts like you, but by those whose profession it is to do so. And these are united—in rejecting them. That's what counts." He was almost furious. And I was actually upset.

"Oh," I said, "but how many artists have been discovered late in life and only then was their early work particularly appreciated? And some of them only after their death. You must know that."

He wouldn't let himself be talked out of it. "Oh, we've progressed to-day," he argued. "That doesn't happen any more. Anyway, such stories are exaggerated. For schoolbooks. The great artists all achieved fame and fortune. With a couple of exceptions maybe. And that was their own fault. No, no. If these things were really worth something, they would be bought. Business just wouldn't let them escape!"

"You are talking about money value," I interrupted him. "I mean artistic value. That's quite different."

He jumped at me. "You damned fool! It's the same thing! A Rembrandt costs more because he was a better painter. And that's perfectly all right, whether you like it or not."

He left me speechless. Was he acting? Or was he, in a deeper sense, actually the Dutch business man? I was faced by a riddle. Then I thought of beating him with his own arguments.

"Imagine for a moment that I get a great deal of money to-morrow morning and buy your work. Would it suddenly become valuable?" I asked him.

"That's sophistry," he answered impatiently. "First of all, you won't get any money, not with such an attitude. Never. That you can be sure of. Second, if you really spent your money for them, it would be stupid. Try to make

money out of these pictures and you'll see how people will laugh at you. And anyway, money changes people. It makes them wiser. They realize that money is to be put only in 'sure things,' things for which you can get more money back. If anyone tries otherwise he'll be amazed how quickly he gets poor again. And it'll serve him right too, the fool!"

I got another idea. "Listen," I said, "I mean it quite seriously. If I can manage to establish an art magazine, will you allow me first choice in publishing your drawings? For money, of course, even though it mightn't be much. And in case the magazine is a success will you then admit it isn't stupid? And that your work, which will then be bought not only by me, but by many other people, is really worth something?"

He burst into satanic laughter. "That's wonderful! Of course I'll admit it. Of course I'd like it. Goes without saying."

He laughed again. "Tell me, don't you know that it costs money, lots of money, and that you can lose it with such silliness? And aside from that, where will you get the money? You'd better forget the whole idea. It's only a pipe dream!"

But I was happy. Where to raise the money? Of course I didn't know. But I only said, "Give me your hand on it. Let me worry about the rest."

And suddenly his face grew happy and he pressed my hand firmly.

My brother and I collected the money among friends. We got in touch with the most expensive printer we could find. It was the most natural thing in the world for him to extend credit to his customers. About half a year later, in May, 1916, the first issue of the art magazine *Neue Jugend* appeared.

And it made famous the artist George Grosz.

## ABANDONED FARM

FRANCES FROST

IN the still ragged golden grass of winter;  
With a naked elm to keep it company,  
On an easy hill, as hills go, stood the barn  
Sagging a lonely roof-tree on the sky.

The broken door leaned wide as if the farmer,  
Intending to return, had left it so;  
But he was caught by destiny or time  
Or he was overtaken by the snow.

Chinks for rain and sun, and eaves for swallows,  
Shelter for wandering men who would forget it—  
The barn gave these, and it was here to stay  
As long as earth and day and night would let it.



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